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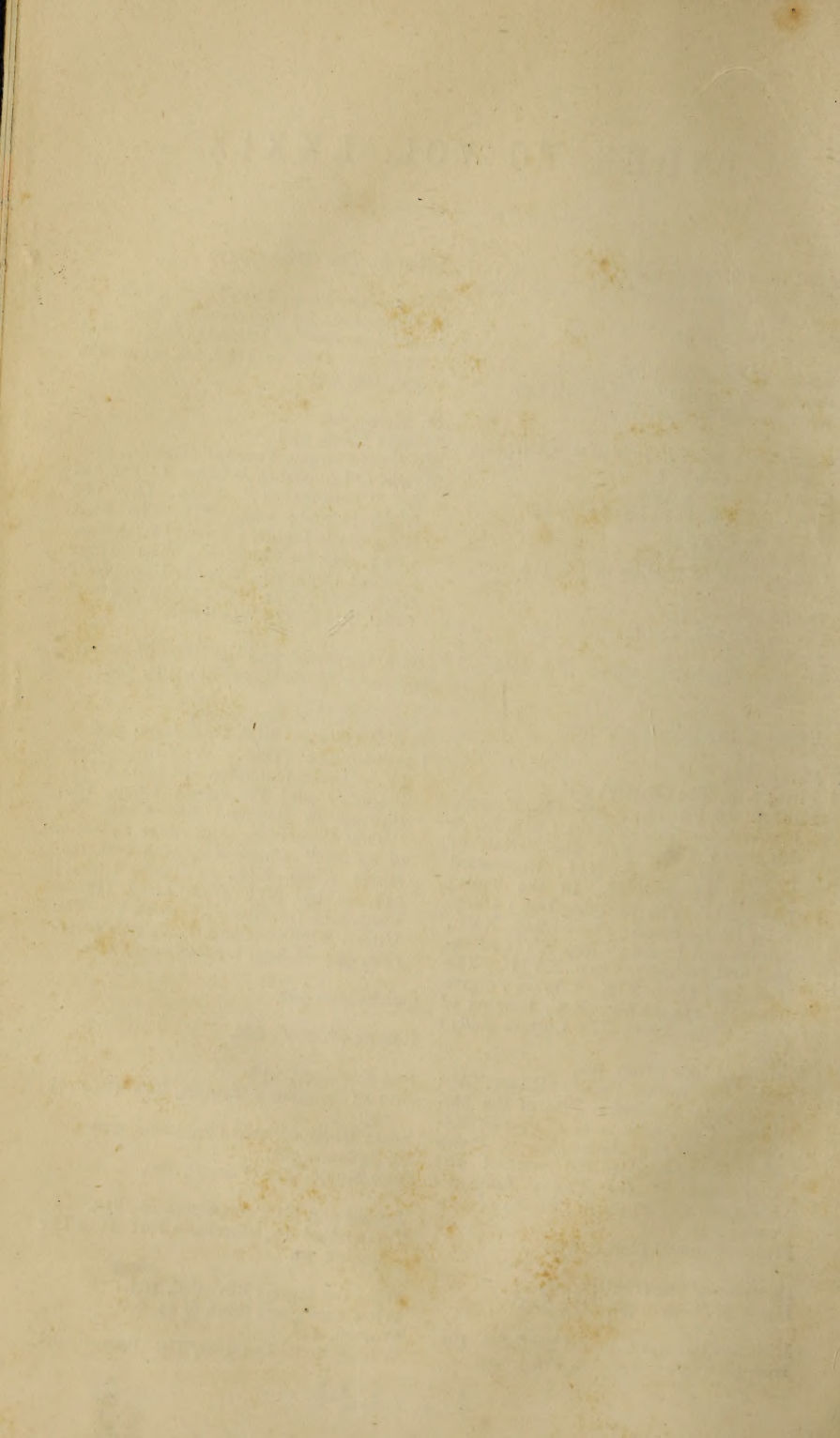
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DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1872.

VOL. LXXIX.

A FRAGMENT OF ITALIAN FAMILY HISTORY.

How blest would an earnest student of the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe be, if it were announced to him, some fine morning, that he had just been elected King of Italy, that his residences, for the future, were to be a palace in Florence in the winter, and a beautiful castle on the slope of the Apennines in the hot season! What blissful visions would float across the mirror of his mind,—promenades through picture and statue galleries, festal entertainments, crowds of richly attired Signores and Senoras, in splendidly furnished ball-rooms, cool walks in the shade of hill-forests in the summer's heat, or delightful perusal of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, or the *Sicilian Romance*, during the sultry moon, protected by the thick foliage of an oak from heat and glare! All these and many another mode of enjoyment is at the command of the King of Italy for the time being. Is he a happy man? Much less, in our opinion, than a Dublin shopman, who after his week's toil enjoys a half holiday's relaxation with an entertaining volume, sauntering on the canal's bank, or among the old thorns of Phoenix Park.

But why should not the inhabitant of Florence, in possession of a city of palaces, of a fine climate, and of a mountain refuge from summer heat, enjoy a large portion of human

felicity? No reason in the world why he should not, but a spirit of perverseness by which a great number of his fellow-men are actuated. It is the will of Providence that every one, man and woman, should employ their heads, or their hands, or both, at something beneficial to their fellow-creatures or themselves. But one division of the race must have the enjoyment of the world's luxuries without the labour. Rather than adopt a course of honest exertion to procure for themselves the much-coveted indulgencies, they will deprive the other division of their goods, and, in case of resistance, their lives. Consequently, this right minded portion is obliged to be at the expense of supporting public guardians of life and property, and of equally supporting the common enemy in secure buildings, where he is deprived of his power of doing harm.

Even where force or knavery is not resorted to, the lazy and selfish division counts among its constituents a large number of individuals, who, being in possession of much more than is needful for their wants or comfort in their several stations, do not share with those who have need. They do not enjoy these goods themselves, and uncharitably keep them from those to whom they

would afford comfort or needful support. Thus is the sum of human happiness much diminished by the selfishness of one division of the human race.

If the people of any municipality, and its dependant territory on the face of Europe, seemed destined to enjoy the largest possible share of earthly felicity, they were the dwellers by the river Arno, from time immemorial. Beautiful scenery, healthful climate, and worldly prosperity, were the attendant handmaids on their condition. But we find deadly hate, envy, and contention combining to inflect misery on the magnates and citizens of Florence, since the dawn of its history. Our intention in the present paper being merely to dwell on interesting circumstances connected with the fortunes of the great Medicis family, we can afford but a passing glance at Florentine affairs before the era of the grandfather of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

ANTIQUE FLORENCE.

The now insignificant town of Fiesole, seated on the brow of a hill, about three miles from Florence, claims a higher antiquity than that city. It was a place of strength upwards of two centuries before the Christian era; and still preserves a portion of its ancient Cyclopean wall. Merchants who resorted thither for business purposes, did not approve its troublesome ascent; and began to set up for themselves tents and slight structures at the base of the hill by the Arno; and thus was laid, as it were, the foundation of the future city, noted throughout the civilised world for arts and traffic. This took place at least a century before the birth of Christ; for there is mention of a Roman colony here in the time of Sylla. In the days of Charlemagne (742-814), the city began to be spoken of. It was then governed by a duke, and inferior officers elected by the citizens and approved by him. In the eleventh

century, Pope Clement VII., becoming sovereign of Florence, an impetus was given to its commerce, and it assumed the condition of a free city.

At that early period the trade of Florence was extensive, and its artisans were famed for their excellent workmanship in gold and jewels. The Florentines chiefly belonged to the Gueff, or Papal party, when there was any question in dispute between Pope and Emperor, but did not suffer much from the ill-feeling of the two factions, till the year 1215, when a Gueff noble, Buondelmonti, broke off his intended marriage with a young lady of the Amidei, a Ghibelline family, and took to wife a Guelphite lady. The Amidei interested the Uberty and the other Ghibelline families in the quarrel, and the bridegroom was murdered on the Ponte Vecchio. Bloody reprisals were taken by his party, and for thirty years, and more, internal hatred and its bloody results agitated Florence. Visitors of our day, who would prefer to see in the old city, buildings of a lighter and less sombre character, will do well to recollect that the original owners consulted strength and capability of defence against some unfriendly fellow-citizen, rather than amenity of appearance in his civic fortress.

In the end of the same century, we find the Government invested in twelve magistrates (two for each of the six sections of the city), and two superior chiefs. One of these, called the *Podesta*, was invested with supreme authority in civil and criminal cases; the other was the head of the city and country militia, in which the youth were obliged to serve. In order not to excite prejudice among the proud families, these two chiefs were selected from families outside Florence and its dependencies. In A.D. 1254 was first struck, the beautiful gold coin, the Florin, with the lily on one side, and the head of St. John the Baptist on the other.

From this time till near the middle of the thirteenth century, we find the city steadily increasing in importance, though disturbed with the quarrels of its Guelphic and Ghibelline chiefs, and impeded by some bloody struggles with its neighbours. From 1293, the supreme chief was called the *Gonfalonier* (standard-bearer), but so jealous were the Florentines ever of the long retention of power in any one's hands, that their standard-bearer was relieved of his burthen at the end of two months.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, we find the nobles destitute of any effective influence in the state; and the chief management resting in the hands of the democratic families, the Alberti, the Ricci, and their patrician rivals, the Albizzi. In the year 1348, occurred the terrible pestilence, so well-remembered by the readers of the *Decamerone*. One hundred thousand of the inhabitants perished in it.

RISE OF THE MEDICIS.

About the beginning of the thirteenth century, the great family with which our paper is chiefly occupied began to distinguish themselves as benefactors to their city, by their attention to its traffic and the share they took in public affairs. From 1378, when Salvaestro dei Medicis filled the office of Gonfalonier, the importance of the family held on increasing, till Giovanni dei Medicis, who died in 1429, left to his sons, Cosmo and Lorenzo, an inheritance of wealth and honours not previously found attendant in any Florentine family.

Before we proceed further, it seems advisable to remove an obstacle out of the way of some few of our readers, to whom the words Guelphs and Ghibellines present no definite ideas. Since the early irruption of the Goths into the plains and valleys of Italy, the German Emperors have ever indulged in the sin of covetousness for

that earthly paradise. The scope of our paper does not allow us to detail the attempts—successful and the reverse—to gain a footing on Italian soil under Henry IV., Henry the Proud, Henry the Lion, and Frederick Red-beard, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. These attempts were always resisted by the Popes and as many of the little municipalities as wished to preserve free and popular governments, and restrict German influence to districts north of the Alps. As a rule, Florence, Bologna, and Milan, exhibited a Guelphic or anti-German spirit, while Pisa, Arezzo, and Verona, supported the Ghibelline or pro-German pretensions. The names themselves are said to be corruptions of two German patronymics, *Waiblinger* and *Welf*. The families to whom these surnames belonged had been at open feud with each other for a long time; and at the battle of Weinsberg in Suabia, 1140, Duke Conrad of Hohenstaufen, and Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, of the family of Wolf, both claimants of the Empire, raised the war cries *Hoch Waiblinger!* and *Hoch Welf!* to animate their followers. These names assumed the sounds of *Ghibellini* and *Guelfi* in the mouths of the Italians.

THE FORTUNES OF COSMO DE MEDICIS.

But, as mentioned above, the Great Giovanni has died, and left to his sons, Cosmo and Lorenzo, a nearly incalculable amount of property, and more care and anxiety connected with it than the generality of even mercantile men would willingly receive, even if accompanied by all the treasures of Europe and Asia. It was supposed that the ex-Pope, Balthazar Cossa, had revealed to Cosmo a hidden treasure of immense value. But even that could scarcely account for the mighty traffic which he was directing a few years later in all the countries between Persia and Spain, both kingdoms included. The

Great Turk was on intimate business relations with Cosmo. He allowed his agents to take up their posts in the best positions of Thrace and Asia Minor for business, having for political reasons dislodged the agents of Genoa and Venice. The Emirs of Babylon and the Egyptian Mamelukes, facilitated for him the transit of silks and other precious articles from the East. He even purchased the relics of their once greatness from the existing descendants of the emperors of Constantinople.

The chief families in Florence, besides the Medicis, were the Strozzi, the Petrucci, the Barbadori, and the Albizzé. These, though not much united among themselves, felt a common fear and dislike of Cosmo. His riches, and consequent influence, would at the desirable moment give him uncontrolled authority in his native city. To preserve their liberties, and allow a due portion of well-being to families other than the Medicis, Cosmo, as head of the house, must be deposed from his pride of place. In a council held by these families, Cosmo's destruction was resolved on; but they could not act without consent given by the people. So a general meeting was called, and the merchant accused of high crimes and misdemeanours against the common weal. "He was the cause," so the accusers declared, "of the present misery of Florence. He manufactured at Lyons and Antwerp, for France, Spain, and England, goods which these countries had erewhile got directly from Florence. Thus he took the bread out of the mouths of his fellow-citizens, to enrich absolute strangers, on the mere pretence of getting things done at a cheaper rate. Florentine merchants, the highest in credit, could expect nothing but ruin. His mighty resources enabled him to make liberal advances to needy folk, to give extra credit, and otherwise monopolise a business which would suf-

fice to maintain several ordinary houses. His boundless riches enabled him to purchase the finest stuffs and the rarest spices on the spot, and have them removed at low freights, and his agents sold them at cheaper rates by one-third than they could be got from others. Thus an affluence of purchasers resorted to his establishments, while those of his fellow-traders were left to mind themselves."

The outcry against monster houses, some years since, is yet remembered. Let us suppose that the Lord Mayor of the day called a meeting at the general request of the citizens, and that a popular orator brought a series of charges of similar nature with those quoted against one monster man of the half-dozen occupying the city, and that by general acclamation a vote of imprisonment in Newgate was passed against the person of this big shop-keeper. Yet this is what was done in the bosom of the enlightened, mercantile, and free city of Florence. We desire no acquaintance with freedom of that complexion. Like the generality of the inhabitants of the Peninsula, the Florentines had a decided turn for the "pleasant art of money-catching;" and to find their Pactolus turned out of the channel in which they themselves were watching, angered them exceedingly, and they would punish the constructor of the dam and the new channels in body and goods. Cosmo was arrested, and kept under bolt and bar till his rivals in silk-mercery, spicery, jewels, and carved gold, could decide on his fate.

And, indeed, these worthies were now thrown into sore embarrassment. They knew the inconstant temperament of their fellow-citizens, that they were scarcely for eight days in the one frame of mind; that, perhaps, acted on by the remembrance of Cosmo's liberality and munificence, they might be heard within a week clamouring for his

release, or perversely elect a Gonfalonier (the election day was at hand) deep in the prisoner's good graces, and the caged lion be let out, prepared to fall on them with tooth and claw, and their new condition be ten times worse than that from which they had sinned to some purpose to be set free. The secret council of the unfriendly families consequently resolved on his death, but differed as to the means of accomplishing it.

The greater number were for bringing him to public trial, and by dint of allegations, true or plausible, have him executed with the full knowledge and consent of the people; but the more acute-minded dreaded the necessary delay, and the fickle character of the people, and the unforeseen circumstances that might arise to frustrate the design. It was therefore resolved that Cosmo, the great selfish and criminal interferer with their mercantile interests should die—not indeed by the violent mode sanctioned by law. He would merely cease to live while immured for his offences.

To Rodolph, chief of the Perucci family, was entrusted the commission of seeing the great merchant on his way to the other life, and he took that duty on himself with much apparent relish. He sought out Frederic Malavotta, the superintendent of prisons, entered into conversation with him, spoke of his prisoner, of the undesirableness of setting him at liberty again, of the service his death would render to his fellow-citizens; and when, after a series of skilful probing and thrustings, he guessed that his proposition would meet no ungracious reception, he boldly named a high sum which would be all Malavotta's own, provided he allowed no food to be set before the prisoner but such as would be provided by him, Rodolph Perucci, or his confidential officials.

Malavotta was one of those who would do a good in preference to an

evil action, provided that either would be of the same advantage to him. Perucci had not said in so many words that the food to be furnished would prove a viaticum for the journey into the unknown land, but it was easy to guess that such would be the result. He reflected that parties who offered such a recompense for an apparently slight service would enlarge the offer if they saw need. So he used such terms in the answer he gave as to imply that if he did not yield at that first summons, the second or third would probably find him acquiescent.

But while the conspirators were complacently preparing their food and their poisons, Cosmo, who seems to have had an intuitive sense of what was awaiting him, steadily refused nourishment of every kind for the period of four days, and thereby effectually frightened the time-serving Malavotta. "He will assuredly die of hunger," said he, "and I shall not touch one florin of the promised reward. This won't do." He prepared a supper worthy of an emperor's table, brought it into his prisoner's room, invited him to fall to, and set him a good example by consuming a portion of every eatable, and drinking a glass from every flask. Cosmo required no pressing, but made a temperate meal, as behoved a man who had fasted ninety-six hours.

After supper, Cosmo artfully directed the conversation into the channel of his own affairs, and managed to dazzle the eyes of his host by insinuating the incredible value of his hidden property, the portion seized on being but a small part of what he really owned. This theme was so skilfully handled that Malavotta inwardly blessed his stars that he had not given a formal consent to the proposal of the enemy. Before they parted for the night, the superintendent, at Cosmo's request, promised to bring Farganacia, the inimitable buffoon and parasite, to

be their boon companion for the next evening.

Farganacia was the Theodore Hook of Florence. Though of ignoble birth, his powers of conversation, and his drollery and mimicry, made him the welcome guest at the tables of high and low. He had always sufficient tact and command over himself to adapt the tone of his exhibition to the taste of his company for the time being, and he managed so skilfully that his mimicry or raillery of the absent never excited any deep enmity again him. He could not, however, resist the powers of good liquor when he happened to be in low company, and a debauch of three or four days was no uncommon thing in his pleasant career.

Next evening the merchant, the superintendent, and the jester supped together. Farganacia exerted his utmost gifts of pleasing powers, nor did he exert them in vain. At first Cosmo seemed too downcast for relief by any exhibition of wit, or raillery, or humour; but he gradually relaxed; and when Malavotta was obliged to retire to attend to some needful duty, he was well pleased to leave the two together, so interested did they seem in each other.

That was the moment waited for by Cosmo. In a few words he made Farganacia aware of the critical position in which he stood, asked his services, mentioned the mode in which he required them, and promised instant compensation. The merryman was taken by surprise, but through his high esteem for the merchant, and probably the higher esteem for his resources, the request was complied with; and Malavotta, on his return to table, found his guests pleasantly occupied with some city news, flavoured by an infusion of scandal.

At dawn of next morning, Farganacia requested an audience of the Prior of the Jacobins, presented him

a half ring, got from Cosmo the evening before, and mentioned the will of the merchant, that he (the prior) should give him a hundred gold florins on the spot for himself, and a thousand to be handed over to Signor Guadagne, the Gonfalonier, who was then in the middle of the period of his two months' dictatorship. The money was handed over to him without a moment's hesitation, and he made no delay till he was in the Gonfalonier's bed-chamber, even before that great man was aroused from sleep. Farganacia was a privileged person. The first object on which Guadagne's eyes rested, on his awakening, was the jester counting gold crowns on his table, and the first sounds which reached his ears were the very agreeable ones, that a thousand of the precious pieces were intended for himself. On learning the danger in which Cosmo stood, and the service which was expected from himself, he did not show the slightest reluctance to undertake it. He did not belong to the party inimical to the great man; he held him in high esteem, and resolved to save his life. If the expectation of further favours weighed with him, let him be forgiven.

Guadagne's praiseworthy design was difficult of execution; promptness and finesse were much needed. If time were lost, Malavotta would be inevitably induced to administer the poison; or if found incorruptible, the enemy was powerful and clever enough to excite the people to invest the prison, and have the merchant out to his death. He therefore opened a communication with the faction, pretended to be anxious for the destruction of their great rival, and expressed a confident opinion that the object could be attained in a legal mode without attaching obloquy to any one. This gave them much pleasure. They broke off the negotiation with Malavotta, and gave all their aid to the Gonfalonier in his measure for bring-

ing Cosmo to justice. Guadagne lost no time; he prepared for the trial, sounded the magistrates, and induced them to come to such decision as he impressed on them to be the just and right one under the circumstances. Being determined to save his life, he felt it useless to have him declared innocent, or even punished in any way which should leave him liable to be set on by his enemies in a forceful and illegal manner.

The trial was hurried; the sentence pronounced was exile, and all was over two days before the Perucci and their faction expected. The trial being over, the chief magistrate expressed his fears that unless the decree were put in execution at once, the prisoner's powerful friends would do something to prevent its being carried out. He therefore repaired to the prison at the head of the magistrates and their force, took out the prisoner, and had him sent under a strong guard beyond the boundary of the republic. It was not till they approached the limits of Florence that Cosmo became fully sensible of the friendliness and ability of the Gonfalonier. Great were the surprise and consternation of the cabal when they discovered what had been done. They called a council of the families to decide on some step, and the delay which the discussion necessarily occasioned enabled their foeman to get into his possession much of his portable property which had been in keeping here and there.

All the fury of the Perucci, the Albizzi, and the Strozzi, was now turned against the Gonfalonier. Some of the younger members of the families would even exert themselves to depose him from his high office before the month was expired. The elders did not choose to proceed to such lengths, but the moment he was divested of power, they had him arraigned for various assumed infringements on his offi-

cial duties and privileges. They imputed guilt to his most innocent actions, and raised such a clamour, and excited the resentment of the people to such a degree that, but for the influence of his relatives and the nobility, he would have lost his head. He was sent into exile, and his grateful friend, Cosmo, gave him a hearty welcome in Venice.

Each heartily longed for his recal, but Cosmo was endowed with more patience and insight into the most certain means of obtaining it, and brought his more impatient companion into his views. They wrote to their most influential friends to unite their interests in the election of an active and friendly Gonfalonier, and these wrought in concert with such energy, that when the election day arrived, the choice fell on the worthy Nicolas Cocco, notwithstanding the strenuous but too lately organised opposition of the hostile families, with whose names our readers are familiar.

The new ruler was a favourite both with the nobility and the people, and he set about the recal of Guadagne so prudently and skilfully, that the audience in the public meetings began to wonder why he had been banished. For, after all, what had he done? Merely sent a fellow citizen into exile rather hurriedly in order to keep his head on his shoulders. Farganacia religiously kept within his own breast the little scene at early dawn in the late Gonfalonier's bed-chamber, when the gold florins of Florence played their part. The unstable citizens soon were incapable of recollecting a single instance in Guadagne's conduct worthy of blame, and he was recalled with general acclaim, the objections of Perucci and Co. notwithstanding.

So far all was pleasant, but no one as yet had dared to raise his voice for the reversal of Cosmo's sentence. That far-seeing man, however, adopted a very simple but effective plan

to oblige his ungrateful countrymen to send for him in a hurry. He established his counting-house in Venice. He resumed his manufacturing business, and by ways well-known to himself, he turned to his new place of refuge that tide of traffic which had formerly brought affluence into his native city. The merchants and manufacturers of that emporium found their receipts every day diminishing, and the artisans and labourers felt their daily employment and their daily earnings slipping from their hands as water through the meshes of a net. The friends of the great capitalist did not neglect to improve the occasion in his favour, and as the popular choice rested between opulence with Cosmo, or sordid poverty without him, merchants, and tradesmen, and labourers, hastily arrived at the resolve of a harmonious call, and something between an ovation and a triumph greeted the great merchant on re-entering his native city.

Among those who came to congratulate him upon his restoration, was the good Malavotta, who was received by him in the presence of several other visitors with every mark of friendship and respect. Taking occasion to say how much he owed him for his kind treatment while in his custody, Malavotta who, perhaps, expected something more solid than mere grateful effusions, made reply, "Ah, you are aware how much more you owe me!" Cosmo rather surprised, went on to say that he felt all imaginable gratitude to him. "But you do not seem to be aware that you owe me your life." Cosmo still more surprised, but mastering the emotion, made a still more obliging answer, and not wishing for a scene before his company, he turned to some others among the visitors, and chatted with them.

Malavotta's words did not fall into the water. Cosmo took an opportunity of a private interview with him, and in the course of con-

versation, requested him to explain his words. Malavotta somewhat fearful of the vengeance of the Petrucci, was now anxious to keep his secret to himself; but Cosmo was not a trader and Florentine for nothing. By turning and winding he secured the secret, and the horrified man lost no time till the Gonfalonier was cognisant of the confession of Malavotta.

A well-attended officer was at once sent to the house of the Petrucci, and in his custody the guilty chief was brought before the head magistrate. He, at first denied everything, but being confronted with Malavotta, his courage failed, and he confessed the crime. He was unwilling to mention any of the partners of his guilt, but on being informed that he would be put to the question by torture, he very reluctantly revealed his associates, and Nicolas Albizzi and Pallasso Strozzi were secured.

The council of eight heard the evidence, drew up the accusation, and no one had any opinion that any other than that a capital sentence would be pronounced. But Cosmo was no more disposed to take vengeance for personal injuries than the great Julius Cæsar himself. He interceded, both personally and by the mediation of his friends for the lives of the guilty men, and the judges were not sorry to be spared the unwelcome and serious duty of dooming to death delinquents of their high position. The sentence pronounced was that of perpetual exile. So the great merchant escaped obloquy, and was thenceforward freed from the annoyance of living in the same city with men disposed to do him every injury in their power.

And, indeed, from the period of his recal to his death, his life was exempt from any annoyance given by his fellow-citizens. He employed himself in his commerce, and would never accept office in the magistracy.

This influence, however, though very quietly and noiselessly exerted was not the less. The "Council of Eight" seldom came to a resolution on the doubtful matter without consulting him, and the neighbouring states, who wished to be on good terms with Florence, did not neglect to pay their court to him. Though liberal almost to excess, he affected a simple style of living, kept no servants but such as had really work to do, and his house was plainly but comfortably furnished. In his relations with his fellow-citizens, he demeaned himself as a well-to-do man of business. His charitable acts were many and frequent, and professors of letters met in him a most generous encourager. In all his suc-

cessful negotiations and transactions, some of his fellow-citizens were always sure to obtain more or less profit. So taking his active and liberal mode of doing business into account, it is little to be wondered at that he came to be considered and called the father of his country.

He died, A.D. 1464, at the ripe age of 75, surrounded by sorrowing friends, and was interred in the church of St. Laurence, which had been erected by himself. On his mausoleum, which was erected at the public expense, was cut this inscription in Latin. "Here is interred Cosmo de Medicis, surnamed the Father of his Country, by order of the Republic."

(To be continued.)



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

CHAPTER IX.

ERNEST'S CONFESSION.—KATE GLOVER.

WE have before observed that scarce any remnant of the ancient city of the Pharaohs is now to be seen. Our lionisers had already, as they conversed, passed several relics of what might once have been magnificent temples, but were now only scattered and isolated stones, on the outer face of which hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs were carved. A row of headless trunks and trunkless heads—fragments of pillars—a small sphynx, and other carved remains of what *had* been, were collected at a spot to which Paolo drew their special attention. Some French explorers had placed them there. Further on, half-buried in the earth, lay prostrate a colossal figure of Rameses the Great, a gift to the British Museum, which the guardians of that collection had long suffered to lie there, deeming it too heavy to remove.

"I fear," said Ernest, "you will all say that I have brought you on a wild-goose chase. Ah! if you could only have seen the splendid Temple of Carnac, with its mighty and countless painted columns, and its avenue of granite sphinxes, two miles long! Or the tombs of the Kings at Thebes, with their walls one mass of paintings thousands of years old, but as fresh as though they had been executed yesterday!"

"But as we have not seen Carnac or the Tombs, and are not, therefore, as *blase* as you are, my dear friend, we are really much interested in the scattered relics here.—Are we not, ladies?" said the Major. "That we are," answered both the ladies in a breath. "And look," added Minnie, "at that charming distant

view of the Pyramids! That palm-grove on the promontory, jutting out into the piece of water before us, and the hill with its scattered palm-trees on the left, make it a perfect picture! I should so like to sketch it, if it would not be keeping everybody too long."

"By no means," said Mrs. Montagu. "You know we have come out for an afternoon's stroll, and why should we not saunter about this lovely spot as well as elsewhere? It is so nice and shady, too, under the trees; and so pleasant to hear the cooing of those sweet ring-doves. You only require animal life to complete your picture. I think you should introduce some of those buffaloes which we passed as we were coming along from the village."

"I really think I must," said Minnie, who had already found a favourable spot at the foot of a palm-tree, and was beginning to produce and arrange her drawing materials. "But won't you all go on with your walk, and leave me to sketch here by myself?"

"May not I stay and keep the flies off you? They will never let you draw in peace," said Ernest. "I wonder what they must have been when they were made a special plague in Egypt. I never knew any nuisance to equal them in their ordinary capacity and numbers!"

The Major and Mrs. Montagu soon fell deep into a discussion on the points of resemblance between India and Egypt, walking up and down as they talked. Ernest sat by Minnie in his capacity of fly-flapper;

and after they had chatted a little while, she said to him, "Do tell me about your Oxford love?"

"Well, I will, Minnie, if you wish to hear about her. There is one part of the story about which, when I thought it over, I half hesitated whether I ought to tell it you—a young married woman; but I think, on the whole, I had better tell you all."

Minnie looked surprised, rather shocked, and a little confused, and said with warmth, "Nay, Ernest, I would much rather not hear a word of it, if there is anything in it whatever that you could feel a question about the propriety of telling me."

"My dear Minnie, you may trust me. Rest assured that I would not say a word that could bring a blush to your cheek, nor would I offer to you such an indignity as to tell you even part of a story, if there was aught concealed that I had reason to be ashamed of."

"I might have known it. You would have been sadly changed since the days when my father thought of you so highly, if it had been otherwise."

"Ah, Minnie! You must not make me conceited. Indeed, I havenought to be proud of; for things might have so turned out that the story might have been one not fit to be told you."

"You speak in riddles. But assured as I have been by you, I will ask you to tell me your history."

"Well, one afternoon in the summer term, I was] canoeing along the Cherwell with the friend whom I mentioned when this story first came on the *tapis* yesterday. He and I had for some time previously had a joke about a beautiful face which we had seen amongst the specimen portraits at a photographer's door in the High Street. 'If ever I could be in love with woman born, that is the one,' said he. And we never passed the door

without some chaff about his unknown love. "Well, the afternoon of which I speak, as we were paddling along, side by side, in two of those delightful canoes which one seldom meets with, save on the Thames or the Isis, two ladies approached us along the river side. One of them was short, blonde, and merry-looking. The other tall, dark-haired, and as stately as a queen. There are some people, Minnie, in whose movements there seems to me to be a something akin to beautiful music—they are so full of an inexplicable grace. And one of these was the stately dark-haired girl on the banks of the Cherwell—my friend's unknown love—the original of the photograph."

"And was it really the same?" asked Minnie with eagerness.

"It was she, indeed," replied Ernest. "Neither of us could have any doubt about her face, so well did we know it already."

"Well, but you have not said any thing about the little blonde. She, of course, became in due time *your* innamorata. Am I not clever, now, to have found it out before you told me, although you pretended to pass her over, and were so ecstatic about your friend's flame?"

"I will not gratify your curiosity yet," said Ernest.

"What a shame!" said Minnie. "I always like to look on to the end of a romance before I begin it. And this is going to be quite a romance, I know."

"Well, I shall not keep you long in suspense, at any rate. I'll cut the story as short as I can."

"No, don't do that on any account! I want to hear every word that you can tell me."

"*A vos ordres, Madame!* I shall endeavour to obey; and so shall proceed in my narrative. You may imagine that we did not feel very well pleased that we were bound to our canoes. We had not even our boating jackets with us. We had

left them in the barge, for the day was very hot. Else we might have been tempted to run the canoes up upon the bank; and if not strike up an acquaintance on the spot, at any rate lay the foundation at once."

"Well, upon my word! Either the Oxford young ladies must be very free and easy, or the Oxford young gentlemen—Mr. Ernest Fitzgerald and his friend among the number—must possess an enormous amount of brass!"

"But, you see, they were not quite ladies, although very lady-like."

"'Very queenly!' say!" Minnie mockingly added.

"And *one of them* very queenly!" further emended Ernest, nodding at her with a defiant smile. "Come, now," he continued, "tell me of any two young ladies of your acquaintance, not absolute muffs, who would have resented a little very evident but very respectful admiration, shown by two young gentlemen whom they might chance to meet in their day's walk."

"I think even the fastest of my young lady acquaintances would have been disposed to walk away very quickly indeed, if they had seen two young gentlemen in flannels leaving their boats and coming rushing up the bank after them!"

"Minnie, you tease! Do you think we should have gone about it in that fashion? We shouldn't have 'rushed'!"

"Well, then, never mind—there you were in your boats, without your coats; so you could not have done so without forcing even the queenly young lady to run screaming away—so we'll let that pass. But what *did* you do? Tell me, and I'll interrupt you no more for ever so long."

"Well," said Ernest, laughing, "I need scarcely tell you what we did then. You already know it. We did *nothing*. But we talked of

nothing else for the rest of the day, who could they be, where they could live, and how we could get to know them. Then one of us said, 'Let's make a bet about it, as to who'll find them out first.' 'But remember,' said my friend, 'The little one's to be your flame, the big one mine. That must be a compact. As for you, you're sure to be the first to become acquainted with them. You Irishmen have brass enough for anything.'"

Minnie laughed, but true to her promise, did not interrupt.

"Well," continued Ernest, "to make a long story short, I *was* the first to make acquaintance; and it came about in this way. It had become the fashion for the men to have long wooden boxes full of flowers, outside their windows in 'quad.' The fellows who brought the plants about, were so extravagant in their demands, on account of the run upon them, that I, who wanted some for mine, and did not wish to pay through the nose for them, be-thought me of a nursery garden, about a mile and-a-half out of the town; and went there one afternoon alone, to pick and choose for myself. At the end of the garden, was the house of the proprietor, and under the window was a particularly brilliant parterre. But I did not look at the parterre very long, for, close by me, there was 'metal more attractive.' At one of the open windows, reading a book, was seated the tall and stately beauty of the meadow! I was taken aback at the suddenness of the apparition, but 'now or never' thought I to myself; and summoning up all my courage, I said, raising my hat, 'I hope I am not taking a liberty in stopping here for a moment to admire what I see. I had no idea that these gardens contained anything half so beautiful.' (That cut two ways; I hope you'll observe, Minnie.)"

"'No liberty whatever,' said the young lady, in a sweet voice; though

I must confess that it jarred a little on my ear to hear her continue. 'My Uncle is always so *'appy* to see his flowers *h*appreciated!' 'Goodness, gracious!' I exclaimed, mentally, 'She drops her H's. What will old Pips say to that? (Pips was a nickname we used to have for my friend.) 'But she is *very* hand-some,' I continued to meditate.

"'I think,' said I, after I had said a few commonplaces about the flowers, 'that I had the pleasure of seeing you in the meadows the other day—on Thursday last.'

"'Possibly,' she replied—'I was walking in Merton meadow, that day; but you have the advantage of me; I do not remember.'

"'Oh, I was canoeing on the river with a friend. You, with another young lady, were walking on the bank.'"

"'Oh, now I do remember. For one of you nearly upset, just after we had passed you. The shout made us look round, and we expected to have to come to the rescue.'

"This was myself," continued Ernest. "I had said something chaffy to Pips, about his admiration for her, which made him splash at me with his paddle; I had ducked to avoid the splash, and very nearly tipped over in consequence. Telling her—(without betraying the cause), that it was I who had so nearly upset, I added gallantly, 'I could wish that I *had* gone over, that I might have had the happiness of being saved from a watery grave by such fair hands.'

"She laughed, and did not seem displeased; so I thought I would open another parallel, and asked if I might make so bold as to request that she would be my guide through the gardens.

"'I fear I cannot do myself that pleasure,' she replied. 'My uncle is very particular, and does not allow me to show the gardens to any of the college gentlemen.'

"'Perhaps he is right,' said I, affecting to say it half musingly; 'if he did allow you, he would never have college men out of his gardens when it became known that there was such a fair cicerone there.'"

"Oh, you naughty humbug," said Minnie. "The idea of affecting to say such a thing *half musingly*. I had not a notion that you were such an actor. In future, I shall never know when to believe or to trust you!"

"But I was not in earnest then. I was merely speaking in a trifling way to a girl whom I admired with my eyes, without loving her in my heart. Do not fear that I should ever say a word to *you* that I did not feel, Minnie."

Ernest said this *avec empressement*. Minnie scarce knew what he meant. He was on the verge of making to her a confession of his love for another; and surely he could not have meant to address to her words which implied that she was more to him than merely an old chum. And if he did mean to speak thus, he had no right to do so; for she was no longer a girl—she was the wife of another. And yet, in spite of the impending confession respecting another; in spite of her being a wife, and in spite of all the serious and solemn conversation which they had so recently been holding, Minnie could not help feeling a sensation of pleasure—of absolute happiness, when she heard Ernest say to her that to *her* he could not speak a word that he did not feel; and that he only trifled with those whom he admired with his eyes, but did not love in his heart! Why should he not love *her* in his heart? Were there to be no loves in the world but husbands and wives? Might not men love women purely; and might not women as purely love men, merely as friends—aye—bosom friends, if their natures were congenial? It seemed a downright violation of nature not to love those with whom one

was on terms of intimacy, and with whom, owing to that intimacy, one knew oneself to be in perfect accord. She might have asked herself why she was so anxious to hear all about Ernest's Oxford love, and what came of it. Yet was it not natural enough to set this down as mere feminine curiosity; or, if it were anything more, simple interest in what interested her friend? She mused on in her own mind; and in consequence missed a little of the thread of this story which Ernest had continued, unconscious of her inattention. When she found herself again listening, Ernest was no longer in conversation with the young lady at the window, but descending the steps of a forcing house in the company of her father aforesaid: in the course of which descent his foot slipped, he fell, sprained his ankle desperately, and had to be carried back to the house. And there, of course, his new friend, the queenly young lady attended and nursed him. And of course it was two or three days before he could be removed in a fly back to his college-rooms. And of course, when he got well again, he returned to thank his kind nurse; and returned more than once. But where was "Old Pips" all this time? "My dear fellow," Ernest had said to him, "I'll introduce you to your beauty all in good time. If I had had to remain there a week, which I confess I should not have been very sorry for—ankle and all; you would have come to see me there, and would thus have made her acquaintance. But anyhow, next time I go I'll take you with me." And so he did. But by this time he was quite an old-established friend, so to speak. Poor Pips was merely "his friend Pips"—instead of being the old original Pips—the devoted admirer of her publicly-exhibited photo, "cabinet size," before ever Ernest had begun to think her so queenlike. As Shakespeare says,—

— The Prince wooes for himself.
 Friendship is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love;
 But beauty is a witch, beneath whose
 charms
 Faith melteth into blood!

And so it was in the case in point. Ernest, when he made the bet about making her acquaintance first—a bet which he won by so unexpected a chance—had no idea of playing his friend false. But his own heart had played him false; and before he well knew what he was about, he found himself desperately smitten by the charms of the stately and queenlike niece of the nursery gardener—Miss Kate Glover—(for that was her name).

"And what about the little blonde?" asked Minnie, when he had made his confession.

"Oh, she was only a friend of hers—not her sister, as we had imagined," said Ernest.

"And did 'Old Pips' leave you in possession of the field when he found that the Fates had given you such a start of him?"

"Well, this was the funny part of it. I felt considerable compunction at having appropriated my friend's love. So when he, seeing that I was as much smitten by the reality as he had been by the photograph, generously offered to withdraw, I said 'No! Let us be like the two brothers of classic story, who spent day about in the heaven which both were not permitted alike to inhabit. You shall walk with Miss Kate one day, and I can walk with her the other. The one who is left out can console himself with her merry and fair-haired companion, who, if she is seldom to be found at the gardens, generally accompanies her in her peregrinations.'"

"And was this curious compact carried out, and with the approval of the young ladies?" asked Minnie.

"Well, to a certain extent it was. That is to say, I carried out my part of it to the letter. Whenever his turn came to be Miss Kate's com-

panion, I was always there to walk with the blonde; but when it was my turn to walk with Miss Kate, why then he stayed away."

"And you have already told me that he used to worm out of you all your confidences, and, on his side, to tell you nothing. I take it that he loved her more deeply than you had an idea of. It delighted him to hear of her, even though it were but to hear what she said to you; and to walk with any but her gave him no pleasure. That was real constancy!"

"I beg your pardon, my little madame. I would not miss seeing her on any account, even though the penalty was to pretend to flirt with her companion."

"Penalty! you shocking hypocrite!"

"Well, Pips evidently thought it such; since, even for the sake of seeing Miss Kate he would not undergo it."

"Go away! you are a mere special pleader! But tell me, what was the end of all this? Did you finish by breaking the poor queen's heart? 'Good-bye, Miss Glover' (or 'darling Kate,' as the case might be). 'I'm leaving Oxford, and shall, I fear, never see you again—think of me as a friend, but nothing more!' Or, 'Let it be as though we had never met!' That sort of heartless thing? Eh? So like you men, who throw away your plaything when you have done with it, heedless whether or no you break it in the fall!"

"Well, Minnie, I was *not* so heedless or so heartless. I loved that girl tenderly ere we had to part for ever. Although out of my own rank and sphere of life, she was a lady every inch of her: a lady in face, a lady in mien, a lady in mind, and a lady in accomplishments (for she had received an excellent education, could play and sing exquisitely, and had a fund of conversation far above the "chaff" of the ordinary run of "pretty girls.") And when a man

loves a girl as I did her, what does he desire? That she should be his; his, to be ever with him; his constant companion and his friend; his life's mate! And yet I could not ask her to marry me. I would have done so unhesitatingly, despite the difference of station; but I knew well my father's dying fears respecting me. I knew that it was for fear of my making some *mésalliance* that he fixed my coming of age seven years later than the usual time of life, and that he ordered that I should travel as soon as I left the University. I could not thus fly in the face of his dying precautions. In a rash moment I opened my heart to another friend—not lips—a man who was neither racketty in his ways, as the general run of our fast men were, nor licentious in his talk. And yet he lived with some of the loosest fellows in college. This man had a secret which I did not know till I told him mine. When I told him of my love for Kate Glover, he sympathised exceedingly; then told me of a love of his own who lived in a cottage all covered with roses at Woodstock, and lived there at his expense."

"Oh, Ernest!"

He tempted me in every way to follow his example. He was so soft-spoken—so gentle—so thoroughly gentlemanlike in his demeanour, and spoke so lovingly—aye, so respectfully of her—his mistress. He was a man whom, in the wildest company I had never heard joining in coarse jokes or questionable talk—yet this was his life, and he did it all for love."

"Ernest! do not profane the name of love! That is not love which is not hallowed by heaven! Pardon me. For a young married woman, I am speaking very familiarly to you, a young unmarried man. And yet, having entered on such a topic, I feel that I must give vent to my opinion!"

I thank you for speaking to me so

frankly, Minnie. I value the intimacy which enables you thus to hear and impels you to speak to me, more heartily than I can say. But I could argue with you, if time would permit us, the point which you have raised. The Major and Mrs. Montague, however, are coming our way, and I know that we ought to be starting. Let me say, though, in brief, that it is possible to feel the purest love that ever a man felt for a woman—as I did then; and at the same time, to wish, as I was then tempted to wish, to make her his mistress, simply because the Fates forbade that she should become his wife.”

“Then I presume,” said Minnie, with flushing face and a voice of scorn—“that you were only saved from this disgrace by her indignant refusal!”

“No Minnie! Long and earnestly did I think and ponder the whole thing over in my mind, balancing it this way and that. I could not drive it from my thoughts, you know because I could not drive her from my thoughts; and with the thought of her, came that of how I might so devise as to be with her for ever. I had got to justifying to myself a proposal which I thought would not then be a dishonourable one to her or to me, by resolving that if I made it, and it were accepted by her I would be as constant to her as ever husband was to wife.”

“Well?”

“Well, just at that crisis, when I was on the point of yielding to my own influences, a novel fell in my way. It was the life of a girl who, though purely brought up, had become a man’s mistress out of a sincere love for him, which he—at first—as sincerely reciprocated. But, although he did not at the last absolutely tire of her, he tired of the restraint imposed on him by the tie which existed between them. He was fond of that fashionable life to which he had been born: and the

more that he followed its engrossing paths, the less of his time did he devote to the poor little thing who was pining at home for his company. She had none to fall back upon; for her relations had cast her off, and she would not associate with others in her own position whose fast ways had no charm for her. The more she pined and got low-spirited, the more her gay lover used to think his little treasure a bore. At last she was relieved from her troubles. Her heart broke! and she died! This story, Minnie, had the greatest effect upon me. It opened my eyes completely to what might be. I had gone through the phase of thinking that anything short of a vow of fidelity for life to her I wished to place in a similar position, would be the vilest selfishness—a sort of one-sided contract which would bind her without binding me. And then, as I reflected on, it struck me—‘What if some day I should tire of her or of her relations, and should long for a union with one from a more congenial sphere? or what if I should be pestered by relations to form a matrimonial alliance, if not on my own account, at any rate out of consideration to my “family”—to keep up the name?’ Could I resist the temptation, when it was in my power to cast her off like an old coat—when her youth and her girlhood were gone—and to consider that I had done the generous by her in making her a handsome settlement? And even if I did not act thus, Minnie—if I was constant—why (I reflected) should I condemn her children to a life-long shame? And so I made my resolve, though it cost me many a pang before and since. I went to her—not at the last moment, when I was leaving Oxford—but weeks before it. I told her that marry her I could not; trifle with her heart any longer I would not: I besought her to pardon me for having done so as long as I had; and pleaded my inadver-

tency. 'It had all grown on and on,' I said; 'and till now I had never stopped to reflect as to what it might lead to. But now that I had, even though tardily, reflected, I felt that for both our sakes it was best that we should meet no more.'

"And she?"

"She answered like a queen: 'Mr. Fitzgerald, you are a gentleman! I thank God that my heart is yet my own!' I thank Him and you too, that you have spoken these painful words—for I will not deny that they bring with them a pang. I am thankful that you have said them in time. I like you very much. I have never dared to love you, knowing that between us there lay a gulf which seemed always as impassable as you have now declared it to be. You need not my forgiveness. You have not *jilted* me (as you seem to fear). You have saved me, as

well as yourself, from the risk of a great temptation; and Heaven bless you for it! Did I say I did not love you, Mr. Fitzgerald? I do love you! I love you with the love of one who will ever think of you as her best and truest friend. Such a love as this never breaks hearts!'

"I shook her hand fervently, Minnie; aye, and kissed it. I blessed her—she me; and we parted—for ever!"

"Ernest," said Minnie, "Kate Glover spoke the truth. You *are* a gentleman. And you deserve the respect and loving friendship of every pure-hearted woman whom you count among your chosen friends."

"I ask only for yours, and I am content!"

"It was yours before you asked it," said Minnie, warmly pressing his hand.

CHAPTER X.

A PROPOSAL.

WE should not mind hazarding a small bet! We feel confident that some of our readers will say that Ernest did not deserve all the "cockering up" which he received alike at the hands of Kate Glover and of Minnie Seymour; that he undoubtedly did jilt the girl, whatever she, with her woman's spirit, may have assured him to the contrary; and that he ought to have been ashamed to tell such a story of himself. The very idea, too, of telling another man's own young wife, not long married, that he had thoughts of making the girl his mistress! What credit, too, was it to a man who had heedlessly set up a flirtation with a girl out of his own rank in life, to go to her in a fit of righteous remorse, one fine day, and say in effect: "I never ought to have flirted with you at all; however, now that I have done so to a considerable extent, be very much

obliged to me that I do not intend to offer to insult you; and in consideration of this, I hope you may soon get over the heartache which my sudden withdrawal may possibly cause you." So Ernest will be pronounced by these critics a heartless fellow. They will say, some of them, that if he wished to deserve the name of a gentleman, he should never have addressed this young lady at all; for did he not commence the acquaintance deliberately, with his eyes wide open?

As to his unbosoming himself to Minnie, Ernest's critics must remember that to him, just now, she was as a married sister. Perhaps there had already arisen between them an amount of regard which exceeded in piquancy that which exists between brother and sister. Nay, we believe we have already admitted that such a regard was in existence betwixt them, and that it was

gradually increasing in intensity. But as yet, neither of them was aware of the existence in either breast of more than brother and sisterly feelings.

And then, as to Ernest's culpability in his *affaire de cœur* with the queen-like young lady. Did you never hear, reader, of an old story, concerning a certain young man who behaved very foolishly indeed—got his father to advance his fortune to him, and then ran through it all? Having done so (you surely know the story), he returned to his father, quite sorry for having been so wild—only in his case the sorrow did not come till he had tasted the bitter fruits of his wildness. Well, though it would have been more creditable to him, of course, if his sorrow had come a little sooner, still the good-natured father never twitted him about that, but received him back again as if he had been a conquering hero.

But this father had another son, who had always been a most exemplary young man; very slow, and steady, and circumspect; in short, propriety itself, in every sense of the word. This young man regularly sulked when he heard of the grand way in which his brother had been treated. He thought that the returned wanderer ought to have been snubbed, and actually called his father to task for what he had done. But he got snubbed himself for his pains.

But we must proceed with our tale.

The Major and Mrs. Montagu, when they rejoined Minnie and Ernest, both seemed somewhat nervous and confused. The Major asked how the drawing was getting on, and after admiring it duly, begged with much fervour that he might have a copy of it.

"And I another, Minnie! I know you will not refuse your friend," said Mrs. Montagu.

"Why this sudden run upon the

products of my pencil?" thought Minnie, wondering.

"We both of us wish for reminiscences of this lovely spot," said the Major; "because to both of us—may I not say *both* of us?" he asked, looking towards Mrs. Montagu, who nodded assent—"to both of us it will ever bring back the remembrance of a very happy moment in our lives."

Ernest and Minnie looked at each other with inquiring smiles. Could it, then, have come about so soon? they wondered.

"And what makes this spot so honoured?" Ernest asked, mischievously assuming an air of the most complete unsuspection.

"Tell them, Major," said Mrs. Montagu.

"Mrs. Montagu has just promised to make me the happiest man in the world," said the Major.

Minnie hugged her friend with a cry of joy, and Ernest cordially wrung the Major's hand; and then there was a general shaking of hands, succeeded by some happy chaffing.

"I shall have to become your chaperone now, Mrs. Monty," said Minnie. "What fun! I have always, up till now looked upon you as a sort of chaperone to me, although I am a married woman."

"Fitzgerald, I shall already, with an eye to business, begin by securing your services as my best man. I know you will not refuse," said the Major.

"Most assuredly not! Nothing would give me greater pleasure!"

"How strange it all seems!" said Mrs. Montagu. "To think that, a week ago the Major and I did not know of Mr. Fitzgerald's existence, nor he of ours; and now we are such fast friends!"

"*Esto perpetua?*" said Ernest. "Long live the happy friendship!"

"Yes; a week ago, what would you have thought of it," said Minnie, "if a little bird had told you, 'You

will meet in Cairo a young Irishman who will take you all for a delightful trip, which will hasten an inevitable *dénouement*”—(here Mrs. Montagu gave Minnie a playful slap, and the Major actually blushed)—“and who will finish up by helping to tie the nuptial knot, my dear Mrs. Monty, between the Major and yourself.”

“I think I ought to propose, and Mrs. Montagu to second, a vote of thanks to Mr. Fitzgerald, to be carried by acclamation,” said the Major.

“Hip-pip, hip-pip, hurray!” cried Minnie. “Vote carried *nem. con.* Mr. Fitzgerald called on for a reply.”

“I shall begin by moving a vote of want of confidence in the Major, seeing that he persists in calling Mrs. Montagu *Misses Montagu*.”

“Hear, hear, hear!” laughed Minnie. “You see, Major, if you don’t stand up for your own rights, we must do so for you! It must be ‘Laura,’ now and in future; though she may go on calling you Major, if she likes; for it’s a nice sort of pet name.”

“I suppose,” said Ernest, “it is premature to ask now about the time and place for the happy event.”

“As for the time,” said the Major, “I hope that will be as soon as possible after we all get back to England. Mrs. Montagu must choose the place; but I can only say that even if it is not considered etiquette for the wedding to take place at the home of the bridegroom’s brother, I can answer for it as certainly as if my brother were here to speak for himself, that the present company would all be most welcome to his house in Shropshire as soon after the event as the honeymoon will allow.”

“Why, Major, you must not be too complimentary to Mrs. Seymour and to me, else Mrs. Montagu will think that you wish to hurry the honeymoon over.”

“Our life shall be *all* honeymoon!” said the Major, taking the hand of his affianced, and looking at her with a frank affection, which augured a happy future more certainly than the warmest protestations of some youth of half his age could have done. At five-and-forty, people know their own minds better than at three-and-twenty.

Four very happy souls returned that afternoon to the dahabeeh, at Badrasheyn. Minnie and Ernest were scarcely less so than the newly-engaged pair. For the happiness of so dear a friend as Mrs. Monty was to Minnie something quite her own. And for Ernest it was enough that Mrs. Monty and the Major were Minnie’s friends. That was a sufficient passport to his heart. He seemed to have known them both for an age. Moreover, it filled him with delight to think that his little extemporised expedition had been the means of bringing things to so auspicious a crisis. And, independently of the thoughts of their two friends, Ernest and Minnie were so supremely happy in each other’s society! The very fact of being together made them feel so—both of them: even if they were not to articulate to each other for half an hour, it would be the same. When people are fond of each other, conversation is not an indispensable. The mere magnetism of being in each other’s presence is quite sufficient to produce the calm, luxurious, sunny feeling which whispers within one—“How truly happy I am!”

But had not things arrived at a strange pass, when these two young people, a married woman and an unmarried man—both of them (as may have been seen by their conversation on their way to Memphis) highly moral and religious—were going on from day to day, becoming more and more fond of each other? Aye, and when they continued to become so, after he had just been making to her a confession of the

ardent love which he had felt for another woman! Here is, at one and the same time, an act of something very like impropriety, and an act of inconsistency—the impropriety unnatural, when both had such well-regulated minds: the inconsistency apparently ‘inexplicable—for what man could be in love with two women at one and the same time; and what woman would bear to hear a rival talked of with such enthusiasm? The whole thing, in point of fact, was a puzzle. But there are few puzzles without some clue; and this was the clue to the puzzle in question:

Ernest and Minnie were fast falling in love with each other, owing to their utter unconsciousness of the fact; perhaps all the more so because they would have mocked at the idea of such a thing being possible. Had anything happened at that early stage to open the eyes of either of them, there would have been an end of it at once. A time might come when even their high principles might be overborne by the impetuosity of passion—even as a regiment of veterans who had never known defeat, might, at the first onset, be unable to withstand the charge of a foe which had already created a panic and a stampede along the rest of the line in which those veterans stood. But now, so far was the fear or the slightest suspicion of such a danger from their two guileless minds, that they were neither of them in the slightest degree on their guard against it. The enemy could scarce find a more favourable ground for his attack, even with the weakest and most unprincipled pair that ever lived. The attainment of his aim might, in the case in point, be slow, it is true, but would it in the end be less sure?

Their ignorance of the fact that they were falling in love with each other, will also explain the paradox respecting the episode of Ernest's

Oxford love. An unmarried woman receiving marked attention from a young man might naturally feel not a little slighted and piqued if she found herself called on to hear a long story about some other, and, for all she knew, still-existing flame of his. While at the same time, it is scarcely possible to suppose that the young man could be sincere in his attachment to both objects, or even to either, if he were to make a confession to one sweetheart of his love for another. It was not as if he had said to No. 2, “I loved No. 1, because I thought *her* this, that, and the other; but finding that she was not what I took her to be, my love ended.” It would have borne rather the aspect of saying to No. 2, “I loved No. 1 till it was hopeless to love her any more. I now offer you the reversion of my heart!” All this would tend to make No. 2 grow cool in her feelings towards him, instead of growing warmer.

But with Minnie—a married woman, looking upon herself as merely liking her male chum with a warm, sisterly regard—the case was different. “I, who have my mate,” she would think to herself, “can take a warm interest, unclouded by jealousy, in the heart passages of a friend.” By-and-bye, when both she and her friend had forgotten Kate Glover for the time being, it would be a different story. If he forgot his old fealty to the absent one, why need she then be the one to remember it? And he! Well, if the lady forgot even her husband for his sake, what could he do less than shelve his old love?

And besides, if we are to go on to analyse *his* feelings, there is a difference between a love embalmed in memories of the distant past, until it had become a mere idealisation, and a love for a present animated reality.

If we are asked to suppose that he could not actually be in love with

Minnie, either consciously or unconsciously, while at the same time remaining constant to that vision of the past, we must bear this difference in mind. Nothing is so accommodating as an ideal love, and nothing is so winning in its ways. It suits a selfish person to a T. It comes when invoked; and when it is *de trop*, it stays patiently away, ready to return, at call, with unabated affection. It is never piqued through jealousy, nor estranged by neglect. It never wounds by a bitter word; never aggravates or provokes contempt by exhibitions of selfishness or littleness; never, by being unsympathetic or contradictory, causes a heart to ache until it has grown too callous to ache any longer! An ideal love was never known to *nag*!

Now, in the case of a man or a woman with a real, present love, making him or her-self as charming as possible (as people under such circumstances usually do), the ideal love does not come in the least in the way. The ideal love is everything that is delightful,—so is the real; but the real has the advantage of *being* real—of being there, on the spot, with a heart veritably throbbing in sympathy to that of its lover; and so the ideal—which, as we have already said, is always accommodating and patient, and none the less tender at the next re-union for being set aside for awhile—does not in any way interfere. It is a sort of Platonic friend. It is only when real lovers begin to quarrel that the ideal comes unbidden on the stage. And then, we must confess, it has a decided tendency to blow up the coals. Have you been piqued, neglected, aggravated, nagged, till you are out of all patience with Mr. Reality, or Miss, or Mrs. Reality (as the case may be)? then it is that the ideal comes wheedling and coaxing—sitting down in the warmest corner of your heart, and saying, “Suffer *me* to comfort you;

never were you yet teased, or annoyed, or neglected by *me*! Am I not very, very much more after your heart than that unsympathetic, unsuitable love which you have chosen to take for yourself.”

Now Ernest and Minnie were on their best behaviour towards each other. Probably each of them had a worse side than that which they were then shewing; but of course it was hidden away far out of sight. Indeed, there could be nothing to bring it into sight when everything was happy around them, and everything going smoothly. So charming, indeed, were they to each other all the while, that Minnie bid fair to become very soon a rival ideal to that other one—the more so, since she possessed that necessary qualification of perfect idealism—she never could be really his. And in like manner, there was every danger that in days to come Ernest would be the ideal whose image would come wheedling in, whenever Minnie and her husband had been having a tiff, and when she was out of patience with her fate.

Long and late did the two couples sit on the deck of the “Cleopatra” that starry night, as the vessel glided down the stream again towards Cairo. How lovely was the moon rising! The river was perfectly unruffled, and every star was reflected in its glassy surface. Then, as the moon came up, and showed its beauteous disc there also, the reflected trunks of the palm-trees along the banks seemed to cross it, one by one, in a long procession, as the ship sped on and passed them. And as she rose still higher in the heavens, the shadows of their leafy crowns seemed in like manner to cross that bright reflection, and each frond was thrown out in bold relief by the silvery light.

The sailors were in the bow singing. This was not *their* Sunday; if it had been, they would have been as quiet as mice; but the Moslem

Sabbath is on Saturday. They were singing a song about "the beautiful Night." There was a wild and plaintive wail from a solitary voice, repeating over and over again the words, "El-e-el, eli eli, el-lil!" And at the end of each refrain there was a chorused cry expressive of intense admiration—a prolonged "Aah!"

Then a more lively strain was preluded by the tinkle of the tamborine, and the soft drumming of the tarabouka—an earthenware jar, bottomed with a tightly-stretched skin: probably that of the sheep, with which, according to ancient custom, they had been feasted by Ernest on the homeward voyage from Assouan a few days before.

Ernest felt sad enough at the thought that this "beautiful night" was the last he was to pass on board the "Cleopatra," and that on the morrow he was to bid farewell to the simple-minded but warm-hearted crew, who had been his daily companions for so long.

"If it were not for the pleasure of going back to England in your company, Minnie, and for the happy thoughts of to-day's event, I should have been low and dejected indeed! Leaving this vessel is like leaving a happy home; but how much the happier will the recollection of it be from the thought hereafter of these last days, which were worth all the rest beside!"

"Come, come, Ernest! Are all those splendid tombs and temples at such a discount just now? I will not allow you to say such a thing, complimentary as it may be to my two friends and to myself. Very early in our expedition I had to chaff you for having apparently come out to Egypt mainly for the purpose of slaying pigeons and desert part-ridges. Pray, of which of your re-

miniscences will you speak to your friends in England (or in Ireland) with the greatest zest—the temples, or the pigeons, or the——"

"Turtle-doves?" suggested Ernest, pointing with a laugh to the engaged couple on the opposite bench. "How happy they look!"

"May they always be as happy in each other as they are now!" said Minnie, with fervour.

And Ernest said "Amen!"

"If honeymoons could only last for ever!" reflected Minnie, sadly, as her thoughts sped back over the years of her own married life, the prevailing sensation of which had been a something between constraint and reserve, varied occasionally with little spasmodic fits of tenderness, which would be succeeded, ever and anon, by boredom and vexation—"Oh, if honeymoons could but last for ever!"

And yet why should they not? The secret of their felicity is the almost energetic endeavouring displayed by each, to appear as charming as possible in the eyes of the other. For worlds neither would hurt the other's feelings to the extent of the scratch of a thorn! It is when the first freshness wears off, and at the same time life's crosses begin to display themselves, and are not borne with that patience which they were purposely intended to exercise—when irritation begets irritation—when extern annoyances cause those who were once so careful and tender of each other's feelings to turn upon each other savagely, and, in place of holding back the thorn, to use it as a weapon of offence, and drive it in, viciously, up to the neck,—it is then that loving hearts have reason to sigh with pain, and long for those dear departed days of the "*Lune de miel*."

CHAPTER XI.

THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

IN every tale there is sure to be some one or more chapters which some readers will skip; and the skipping will have reference to the reader's particular tastes and antipathies. Some will skip the chapter on religions; some, our recent disquisition on loves, real and ideal; while a good many who think mere descriptions very dull things, will hastily skim through this one when we tell them that it is nothing more or less than an extract from Minnie's journal, respecting the manner in which those days were spent which intervened between the return of the "Cleopatra" to Cairo and the sailing of the steamer from Alexandria. In the journal no soft or sentimental digressions are to be found—all is plain matter-of-fact. Our fair chronicler writes that the excitement of the first afternoon was a donkey-ride to witness the performances of the Dancing Dervishes, who have a college at old Cairo, the ride to which is pleasantly shaded by sycamine and palm-trees and acacias. Entering a small doorway, you pass through a cool courtyard, where the Dervishes, in every variety of costume, some very picturesque, are quietly enjoying their pipes and coffee. (Mem: How eternally Orientals seems to be enjoying their pipes and coffee! Apparently there is no time of the day at which they may not be found thus indulging!) From the courtyard, the visitors proceeded into the Dervishes' small circular mosque, which is partly adorned with old rusty armour, and contains an Arabesque recess in which sit the dignitaries of the Order. Above this recess are some gratings, behind which are seen what appear to be female heads. Are these ladies in the Dervish persuasion? and if so, do they abstain from dancing? The spectators seat themselves

around the wall, opposite to the recess. By-and-bye enters the college. The chief Don is a fine, imposing-looking man, under fifty, with a handsome, black-bearded face. Two other priests, older than him, one of them with a snowy beard, seem to be his inferiors in the Order. Among the rest are six or eight fellows who are going to twirl, dressed in various-coloured jackets (like those of "boys in buttons"), and white petticoats made very full, in order that, while twirling, they may make a "cheese-cake" of the most approved description. On their heads they wear a conical felt covering like a flower-pot reversed.

Some of these wear long skirts—likewise long hair. These, by their subsequent dimensions, prove to be the real "March hares"—quite mad. Others wear the ordinary "knickerbocker costume," so common in the East.

The performance—one ought, correctly speaking, to term it the service—commences by the "howlers" kneeling in a circle, all a-squat, as if they were preparing to play "Hunt the Slipper," and monotonously chanting "Al-lah! Al-lah!" Presently the circle rises to its feet; and a dirty Dervish sings a wild chant. Then all begin to chant—"La il Allah, il Allah!" (God is great!) swaying their bodies backwards and forwards the while. Then enter a procession of twirlers; regular teetotums. Stepping into the circle, two at a time, they spin round for twenty minutes without a break. Now the weird music of the pipes and tumtums, which all this time have been playing low, waxes louder and louder, "the ring" bows more and more frantically, with heads to the very ground. The chant ceases; and in its stead, commences a chorus of steam-engines—a gigantic pant-

ing, emitted from some twenty throats, a "Haugh haugh! Haugh haugh!" quite beyond the guttural powers of any score of men who were not Dervishes. At last, as might have been expected, one or two fall down in fits. One plucky fellow rises and sets to work again; but the other is too far gone; blood streams from his mouth, and he is carried out. The climax having now been reached, the performances shortly conclude; the minor Dons are embraced by the great Don; then a few who remain behind receive the embraces of the three in turn; each, as he is embraced, taking his place next the previous one, and becoming in turn an embracer, so that the last man finds a formidable number of pairs of shoulders over which he must project his head. For this is the osculatory process: the embracer takes the embracee by the shoulders, just as if he were about to administer to him a good shaking. The other then does ditto. Then looking over each other's alternate shoulders, they kiss at air, and the salute is over. The not very dissimilar ceremony is to be seen after a mass in the Vesper Chapel at St. Peter's in Rome: only that the ecclesiastical dignitaries in the sacred city, when going through this ceremony—the "kiss of peace"—do **not** always comport themselves as gravely and demurely as the Dervishes during this operation. For the Dervishes are such enthusiasts that they perform their ritualism with all their hearts. Perhaps the fat canons of St. Peter's are more men of the world, and look upon forms which tradition forces them to go through as mere amiable absurdities. Yet even so, if the thing must be done, the devout demeanour of the Egyptian Dervishes is deserving of the greatest respect.

On leaving the mosque, the spectators of these peculiar rites behold the high priest, who within

had appeared to be clothed with so much superior sanctity, seated amongst the rest with his everlasting pipe. And, marvel of marvels! the man who had been taken out as if dead, with bleeding mouth and ears, was also smoking amongst them, as placidly as if the painful occurrence were with him an everyday one? The daily scene in the principal street of Cairo is such as a European could scarce imagine, save in a masquerade. The street is thronged with a busy multitude, passing to and fro—and lined with lazy smokers, or more eager-looking purchasers at the stall-like shops. And every sitting group, every single passer-by, is a picture.

Here one sees the costume of the merchants—a long robe of some gay-coloured cloth, over a skirt of striped silk, both reaching to the feet, the skirt confined at the waist by a rich scarf; the head-dress a becoming turban. Here, again, is the Turkish costume: the loose Mameluke trousers, with embroidered jacket and waistcoat, all of the same colour: violet, or green, or crimson, or blue, or dark brown. Here, again, the gay scarf surrounds the waist, and sometimes the embossed silver heads of a brace of pistols peep out from beneath it. Now the head-dress is the "tarboosh" or fez; covered, sometimes, by the kofeir, a striped scarf, gracefully hanging over the shoulders, and bound round the temples by a chaplet of brown wool, tied at intervals with gay-coloured silks. Again, an Albanian soldier passes by, with rich green jacket, and full kilt (or *fustanelli*) of white calico; a waist-sash, short white Mameluke trousers, and long boots. An officer on horseback darts past, preceded by a forerunner, shouting, "Ouah! Guarda!" The gold embroidery of the horse's trappings flashes in the sunlight, as he passes from the shade of the awnings, which ever and anon hang across the street from house to house. These fore-

runners, or "running footmen" are most requisite in the Egyptian towns. So noiseless are the sandy streets, that it is impossible to hear hoofs or vehicles behind one. On first arriving in Egypt, the traveller will be taken by surprise. A shouting nigger dashes past him in the street, with his "Ouah Guarda !" While the new-comer is wondering whether this individual has just effected his escape from a lunatic asylum, the problem is solved by the sudden apparition of a carriage-pole, which nearly knocks down the astonished European. Occasionally, too, you are conscious of some great moving mass behind you, shading from you lights and sun. You look round, and find that you are almost under the feet of a burdened camel.

But the most unwonted sight of all is that afforded by the appearance of the Cairene ladies. They are not allowed to show their faces. Nay--not even their figures : and so they go about in a "balloon" of black silk, covering them from head to foot. Pink or salmon-coloured dresses, and draperies of white muslin or lawn, just peep out from beneath these sombre masses : and dark gazelle-like eyes peer at you from behind the yatchmuc, a sort of long-tailed mask which descends pennon-like from the eyes to the knees. Women of the middle class go about in *white* balloons, and look like by-gone individuals, who, finding their graves a little cold, have just stepped out into the sun to warm themselves. Young men of a nervous temperament would scarcely fancy meeting one of these sylphides "by moonlight alone !"

In addition to all the gay-looking personages afore-mentioned, there are to be seen in the Cairo streets, the "common people" or "Fellaheen," and the water-carriers, who, clad in the Vandyke-brown garb of nature (and a waistband), lay the dust continually by squirting out water from great skins which they carry under

their arms. These, with their less gaudy hues, serve to tone the brighter colours of the costumes and the shop wares around them.

To go through the costumes of the commonalty would be an endless task, so infinite are they in their variety. The black groom with white shirt or frock, its loose sleeves tied together behind to be out of the way—men in blue cotton robes with crimson turbans—men in black robes with white turbans, some showing their descent from the prophet Mahomet, by wearing a turban of bright green. The poorest, again, clad in brown sackcloth and a skull-cap, or anything else they can get to wear. These are some of the most usual attire. And now for the bazaars.

One is somewhat disappointed by the insignificant entry, from a narrow street, to these noted emporiums. The bazaars are a collection of little dens, with open fronts and a counter, behind which the owner squats cross-legged, and on which, as well as on the shelves behind, he displays his wares. At the first at which one passes there is a show of amber beads, and mouthpieces for pipes. The Oriental pipe, or chibouque be it remembered, is close on five feet long, and these mouthpieces of amber are as large as knife-handles—nice soft things to be applied to your mouth ; not to be put into it. They range in price from five shillings to fifty guineas, the more expensive ones being set in brilliants. In the same stall would be seen pretty little bright-coloured bags, embroidered with gold, which would be found, on opening, to contain what is vulgarly termed a "rack comb." Scented bracelets made of roseleaf paste, badly gilt ; and diminutive bottles of otto of roses at fabulous prices,—articles such as these form the chief stock in trade of the vendors of amber.

The amount of bargaining which you have to go through in the bazaars if you are unwilling to be

desperately cheated, is rather amusing. There is no fixed price for anything. The natives of Egypt seem to think that an "Hawaga" can make money rise out of the earth at command. Accordingly, they come to the conclusion that it is their right and their duty to strive to profit as much as possible by this fancied profusion, whenever it is in their power so to do. When, therefore, you ask the price of an article, they mention one outrageously beyond its proper value. You proceed, in return, to offer something under two-thirds of the sum named. The vendor indignantly says, "La!" (No!) but soon comes down a peg. You advance to meet him with a higher offer: he again refuses. You mount your donkey and go away. He calls after you—"Hoat!" (take it!). He has accepted your offer, which if it amounts to a sum only slightly above its real selling value, he does rather sulkily. Some vendors would rather not sell a thing to you at double its value than abate from the price which they think an "Hawaga" ought to give them. At a stall where a liberal price, offered for an article by yourself, has been refused with apparent contempt, some native of your "suite" will afterwards succeed in purchasing the same thing for a much lower amount.

Throughout the bazaars are to be seen such wares as the following: at one stall, gold embroidered table-covers and smoking caps; swords, and guns, and daggers, richly embossed, in another; burnouses, Bedouin caps and kofeirs, in a third. Further on, in a separate court, is the Turkey-rug bazaar. A Turkey-rug is, to many an Oriental, the bed which, when he rises from it, he "takes up and walks" away with. *Aron ton crabbaton sou*, — "take up thy bed;" might be otherwise rendered "take up thy carpet." The writer of this journal, not affecting to be a Greek scholar, can only repeat like a parrot the words her

classical friends have imparted to her; and if there is no relationship between "Crabbaton" and "carpet," she can only say that the likeness is a striking one.

A little way from the rug bazaar is a khan or caravanserai, another court, surrounded by tiny rooms. Here the merchants put up when they arrive from a distance. There are no beds found in the caravanserai. The aforesaid rug is laid upon the floor by its proprietor; and there he sleeps as best he may, seldom without a multitude of troublesome little companions. The high temperature of those climes is most favourable to insect life.

The streets of Cairo are wretched. The best of them would disgrace the precincts of St. Giles's. There is, however, one creditable feature to be met at every turn—the fountains, which, for the most part, are handsome ornaments to the city, as well as useful ones.

The Moslem has a droll prejudice respecting holy places. He thinks it an impiety to repair them when they are falling into decay. Hence many a fine mosque (and they abound in the city) has its beauty marred by a crumbling minaret. The doorways of the private houses are handsomely carved; and the latticed bay windows overhead undoubtedly give a picturesque aspect to the street. But beyond this, the artistic taste of Egyptian street decorators does not excel. Ever and anon, the rudely-painted front of some humble dwelling indicates that the inhabitants thereof have made the pilgrimmage to Mecca. Such delineations of the wonders which they have seen on the way! A steamboat—a "captain" with an enormous telescope under his arm—elephants, antelopes, and other strange animals. Objects such as these are recognisable by the sagacious and discerning tourist, although the artists do *not* invariably write over them, "This is a

ship," and so forth,—which, indeed, they should do, for the modern Egyptians are sadly fallen off from the skill of the ancients, who, beautifully as they delineated every object which one traveller admires in the tombs of Beni Hassan or of Thebes, yet modestly wrote over each its name, lest the spectator should experience any difficulty in deciding as to what they strove to imitate.

We do not wish to run the risk of wearying our readers with any further detailed description of Cairo and its environs. For the accounts of the rest of the sights of the capital of Egypt—are they not written in the books and the chronicles of Eliot Warburton and Harriet Martineau? Of course our party went to the Petrified Forest, which turned out not to be a forest at all, but only the scattered remains of one, turned into hard stone—a marvellous *lusus naturæ*; for the desert, for a considerable space, is strewn with what seem to be rotten blocks and splinters of wood. One after

another, you handle these pieces, and are astounded to find them as hard as adamant. You seek out some fragment which looks still more tinder-like than the rest, and seems to be crumbling into dust. Take it up: it is like iron: it is not even of the consistency of sandstone. It has become suddenly petrified as it lay a-mouldering.

Then, again, they went to see the obelisk, in the midst of an orange-grove at Heliopolis—the “On” of Scripture history—where the father-in-law of Joseph was priest. And in a neighbouring olive-garden they saw the huge trunk of an ancient tree, under which the Holy Family was said to have rested during the flight into Egypt. Be the tradition true or not, the tree is one of immense age; and the traveller cannot but feel a thrill as he stands beneath the now scanty shadow of the branches which are said once to have sheltered the holiest Being who ever walked on earth—the Example and the Saviour of the world.

(To be continued.)



LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY GRATTAN.

DEAR SIR,—You will remember the state of Ireland in 1789, and the necessity under which we found ourselves, of forming some bond of honourable connexion, by which the co-operation of even a small number might be secured, in making some effort to stem that torrent which was carrying everything before it. For that purpose our little party was formed; it consisted of yourself, the Duke of Leinster (that excellent Irishman), the late Lord Ponsonby, Mr. B. Daly, Mr. G. Ponsonby, Mr. Forbes, myself, and some very few others. It may not be for us to pronounce encomiums upon it, but we are entitled to say, that had it been as successful as it was honest, we might now look back to it with some degree of satisfaction. The reason of my adverting to it is, that under the sanction of that party, and in its presence, it was agreed between Mr. G. Ponsonby and me, that if any circumstances should arise, under which it might be honourably open to us to accept office, it should be on the terms of his taking the first, and my taking the second place in the course of professional advancement. That this was no paltry compact, with any view to the attainment of preferment, was obvious, for either of us could at any time command it; it was solely a pledge to secure our co-operation and perseverance in what we deemed our public duty. With what fidelity I adhered to every part of the engagements we then formed, you well know; and you also know at what sacrifices, and under what professional persecutions, and what implacable and successful attacks upon my person, my character, and my

fortune. I so acted, as to be fully entitled to perfect reciprocity of good faith; and to consider the performance of the personal part of the compact as a matter, not of favour, but of right, which I might receive like the payment of any common debt, without being crushed by the humiliating sensation that I must have felt, if my debtor, by such payment, could become my patron or benefactor. Upon the basis of this compact, which was always publicly known, and adopted by Lord Fitzwilliam, in 1795, Mr. G. Ponsonby was then nominated to the office of Attorney-General, I to the place of Solicitor-General. The completion of that arrangement was prevented by the change of Irish Administration; the compact itself continued, and with increased force (if by the continued fidelity of observance, compact can be susceptible of accessional obligation) till the late change in 1806; it was again acted upon by the parties to it. On that occasion, I was the only interested member of that party that remained in Ireland. I did not write to any of my friends then in London; not to Lord Ponsonby; not even to you. I knew your zeal for my interest; I knew the friendship and purity of Lord Ponsonby—I was sensible of the warm protection of Mr. Fox, to which I had no claim, save what might be suggested to a noble and generous spirit, like this, by my conduct as a public man; I knew, also, the protection my interests would have found in Lord Moira, Lord Erskine, or Lord Howick, had such protection been necessary. I felt no solicitude for myself; I remained at home; the event justified my confidence; Mr.

G. Ponsonby accepted the seals ; a proof, of itself, that I must have been appointed to the next attainable situation. That next situation could be no other than the office of Attorney-General ; it was the only place in the power of the new Administration to vacate ; from its official rank in the Government, it was the natural passage to that place on the King's Bench, to which, as next in professional advancement, I had a right to succeed. But on this fact I was not left to conjecture. I was apprised by letter from you, and also Mr. G. Ponsonby, that my interests had been taken care of ; Mr. G. Ponsonby communicated the same to a relation of mine, then in London ; directing him to inform me that my place as Attorney-general was fixed, and that my coming over would be but unnecessary trouble.

"The Duke of Bedford soon after arrived in Ireland, and Mr. G. Ponsonby, as Chancellor, became an Irish Minister. At our first meeting, he assured me, somewhat in the style of his previous letter, that my friends had not been unmindful of me, and that I would find everything perfectly to my satisfaction. In a few days, however, I learned that the Duke of Bedford had sent for Mr. Plunket, the then Attorney-General, and assured him that he was not to be removed. It soon appeared that the report was true. To me the fact was incomprehensible ; Mr. G. Ponsonby left it in all its darkness ; for when we met, which was only by accident, he was silent upon the subject. I soon received a letter from Lord Ponsonby, then confined in London by that sickness which was soon to terminate his valuable life ; it was conceived in such terms as might be expected from the friendship and honour of the writer. He expressed indignation at the delay which had taken place in effecting that arrangement which he had considered as con-

clusively settled ; desiring most anxiously to have it explained. This letter I showed to Mr. G. Ponsonby, but without receiving any explanation whatsoever. I wrote to Lord Ponsonby such an answer as he had a right to expect from the affection of a man to whom he had endeared himself by so persevering a fidelity, and by the uninterrupted friendship of so many years ; such facts as I knew, I stated ; but I had no explanation to give. It would be affectation in me to say, that under these circumstances, I was perfectly at ease. I might despise the triumph of my enemies, I could not be insensible to such coldness from a friend. I had, however, one great consolation ; deserted, as I could not but think myself, I had every reason to be proud of the perfect faith and friendship which you and Lord Ponsonby had manifested towards me ; and to feel that the disappointment which I prepared myself to meet, could be no more imputed to you than prevented by you.

"After a lapse of some weeks I waited upon the Duke of Bedford, by his Grace's desire ; he apprised me that I was to be Master of the Rolls as soon as the necessary arrangements were effected. You may easily judge of my feelings on this communication ; but it was the first time I had ever seen the Duke of Bedford ; I had no shadow of claim upon his Grace ; he was not the person to whom I could complain, that I was humbled or ill-treated ; I barely said that "I was grateful to his Grace for the courtesy of the communication ;" and retired with an almost decided purpose to decline the appointment. This substitution I considered a direct departure from the compact with Mr. G. Ponsonby, and accompanied by the aggravation of withholding that consultation and explanation, without which, and without my own express consent, I ought not to have

been so disposed of. As to the place itself, it was the last I should have chosen ; it imposed upon me a change of all my habits of life ; it forced my mind into a new course of thinking, and into new modes of labour, and that, increased labour ; it removed me from that intellectual exercise which custom and temper had rendered easy and pleasant ; it excluded me from the enjoyment of the honest gratification of an official share of an Administration which I then thought would have consisted principally, if not altogether, of the tried friends of Ireland. When the party with which I had acted so fairly, had, after so long a proscription, come at last to their natural place, I did not expect to have been stuck into a window, a spectator of the procession. From the station which I then held at the Bar, to accept the neutralised situation of the Rolls, appeared to me a descent, and not an elevation :—It had no allurements of wealth, for diminished as my income had been by the most remorseless persecution for years, by which I was made to expatiate the crime of not being an alien to my country, by treachery, or by birth, it was still abundant, when compared with my occasions, and was likely to continue so, as long as those occasions should last.

“To this intended refusal, however, my friends in Ireland thought there were strong objections ; they thought it would look like an accusation of the party at large, to the great majority of whom I had reason to be more attached than ever—they urged other inducements unnecessary to detail, and which I thought worthy my attention. There remained a still superior motive to decide me : to have yielded to resentment, or disgust, and refused the offered situation, might be to carry disturbance and irritation to the bed of a dying friend ; I knew the untemperish nature of Lord Ponsonby, where he thought his

honour concerned, and I saw that the whole arrangement of the Administration for Ireland, as far as it depended upon him, might be dissolved, if he thought me ill-treated ; I had a similar apprehension from the part you yourself would pursue upon such an occasion ; and I could not but see, that if you and Lord Ponsonby were to withdraw your support from the Irish Administration, that unhappy country would have little to hope from any new order of things. I resolved, therefore, to submit, and to do so with an appearance of as much good humour as I could affect.

“At my next meeting with Mr. G. Ponsonby, which was purely casual (for I did not seek it) he asked me if I had not seen the Duke of Bedford ? I said ‘yes ;’ he said “he hoped everything was to my satisfaction.” I answered “His Grace’s reception of me has been extremely courteous.” Even then, not a word of explanation from Mr. G. Ponsonby. He merely informed me that Sir Michael Smith should be treated with on the subject of his resignation. And I must confess that he presented my condition in a point of view which excited no ordinary sensations : for I now saw, that instead of coming into the stipulated situation by an undisputed claim of right, and without the burthen of one shilling expense to the country, I was flung upon the precarious chance of a place, which, if achieved at all, could be obtained only by a charge on the public, and rendered additionally disgusting to me by the appearance of a job.

“At last, after delays perhaps not easy to be avoided, but certainly affording ample time for the triumph of my enemies and the vexation of my friends, both of whom looked upon me as insulted and abandoned, that treaty took place, without any participation of mine, and without the remotest hint that it could involve any stipulation

or guarantee on my part. I was informed by Mr. G. Ponsonby that the arrangement was completed; that Sir Michael was to resign, on the terms of receiving the retiring salary; and also, upon a promise by the Government, that his deputy, Mr. Ridgeway, should get a place of £600 per annum, if such place should become vacant before the 25th of March ensuing, until which time no addition could be made to the pension-list; and, if no such vacancy should occur before that day, he should then be placed on the pension establishment for £500 a year for his life, and that a provision by pension to the amount of altogether of £500 a year, was also to be made for three inferior officers of Sir Michael's Court.

"Had any idea of any stipulation whatever on my part been suggested, feeling as I did, I could not have borne it—for, see how it would have stood: on my part, it would have been a purchase of a judicial office. The purchase could not be made good out of its own income, which could last only to my death or resignation: for these annuities were for the lives of four other persons, and worth at least £8000; with these £8000, therefore, I was eventually to charge my private fortune; for this sum I was to buy the disappointment of an expectation which I thought certain, and to commit a breach of the law and the constitution.

"But if I could have dispensed with the matter of purity, another question remained: Was this change between my professional and a judicial situation thus to be obtained, worth the sum of £8000? There would have been, therefore, two previous questions to decide—a question of crime and a question of prudence. If I had consulted a moralist upon the one, and a Jew upon the other, what would have been the answer? I would not, therefore, have submitted for a mo-

ment; I would have snapped the thread in such a manner as would have made it impossible to splice it, and have felt pleasure in being restored to my liberty.

"Sir Michael Smith at length resigned; and five months after Mr. G. Ponsonby accepted the seals, I came into my office. Months afterwards elapsed—no place was given to Mr. Ridgeway. I should have wished that he were satisfied rather by a place than a pension: but upon this delay I made no application to Mr. G. Ponsonby, because there scarcely then subsisted between us that sort of intercourse which could make such an application agreeable to me; perhaps in those feelings I was not just to Mr. G. Ponsonby; perhaps my temper might have been too hasty or too exacting: but I certainly did think myself treated, at least, with great unkindness; and you may remember I complained of it to you, long before the close of that administration.

"So things rested until a very few days previous to the 25th of March, when Mr. Elliott requested of me to find out the names of those belonging to Sir Michael Smith, and send them to him, that their business might be settled before the Government should resign. Sir Michael happening to come to town that very day, I apprised him of Mr. Elliott's desire, and accordingly he sent him the names. I soon learned from mere rumour that the pensions were not granted, though the Government continued till towards the end of April. I learned it afterwards from G. Ponsonby himself, who spoke of it with regret, as a circumstance vexatious to Sir Michael, but without the remotest allusion to any interest or concern that he himself or that I could possibly have in the matter; nor did he say anything whatsoever as to the cause of this disappointment. As to the Duke of Bedford, I could not but think with everybody else, that the trans-

action was merely between Sir Michael and the Irish Government, without any possibility of relation to the person of the viceroy; and it was under this continued conviction that, even by the necessity of vindication, I could allow myself to speak of it, even to you, so freely as I now do. After some time, I forget how many days or weeks, I met a friend of ours accidentally; he introduced the circumstance of the disappointment of Mr. Ridgeway, and the three other persons. In what passed he appeared to me to speak merely from the casual suggestion of his own mind. I had not then, nor have I now, any idea that he spoke at the instance of Mr. G. Ponsonby, or that he meant to convey any distinct proposition whatsoever. He expressed much concern at the accident, as extremely unlucky. I inquired how the disappointment could have been occasioned. Of this he seemed uninformed; but asked me if I did not think that something ought to be done by us. I answered that I was utterly ignorant upon the subject; that I considered myself, from the moment Mr. G. Ponsonby became Chancellor, as most unkindly treated by him, from whom alone I could derive any information; that I did not see what we should do on the occasion, or why we should do anything. We met a second time in the same casual way; he asked me if I had thought any more upon the subject of our last conversation. I answered that I had heard nothing more about it, and, of course, that I thought as I did before. Had he come to make any demand on me, on the part of Mr. G. Ponsonby, I should have expected to have it made frankly and distinctly; I should have expected to find him prepared to give the fullest satisfaction as to the nature of such a demand, and of the facts on which it could rest, being myself utterly ignorant of them. I should have expected to be dis-

tinctly informed, why the arrangement made in London, in pursuance of my original compact with Mr. G. Ponsonby, had not been observed in Dublin? Why the hopes of Sir Michael had been disappointed? Why I had never been consulted upon either subject? How the non-performance to Sir Michael could throw any liability on me? If it had been a proposition to do something in concurrence with the party, I should have expected to be informed how the liability of Mr. Ponsonby's officials acts could be extended to the party, and which of the party had entertained such an opinion; and in what act it was that they required my concurrence? If I had been shown, by any explanation on these points, that any duty whatsoever, in justice or in honour, was cast upon me, I would have instantly performed it; if I thought it doubtful, I would have referred the decision confidentially to the party itself. But I considered the suggestion as the mere effusion of good-nature; the mere result of kindness, and not of reflection—because, taken in any other way, it would have come simply to this: 'Sir, you have entered many years ago into a compact; you have observed it faithfully; you suffered deeply by that observance: when the time of performing was to you arrived, it was ratified in London; in Dublin, the substitution of something else, supposed to be a performance, was adopted without privity or consent; the substitution, too, was accompanied by collateral circumstances of much humiliation and disrespect towards you. By unforeseen events that substitution has been attended with some pecuniary charges; it is hoped, that having so patiently borne this, you will take it *cum onere*, and not think it unreasonable to defray those incidental expenses—it is trusted you will have no objection to the mode proposed, as unconstitutional or dishonourable. You have a judicial

office ; all that is required of you is to accept a lease of that office from the deputy and three inferior officers of your predecessor, at the small rent of £800 a year—of these four landlords there will be, the former Trainbearer, Tipstaff, and Crier of your Court. As the rent must be for their lives, and not merely for yours, you will see the necessity of insuring your own—or you may redeem the whole for the sum of £8000, if so much personal fortune has escaped the wreck to which you were exposed by your political fidelity—the entire emoluments of your office will be then generously left to your disposal. Had therefore such a claim been made, I should have viewed it exactly in this light, and refused it accordingly. In some time after, I heard that Mr. G. Ponsonby had made a grant of £800 per annum to Mr. Ridgeway and those three inferior officers, and this act has been represented to the public as occasioned by want of gratitude to Mr. G. Ponsonby, my benefactor, and of personal honour as a member of the party ; as to the first part of the charge, you well know how unfounded it is. Thank God, I have had many friends—I am now addressing the most valued of them ; but, in the sense intended, I never had a benefactor. If I had entertained any views of ambition, I could have been lifted only by a stronger wing than my own ; but my journey has been on the ground, and performed on foot, and I was able to walk without the crutches of patronage. As to the allegation of any breach of just or honourable engagement, the fact of such engagement must have been with the knowledge of the Duke of Bedford, of Mr. G. Ponsonby, and of Sir Michael Smith ; and I aver that I never was required to take any part in guaranteeing to Sir Michael Smith that agreement of government, or of being liable to him in any event for the performance ;

and that I never did, directly or indirectly, make any promise on the subject ; and that I know not of any act whatsoever, which, to the best of my judgment, after the maturest consideration, can warrant the allegations that have been made against me. Of these allegations, I now feel it necessary to take some farther notice : I well know how incapable Mr. G. Ponsonby must be of making them ; if he had heard them, he had too much honour not to repel them with indignation ; it is therefore the more necessary for me to advert to them. It is said, the substitution of which I complained was for my benefit ; I answer, first, that it was a question upon which I alone was competent to decide ; a question for the feelings of a gentleman, not the calculation of a notary public. Had it been referred to me, as I think it ought, I should have seen, as the public did see, and did say, that it went to sink me, by excluding me from all political confidence. Between such discredit and pecuniary compensation, no honourable mind could balance. But the assertion itself is untrue in fact. The place which I hold was as inferior to that of Attorney-general, in point of pecuniary emolument as of political consequence. The professional and official income I should have derived from the latter could not have been less than double the amount of what I now enjoy. I should have made no deduction for any precariousness of tenure, for never was there an administration less likely to be changed. That income, therefore, I should have counted upon as certain, till I passed to the chief seat on the King's Bench ; a situation of equal certainty with that of the Rolls ; of far more dignity ; of, I believe, twice the annual value ; far more congenial with my habits and temper ; and which I should have filled with perhaps more advantage to the public ; certainly with much greater pleasure to myself : and to that place the office of

Attorney-general would have led, by the course of ordinary usage; and to that place it must have led me, because in no other way could the compact have been finally fulfilled. I say, then, it was not for my benefit; and I say further, it was not for the benefit of Mr. G. Ponsonby himself; as, without some arrangement in which I should acquiesce, his own compact must have been an insurmountable bar to his acceptance of office. I say, also, that if the compact with me had been observed, the arrangement with Sir Michael Smith could never have existed; nor, of course, any person be called upon to compensate for its non-performance. And yet the charge against me is, that, having received a part payment of a debt, I was bound in honour, out of that part payment, to defray the expense of the disappointment which prevented my receiving the whole.

"It has been said, that the attacks made upon me by my enemies threw difficulties upon my friends in the course of that arrangement; and that, under all the circumstances, though the compact was not fully performed, I might have been content. But what were those who attached slanders upon me in common with themselves—slanders provoked by a conduct of which my friends, as well as myself, have reason to be proud; slanders cast upon me by the very men whose want of wisdom or humanity threw upon me the necessity of adopting and pursuing that conduct which provoked their vengeance and their misrepresentation? Thank God, I did adopt and pursue it, under the pressure of uninterrupted attacks upon my character and fortune, and frequently at the hazard of my life: I trust, that while I have memory, that conduct will remain indelibly engraven upon it; because it will there be a record of the most valuable of all claims—a claim upon the gratitude of my own conscience. But, at most, what

could the supposed difficulties be? Was it more than to say, "a friend cannot be less dear, or a compact less sacred, because that friend has been falsely aspersed?" I know that malice against me was then most active, because it was then most interested; but I can scarcely imagine any distillation of slander so highly rectified as to dissolve a compact. And here, surely, it is not very necessary for me to say, that had such difficulty really arisen, I would not have permitted for a moment any consideration personal to myself to stand in the way of an arrangement from which the friends of Ireland expected so much advantage.

"It has been said, that at all events, I have been a gainer by my connexion with the party; a despicable reproach, if true; but it is not true. I came into parliament at a very early period; having no hereditary fortune, I could have little property. During the whole time of my sitting there, I never deviated from those principles which have bound us together; I continued, from parliament to parliament, to come in at my own expense. It is apparent how heavy such a burthen must have been; I was not like other men, who came into Parliament without any expense; who had great family interest to support them; I had not the same means nor the same inducements. To this, perhaps, it might be objected, that at my first coming into the House of Commons I did accept a seat from a particular friend; and the fact is so. But it is also true, that having soon differed on political subjects with that gentleman, I purchased a seat for a friend of his, there being then no way of vacating; though, to do him justice, he endeavoured to dissuade me from it; having given me the seat on the express condition of perfect freedom on my part. From the first, I adopted your principles, and on those we acted until the

forming of our party, 1789. In the mere personal compact between Mr. G. Ponsonby and me, you could have no interest; for it was known that you would not accept any emolument of office. The compact itself was not a stipulation for gain, but simply a bond of cohesion in the faithful discharge of that agreement. I made no compromise with power; I had the merit of provoking and despising the personal malice of every man in Ireland who was the known enemy of the country. Without the walls of the courts of justice my character was pursued by the most persevering slander; and within those walls, though I was too strong to be beaten down by any judicial malignity, it was not so with my clients; and my consequent losses in mere professional income, have never been estimated at less, as you must have often heard, than 30,000*l.*; and yet for these losses, it seems, I am to be considered as compensated. It is with no little pain that I descend to such paltry topics, but when accusation is vile and grovelling, what dignity can be expected in defence? It seems the privilege of vulgar calumny, that the victim must be humbled by the one, if he be not disgraced by the other.

“Lastly, it has been said, that it would have been a good-natured thing to take an accidental loss upon myself, instead of letting it all on Mr. Ponsonby. Strange good-nature, indeed!—to make myself chargeable with a loss that could have been occasioned solely by what I consider the reverse of an act of kindness. Strange good-nature, as it appears to me, to apply £8000 of my fortune in the purchase of an imputation on my character, by which I should have falsely admitted myself to have been a corrupt trafficker for a judicial office! But supposing, however, that there could subsist such liability, should it not appear that every thing possible had been done to prevent its arising?

And here, what has been done? In the variety of places which must have fallen from June to March, was any offer made to Mr. Ridgeway? But when in March the names were required to be sent in, as I have stated, with the express intent of performing the engagements, and which requisition was, of itself, an acknowledgment of the power to perform, why was it not performed? And in this latter view, I am not surprised to have heard it said, that Sir Michael Smith conceived the failure to Mr. Ridgeway as an indignity to himself.

“I know your friendship will excuse the painful trouble I have given you, but you are the person to whom alone I could address this letter. I consider myself still, and shall, whilst I live, a member of our party, and bound by its principles; you have a peculiar interest in the honour of those with whom you have thought it right to act; and none of us can be humbled in looking to you as the patron of us all. I feel I have trespassed too long upon you in justifying my conduct; this justification is, in truth, but one of the objects of this letter, and this I trust is accomplished. As to these facts, however, on which I have placed my justification, I may be utterly mistaken; I reason upon them as they appeared: Mr. G. Ponsonby may think they have been entirely misconceived by me; or he may know of other facts, of which I know nothing, that would show his conduct to me perfectly as it ought to have been, and that I, on the contrary, have been in error. If so, never could I be undeceived with more pleasure to myself. The other object of my letter, therefore, is, to request you will communicate with Mr. G. Ponsonby on this subject: that you will learn from him if there be any claim which he conceives himself to have upon me, in justice or in honour; and the grounds upon which he conceives such claim to

stand. You will see the necessity of Mr. G. Ponsonby's having the kindness to state those grounds specifically and distinctly; for in no other way can my justification, or his claim, be judged of by me, or by others. This, I think, even a stranger might expect; but I cannot think so slightly of what is due to the recollection of our intercourse for five-and-twenty years, as not to hope to find in him a prompt and generous ardour in doing justice to my feelings and my reputation. I do not refer the matter to his decision—it is not for either of us to decide. Should my judgment acquiesce in the claim (if any can be made), I will comply with it instantly: if it does not, I will concur in referring it to yourself, Lord Moira, Lord Grey, Lord Erskine, Lord Holland, or Lord Ponsonby, or any other common friend, or friends, that may be appointed. I wish them to decide, upon the most liberal principles of justice and of honour, what ought to be done under all the circumstances of the case.

“Whatever that decision shall be, I shall comply most promptly. In doing so, I shall have the satisfaction of acting rightly, and be relieved from the painful apprehension of being thought by any man capable of acting otherwise.—I am, &c.

“J. P. CURRAN.

“*April, 1808.*”

* * * Lord Moira, Lord Grey, and Lord Holland, were accordingly named as arbitrators.

Copy of the Engagements which Sir Michael Smith required in favour of his dependants in Office, before he would resign his situation of Master of the Rolls; and which was sent to the late Chancellor Ponsonby at his request.

“*May, 1806.*”

“The Lord Chancellor engages, on the part of Government, to Sir Michael Smith, as follows, viz. :—

“First,—That as soon as conveniently may be, after the 25th of March, 1807, a pension of one

hundred pounds a year, free and clear of all charges for pells, poundage, or otherwise, shall be granted, in due form, to John Hevey, the late Crier of Sir Michael Smith, to hold to the said John Hevey from said 25th of March, 1807, for and during his natural life.

“Secondly,—That a like provision of one hundred pounds a year shall, at the same time, and in like manner and form, be granted to James Gardiner, the late Trainbearer of Sir Michael Smith, to hold to him from said 25th of March, 1807, for and during said James Gardiner's natural life.

“Thirdly,—That a like pension of one hundred pounds a year shall, at the same time, and in like manner and form, be granted to James Leonard, the late Tipstaff of Sir M. Smith, to hold to said John Leonard, from said 25th of March, 1807, for and during his natural life.

“Fourthly,—That a pension of five hundred a year, or a place worth six hundred pounds a year, not inconsistent with his profession, as a practising attorney, shall, at the same time, and in like manner and form, be granted to Joseph Ridgeway, Esq., the late deputy of Sir M. Smith, at the Rolls, to hold to said Joseph Ridgeway, from said 25th day of March, 1807, for and during his natural life.

A COPY OF THE CHANCELLOR PONSONBY'S LETTER TO SIR MICHAEL SMITH.

“*Ely Place, May 28th, 1808.*”

“DEAR SIR,—I laid before my Lord Lieutenant the statement which you sent me, as containing the *Engagement of Government*, respecting the provision to be made for those inferior officers of your court who wish to retire at the same time you do, and for whose comfort you express so much solicitude; and I am authorised by his Grace to assure you that he will comply with your wishes, and fulfil the engagement, as

I, by his permission, have made it. I shall be much obliged to you (when you have taken a copy of the engagement), to send back the original, and to write me a *formal* and regular notification of your wish to resign, as the letter you have just now sent me, though sufficient to authorise me to inform the Lord Lieutenant of your desire, is not sufficient to authorise him to recommend the acceptance of your resignation, the grant of your pension, and the appointment of your successor.

"I have the honour to be,

"With great esteem,

"Yours,

"G. PONSONBY, C.

COPY LETTER FROM EMANUEL HUTCHINS, ESQ., TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY.

"*Wednesday, 15th June.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I know you are apprised that Mr. Curran has appointed me to represent him in the reference between him and you. You will have the goodness to appoint some friend of yours, to act with me in conducting the business.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your very sincere

"And obedient servant,

"E. HUTCHINS.

"Right Hon. G. Ponsonby."

COPY OF LETTER FROM E. HUTCHINS, ESQ., TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY.

"*Monday, June 20th.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—When on Wednesday last I wrote to you to request that you would appoint some friend of yours to act with me, in conducting the reference between you and Mr. Curran, I did suppose that you would prefer the good offices of a friend to acting yourself in the business; if, however, you prefer the latter, I shall be extremely happy to confer with you, whenever you please, on the subject. To me the necessity

of your co-operation, in a reference to which you are a party, appears indispensable; if, however, any other mode of conducting it occurs to you, I assure you I shall be very happy to attend to any suggestion of yours. I am the more anxious that this business should not be longer delayed, as the season of the year will soon arrive in which we cannot expect the presence of the arbitrators in town.

"Right Hon. G. Ponsonby."

COPY LETTER FROM THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY TO EMANUEL HUTCHINS, ESQ.

"*Tuesday Morning.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—When I came home last night, I found your second letter, which put me in mind how long I had suffered your first to remain unanswered, for which neglect I beg you to excuse me. In truth, I opened it when engaged in talking over some political affairs; and, putting it into my drawer, forgot to write to you.

"Mr. Daly will be in London in ten days; and, when he comes, he will converse with you upon the subject you mention; but I suppose you are apprised that I have nothing to say to the matter, farther than having, at Mr. Grattan's importunity, yielded to Mr. Curran's desire of what is called a reference. I always felt, and feel, that I have nothing to refer.

"Very truly yours,

"G. PONSONBY."

COPY LETTER FROM THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY TO EMANUEL HUTCHINS, ESQ.

Newlands, Rathcoole, July 25, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Daly has, I believe, reached London, and is, I believe, to be found at Batt's Hotel, in Jermyn-street. If the gentlemen are in town, and you are disposed to go on now with the business, Mr. Daly will, I am sure, be ready to attend them. As he was the person who managed the whole transaction with

Sir Michael Smith and Mr. Curran, he is the properest to inform them upon it. If any statement is to be laid before them, I shall be obliged to you to shew it to him, and he will judge whether it is necessary to send it to me.

"I am, with much esteem,

"Yours very truly,

"G. PONSONBY."

COPY LETTER FROM EMANUEL HUTCHINS, ESQ., TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY.

160, Piccadilly, October, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—I write at the instance of Mr. Curran, who is here, to request that, as the referees are now in this country, you will be pleased to state in writing the claim on which their decision is to be had. If you would favour me with a copy of it, it would expedite the termination, which Mr. C. has felt great pain at being so long deferred. I also request that you will have the goodness to send me a copy of the agreement entered into with Sir M. Smith, previous to his resignation.

"I am, &c.

"Right Hon. G. Ponsonby.

"N.B.—No copy of the agreement required by Mr. Hutchins, was given by Mr. Ponsonby; the copies of Sir Michael Smith's terms, and of Mr. Ponsonby's letter in answer thereto, were fortunately obtained long after, from the gentleman who has the originals in his possession."

COPY LETTER FROM THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY TO EMANUEL HUTCHINS, ESQ.

"Newlands, Rathcoole, Oct. 26, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having been from home for some time, I did not receive your letter until yesterday, which must plead my excuse for not sooner answering it. I have no claim to state; I desired no reference; but at the repeated instances and importunity of Mr. Grattan, urged by the desire of Mr. Curran,

I consented to one; and, therefore, it is for Mr. Curran to state what he wishes to be referred. When he shall do so, and when that statement shall be shown to me, I will signify my assent or dissent to it, or any part of it. I entered into no agreement with Sir Michael Smith, previous to his resignation, but what related to the amount of the pensions to be granted by Government after the 25th of March, 1807; everything else was transacted verbally, and almost, if not entirely, by my brother-in-law, Mr. Daly.

"I am, with much esteem,

"Yours very truly,

"G. PONSONBY."

COPY LETTER FROM EMANUEL HUTCHINS, TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY.

"160, Piccadilly, April 20, 1810.

"DEAR SIR,—Ever since the nomination of arbitrators on the question between you and Mr. Curran, he has been most anxious to have it decided. He has now, a third time, come hither for that purpose. In your last letter to me, you propose that he shall begin by laying his case before the referees. It appears to him that this would put him under strange difficulties, indeed; but he is willing, and I now propose, on his part, to refer your proposition to the arbitrators; if they think the statement should begin with him, it shall be so. You will excuse my earnestly requesting an immediate answer to this.

"I am, dear Sir, &c.,

"E. H.

"Right Hon. G. Ponsonby."

COPY LETTER FROM THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY TO EMANUEL HUTCHINS, ESQ.

"Friday Morning, May 20, 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have this moment received your favour of this date, and lose not a moment in answering it. I have now before me a copy of the letter which I

wrote to upon the 26th of October last, and which contains all that I think upon the subject you then wrote and now write to me upon; and I have, therefore, only to add, that

"I am, with great esteem
and regard,

"Your faithful and obedient
servant,

"G. PONSONBY."

* * Mr. Ponsonby having declined answering Mr. Hutchins' letter, offering to submit to the arbitrators, whether Mr. Ponsonby or Mr. Curran should make the first statement, the reference thus fell to the ground; and the anxious endeavour, to have the question privately and amicably adjusted, and to avoid the painful necessity of anything like publicity, was defeated.

As the head of the magistracy, Ponsonby conducted himself with great prudence in the midst of many difficulties, His anti-Orange leanings were far from warping his judgment when an unsustainable accusation had been made against an Orange magistrate. In the County Tyrone the Orangemen were accused of wrecking the farm-house of the Catholic inhabitants, amongst whom was a man in humble life, named O'Neil. His house was burnt by an Orange mob, headed, as it was alleged, by the two sons of Mr. Vernes, a magistrate for the county, and an Orange man. Mr. Wilson, a Tyrone magistrate, represented the outrage to the Government. His representations were so earnest, demanding an inquiry and redress, that Serjeant Moore and the Crown Solicitor were sent down to conduct an inquiry into the facts. The young Vernes were accused of being the house burners; but nothing whatever came out in evidence to justify the opinion that either of those young men had been concerned in the out-

rage. The learned Serjeant, having closed his inquiry, immediately returned to town.

Some days after, Mr. Wilson was summoned to Dublin, and had an interview with the Chancellor, who then informed him that he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Serjeant Moore. Wilson next applied that his commission for Tyrone might be extended to Armagh. In his letter of application he accused the Government and the Duke of Bedford of being either unable or unwilling to protect the oppressed.

The Chancellor, insulted at the accusation, thus replied:—

"Ely Place, Sept. 6, 1806.

"SIR,—I am very sorry that a pressure of business, which could not be postponed, has prevented me from sending an earlier answer to the letter you did me the honour of writing to me in July last. That any attempts should be made at assassination must be a subject of the deepest regret, and will, I am sure, excite in the Government the most anxious desire to detect and punish those who are guilty of them; and I hope that no description of his Majesty's subjects in Ireland will ever have reason to consider those to whom he may be pleased to delegate his authority as either unable or unwilling to protect them. With respect to the administration of the Duke of Bedford, I can most confidently affirm, that there never was and never will be in this country one more sincerely disposed to protect with vigour and impartiality all its inhabitants; and that whoever shall violate the laws, will find his Grace both willing and able to vindicate their authority.

"The application, which you have been pleased to make for a commission of the peace for the county of Armagh not having been seconded by the recommendation of the governor, or either of the members for that county, or of any resident privy

councillor, I am under the necessity of forbearing to comply with it.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

“GEORGE PONSONBY, C.”

Wilson, having made charges unsustainable, was removed from the commission of the peace on the 3rd July, 1807. It must be confessed that Ponsonby's conduct concerning the magistracy did not win for him the estimation of the Catholic party, and yet whilst no Orange magistrate was dismissed, six Catholic justices of the peace were appointed for the county Wexford. The coalition ministry lasted but ten months, when it fell, to give place to a “No-Popery,” with the Duke of Richmond at the head of the Irish Government, and Lord Manners Lord Chancellor.

On the 28th of April, 1807, Ponsonby gave judgment in a case in his court of much importance. After he had concluded, the Attorney-general (Plunkett) rose, and asked his lordship whether he meant to sit on the following day; the Chancellor replied in the negative. The Attorney-general then addressed him as follows:—“My Lord, having by the desire of the Bar had the honour to present you with their unanimous congratulations on your appointment to the Seals, they cannot be silent on the present occasion, and through me are anxious to repeat to you the sentiments which they then expressed. It must, my lord, be permitted me to convey to you the high sense which is entertained, by the Bar, of the diligence, the zeal, the talents, and integrity with which you have discharged the duties of your office, and the deep regret they at this moment feel at your separation from them. I must also be allowed to express their grateful acknowledgments of the uniform courtesy and impartial attention which you always manifested towards every member of the profession.”

The Chancellor replied nearly in the following words. “I feel most sensibly this approbation of the Bar,

which you have so kindly communicated; at the same time I must be permitted to ascribe it as much to their partiality as any merit of mine. When the King was pleased to appoint me to the high office which I had the honour to hold, it was my firm intention conscientiously to discharge the duties which belong to it, to the utmost of my ability; I am inclined to think, I have not been unsuccessful, having obtained the commendation of a body so capable of forming a correct judgment as the Irish Bar. I feel great satisfaction from the character of the nobleman, who has been appointed my successor, that the duties of the situation will be discharged by him in a manner far beyond that to which my humble talents could pretend.”

On the next day Lord Manners arrived in Dublin, and the Great Seal was put into his hands. Mr. Ponsonby, having ceased to be Chancellor, stood at the ensuing election for Parliament, was returned, and once more resumed his place and duties in the House of Commons.

THE VETO.

The accession of the No-Popery administration to power, in 1807, strengthened rather than diminished the exertion of the Irish Catholics in the cause of emancipation. Lord Fingal, acting on the advice of Dr. Milner, an English Apostolic Vicar, and author of a learned work on controversy, laboured without intermission in the Catholic cause; and as Dr. Milner was a kind of agent in England for the Irish bishops, though not for any such purpose as this, both those lords spiritual and temporal took it upon themselves to authorise Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Grattan to reinforce the prayer of the Catholic petition, by offering to the Crown, in return, the mischievous power of objecting to the appointment of bishops and priests obnoxious to the Government. This power was known a

the VETO. Mr. Grattan supported the measure; he said:—

“The influence of the Pope, so far, was purely spiritual, and did not extend even to the appointment of the members of his Catholic hierarchy. They nominated themselves, and looked to the Pope but for his spiritual sanction of such nomination. But if it should be supposed that there was the smallest danger in this course, he had a proposition to suggest, which he had authority to state, which, indeed, he was instructed to make; namely, that his Majesty may interfere upon any such occasion with his negative. This would have the effect of preventing any Catholic ecclesiastic being advanced to the Government of that Church in Ireland, who was not politically approved of by the Government of that country.

“Mr. Ponsonby, in supporting the petition, made the same proposal; and said he did so upon the authority of Dr. Milner, who was a Catholic bishop in England, and who was authorised by the Catholic Bishops of Ireland to make the proposition, in case the measure of Catholic Emancipation should be acceded to. The proposition, he said, was this:—“That the person to be nominated to a vacant bishopric should be submitted to the King’s approbation; and that, if the approbation were refused, another person should be proposed, and so on, in succession, until his Majesty’s approbation should be obtained, so that the appointment should finally rest with the King.

“Mr. Percival, as might have been expected, earnestly and prayerfully opposed Mr. Grattan’s motion, and all the other possible concession to Papists, whether on the condition of *veto*, or any other condition. Not that he would be averse, he said, from giving contentment to his Catholic brethren, whom he loved as

a Christian, as much as any man; and “should not conceive himself precluded from supporting their claims under different circumstances, in the event, for instance, of a *change taking place in the Catholic religion itself*.” On the division upon Mr. Grattan’s motion, the Minister had a majority of 153—128, having voted for going into committee, and 281 against it. Fortunate! thrice fortunate, that such was the result of that measure, which would have ruined the independence of a Church that had weathered the storm for thirteen hundred years; a measure that would have fastened upon her trammels like them with which the Church of France was encumbered with for centuries gone by; trammels, ironically called, “The Gallican Liberties,” denounced by Chateaubriand, and sneered at by the Count de Montalambert.

The alarm and indignation excited in Ireland, both amongst clergy and laity, by the *veto* project, were quite vehement. The conscientious historian, Plowden, says:—

“The prospective view of a national religion, preserved with a virtuous hierarchy, without any *civil* establishment or State interference, through three centuries of oppression or persecution, produced alarm in every reflecting mind. The proposed innovation of introducing *Royal and Protestant* connection, influence, and power in the constitution and perpetuation of a Catholic hierarchy, to the utter exclusion of which, the Irish Catholics ascribed that almost miraculous preservation, threw the public mind into unusual agitation. The laity abhorred the idea of the ministers of their religion becoming open to Court influence and intrigue, and shuddered at the prospect of prostituting the sacred function of that apostolic mission and jurisdiction, to which they had hitherto submitted as of Divine ins-

titution, to its revilers, persecutors, and sworn enemies. At the same time, the whole Catholic clergy of Ireland were driven by a common electric impulse into more than ordinary reflection upon the stupendous efficacy of that evangelical purity and independence by which the spiritual pastors had so long, and under such temptations and difficulties, preserved their flocks in the religion of their Christian ancestors.

In the session of 1810, the *veto* was again brought under the consideration of Parliament. Mr. Ponsonby supported the measure: he advocated the principle on the ground that the Pope was then a subject of the Emperor of France, and no longer a free agent, and that the nominations to the Irish Episcopacy would thenceforward be in the hands of the French. "But veto or no veto, it appeared to him that Government were inclined to do nothing for Ireland. Force would never secure Ireland. The resident landlords were fewer than formerly, on account of the Union; he therefore had better try his hand at a repeal of that measure. Ireland had never received from Great Britain any considerable advantage but at the moment of British embarrassment. If Great Britain went on refusing everything to Ireland, the House might depend upon it that the Irish would think the Union had made their situation worse than ever, and that what they might have had the power of obtaining from their own Parliament, they would have no chance of procuring from that of the Empire. They would look to other or less legitimate friends, and the activity of the Emperor of France would not long leave them without the means of availing themselves of them, should they be induced to resort to such a desperate extremity. It was the duty of Ministers, and if

they neglected that duty, it became the duty of Parliament, to tell his Majesty how he might avoid losing Ireland. He would stake his reputation, if the present system continued, that either during the life of his Majesty, or that of his immediate successor, such a convulsion would be experienced in Ireland, as would shake it to the centre, or separate it altogether from Great Britain."¹

Great was the indignation again awakened in Ireland by the proposition of the veto. O'Connell from the first opposed it. A Protestant sovereign nominating Catholic bishops is thus spoken of by Edmund Burke, in his letter to a peer—"Never were the members of one religious sect fit to appoint pastors to another. Those who have no regard for their welfare, reputation, or internal quiet, will not appoint such as are proper. The Seraglio of Constantinople is as equitable as we are, whether Catholic or Protestant; and, where their own sect is concerned, full as religious; but the sport which they make of *the miserable dignitaries of the Greek Church*, the faction of the Harem, to which they make themselves subservient, the continual sale to which they expose and ré-expose the same dignity, and by which they squeeze all the inferior orders of the clergy, is nearly equal to all the other oppressions together, exercised by Mussulmen over the unhappy members of the Oriental Church. It is a great deal to suppose, that the Castle would nominate bishops for the Roman Church of Ireland with a religious regard for its welfare. Perhaps they cannot, perhaps dare not do it." And in another letter to Dr. Hussey, the Catholic Bishop of Waterford, he said:—"If you (the Catholic bishops) have not wisdom enough to make common cause, they will cut you off, one by one. I am sure, that the constant meddling of your bishops and clergy

¹ Plowden—Parliamentary Debates.

with the Castle, and the Castle with them, will infallibly set them ill with their own body. All the weight, which the clergy have hitherto had to keep the people quiet will be wholly lost, if this once should happen."

The project of subjecting the Irish Catholic Church to the English Protestant State, was for that time defeated; but it was brought forward again and again, during the struggle for emancipation, and for many years, greatly agitated the Catholic public.

In the course of this session, Lord Grenville made his motion to make Catholic merchants admissible as Governor and Directors of the Bank of Ireland. Lord Westmoreland opposed the motion, on the general ground that *no further concessions* whatever should, under the present circumstances, be granted to the Catholics. But to this not very intelligent argument, his lordship added a sensible observation. He said, "He was surprised to see such motions so often brought forward by those who, when they were themselves in power, employed every exertion to depreciate and prevent such discussions." This was true. Ireland and her grievances, the Catholics and their wrongs, had become, in the Imperial Parliament, a stock-in-trade for Whigs out of place; and have so remained ever since. When these politicians are in power, they still "deprecate such discussions." Lord Redesdale, late Chancellor of Ireland, was alarmed at the danger to the Protestant interest which would arise, from

allowing Catholics to be bank directors. He said he had only to repeat his former objections to such claims, "The more you were ready to grant them, the more power and pretensions you gave to the Catholics to come forward with *fresh claims*, and *perhaps to insist* upon them." His lordship then launched out into a general invective against the Catholics, and particularly the priests.

The earthly career of George Ponsonby was now drawing to a close. Assiduous in his parliamentary duties, he was struck down by his death-sickness (paralysis) in the House to Commons. Lingered on, he had the satisfaction, before his reason left him, of being reconciled to his former friend, John Philpot Curran. His only child, Martha, the wife of Francis A. Prittie, watched by his death-bed, and saw him breathe his last, on the 18th of July, 1817. His remains were interred in the graveyard attached to Kensington Church, where a simple stone marks their resting-place.

The judgments delivered by this Chancellor have not come down to our time. Messrs. Schoales and Lefroy having ceased to take notes of cases in Chancery. At the departure of Lord Redesdale, their places at the reporters' desk remained unfilled for several years.

Lord Howick, in his place in the House of Commons, on the 3rd of July, 1808, thus spoke of the merits of George Ponsonby, "Never presided in Ireland a more upright and efficient judge, or one who had rendered such universal satisfaction."

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE.¹

It has been said that during the latter part of the second French empire, it was a distinction not to wear the riband of the Legion of Honour, which had been prodigally showered right and left. When persons with the smallest modicum of literary powers, and very often without any, frequently without being able to write a sentence of even decent English, appear before the public as novelists, the time is evidently approaching when not to have written a novel will be considered a mark of intellectual distinction. For, to say the truth, no kind of composition is easier to produce than inferior fiction. A number of the conventional puppets, familiar to the young ladies who patronise this kind of literature, are made to spin page after page of dreary platitudes and witless dialogue; a few murders, or forgeries, or railway accidents, or breaches of the seventh commandment, or other equally exciting events are introduced and described more or less artistically, the villains are punished and the virtuous rewarded with no sparing hand; the heroes and heroines form their partnerships for life, and the book comes to an end amidst pictures of future connubial bliss. Women generally shine in this description of novel-making; they possess more leisure than men; they have greater social ambition, and all those who have seen them scrawl away sheet after sheet of letter-paper, crossed and re-crossed with the rapidity of a steam-engine, will not be surprised to perceive with how little substance, or with what speed they could write three, or, for that matter, ten volumes. When we peruse sometimes some works published by respectable

firms, we hardly know whether to wonder more as to how any sane individual could have written them, or as to how any rational being could be expected to read them.

We are bound, however, in justice, to observe, that *Cruel as the Grave* cannot be included in that class of novels.

Baroness Von Bothmer is no novice in literature, and has produced before some creditable and interesting stories. *Cruel as the Grave* contains a sufficient plot, and is not devoid of well-delineated character, or of strong situations, albeit these are diluted by long speeches and dialogues. There are two heroines, Ella Dobree and Lesbia Lesley. They are, naturally, both beautiful, though in everything else they are as dissimilar as two maidens can well be. The former is Juno-like in person, stately and commanding, resembling more a mature woman than a girl in her teens, as she is; imperious and variable in mood, suspecting all those who express admiration for her of base and mercenary motives, and though at times displaying nobleness of mind, and elevation of thought, is by no means an altogether agreeable young lady. The latter is graceful and lovely as a Hebe, of a soft, yielding nature, full of tears like a Niobe, overflowing with hero-worship for her male friends, ready to fall into the arms of the first man who threw his handkerchief to her, and to become his very humble servant and submissive slave. Moreover, the strong-minded Ella is a rich heiress, whilst the weak-minded Lesbia is a poor orphan.

When Major Lesley dies in India, he leaves his only child to the care of his old friend, Mr. Hamilton, of

¹ *Cruel as the Grave.* By the Baroness Von Bothmer. 3 vols. Henry S. King and Co., 65, Cornhill.

Berrylands, a country gentleman of independent means. George Hamilton is a man of the world without being worldly. He had married when very young, a large-hearted, large-minded woman, much older than himself, and who had, contrary to what generally happens in such cases, rendered his life very happy. She had sympathised in his studies, joined in his pursuits, explored with him the art treasures of Rome, Florence, Munich, and Dresden, and rendered his bright English home the abode of cultivated enjoyment.

On her death-bed she recommended, with rare generosity, to her husband, to take unto himself a young wife, who would give him sons and daughters, and tend him as he grew older. Mr. Hamilton, however, mourned his wife truly, and cannot bring himself to give her a successor. He receives in his house, as an act of kindness, Mrs. Scarsdale, his wife's cousin, a coarse, red-faced woman, of mysterious antecedents, who managed by dint of flattery and skill, in superintending domestic arrangements, to establish herself permanently at Berrylands as his housekeeper, hoping afterwards to become the legal mistress of that fair estate. The other inmate of the establishment, until the arrival of Lesbia, is Frank Hamilton, the only son of Mr. Hamilton's only brother, and the heir presumptive. Frank, though but seventeen years of age, looks twenty-five. He is plain, with dark beetling brows and large grey eyes, and instead of being at Harrow or Eton, playing cricket or foot-ball, or learning Latin, and Greek, and history, as becomes a lad of his years, especially one intended for the diplomatic service, he unaccountably is allowed to roam about at large, making love to Lesbia, and scowling bitterly at her because she treats him as a boy.

Lesbia and Ella, who lives with her mother, a still young widow, in the adjoining property, soon become

acquainted, and a sincere friendship springs up between them. Lesbia, it must be said, is not absolutely penniless, her father having bequeathed her an income of a hundred or two, and the principal object and care of Mr. Hamilton is to find a proper establishment in life for his ward, who, though nineteen years old, and, in fact, older than Ella Dobree, is in reality, as simple and innocent as a child.

Two gentlemen are introduced to the reader as the possible heroes—Captain Dobree and his friend, Mr. Dalrymple. Hugh Dobree is the type of a handsome young Englishman. He is fair, blue-eyed, frank and prepossessing, and though he pays much attention to Lesbia Lesley, in reality his heart belongs to his cousin Ella, who seeks every opportunity of snubbing him, and letting him know that she regards him as a mercenary fortune-hunter. Mr. Dalrymple is a very different sort of individual. He is a tall, remarkable-looking man, too young to be called old, and too old to be called young. Nevertheless, a handsome and fascinating man, with a quiet, well-bred air. He is neither horsey, nor doggy, nor slangy. Though nearer fifty than forty, his skin is fresh, and his hair thick and black, albeit he does not use any restorers. The descendant of a good family in reduced circumstances, he had taken service in an Austrian cavalry regiment, where he had acquired great popularity. For he could swim like an otter, ride like an Arab, shoot like a Tyrolese, walk like an Austrian. In fact, he could do everything better than anybody else. Having left the Imperial service, he had travelled much in Germany, and resided long among the smaller courts. Now he had acquired the confidence of the Grand Duke of Goschenheim, and he is in England to buy remounts for the cavalry of that potentate.

When staying on a visit with Mrs. Dobree, he wins the favour of all ex-

cept of Ella, and when he endeavours to address her in warm strains, he is at once and for ever silenced. The love suits of the different candidates do not prosper; for whilst Ella dismisses the pretensions of Dalrymple, she effectually keeps cousin Hugh at arms' length, and, indeed, by her unworthy suspicions of his motives, causes his departure in anger; Lesbia, on the other hand, full of life and spirit as she is, is compelled to speak her mind pretty freely to Frank Hamilton, who is persecuting her with his absurd attentions and jealousy, and scowling at her like a maniac.

Mrs. Dobree and Ella proceed to Groschenheim on their autumn tour, and Lesbia is permitted, to her intense delight, to accompany them; for Mr. Hamilton discovers the private visit of a certain suspicious character to Mrs. Scarsdale, and does not care for Lesbia to remain any longer under her protection. The two English beauties divide the attentions of all male Groschenheim. Whilst the haughty and handsome Ella exerts an irresistible spell on Prince Philip, the son of the reigning monarch, and a chivalrous and prepossessing young man, the joyous, merry, yet loving and clinging Lesbia selects, among her many admirers, the mature Stephen Dalrymple as the hero of her romance. Strangely does the heart of Mr. Hamilton contract when his ward asks his consent to her marriage with the ex-Austrian Hussar. Nevertheless, he makes no useless opposition. On accepting Mr. Dalrymple as the future husband of Lesbia, he only stipulates for the settlement of her small fortune on herself,—a stipulation, by the way, with which the expectant bridegroom complied with very ill grace, and even before the wedding-day he endeavoured to influence her guardian to abandon it. Meanwhile we find Mr. Dalrymple receiving a mysterious visit from Mrs. Scarsdale, and he and the person bearing that

name appear to be connected together by some secret bond. The pair, who are in each other's power, agree together that, in the event of Dalrymple receiving any dowry from Mr. Hamilton besides his ward's fortune, he should pay her a good percentage, whilst the pseudo Mrs. Scarsdale undertakes to hand over to her confederate an equal commission on her becoming Mrs. Hamilton, a consummation devoutly wished for, if not confidently anticipated. The two parties, who appear totally unacquainted with the principles of common law, draw up an agreement in two copies, which are duly signed and sealed, as if they were legal instruments in a court of justice; a wildly inconceivable delusion on the part of Dalrymple, who must have known that the agreement was not more valid than the undertaking of a thief to divide the property he has stolen.

Mr. Hamilton makes his private inquiries concerning Dalrymple, near the estate of his forefathers, and he finds the story told him to be perfectly correct. But Mr. Hamilton bites his lip when he learns that the future husband of his ward is actually one year older than himself, whilst he, George Hamilton, had considered himself too aged, too superannuated, to attempt to woo a fair young wife. He thinks it monstrous that a young girl should marry a man twenty-eight years her senior; whilst he himself had been treated as a patriarch, and requested not to sit in draughts. Nevertheless, Mr. Hamilton behaves nobly, and on the eve of the marriage he privately hands to the rapacious bridegroom a note for £500.

Lesbia's wedded life at first is a heaven of bliss in which her husband is the presiding divinity. Frank, her former admirer, when he finds she is married, casts aside his frantic passion like an old coat. Lesbia was another, therefore she was nothing to him, is a kind of logic

unhappily not always possessed by real men in this world. At all events, she lived in a round of gaiety; and Frank, who it is to be presumed frequented the gambling tables of Groschenheim, with a view to learn the profession of diplomacy, confines himself to act as a sort of wise mentor to his foolish old love, Lesbia.

Meanwhile, Ella's twenty-first birthday arrives, and she is about to become mistress of her considerable wealth—but she is not happy. Her proud heart has been won by the gentle and chivalrous attentions of Prince Philip, who, unable to offer marriage to a woman not of royal or princely blood, through the inexorable laws of an absurd etiquette, vows to her an everlasting constancy. His character is, no doubt, the most pleasing in the book, and that of Ella also is well-drawn, though she is a young lady who cannot awaken much sympathy in the reader. The Prince's letters, which Ella burns on the morning when she becomes independent, are couched in a manly, unaffected language, sometimes rising almost to eloquence in its simple pathos. When they had last met he had spoken to her as follows:—"He had resolved, cost him what it might, to pluck out his right eye, to cut off his right hand, rather than offend her with a love he dared not offer, or injure her by a devotion which he could not conceal. A Morganatic marriage would be unworthy of a pure, proud English girl. Nor could I offer disgrace or humiliation to you, my pure, proud, peerless Ella? Yes, I must call you Ella. You are 'Ella' to me. I call you so in my dreams, in my prayers, in my heart. But I will go. I will always love you. It is a law of my being; it is stronger than I. You realise my ideal woman, Ella, and I worship you as a woman should be worshipped. . . . I will love all womankind, and be gentle and courteous to all women for your sake.

For your sake I will be pure and true. But I will never call any woman wife. I will never caress any woman; I will bear the thought of you about me as in a shrine; no presumptuous thought shall desecrate your image." And the poor, chivalrous young man concluded a speech which is spoilt by its length—we have only quoted a portion of it—by falling at Ella's knees.

The German Prince, with £150 a year, is not allowed by his caste to wed a wealthy and high-minded—if not always pleasing—English girl, and two beings are made unhappy.

Ella had a singular surprise in store for her cousin, Captain Hugh Dobree. She summons him to her apartment, where she receives him with quiet stateliness. Hugh is prepared for something unpleasant, but not for the methodical statement she delivered, which concluded by offering him, in studiously insulting language, the half of her large fortune "unsaddled, unencumbered with the damning clause which, but for our intimate knowledge of each other, might have come to ruin all."

Hugh Dobree's indignation bursts forth, as would that of any honourable gentleman, and he expresses it in one of those long speeches of which the author is so fond, and which ends in a tirade of vulgar abuse. The obnoxious parchment conveying the property intended for him is thrust into the fireplace, and the enraged cousin stalks out of the room in a towering rage.

The pictures of Court society in Groschenheim are lively enough, and probably are near the mark of what life in small German states is likely to be. The characters of the Jewish bankers, however, Hirsh and Konigswarter, are of the purely traditional, conventional type formerly known to novel readers, when ignorance and illiberality were the order of the day. They are as true representatives of their race as the howling Irishman of the stage, who brandishes his

shillaleh and dances continually a jig ; or the grinning French dancing-master, who subsists solely on frogs,—are of their respective nationalities. Of the ladies of Groschenheim, the only one deserving of notice is the Countess Stadion, who had formerly cherished a passion for Dalrymple ; for the more worthless a man, the more women are sure to worship him. But Dalrymple, though returning her love, was unable to ask her in marriage, for a very particular reason that will be duly revealed to the reader. This lady, notwithstanding the court scandal, appears to have followed an irreproachable conduct. She had married a man twice her years, and had repaid his devotion and confidence by wifely duty and respect. Once, and once only, she granted an interview to Dalrymple, under especial circumstances ; and the object of it was a final explanation and a parting for ever.

Lesbia is at first very happy at Groschenheim ; blind, in her admiration for her husband, to all his faults. But the child becomes suddenly a woman, and then gradually the scales fall from her eyes. Dalrymple becomes cold and indifferent ; his absences from home are prolonged ; and in his own drawing-room his principal occupation is playing *écarté* with Frank Hamilton and Prince Immensikoff. Dalrymple, notwithstanding his winnings, falls into embarrassed circumstances. Hirsch and Königswarter press him for the repayment of sundry advances made to him. Driven at bay, he desires his wife to apply to Mr. Hamilton for the sum of £400, which he sorely needs. For the first time in her life, she refuses to comply with his request, and resists all his brutal efforts, which end in absolute violence. She falls into a swoon, in which he leaves her. When she revives, she is ill and bruised, and she stands gazing at herself in the glass, trying to recal

what has happened. After weeks of silent suffering, Lesbia has grown from an appealing, clinging girl, into a self-reliant, silent, reserved woman. She moves about slowly and painfully, like one in a daze, to the utter annoyance of her husband, who expected her to sue humbly for forgiveness.

Nevertheless, one of her nature, who could not live without love, finds existence insupportable in its isolation ; and one summer evening, with many tears and much humility, she seeks her husband, and begs that there might be peace between them. He condescendingly grants her full pardon, accompanied by a severe reprimand, which she thankfully receives. Prince Immensikoff, who had been following about Lesbia incessantly, and yet coldly and politely, is on the eve of departure, and Dalrymple is heavily indebted to him for losses at cards. Dalrymple was making desperate efforts to retrieve his fortune, and one evening whilst playing with Frank, he sends his wife to fetch some gold from his secretaire. Lesbia returns not. The husband and Frank, after a time, follow her, when they hear a piercing scream. The curious agreement between Dalrymple and Mrs. Scarsdale has been found, and eagerly scanned by Lesbia, who is staring at the paper with agonised bewilderment. Frank is requested to withdraw, when Dalrymple cruelly and cynically tells her that she is not his wife ; that he is already married, and that it would be to her advantage to remain in her present position and say nothing. His suggestion she indignantly repudiates.

Frank rushes to Prince Immensikoff, and tells him all. Those two men understood one another, for they love the same woman. It is astonishing what a bond that forms at times between two beings who have not another thought in common. For the boy's passion, after all, with a constancy rare at his age,

has never quitted him. The Prince agrees to act as Frank's second, but advises him to keep quiet for twenty-four hours, which with difficulty the latter is induced to promise, so intent is he on slaying Dalrymple in fair fight. Frank goes home, and writes long letters preparatory to his duel, which is never destined to take place. Prince Immensikoff takes an immediate opportunity of publicly insulting Dalrymple at the club, and a challenge occurs. Dalrymple remains away from Lesbia that night, and it is then that he bids Countess Stadion farewell.

When Frank reaches the ground, at the appointed time, it is too late. He has been robbed of his vengeance—Dalrymple is dead—shot through by Immensikoff. The duel makes a great sensation, for Dalrymple had been a factotum of the Grand Duke, and had enjoyed much influence at Court. But it does not appear that the police of Groschenheim troubled in any way Prince Immensikoff, who is allowed to go scot-free. The Prince, however, explains to Frank that he had fought the duel purely for Frank's advantage, for Lesbia would shrink from the murderer of the man who had been as a husband to her, whilst then would be no such bar to Frank's happiness hereafter. The blow falls heavy on poor Lesbia, who for a while is like one crazy. She shuts herself up in her apartment, refusing to see any one. The news reached Berrylands, and Mr. Hamilton telegraphs to her that he would go and fetch her. But she declined; she could not face her friends after her disgrace. So, after having come to an arrangement with Hirsch and Konigswarter, as to the payment of Dalrymple's debt to them, she finds her way to Calais; she hardly knows how, probably through the assistance of Providence and kind-hearted travellers. At Dover, Mr. Hamilton experiences a sharp pang, as the wan wreck of a fair woman in a sad state of self-

neglect was recognised by him as Lesbia. She scarcely speaks to him; does not notice him during the journey, whilst he accompanies her to London, and thence to her old friend, Miss Davidson, at Torquay; for Lesbia will not go to Berrylands.

Time works wonders. As Mahomet went to the mountain when the mountain would not obey his call, so Lesbia's friends gradually gather round her at Torquay, where she recovers something of her peace of mind and the whole of her good looks. Mr. Hamilton and Frank, and Ella and Hugh, all visit her; but she declines receiving them in the house under the pretence that she has nursed a fever case, and will only speak to them in the garden, keeping them all the while at arm's length. Mr. Hamilton had been much wounded at her tacit reserve; at her refusal of his services, especially in pecuniary matters; at her desire to assume the control of her property herself; and Lesbia is glad when he and all her friends leave her alone to her thoughts. For she had felt guilty and conscience-stricken before them, and had naturally experienced a strange embarrassment in their presence. Frank's love she resolutely rejected, and his threats to reveal her secret have no effect except to incense her against him. She could feel no affection for the lad, who if he could have existed at all as described, which is highly improbable, would have been a most offensive and disagreeable being.

Time, the great healer of sorrows, healed Lesbia's, and we find next the unmarried widow become once more a wife. Mr. Hamilton wished to protect her, to shield her with his name. She felt he would be father, brother, friend; and she accepted him as a husband. In due course she loves him tenderly, and her happiness appears complete, when a new life grows in her bosom.

But a heavy blow was preparing. Mrs. Scarsdale had been dismissed from Berrylands some months before; and she wanders to Groschenheim, where she finds Frank, and where she flatters his vanity and encourages his absurd passion for Lesbia. One day Frank receives a letter from his uncle, enclosing a remittance and informing him of his marriage, without mentioning the lady. The female villain—who is by the way a repulsive and scarcely natural creation—vows revenge against the woman who ousted her from her comfortable position, and deprived her of the well-earned reward of years of intrigue and duplicity. She manages to worm from Frank Lesbia's secret—which she ought to have known herself—and when the worthy pair read in the *Times* the name of the bride, the effect is so great on him, that by the combined influence of mental excitement and drink he is attacked by brain fever—that favourite disease with novelists. The lady does not stick at trifles. She breaks the lock of his desk, and, after examining his papers, she commits a very pretty forgery.

The unsuspecting Mr. Hamilton, to whom his wife was afraid to reveal even the simple matter of the first marriage of the scoundrel who had betrayed her, receives, one fine morning, a letter without signature, apparently in Frank's handwriting. The communication not only states the truth, but a great deal more than the truth besides. Mrs. Hamilton was never Mr. Dalrymple's wife. Mr. Dalrymple had been killed in a duel with Mrs. Hamilton's lover, Prince Immensikoff. Mrs. Hamilton had been engaged in a flirtation with Mr. Frank Hamilton, and two notes were enclosed, in which she stated that he only knew her disgrace, and entreated him not to betray her. The artful concoction has its effect. The conviction forces itself in

George Hamilton's mind that his sweet, devoted wife, who has twined herself about his heart, is a vile sham—a degraded, lying, false woman. She declares the writing to be a forgery; that Frank is incapable of so shameful a deed. He allows her no chance of a justification. He hastily discards her for ever, and she seeks refuge in Mrs. Davidson's arms, into which she falls—a raving lunatic.

So we have now Frank laid low with brain fever in Groschenheim, and Lesbia afflicted with acute mania at Torquay. Frank is cured first. When he received a letter from his uncle, inquiring as to the truth of the statements contained in that fatal document, Frank, who is not lost to all sense of honour, indignantly repudiates its contents, and writes a long explanation to his relative, fully exculpating Lesbia. He is eagerly desirous to discover the calumnious writer, and is only prevented from rushing to search for him by the startling confession from Mrs. Scarsdale, that she is the author of the epistle—his own mother—Dalrymple's first wife, though Dalrymple was not his father!

Poor Lesbia, meanwhile, was raving in delirium. When her babe is born to her, however, she recognises Ella, and she commences to have occasional rays of light. The whole *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of Mrs. Scarsdale, of whom we hear no more in the book, and Prince Philip, who perishes at Sadowa, flock together at Torquay for the last scene.

The weak-minded Mr. Hamilton, who had followed his wife to that town, and had taken a house for her there, is now smitten with remorse, and can hardly reproach himself sufficiently for his credulity and harshness. Whilst he is wandering about, bowed down with sorrow and remorse, Mrs. Hamilton's nurse signs a declaration, confirming the fact that Frank was a changeling; that,

Mrs. Hamilton's child having died, Mrs. Scarsdale's little boy had been palmed upon her as her own. When Frank arrives, in the last stage of a decline, he is received most kindly by Mr. Hamilton, who will not allow him to undeceive her who had hitherto looked upon him as a son.

As the end of the third volume approaches, the prospects of the chief characters are evidently looking up. Lesbia is gradually becoming rational, and the appearance of her husband in her presence, after a long separation, completes the cure, and we see before them now nothing but such happiness as may be expected in this world. As for Ella Dobree, it is hinted by her mother that the death of Prince Philip has set her free from what was only in reality a romantic friendship, and that she, after all, has really loved, meanwhile, her cousin Hugh, whom she would not

accept formerly, owing to her absurd fears as to the mercenary nature of his feelings. So that we clearly foresee that the beautiful, proud, independent Ella, will have to submit to the inexorable, if somewhat common-place lot of a heroine—marriage. At the end, we are informed that it is jealousy which is cruel as the grave, though why this should have given the title to the work we are at a loss to conceive.

As will be seen, there is enough incident in the novel, though sometimes it is of an improbable nature. The action occasionally drags somewhat, and the story would gain in interest if it had been in two, instead of the inevitable three volumes. The style is fluent, and in some parts pleasing and amusing, but the dialogues are frequently too long, and not free from vulgarity.

ASLEEP.

BEYOND all discord of this noisy world,
Set free from pain, from sorrow, from alarm ;
Caught out of danger of infectious earth,
Gently she sleeps, the daughter of our love :
Our sister grown, redeemed, and older far.
With what profound solemnity she sleeps !
Still as an autumn noon, or like a lake
In the deep night reflecting moon and stars.
Age after age rolls by in ceaseless course :
Yet still she sleeps. That placid brow,
Calm as an angel's now, with mute appeal
Rebukes tenacious grasp of transient things ;
Bids us be mindful of the truths that live
Deep in the tranquil Heaven, where she is gone.

December 14, 1871.

H. P.

TRANSPORTED TO SIBERIA.

II.

THE ESCAPE.

WHEN the hut occupied by the three Poles was completed, their material condition was far from being utterly wretched. Their dwelling consisted of three small sleeping closets, and one large apartment doing duty for dining room and kitchen. Their household was composed of an elderly female, who came daily to cook and arrange domestic matters for them. Piotrowski, besides his monthly wages of ten francs, was in receipt of a similar sum, out of the moneys taken from his person by the authorities when arrested; and provisions being cheap, the party did not fare badly. Tea, wheaten cakes, and scraps of meat for breakfast; soup, vegetables, with meats boiled and roasted for dinner; tea and the remains of the former repast for supper, was no contemptible living for convicts. But morally Piotrowski was not more satisfied than before, and not less determined upon endeavouring to recover his liberty, especially since the promulgation of the new ukase of the Tzar. He succeeded, it is not stated how, in obtaining a map, and after deep consideration, he decided upon selecting the northernmost of the five routes presenting themselves to him, that leading through the steppes of Petchora and the Ural mountains to Archangel. Indefatigably he proceeded to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the language, manners, and customs of the Siberians, and to prepare himself for the long and perilous journey he contemplated. He manufactured a formal passport, such as are given by the Imperial authorities, and a local pass, like those issued to natives for short

journeys. He used, for the purpose, stamped paper found in the office: and a friend of his, a forger, engraved for him an excellent seal with the Russian arms. A Siberian wig and sheepskin cloak were to serve the double purpose of affording him heat and a complete disguise.

Piotrowski did not conceal to himself the grave risks and the serious dangers he was about to encounter, and he was fully resolved to succeed or perish in the attempt; to sacrifice life rather than be captured; to ask assistance from no one, and not to reveal his secret to any human being until he had passed the frontiers of the Empire of the Tzars. In January, 1846, he was ready. The epoch of the fair of Irbit, at the foot of the Ural mountains, was approaching, and he thought that an opportunity not to be lost. Every man is said to have a chance once in his lifetime, and that was Piotrowski's. The game was heavy, the stake was liberty; the forfeit life. On the 8th, day of February, 1846, he started at night on his perilous venture. He wore his own wardrobe on his back, consisting of three shirts, two pair of pantaloons, two waistcoats, a short sheepskin jacket, and a heavy cape of the same material, thoroughly greased with tallow. Strong boots well tarred, a woollen belt, and his Siberian wig peeping forth from beneath a fur cap, trimmed with a band of red velvet, completed his costume. His hands were encased in thick fur gloves; his left carried a bundle containing a pair of boots, some bread, and dried fish. His right held a formidable bludgeon.

To his waistcoat was entrusted his fortune—that is, one hundred and eighty roubles in paper money; whilst his right boot concealed his only weapon, a large dagger.

The air was piercingly cold, and the winter was unusually bitter, even for Siberia, as Piotrowski trod heavily on the hard, slippery path leading to the river Irtysh. He crossed his Rubicon, and started at a brisk walk towards Tara, when he was caught up by a peasant driving his sledge, in which the Pole obtained a seat for a trifling consideration. The road was like a sheet of glass, and the seven or eight miles, ending at Tara, were got over in half-an-hour. Another sledge and horses were called for as he stopped at the post-house; a bargain was struck with the post-master. Piotrowski had suddenly become a clerk to a merchant at the fair of Irbit, and he was hastening to rejoin his master, so he started at full speed. Unfortunately a heavy snowfall came down, and the driver lost his way. After many fruitless attempts to find it, it became necessary to halt, from sheer impossibility of proceeding any further. The night was spent under a snow storm in the open air, exposed to a temperature of forty to fifty degrees below freezing, whilst the fugitive was exposed every moment to be captured by the numerous kubitkas which sooner or later were sure to be despatched in pursuit. At last even this fearful night came to an end. At daybreak Piotrowski ordered the peasant to return to Tara, threatening to hand him over to the police, to punish him for his stupidity. The Russian moujiks are the meekest of men; and as this particular moujik was obeying his instructions, the right road was happily hit upon. The horses' heads were again turned westward, and the rapid journey onward was resumed, amidst sundry misgivings on the part of Piotrowski, who momentarily expected betrayal or discovery. His fears proved un-

founded, none interfered with him. Horses were changed whilst he was partaking of some tea, and he proceeded forward until the following night.

In a small station, whilst resting in a wretched inn, crowded with half-drunken moujiks, he met with a grievous accident. In pulling out his purse to change a note, he felt himself jostled, and a dexterous hand possessed itself of some of his papers. Forty roubles disappeared, and what was worse, a detailed description he had compiled of all the towns and villages along the route went with them, and, worst of all, the Imperial passport he had been at such pains to fabricate vanished. Redress was hopeless, and the loss was irretrievable. A less-determined man might have sunk into despair, but Piotrowski, knowing that his fate would be the same whether caught there or at Archangel, determined to advance at all risks. Following the same swift mode of travelling, notwithstanding the night lost in the forest of Tara, he found himself, on the third day of his flight, at the gates of Irbit, six hundred miles distant from Ekaterinski Zavod.

"Your passport!" shouted the sentinel. "Give me twenty copecks and pass on," whispered immediately afterwards the honest soldier. Rejoicing in being able to satisfy the exigencies of the law for so modest an amount, Piotrowski directed himself to an hostelry which, like all others at that period, was crammed full with visitors to the fair. The circumstance was favourable for the fugitive, for in the crowd he escaped notice. He pretended to visit the police office to exhibit his papers; he talked loudly of his imaginary master and his business; and like the numerous *yamstchicks* present, after a repast of turnip soup, dried fish, oil gruel, and stewed cabbage, he lay down in a corner of the *izba*, the general sitting-room. On the morrow, after an agitated night, rendered

sleepless by mingled fears and hopes, he visited the city, which seemed pleasant, though entirely built of wood. The spacious streets were filled with thousands of sledges, many of which were loaded with merchandise. Piotrowski, unwilling to incur unnecessary risks, did not prolong his stay. His finances—much reduced by his posting thither, and by the robbery he had sustained—were too slender to permit him to continue that rapid, if not luxurious mode of travelling. He possessed only 75 paper roubles—about 80 francs—wherewith to reach Paris. So he bravely trudged onward under a heavy fall of snow, and with a degree of cold so severe, that the like of which was not remembered by even the oldest inhabitant of Siberia. His feet sank at every step in the snow, rendering progress slow and painful. Villages and human habitations he eschewed; when hungry, he endeavoured to satisfy the cravings of nature with frozen bread and salt; when exhausted with exertion, and unable to stand any longer, he threw himself under a snow-drift; when he lost his direction, he applied for information to travellers in sledges, to solitary huts, or, when indispensable, to the last cabin in a hamlet, so as to avoid inopportune questionings. The first nights he spent in a hole dug in the snow, Ostiack fashion. He was comfortable enough at first, but having inadvertently put on his sheepskin with the fur inward, his bed became too warm, and the snow partially melting, he awoke in the morning with aching head and numb-ed limbs. A quick walk somewhat restored the circulation to his almost frost-bitten feet, but a keen, piercing, icy blast arose, and all traces of road or path was lost in whirling clouds of snow. At every step he sank deeper into the soft drift, until it reached up to his shoulders.

After unwearied exertions for some hours, Piotrowski succeeded in re-

turning to the right track. A light shone from a small hut, and, worn and exhausted as he was, he approached it and begged for shelter, which was at once accorded by a young peasant woman, its mistress. He described himself as a workman proceeding in search of employment to the mines of the Ural mountains, and after having partaken of his frugal fare, he placed his linen and clothes to dry; he recited privately his Catholic prayers, and loudly his Russian *poklony*, accompanied by the customary orthodox vows to the native images, and he lay down to obtain some rest, which he sorely needed. His senses were fast leaving him, when he overheard some whispering, and immediately three moujiks entered, inquiring, "Where is he?" The wealth of shirts exhibited by Piotrowski, being unusual in a peasant, had surprised the woman, and she had hastily summoned some neighbours to her assistance. He remained quiet until he was violently shaken and peremptorily asked for his passport. Rubbing his eyes, with much affected indignation, with many queries as to the right of questioning him, he repeated circumstantially the mystical version of his journey he had prepared, and he ended by showing his pass. This document would not have imposed upon the humblest government official, but happily the peasants could not read. They saw the impress of a great seal, and they concluded all was correct. So they returned him the worthless piece of paper, and with profuse apologies they entered into a friendly conversation with him.

Piotrowski, on the morrow, when he started on his desolate way, being fully convinced of the danger he had narrowly escaped, resolved that thenceforward the Ostiack couch would be his sole resting-place. And such truly became the case, for between the middle of February until his arrival at Veliki Ostiok, in the

beginning of April, he enjoyed only Ostiack shelter, excepting on three or four occasions, when extenuated by fifteen or twenty days of continuous travel, he staggered almost unconsciously towards some isolated cabin to seek rest and food. All his other nights were spent under the snow. He soon acquired great dexterity in burrowing his sleeping chamber, and in selecting the most eligible sites for it. He discovered that around large trees the snow left a hollow; therein he often took refuge, building over it a vaulted roof. Sometimes, however, all his efforts failed. The roof fell over his head, or the snow was too hard for him to dig, or some other untoward circumstance occurred. Then he leant against the trunk of a tree, keeping his eyes unclosed, for to sleep in the open air would have been to sleep for ever. When his limbs began to freeze, he resorted to rapid exercise, to restore the heat he had lost. He gradually became accustomed to this existence, and he nightly entered into the thickest of the forest, as a traveller enters a familiar hotel. Yet death, by starvation or cold, stared him continually in the face. He had only frozen bread and salt wherewith to support life, and not always that. He felt greatly the want of hot food; and often he was sorely tempted to beg in some small village for a dish of turnip soup. But he restrained his very humble desires, and he bore all his dire privations with unflinching fortitude. Another great struggle was to keep awake when overcome by fatigue and the soporific action of intense cold. He then walked, or, rather, staggered on; he pinched his limbs; he made desperate efforts not to fall into the sleep of death.

At Verkhoutorié, a small town on the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains, he met a band of half-a-dozen young men proceeding the other way. Entering with them into conversation, he learned that they came

from the extremity of the government of Archangel, near the Frozen Sea, and they were emigrating to Siberia, to seek thither a livelihood their own barren country refused them. There is scarcely a human condition which cannot look down on another still more wretched, and Piotrowski absolutely found individuals to whom Siberia was a land of milk and honey, a very El-Dorado. The sight of people who had come from regions so far off, reanimated our fugitive, who, moreover, obtained much valuable information from them.

Onward still, like the Wandering Jew, ever trudging on interminable plains covered with snow, or climbing over steep mountain-paths, Piotrowski pursued without halting, his weary journey. Days, weeks, passed, he knew not how many, for he lost all reckoning. At Paouda, in the Ural Mountains, for the second time since he quitted Irbit, he spent a night in a human habitation. As he was tramping late one evening through that village, he was challenged by a voice from inside a hut, and, on learning he was a traveller, he was hospitably invited to enter.

He accepted gratefully, and the aged couple who entertained him offered him a meagre Siberian repast, which to him proved a banquet worthy of Lucullus. He satisfied his hosts with his usual story, and amused them with many anecdotes and narratives of Siberian life. On the morrow they insisted on his partaking of breakfast, and they absolutely refused to receive any remuneration. Indeed, Piotrowski found throughout, the Russian lower classes to be most kind and generous, possessing, often, the virtues of patriarchal times. Before starting, on inquiring his road, he was told beyond the village, he would pass by a guard-house, where he would have to produce his papers, and where he would obtain full in-

formation. As may be imagined, that source of information was studiously avoided. He crossed mountains and valleys, and he only returned to the high road when he had left the guard-house long behind. Again he returned to his woods at night, and he only stopped to purchase provisions in the *izbouchka*, which are small wooden buildings intended to supply travellers, between the Ural Mountains and Veliki Ostrog, with such commodities as bread, dried fish, cabbage, and kvass. The highest peak of the mountains was at length attained on a fine night. The moon was shedding its silvery rays over magnificent scenery, and the gigantic shadows of the huge firs growing on the summit were reflected with startling clearness on the white snow. A solemn silence reigned around. Occasionally a hard sound like that of a muffled explosion was heard. It was a piece of rock, cracked by the severity of the frost. Piotrowski himself, with his strange attire, his huge beard covered with icicles, resembled more a spirit of the night, suited to the place, than a lonely traveller escaping from captivity.

The descent leading to Europe was commenced, and on the morrow Piotrowski was rejoined by a convoy of sledges carrying merchandise. There were thirty vehicles, and seven *yamstichicks* conducted them. The road was narrow and bordered by walls of snow, considerably overtopping the travellers in height, and when a convoy was encountered coming from the reverse direction, one of the two parties was constrained to bury itself in the snow temporarily to allow the other to pass. Numerous accidents, as may be imagined, occurred, and the drivers had to surmount incredible hardships and difficulties before they could hope to reach their destination. Bodies of dead horses, which had sunk under the combined effects of cold and fatigue, lined the route through the mountains, but the *yam-*

stchicks appeared capable of enduring the severest toil and the greatest privations.

Early in March the fugitive reached Solikamsk, at the foot of the western slope of the Ural Mountains, and without halting he pursued his way to Veliki Ostrog. Always the same immense plains covered with snow, with snow-capped peaks looming in the distance, and vast forests of gigantic trees thickly encrusted with snow. He observed that travellers lighted huge fires at night in their encampments. He learnt how to doze, and whenever he thought it prudent, he lay down to rest beside a bonfire. The towns he always avoided; but one evening, when he had left Tcherdine on one side, during a heavy snow-storm, he lost entirely his way. The flakes blinded him, and almost blistered his face. Sleep was out of the question, and his usual modes of obtaining shelter were impracticable. At daylight the sky cleared up, but all traces of a human track had disappeared. He felt benumbed and utterly exhausted; he dragged himself hither and thither in vain endeavours to discover his position. All the signs taught him by his experience of a Siberian life failed him, and he fell powerless against a tree. The pangs of hunger increased his sufferings. He felt a violent singing in his head, a complete mental confusion. In vain, he struggled against the soporific effects of cold and fatigue. An irresistible torpor seized him; he was fast becoming insensible when he was roused by a stranger, who inquired who he was. "A pilgrim proceeding to the convent of Solovetsky, and lost in the storm. I have had no food for days," was his reply in weak tones. A draught of brandy soon revived him, and he ravenously devoured the hard bread and dried fish tendered him by his kind-hearted rescuer, who was a trapper, skating homeward after a successful excursion. With many thanks, Piotrowski

accepted the offer of the trapper to lead him to an *izbouchka*. The former felt so giddy that he could hardly stand, but he staggered along supported by the arm of the other, and he was so overjoyed at the sight of the *izbouchka* that he would have entered it had he known that the gendarmes waited for him inside. The trapper accompanied Piotroski to the door, and then went on his way with the blessings of the Pole, who tottered into the place and dropped down in a dead swoon.

When Piotrowski recovered his senses, he called for some hot refreshment. Turnip soup was brought, but he could not swallow it. Overcome by fatigue, he threw himself on a bench and slept profoundly for twenty-four hours. The following day he was awoken at the same hour, and he felt greatly refreshed. The landlord showed much concern for him; dried carefully his clothes, and supplied him with the best food his hut afforded. Piotrowski did not venture to remain any longer there; but on the same day he started on his journey, which he prosecuted without any remarkable occurrence, until he reached Veliki Ostrog, on about the middle of April—that is, two months after his departure from Irbit. During the last few weeks, whenever he beheld an *izbouchka*, he felt an almost irresistible longing to go in and ask for some hot soup, but prudence forbade it, and he continued living on salt fish and frozen bread, against which his stomach almost revolted. On one occasion, when he was munching some bread dipped in salt, and washed down with kvass, in a cabin of this kind kept by an old man with a silvery beard, a lovely girl of eighteen who was rocking a baby in a cradle, regarded him with looks of commiseration and pity. When her grandfather's back was turned, she quietly took two large cakes made with butter and cheese from a cupboard,

and silently dropped them with an indescribable grace in his bag, whilst continuing to sing her lullaby.

Piotrowski was not sorry to end at last his wild and savage forest life, and to return to a glimmering of civilisation. At Veliki Ostrog, he was no longer a merchant's clerk following his master, or a workmen seeking employment in the establishments of Bohotale. He had become a Bohomolet, a pilgrim proceeding to the holy shrines of the convent of Solovetsk.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has described at length in his *Free Russia* the above religious establishment, as well as pilgrim customs in that country. To perform a pilgrimage appears to be one of the most meritorious actions of Russian existence. The principal shrines are those of Kiow, Moscow, Veliki Novgorod, and the convent of Solovetsk. This last convent is in much vogue in the northern portion of the Empire, and annually tens of thousands among the faithful wend thither their weary way. The Bohomolets are almost sacred characters in Russia. They are hospitably entertained throughout the country; they are looked up to with reverence; and the peasants regard their stay in their huts as a blessing to the family. The immunities attached to this social condition induced Piotrowski to assume it; and he studied attentively the appearance, manners, and religious observances of the Bohomolets. So well did he enter into the spirit of the character, that whilst standing in the market-place he was addressed as a Bohomolet by a young man about to depart on a similar expedition, and suitable lodgings were found for him in a caravanserai, wherein a number of male and female pilgrims were housed.

He soon established an intimacy with them, and with many others in the town; and he learnt that two thousand Bohomolets were waiting

for the thawing of the Dwina to proceed on their holy mission. The types and countenances he beheld were of varied descriptions, ranging from the purest religious asceticism and loftiest enthusiasm, down to the lowest hypocrisy and most idiotic credulity.

Piotrowski was compelled to pay the penalties attached to the privileges of his new character. He went daily to matins and vespers; he recited *poklony* by the hundred; he made signs of the cross by the thousand; he held wax tapers, and kissed the unctuous hand of the Pope. He dreaded being asked to repeat the Russian *credo*, or pour out his confession, in which case, through his ignorance, he must inevitably have broken down. But his dexterity in repeating the *poklony*, and touching the earth with his forehead without bending the knees for a hundred times consecutively, won him the favour of the Pope, and saved him.

When the navigation to Archangel was opened, Veliki Ostrog contained thousands of barges, full of varied produce from different parts of the Empire, ready to float down the Dwina. Hemp, flax, tallow, timber, and furs from Viatka, Perm, Vologda, and Siberia, were packed together to be scattered to all parts of the world by ships from Archangel. The *prikastchiki* who were the contractors for the conveyance of those goods to that port, granted free passage on their barges to the Bohomolets, on the condition that they brought on board their own provisions—that is, flour, gruel, and dried fish. To those pilgrims, moreover, who were willing to assist in working the cumbrous Noah's arks, a sum of fifteen paper roubles was offered. Piotrowski accepted willingly a bargain of this nature. After having been a whole month at Veliki Astrog, he gladly embarked in one of those machines, tendering tremblingly his pass. Happily the

prikastchiki, in his hurry, only glanced at the seal of the worthless paper, and Piotrowski had another narrow escape.

The barges on the Dwina appeared to be devoid of any particular shape. Some were like floating timber yards; others like haystacks; they were all impelled by sheer muscular force, exerted by forty or sixty men. The thirty or forty oars employed were trunks of young trees, cut down roughly. A wooden square box, in the middle of the ark, served as a kitchen, and therein burnt a fire day and night, destined to prepare the simple repasts of the crew. At day-break the master of the vessel which Piotrowski had joined, shouted, "Sit down and pray;" upon which the equipage crowded on the roof, crossed themselves, said a *pokloni*, threw each a copper coin to propitiate the waves, and got the boat under weigh. The day was spent in alternate work and devotion, for in passing before every one of the innumerable chapels along the banks of the river, the same ceremony was repeated. The Dwina presented a lively aspect, being covered with various craft, and the melodious chant, wild and yet tender and melancholy, of the Russian boatmen struck the fugitive with a strange interest. The effects of superior education and knowledge soon displayed themselves for Lavrenti, as he christened himself when he went on board, soon required a proficiency in rowing, an art of which he had been totally ignorant before. Indeed, Lavrenti became quite an authority, and was very often appealed to when any thing went wrong. Frequently the vessel would be besieged by members of small barges from shore, laden with women and children, singing, in soft strains, words the burden of which was, "Little father, little mother, give us bread;" and the wherewith to purchase it was liberally bestowed upon them by the kind-hearted

sailors, as well as by the Bohomolets.

A fortnight elapsed and the gilt domes of the churches of Archangel glowed with fiery light, in the rays of the rising sun, before the eyes of eager pilgrims. Indeed, night had left those latitudes during the brief summer, and for two hours daily only was that orb absent from the horizon, and even then it was by no means dark. On the arrival a curious rite was celebrated. The kitchens of the barges were thrown into the stream, and the ends of the oars were broken with fearful noise, according to the orthodox custom in those circumstances.

If St. Michael himself had appeared before Piotrowski, with his drawn sword, to defend him, the latter could not have felt more elated nor more safe in the haven named after the archangel. The flags of numerous foreign ships made his blood bound on with the promise of speedy, untrammelled freedom; and the sight of the sea, after so many months of snow, and nothing but snow, was to him like the discovery of a cool spring to a caravan parched with thirst in the great desert.

Nevertheless, he committed no imprudence. He proceeded with his companions to the Solovetski Dvoretz—that is, the vast caravan-serais erected by the monks of the holy island for the usage of the pilgrims. All those establishments were crammed with devotees, and he was compelled to share his garret with an elderly female enthusiast. No distinction between the sexes was made, and the consequences of this agglomeration of individuals may better be imagined than described. In Russia, religious ceremonial often takes the place of morals, common decency, or cleanliness, and filth is especially considered a proof of sanctity. The purgatory of the Solovetski Dvoretz was probably considered a proper preparation for the paradise of the

holy island. Among the singular observances of the Bohomolets was that of becoming living desks for the popes. A huge copy of the Gospels, printed in ancient characters, and about two feet long, bound in a heavy, silver-mounted cover, consisting of two massive wooden boards, and garnished with the figures of the twelve apostles, was with difficulty raised and laid on the head of the faithful Bohomolet who chose to pay for the weighty honour; for nothing is done in Russia without payment. This act of grace was considered a speedy cure for the most obstinate complaints; and a companion of the Pole got rid at once, in this manner, of the severe headaches to which he was formerly subject.

Piotrowski in vain approached the port in search of means to escape. The French flag he was seeking was not represented. On board each ship a sentinel was keeping a careful watch, whilst a number of soldiers lined at intervals the quays, preventing the too near approach of strangers to the vessels. He did not dare address any of the foreign sailors in French or German, for fear of creating suspicion, and he returned to the Dvoretz, at the end of the first day, greatly disappointed. His efforts on the second and third days were not more successful. Whenever he saw a ship set sail, his heart beat rapidly at the missed chance of release from his perils. When he once attempted to address a sailor, a crowd gathered around him, and he was compelled to withdraw hastily. At times he thought of swimming to a ship, and he even bathed in the sea to facilitate his purpose; but he abandoned the idea as hopeless. All the Bohomolets were leaving for Solovetsk, and his delay was beginning to attract attention. The celebrated convent of Solovetsk has been recently described at length by Mr. Hepworth Dixon; Piotrowski did not visit it

himself, but what he learned concerning that establishment is fully borne out by the account given of it in *Free Russia*. The position of the fugitive was becoming precarious; he felt like a man who has come to England from Australia in safety, and who falls into the river in trying to get on shore. Escape from Archangel had been the aim of his endeavours, the crowning hope that had supported him throughout all the hardships and privations he had endured, that had enabled him to live without food, sleep without shelter, walk without rest. And now an unexpected difficulty had arisen, and the cup was dashed from his lips. All his plans suddenly fell to the ground; longer stay in the city became impossible, without the imminent risk of capture; and during the third night of his arrival he reluctantly resolved on once more encountering the perils of a journey on foot through Russia.

On the morrow, he gave out that he was going to Solovetsk; he purchased some bread and salt, and starting very early in the morning he crossed the Dwina, and tramped on towards the promontory facing the island. The day was warm, but the country was flat, barren, and wild. At night he halted in a small hamlet, where he took a Russian bath, which was sorely needed after his contact with the Bohomolets. The bathing establishment was of a most primitive description. It consisted of a wooden hut, containing a large stove, two metres square, made of rough stones; no chimney was considered necessary, and the smoke made its exit through two holes in the wall. When the stones became intensely hot, cold water was poured upon them, and the steam generated formed a vapour bath. Afterwards he went into a cabin to ask for some milk. The three women who dwelt there served him very reluctantly, and he could not understand the reason why until the explanation

came. They belonged to the old sect of the *Starioviersti*, or old believers, and they discovered that he had made the sign of the cross like the orthodox party. They could not conceal their sorrow in seeing a Bohomolet, an honest man, hurrying to everlasting perdition; they taught him the proper way to perform that rite, and he, after a long argument, consented to adopt that form. The good women appeared so pleased in obtaining a convert that they insisted on his accepting three more measures of milk without payment.

Piotrowski, for several days, trudged on over a marshy country, through woods of dwarf pine and firs. The sun scarcely left the horizon, and even during the brief hour that did the duty for night, that orb was almost visible, and the sky quite bright, so that any occupation could have been followed. The only difference between day and night was the greater solitude prevailing the latter period. Piotrowski could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses at the strange aspect of nature, though, of course, he knew before of the existence of this geographical phenomenon.

Onward still, incessantly. Through woods, through marshes, through morasses, Piotrowski wended his weary way, in fair weather and in foul. After a severe storm, he met near the seashore a multitude of pilgrims, who had been detained by stress of weather from proceeding to Solovetsk, and he heard that a *karbasse*, with a number of them, had foundered at sea. He soon reached the promontory facing the holy island; but instead of waiting for a boat, he continued his road towards Onega, which was the only route remaining to him. A Bohomolet, from Solovetsk, would excite no surprise in travelling in the direction of Novgorod and Kiow to accomplish the round of the holy shrines. So he continued his journey over a wretched district; often

without bread, and for a whole week without finding a single human habitation.

At Onega he thought it useless, after his experiences at Archangel, to lose time in seeking shipping, and on careful consideration he took the route leading through the government of Olonetz to the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic. His character of Bohomolet was his safe-conduct, his *civis Romanus sum*. Although the country he traversed was very poor; although he marched over immense distances, through forests and marshes, necessarily avoiding hostelryes and towns, always with his heart in his mouth,—his sufferings were not so severe as in his journey over the Ural Mountains, for it was now summer time, and at night leaves from the trees formed a natural bed for him. Once he found himself in a ridiculous predicament. In a hut where he asked for food, some *tolokno* was offered to him. He had heard much of this national dish, but had never tasted it. His confusion was great when a cup of cold water, a basin of a dark meal, and a spoon, were set down before him. How to eat the mess was the question. He fidgeted; he spoke at random; he dreaded to display his ignorance, until the hostess inquired whether he was waiting for kvass. "Yes," he said, and his embarrassment ended by her pouring the kvass in the basin, stirring it with the spoon until the mass bubbled up, filling the vessel, and forming a kind of cold porridge. The dark powder was oatmeal, and the dish appeared far from bad to a hungry man.

The government of Olonetz is interspersed by numerous canals, connecting together various rivers and lakes, like those of Onega, Ladoga, Vytiegra, and others. Numerous guardhouses are found there, and they are frequently garrisoned by Poles incorporated in the Russian army. A painful sight encountered by Piotrowski was that of a

convoy of Jewish children, which were stolen from their parents to serve thenceafter to recruit the armies and man the navy of the Tzar. Those miserable boys between ten and fifteen years old, with their heads shaved, with tearful eyes, were chased on by their escort like sheep, and many of them continually perished on the road.

At Vytiegra, Pietrowski was accosted by a peasant, who asked whither he was going. On hearing that it was a Bohomolet proceeding to Novgorod and Kiow, the moujik said, "I am your man, then. I will take you to St. Petersburg; my boat is small, and I have only one horse, and you shall help me to row." The fugitive had never contemplated going to St. Petersburg, but since he had left Archangel he had no settled plans. He thought a large town safer than a small one, and the capital would offer more means of egress than any other place. So a bargain was struck. A passage and food was to be given to the presumed Bohomolet in exchange for his food. In the evening they started. From Vytiegra, over the lake of Onega, the river Svir, the lake of Ladoga, and the Neva, they were to reach to the very walls of St. Petersburg.

On the boat at first there were only the master, his son, and Piotrowski. They rowed day and night, and whenever practicable the horse was landed and made to draw the little vessel. Innumerable crafts of every description crowded the waters, and were floating towards the capital. Although the boat to which Piotrowski had confided his fortunes was small, the master did not refuse to carry as many passengers as he could obtain. On one occasion the fugitive had to fish a drunken wretch who had tumbled into the river, which he did quite as much to avoid the inquiries of the police as out of philanthropy.

As they were nearing their destination, Piotrowski was becoming more

and more anxious as to the probable end of his journey. Fortunately a peasant woman, who had been taken on board, and who was going to visit her daughter, a laundress at St. Petersburg, was much taken with the supposed Bohomolet. She placed herself under his protection, and offered her services. When they stopped before the Newskoi Perspective, in the capital, the peasant woman told him that she had sent for her daughter, who would seek a lodging for him. The offer was gratefully accepted, and when the laundress arrived, they landed without any inquiry being made as to their papers, and proceeded to a low lodging house, tenanted by poor workmen and other characters less respectable, where the laundress resided, and where a room was found for him. When he was asked who he was by the landlady, he repeated his usual story and exhibited his pass, which she fortunately could not read. With trembling heart, he stated his desire to go to the police, but the woman told him it was unnecessary if he were only going to stay two or three days, and, moreover, she would have to go with him, which really was too much trouble, and she could not afford the time for a lodger who was only going to remain so brief a period. Delighted at the turn taken by events, Piotrowski acquiesced gladly; he, however, refused to go out to witness the illuminations on the occasion of the wedding of the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor, with the Prince of Wurtemberg, as he did not wish to expose himself to unnecessary risk.

On the morrow he strolled through the city, and his first care was to proceed along the quays on the Neva, examining all the placards announcing the departure of steamers. He was obliged to read by stealth, for a moujik was not supposed to be a scholar. He examined slowly the vessels, and found

that one was the Emperor's yacht, another the steamer of the Empress, a third of the Grand Duke Michael, and so on. At last he halted at the foot of two gigantic sphinxes before the museum, and his eyes fell on a steamer, wherein it was announced in large letters that the vessel would sail on the following day for Riga. On deck there was a man standing about, with a red shirt over his blue trousers, but Piotrowski did not dare to address him. The evening was approaching, and the Pole continued transfixed to the spot, until the seaman shouted to him whether he wished to go to Riga.

"Yes," was the eager reply; "but a poor man like me cannot afford to go by steamer. We poor people—"

"Well, we shall not be hard on a moujik: we will take you cheap."

A trifling sum was asked, which Piotrowski agreed to pay; but as he appeared to hesitate, the other inquired what was the matter.

"Well, it is my passport that I am thinking about. I have only arrived to-day, and I must go to the police with it."

"The police!" rejoined the sailor; "they will keep it three days, and the boat leaves to-morrow."

"What shall I do, then?"

"Why, go without a *visé*."

"And if I should get into trouble?"

"You fool! what should a moujik know of these things: let me see it."

And Piotrowski, with much ado, pulled out a handkerchief after the manner of Russian peasants, and, carefully unfolding it, he produced his paper. It was not necessary to open it.

"That will do," exclaimed the seaman; be here to-morrow at seven, and wait for me.

Piotrowski, elated with hope, was punctual. The same man called him quietly aside, and took his money. Soon after he brought him his ticket, and said, playfully, "Be silent, moujik, and it will do."

The bells struck three times ; the gangway was crowded with passengers going on board. Piotrowski was pushed in among them, and in a few minutes the vessel was steaming out to sea.

When Piotrowski reached Riga, he ceased to be a Bohomolet, and he became *stchetmink*, an itinerant buyer of hogs' bristles, many of which class wander about Lithuania and Ukraine, making purchases at farm-houses, for the account of Riga merchants. In this character, he started from that city, and gradually worked his way through Courland and Lithuania, until he reached the Prussian frontier. He walked, as usual, throughout the journey, sleeping in the fields among the corn, or in the woods. He had now discarded his heavy outer trousers, and he had exchanged his sheepskin overcoat for a light summer garment, still retaining, in true Russian fashion, notwithstanding the warm weather, his tunic of the same material. He carefully eschewed betraying his origin, even in his own country, and he avoided even the appearance of understanding Polish.

He determined to cross the frontier between the Polonga and Kurszani; and he ascertained from a Russian soldier, that the line dividing Prussia from Russia was less carefully guarded by day than by night, when the sentinels were doubled, and at half distances. At all times, however, these had orders to fire on any fugitive or other individual attempting to pass the line ; and it appears that the Prussians were less zealous than the Russians.

At two o'clock in the day, after commending his soul to God, and putting his dagger between his teeth, he crept along a corn-field. When the two sentinels nearest to him on each side, and about a quarter of a mile distant, had turned their shoulders to him, he leapt from the wall into the first of the three ditches forming the frontier. He then crawled on his hands and

feet until the second ditch was reached. He was then perceived and several muskets were fired against him. He continued to advance ; he glided into the third ditch ; climbed on to the other side, and rushed forward at full speed until he dropped from exhaustion in a wood. He was in Prussia.

When he found himself safe, his first thought was to part with the last vestige of the moujik—his huge beard. He hung a small looking-glass against a tree ; he pulled out a razor, and a piece of soap he had provided himself with, and in that primitive fashion he shaved himself, not without hacking about his face painfully. After a night's rest he proceeded on his journey, avoiding the towns, and especially the police ; for an extradition treaty between Russia and Prussia had been signed, and he knew that if captured he would run great risk of being given up to the Government of the Tzar. His object was to reach Posen, where he could obtain temporary safety and assistance ; and he was not aware that an extensive conspiracy had been discovered in that province, rendering the Prussian authorities doubly alert. He travelled by day, and rested in the open air at night. Passing through Memel and Tilsit, he reached Königsberg on the 27th July, with the intention of proceeding by steamer to Elbing. After wandering about the town, tired and exhausted, he lay down among some ruins. Nature asserted its sway, and he was roused from his slumbers by a violent shake. It was a Prussian night-watchman. All attempted explanations were in vain. Piotrowski endeavoured to resist, but assistance was summoned, and he was taken to the nearest police-station.

To be wrecked in port is hard indeed. To have escaped from Kaitirga ; to have slept for months on the bare snow ; to have trudged along like a moujik ; endured pri-

vations like an Ostiack ; existed like a savage ; lived like a Bohomolet ; and after having struggled and surmounted all, to be caught by a Prussian policeman ! When interrogated by the police-magistrate, he stated he was a French workman, returning from Russia, who had lost his papers. But his explanations were not believed, and he was imprisoned in the Blue Tower. No doubt this was far from being as terrible as the Russian prisons ; yet he was seriously anxious as to the result. At the end of a month, he was told that the various addresses he had furnished were proved to be false, and that the worst suspicions existed against him. At last, Piotrowski deemed it advisable to reveal his true story before a high functionary, and M. Fleury, a Frenchman, who had resided thirty years in Konigsberg. The surprise, the astonishment of the auditors knew no bounds at the revelation. "Unhappy man !" M. Fleury exclaimed, "why did you not state the truth before ? We shall have to deliver you up to Russia, in accordance with the extradition treaty."

His only hope of safety was in petitioning Count Eulenburg, President of the Regency, a generous and noble-minded man, upon whom all depended. He did so, and he also wrote to Paris to procure certificates of identity. Moreover, he learnt that much rested on the fact as to whether he was connected or not with the Posen conspiracy. His mental sufferings were great at this

time, and his anxiety, as may be imagined, was intense. Ten days afterwards a reply came from Count Eulenburg, vague, but not altogether discouraging. During this time investigations were being made as to the Posen affair, of which, of course, he knew himself innocent.

Meanwhile, much agitation was caused at Konigsberg by the news of his arrest, and general sympathy was expressed on his behalf. The idea of delivering up a political refugee who had escaped from so many dangers, was repugnant to the good citizens of Konigsberg, and one of them, Herr Kamke, a merchant, went so far as to offer to become bail for the prisoner. After many formalities, Piotrowski was released, and he then accepted the hospitality of Herr Kamke, whose family eagerly welcomed him, and treated him as if he had been a long-lost son. He might then have left the city, but he wished to show his gratitude to his friends by remaining a few days with them. For a week Piotrowski was lionised by the worthy citizens. At the expiration of that period he was summoned before the police, and he was informed that orders from Berlin had arrived for extradition, but that he would be allowed to escape if he did so quickly. So, with ample means and credentials, he quitted his excellent hosts ; and, on the 22nd September, 1846, Piotrowski set his foot in Paris, poorer in hopes if richer in experience than when he left that city four years before.



THE LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE LEFROY.¹

THE biography of this distinguished member of the Irish Bar will doubtless be warmly welcomed by all who take interest in things connected with practical jurisprudence on our side of the Channel since the close of last century. It will be, perhaps, received with the greater cordiality by those whose fathers, as well as themselves, have unflinchingly struggled to maintain the cause of Conservatism in Church and State, especially if imbued with an evangelical spirit. For the Right Honourable Thomas Langlois Lefroy was from his youth a serious and indefatigable student of his Bible, an unwearied meditator on the relations between his CREATOR and himself, and a faithful doer of the work which he believed he was appointed to perform.

Mr. Lefroy won his way by his abilities and steadiness from the rank of barrister to that of Chief-Justice. In the opinion of his friends, he should have enjoyed the style and dignity of Lord Chancellor many years since. He studied hard, gave himself but moderate relaxation, experienced the harassing existence of a lawyer in good practice, both in the metropolitan law-courts and on circuit, and, later, the anxious cares and responsibilities of a judge. If we add his parliamentary labours, it might naturally be supposed that the wear and tear of such an existence, crowded with every imaginable annoyance and disturbance, would have limited his years to the space long ago laid down by the sage. But he had learned to look on all worldly concerns as things which should be engaged in, with care indeed, but not with harrowing anxiety. They were mere means to an end,

and that the only one worthy of a Christian's real anxiety, namely, conscientiously discharging his duty to his Creator, and thereby insuring his salvation. Thus, his life being regulated by the dictates of reason and religion, and spent in alternate healthy exercise and rest, not in anxious, fitful, and ill-regulated efforts, was prolonged to the very advanced term of ninety-three year.

Thomas Langlois Lefroy, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Lefroy, of the Light Dragoons, was born in Limerick (?), on the 8th of January, 1776. At the age of fourteen he endured a long imprisonment in the "Fly" stage-coach; but as every human trial has its limits, at the end of three days he happily exchanged his cribbed and cabined condition for comfortable apartments in Trinity College, Dublin.

An intimacy which ensued between him and a fellow-student, Mr. Paul, of Silver Spring, Wexford, led to visits at that gentleman's family residence, and to a tender attachment between himself and Miss Paul, and subsequently to their marriage, in 1797, and, as the story books say, to their conjugal happiness ever after, *i.e.*, a respectable term of years. He was called to the bar in Easter Term of the same year, but did not begin to attend the courts till 1800, devoting the interim to severe legal studies. In November, 1801, he made his first speech in the courts, and greatly gratified his family and friends by the judgment and ability which it evinced. He pleaded with great success both in the Four Courts and on the circuit for a few years, and then entirely devoted himself to home practice in the Court of Equity. Soon after his marriage he

² *Memoir of Chief-Justice Lefroy.* By his Son, Thomas Lefroy, M.A., Q.C. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, and Co. 1871.

built a house on a vacant spot of ground, in Leeson-street, employing his leisure hours in his large and well-kept garden. The writer of this paper had the honour of a business interview with the venerable Judge in that same house a few years before his death. He was then upwards of eighty years of age, but appeared possessed of the mental and bodily vigour of a man of fifty, who had lived a well-ordered life.

In 1816 he was appointed King's Counsel, and in 1818 King's Serjeant. Before 1824, he was three times offered in succession a seat on the judicial bench ; but he preferred his profitable home occupation to the inconvenience of Circuit journeys, and the disagreeable duty of passing judgment in criminal cases. In 1822 he first filled the seat of Judge of Assize on the Munster Circuit, and at the general election following the death of King George IV., in 1830, he became member for the Dublin University, his eldest son being elected member for Longford at the same time. In the end of 1841 he accepted the office of Baron of the Exchequer, and on the first day of term, 1852, he took his seat as Chief-Justice. In 1858 he was separated by death from his amiable and estimable lady. In 1866, he resigned his office into the hands of the Earl of Derby, by whom he had been invested with it in 1852. His death occurred at his country residence, Newcourt Bray, in the beginning of May, 1869, he then being in his 94th year.

The portrait which accompanies the volume presents a countenance expressive of dignity of character, deep reflection, thorough command over passion, benignity, and sweetness of disposition. His possession of all these good qualities is established by his biographer, who, indeed, appears unable to detect the slightest trace of evil or even weakness in his loved and revered parent. He thus speaks of him as he ap-

pears to his family, during the intervals of his judicial avocations :

“ The feature of his character in private life which was most generally observed by those who enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with him, was his love for the study of Scripture, and the tendency of his mind to lead conversation to the discussion or consideration of scriptural subjects ; and perhaps in no way was the closeness of his walk with God so fully manifest as in the happiness with which he looked forward to the Sunday, and the refreshment he always felt in the religious observance of the Lord's day. No one who spent that day in his society could fail to observe that he regarded the sacred obligations of its religious duties not as a tedious burden, but as a high and happy privilege. His earnest devotion in public worship told plainly that he was engaged in no mere form or ceremony, but was enjoying communion with his God ; and with the exception of an hour, or little more, after church, during which he was in the habit of walking into the country with his children, the greater portion of the time which intervened between morning service and his dinner hour was spent in the retirement of his study. But it was not on the Sabbath morn alone that he thus enjoyed holding communion with his God in private. He never travelled without having his Bible at hand in his writing-case, and generally some of Archbishop Leighton's works, or some book on Prophecy or on the Revelation, which formed the pastime of his journey.”

Whether such occupation as that about to be quoted, of the time necessarily spent in carriage or ship, is the most profitable that could be adopted, may be left an open question. We have many instances of individuals deriving more injury than benefit from the study of prophecy. We give the text, as it furnishes a special trait of Mr. Lefroy's mental workings

"I laid out the two days of this journey for going very minutely into the prophecies which Lord Mandeville and I had been reading together; and I made it the subject of earnest prayer, that I might be guided aright, and profit by my search. The first day I read through my whole journey, but was more than ever puzzled. However, I was so prepared by my reading to ask questions and receive instruction, that dear Robert Daly relieved me out of my perplexities, and opened views of the subject so much more clear and satisfactory than any I had met with, that I consider myself to have had quite a gracious answer to my prayer. On landing, Daly came home with us for breakfast, and read for us in our family worship. He is, indeed, a true servant of God."

Of Judge Lefroy's attention to the beneficial exercise of family prayer, his son gives the subjoined account:

"It may be truly said of him that he considered family prayer to be the border which keeps the web of daily life from unravelling. When holding the first rank at the Chancery bar, and overwhelmed with professional business, the duties of each day were opened and closed by assembling his whole household for family worship, consisting of a portion of Scripture, which he read and accompanied with a few practical observations, concluding with prayer. Later in life, when occupying a villa some miles distant from Dublin, he had daily to attend the courts as Chief-Justice, his morning hours were so regulated as to secure ample time for family worship before the departure of the train, which carried him to his arduous and responsible duties . . . I do not recollect his ever leaving home to attend Parliament, or for his judicial duties on circuit, without assembling the members of his family to ask for God's assistance and blessing upon the discharge of his own duties, and

committing to his care and guidance those from whom he was parting."

The precious quality of unalterable cheerfulness seems to have been possessed by Mr. Lefroy in an eminent degree:

"Though the shadow of a cloud might flit past, it could never long obscure the sunshine of his temper or his countenance. If a wet day interfered with some cherished plan for a holiday excursion (and he retained to the very last an almost childish enjoyment of such occasions), we were sure to hear some such remark, as 'Well, only think of the good this gracious rain will do in the country,' or 'Really when I come to think of it, 'tis a decided advantage to me to have the day at home, as I shall have a fine opportunity of mastering a difficult case I have to look into.' There is a tradition amongst us that the only time grandpapa was ever known to be put out by the weather was on one occasion during his vacation, when he had spent some hours the day before in manufacturing for two little grandsons a paper kite which was to be flown on the lawn to-morrow; but to-morrow was a storm of driving rain, and as the party was to break up the following day the failure of the cherished scheme seemed an equal trial both to old and young. This habit of always looking at the bright side of everything arose undoubtedly from his constant realisation of the overruling Providence of God, even in the lesser affairs of every-day life."

His enjoyment of the society of his children revived when Providence blessed him with grandchildren:

"When he was Chief-Justice and past eighty, his cheerful habits and loving heart so entirely won their affections that the greatest indulgence which could be offered them at any time, was the promise of a visit to dear grandpapa. Nor will the cordial welcome be easily forgotten with which he used to greet

the happy group on our Christmas visit to Carrig-glas, when, in the old days of posting, my wife and I used to arrive with our carriage full of children, each little one eagerly pressing forward, as we drove up the avenue, to catch the first look at dear grandpapa's bright and joyous countenance, and ready before the carriage-door was open, to jump into his arms."

We could long linger over such traits of amiability and domestic attachment, but can only afford space for one other extract :

"In the evenings his delight was as often as possible to gather round him the whole family group—children and grandchildren. In all these gatherings the still fresh flow of his natural spirits, the unaffected interest which he took in promoting the happiness and amusement of all around him, ever rendered him the great centre of attraction to young and old, who alike seemed to regard him as the cheerful companion and the revered parent; and while he never tried to restrain the light-hearted spirit of youth, he always endeavoured to impart a religious, or at least, an intellectual tone into whatever might be the subject, which occupied the social circle for the time."

But we must turn our attention from these agreeable traits of character, and happy social scenes, to take a glance at such circumstances of Mr. Lefroy's official life as we judge may interest our readers.

The following opinions expressed by Dr. Burrowes to the father of Mr. Lefroy, when the latter was going through his academic course, will find little favour with modern professors of the utilitarian school, who take little note of prosodial *longs* and *shorts* :

"A learned education, comprehending perfect classical scholarship, ought to be his present object, and trifling as it may appear, I would rather he employed his time in

making bad Latin verses, if he cannot make good ones, simply with the view of making himself master of prosody, than in reading Smith's "Wealth of Nations" at the present moment. It will never be forgotten of that able and eloquent speaker, Mr. Burke, that he mistook the quantity of *vectigal*, and called it *vectigal*. This little instance of prosodaical ignorance would in this country have damned a young speaker for ever, or at least, he must have distinguished himself exceedingly afterwards, before he could have convinced his hearers that he had common sense."

Our Edmund made the very pardonable mistake (Dr. Burrowes notwithstanding) in the quotation, *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*, while animadverting on Lord North's want of economy in managing the public revenues, that learned, but improvident nobleman, nearly asleep on his bench at the moment, and heaving backwards and forwards like a great turtle. But the sound of a false quantity instantly aroused him, and opening his eyes he exclaimed, in a very marked and decided manner, "vectigal." 'I thank the noble Lord,' said Burke, with happy adroitness, 'for the correction, the more particularly as it affords me an opportunity of repeating a maxim which he greatly needs to have reiterated upon him; and he then thundered out, '*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*.' (A great revenue is parsimony.)

Mr. Lefroy was married, as already mentioned, to Miss Paul, in 1797. Her father and family experienced some of the anxieties of the next year, the dismal '98." Mr. Paul, in his letters to his new relatives, expresses no sympathy with the unfortunate chiefs, Bagenal Harvey, John Colelough, and Cornelius Grogan, who had been compelled to take command of the insurgents at the risk of their lives, and had done all in their power to restrain the ex-

cesses of the misguided people. He says not a word of the little *jaux pas* committed by the yeomen.

Our young lawyer studied diligently and wrote incessantly while keeping his law terms at Lincoln's Inn. During his stay at the Temple he resided with his grand-uncle, Mr. Langlois, in London, and attended daily at Westminster Hall, where, in the courts presided over by such men as Lord Eldon and Lord Kenyon, he had an opportunity of imbibing those great fundamental principles of law and equity, with which his mind in after-life proved to be so richly imbued, and which marked the able judgments he delivered as Baron of the Exchequer, and Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench."

In November, 1801, after an able speech of two hours on a writ of error, he apologised for taking up so much of their lordship's time, but was set at ease by the reply of Lord Clare: "Mr. Lefroy, you have no reason whatever to lament, for you have argued the case with most uncommon precision, and much satisfaction to the Court."

This was a sort of "*Peebles v. Plainstones*" case, for it had been trying the patience of the Courts for about thirty years. The Chief-Baron said that day at a large dinner party, "It was the ablest argument which had been made at the Bar." We are not informed of its effect on the fortunes of the Irish "*Plainstones* and *Peebles*."

In those "good old times" Lord Chancellors were reckoned among Irish importations. Lord Clare dying in 1802, the seals were entrusted to Lord Redesdale. Mr. Lefroy was commended to his notice by Judge Burton. The new Chancellor was no more partial to his new home than the Dutch Captain who figures in the "*White Horse of the Peppers*." He exhaled his ill-humour in a letter to Justice Burton, then residing in Chester County. A few extracts are

characteristic of the relative scales of comfort, and the value of commodities, in the English and Irish capital seventy years ago:

"I have been unable either to purchase or rent a place tolerably pleasant or commodious, and have been compelled to purchase a little farm of about sixty English acres, with a small house, very quiet, though only four English miles from this town (!). . . . I must be a good economist if, after six years, it should replace me in my former fortune—that is, if it should give me back the sum I have expended and lost in the change of country.

"Expenses here are very great, especially to a stranger. A few articles are cheaper than in England, but an Englishman cannot live like an Englishman at nearly so cheap a rate in Dublin as in London. If he can adopt the habits of the country, and be content without a thousand comforts which he has been used to in England, and live in the true Irish style, he may perhaps make something of external show rather cheaper than he would do in London; but every real luxury and almost every convenience is cheaper in London, and everything is infinitely better. The paper I write on, and the pen I write with, remind me how execrably bad almost every article of manufacture is, and how abominably dear it is at the same time.

"I must endeavour to make my farm a comfortable residence, for I cannot submit to live all the year in the stew and dust of Dublin.

"Your friend, Mr. Lefroy, is a young man who fully answers your favourable description. He is much esteemed here, and I think must get forward. . . . The people in England are generally ignorant of this country and its inhabitants. (They are nearly as ignorant in 1872 as in 1802.) At this moment they are more than ordinarily ignorant. The great thing looked for is purity of Government. You might as well

consult Sir Robert Walpole (then fifty-seven years dead), about the proper mode of managing England at this moment, as consult any of the modern secretaries, even the manager of the Union itself, about the state of Ireland. He must no longer talk, even among Irishmen, of making men amiable—a term which, you will recollect, Sheridan handled with much dexterity in answer to the noble lord.”

Very few years after his call to the bar, Mr. Lefroy was engaged for a cause in Wexford, receiving one hundred guineas for his trouble, a very unusual fee to be given to a lawyer so short in practice.

Out of the heart the mouth speaketh. Let affection and worldly business enter as they might into the texture of the young lawyer's letters to his wife, they were sure to be blended with, or overruled by pious feeling. Speaking of earthly good and comforts, he thus placed them in their true relation to celestial treasures :

“I include under the head of false treasures, every object of earthly attachment, however innocent or even praiseworthy, on which a value is set beyond what any earthly object is entitled to ; and yet this is a point on which we are all most sadly and practically going astray every hour of our lives, and on which nothing can set us right but by keeping before us, as in a magnifying glass, the great and paramount claims to a Christian's regard. I do not say that we are to extinguish the affections which belong to the different relations of life : on the contrary, by the pure and sincere exercise of them, selfishness is in some degree extinguished ; but the gratification arising from the most delighted of these affections, should not form the stay, and hope, and prop of life. No : therein consists the excess and the abuse. But I'll say no more on this head, lest you should tell me that nothing

but vanity could suggest the necessity of sermonising with you in this manner. . . .” Probably the fond husband, devout as he assuredly was, here began to suspect that he was giving permission to his idolised wife to love him for the future a *little* less than she did at the moment, so he corrected himself after a fashion :

“But remember, I am not willing to part with the least atom of it (her affection for him, to wit) to any earthly object. Whatever of it ought to be pruned away, let it be transported to that region where we may hope to enjoy it in bliss unfading.”

Out of sundry evangelical effusions which have come under our notice, we could select a few of many words, but of marvellously few and vague ideas. They are the productions of folk to whom Scriptural phraseology is as familiar as the ordinary sneech of social life, but who probably are devoid of sincere piety, and possessed of unlogical minds. In Mr. Lefroy's written thoughts and feelings we are sensible of a devout spirit, and of a power of arranging his ideas so that every one is found just where it is most appropriate and effective.

These few sentences of another letter to the same are worthy of all attention from parents in every state of life :

“If I do not deceive myself very much (and God knows how very possible this is !) the most fervent prayer of my heart in respect to them is, that I may be able to say at the last day, in giving up my charge, ‘Of them which thou gavest me I have lost none.’ When compared with this, my anxiety in respect of their worldly welfare sinks to nothing, though both duty and affection dictate a reasonable share of attention to objects essential to their welfare and usefulness in this life too. . . . If ever my darling children should be led to think that I am unduly anxious about the

concerns of a future and distant state, let them remember that the day and hour must come when all the power, riches, or influence of the whole world could not purchase back one second of misspent time, and that it is solemnly and distinctly told us, we shall give an account of every idle word."

Mr. Lefroy took much delight in keeping his fine garden, at the rear of his house in Leeson-street, in order, in pruning his fruit-trees, and looking to the perfection of his flowers. Probably the attraction which agriculture had for him had its share in inducing him to forego the circuit work for equity practice in the Four Courts. His son thus speaks of the family enjoyment on the half-acre estate in Leeson-street: "I have still vividly before me our whole merry-hearted group, parents and children, sallying forth into the garden after dinner, the youngest as well as the eldest taking part in weeding borders, watering flowers, cutting shreds, or sitting at his side while he pruned the fruit-trees, and reading the pretty story-book which he had bought on his way from Court, in order that the evening might not pass without profit as well as pleasure. He soon acquired such a practical knowledge and skill in gardening that he more than once carried off prizes at the horticultural shows, from the proprietors of all the suburban villas, many of whom were admittedly among the first class of practical amateur horticulturists."

His gardening formed a pleasant relaxation from reporting the judgments of Lord Redesdale, that poor banished nobleman from the comforts of London. The cases which he reported in conjunction with Mr. Schoales, Chairman of the Queen's County, have been long popular with the English as well as the Irish bar. The dates of Mr. Lefroy's advancement to the offices of King's Counsel and King's Serjeant have been already noted.

The most disagreeable portion of our Serjeant's existence must have been that spent on the Munster Circuit, as Judge of Assizes. In 1822 he entered on that duty, and gave the best possible advice to the country gentlemen called on juries, and to the unfortunate culprits before passing sentence on them. These advices and expostulations were as effective as such things usually are. It is to be feared that the good judge did not, in his horror of the crimes submitted to his condemnation, give sufficient weight to the evil workings of long misgovernment, of the penal laws, and of the bitterness which these things fostered between the professors of the dominant and subjected religions of the country.

It might naturally be expected, from the benevolent disposition of Mr. Lefroy, that he would have taken a lively interest in the rise and progress of the Kildare Place Society, which was founded in 1811. Roman Catholic noblemen and clergymen entered cordially into the plans of the new society: they evidently gave mere toleration to the reading of the Scriptures in the schools; they saw no evil in the exercise when practised under the eye of a sincere Catholic or a non-interfering Protestant teacher; they would make sacrifices in order to obtain the blessing of education for the poor of their persuasion. However, in some cases, the local patrons, and their wives and daughters, and an over-zealous clergyman, would cross the line of non-interference, and Protestant meanings would be attached to scriptural passages; and appeals were consequently made to the chiefs of the society to let the obnoxious exercise fall out of their discipline. The society could not or would not dispense with the practice; pressure was brought on Parliament, Catholic emancipation having been obtained, and the government grant was withdrawn. If Mr. Lefroy had had the opportunities which more than once

occurred to the present writer, to witness the irreverent treatment given to the Sacred Volume by little boys under the charge of a negligent monitor, he would never, as far as his influence went, allow the Gospels or Acts to be made the subject of a mere reading-lesson, except under the eye of a God-fearing teacher or monitor of advanced age.

Whatever might or did happen in provincial schools, no charge could be made against the mode in which country schoolmasters were trained in Kildare Place. Religious discussions were strictly prohibited, and every one went to his respective place of worship on Sundays. All of the Catholic party who pleased attended first mass in one of the near churches or chapels on week-days. The only semblance of common worship consisted in the reading of a chapter of the Bible by one of the community on Sunday evenings after supper. The attendance at this exercise was completely voluntary, and no notice whatever was taken of the absence of individuals. As a rule, the Catholics sat and listened with their fellow-Protestants.

From the period of Mr. Lefroy's election by our University as its representative in Parliament (1830), he continued to accomplish his parliamentary duty with the same diligence and conscientiousness which distinguished his judicial functions. He continued to obtain and preserve the personal respect of his political opponents; but as it is only at times that the populace make a distinction between the political tendency and personal character of a public man, his name was not then, nor is now popular with the middle and lower classes of the Irish people. How could they be partial to one of O'Connell's strenuous opponents?

Whatever faults might be attributed to the Government, for eleven years after the triumph of the Reform Bill in 1832, want of variety was not of the number. Our biographer thus

remarks on the rapid shifting of the political scenes of the epoch:

"It may serve to give some idea of the precarious tenure by which any minister of the Crown held his office, or any member of Parliament his seat in the House of Commons, when I mention that, during the eleven years for which Mr. Lefroy represented Trinity College in Parliament, he saw no fewer than eleven changes in the occupants of the office of prime minister of England, and he was himself involved in no fewer than twelve contested elections, six for the University, and six for the county of Longford (the latter on his son's account)."

While the Duke of Wellington was daily expecting Sir Robert Peel to return from the Continent, and assume the leadership of the House of Commons, Mr. Lefroy had the pleasure of an interview with the great Captain. He thus alludes to it in a letter to Mrs. Lefroy, dated 28th November, 1834: "I have just been sitting with that most wonderful of men, the Duke of Wellington, as much at his ease and as gay, joking about their attacks on the 'Great Dictator' as if he had nothing to do or to think of; and yet this is not the result of levity, for every particle of arrear in his office was cleared off. Every man who has business gets his answer and is despatched; and there is the Duke, having done all that was to do, ready to do anything more that may occur."

Sir Robert became, on his return, the fourth prime minister gazetted within six months, to give way to Lord Melbourne, a few months later.

Mr. Lefroy ceased to be a member of the Imperial Parliament in 1841, having vigorously opposed Government measures for most of the time of his public career. He never neglected attendance while Irish measures were discussed. The motives must be very imperative which oblige gentlemen, circumstanced as Mr. Lefroy was, to resign a large

yearly income, and all social and domestic comforts, for a life of struggle and annoyance in the arena of St. Stephen's. It would be unjust to omit the following trait, exhibiting his innate love of justice :

"His keen sense of injustice was often shown by the indignation with which he reproved the habit, too often indulged in by some members of the House of Commons, of attacking absent persons without any reasonable grounds for the charges brought forward, and without even giving any notice to the accused. It made no difference in such cases with him from what quarter of the house such attacks proceeded, to what party the accused belonged, or in what rank of life they stood. He was always ready and willing to expose the evils of such a practice, and to vindicate the characters of those who had no means of defending themselves."

The Whig ministry of 1841 executed a slight job, well-disposed as they professed to be to the claims of Ireland. Sir John Campbell was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, instead of Lord Plunket; and he seemed to love a residence in Dublin as little as Lord Redesdale. We prefer quoting from the text the mighty labours of this Hercules of the Exchequer, when cleansing the legal stable on the north bank of the Liffey :

"Sir John Campbell was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland on the 23rd of June 1841. The Dublin Journals of that period record, 'that he took his seat for the first time in the Court of Chancery on the 2nd of July, that he set in court the following day to hear motions, and gave notice that he would not hear long causes till November.' And the only other record I can trace of his lordship's discharge of the duties of his high office is the following caustic article taken from the *Dublin Evening Mail*, of Monday, 26th July, 1841 :

"Lord Campbell, the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, took his final departure from this country on Saturday last, having, during a short sojourn of three weeks, and after sitting without intermission for the protracted space of three entire days, earned a retiring pension of £4000 a year. His lordship's outlay in money, independently of his waste of time and labour of mind in qualifying himself for the enjoyment of this trifling annuity for life, consisted in the expense of a ten days' sojourn at the Bilton Hotel, and one dinner to some half a dozen officers of the Court, over which he presided with such zeal, talent, and application. 'Plain Jock Campbell is a lucky man !'"

But very unlucky is the Government which allows the money levied on its subjects to be so squandered. Such instances of prodigality at the expense of the people furnish the hands of Messrs. Bradlaugh and Odger, and their partisans, with destructive weapons in their detestable attempts to subvert religion and the Government under which its subjects enjoy all rational liberty, and eat their bread in peace.

Mr. Lefroy's friends, and probably he himself, considered that he deserved to occupy the Lord Chancellor's seat as much as lucky John Campbell. However, he contented himself with the office of Baron of the Exchequer, conferred on him in the end of 1841.

Mr. Shiel would have been satisfied to see Judge Lefroy raised to the peerage and to a seat in the House of Lords; but he feared, from his strong political bias, that his selection for the office conferred was not a happy one, and spoke in his place in Parliament against it. However, the outcry was an idle one. None were more forward than Roman Catholics themselves, in bearing testimony to the judicial rectitude and freedom from prejudice of the learned judge in discharge

ing the onerous duties of his office : "This well-known trait in his judicial character frequently elicited from Roman Catholics of various classes the gratifying testimony that there was no judge on the Irish Bench they would sooner select for the trial of any case affecting their property, their liberty, or their lives."

In 1852, Baron Lefroy, after sitting in judgment on John Mitchell, and obtaining much approbation for his temperate and sound-judging charge, was appointed Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, by the Earl of Derby. His biographer quotes most gratifying congratulations from the dignitaries of the Bar; but the tribute paid by Catholic papers to his unswerving rectitude and display of even-handed justice, whether to Protestants or Catholics, must have afforded greater and purer gratification to his relatives and friends. Equally warm and friendly addresses continued to be presented to him by the Sheriffs and Grand Juries of the various counties in which he distributed justice, these juries consisting indifferently of members of the Established Church, Roman Catholics, and Dissenters.

In 1858, after a joyful and numerous family re-union, this good husband and father had to lament the removal of the loved companion who had been his chief comfort and solace for upwards of sixty years. He continued to exercise judicial functions till the year 1866, though in that year he had reached the very advanced age of ninety-two. Many hints were given, in and out of Parliament, that it was more than time to give himself rest. However, he

heeded them not, being convinced of no diminution of mental powers. However, on Lord Derby's accession to office, in the year named, he voluntarily tendered resignation of office into the same hands which had conferred it. On the 4th of May, 1869, he calmly expired at his country residence, Newcourt, Bray, surrounded by his sorrowing children and grandchildren.

Few readers of this article, as we hope, will require more words to prove that the subject of it faithfully discharged, during his long career, the duties of son, husband, and father; that he was possessed of a devout spirit, and faithfully did the work of an upright and unprejudiced judge. Whatever eulogies are passed on him by his biographer are fully borne out by the narrative, which displays mastery of composition and simplicity of style. Much information concerning the history and policy of the long period of Judge Lefroy's life is connected with the biography. The views and opinions which pervade the work are all what used to be called Conservative and Evangelical; but the tone is moderate throughout. The author is a stout partisan for his party, but he uses none but the recognised and loyal arms of political warfare. The volume is a valuable acquisition to Irish biography, a possession in which our country is not affluent, and it is produced in a style which would do credit to any publishing house in London. Indeed, the house of Hodges and Co. has long been noted for the richness and finish of its publications, and the care bestowed on their production.



PARIS UNDER THE EMPIRE.

UNDER the Empire the city of Paris was the brilliant flower of modern civilisation; to its shrines wended pilgrims in crowds, from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, and from America more than all. It was the paradise of women. Here were gathered and here were spent the taxes of all France; here came the intellect of all France; here was exhibited the art of France and the world; here was amusement in a thousand shapes, and here was—a single religion.

Society was never brought to so thorough a *system* as here, and never was the art of preying upon man so completely organised.

If the *end* of civilisation is to perfect mankind; to educate and develop a healthy, handsome, happy people; to promote good fellowship and kindness; to bring man into harmony with God—if this is so, how miserably has the civilisation of Paris failed to effect any such object!

For twenty years the central figure in France, and in Europe, too, was Louis Napoleon. In the city, and in all the empire, his will was law. He was the child of accident, but he had had the audacity to seize and the talent to use all the people and all the production of France, and to make them work out his purposes. It was a remarkable success, and it was the result of a belief nursed until it had become a fanaticism—cold-blooded, it is true, but still a fanaticism—a belief that he was to be *Master of France*. To serve France was not his dream, but to make France serve *him*. Cæsar was the model he studied, and he saw long ago that the Master of France must make the army of France his, as the Master of Rome had made it

his twenty centuries ago. This he did, and since the 21st day of December, 1851, that army of five hundred thousand men had made a nation of more than thirty millions pay tribute. In brief, each *one* man in the army was absolute master of more than sixty of the people of France out of the army; and nearly all the earnings of France, beyond a bare subsistence, went to support this army and the machinery which controlled it.

Some have fancied that so vast a body of armed men was kept up to operate upon the fields of Europe, to control empires, and enlarge boundaries. It may be so used, but it had other uses. It centred in Paris, and was useful there. Spacious barracks, filled with thirty thousand men, dominated the most important centres of the city. The great sewers were constructed with railways in them for the speedy and secret moving of troops. There was not a pavement left in the city with which an outraged populace can build a barricade. The master of Paris thus guarded himself against his loving people, and an army was a most useful thing in his great housekeeping. But—it had to be soothed and placated; it had to be made to feel and to know that the soldier was better off than the civilian; that there were praise and pudding for him.

Espionage. So thorough was the system, that this army itself could not unseat an Emperor except by a convulsion involving fearful risks and untold woes. The police of Paris was perfect. Five men could not stop on the corner of the street to have a little talk or to hatch a little conspiracy; nor could they meet in a room, privately or publicly, except

by permission of the police, and with a policeman present to report their doings. The most brilliant members of the Institute could discuss political questions only under cover of Greece or Rome; and in the Parliament of the nation every statesman spoke with a curb in his mouth, upon which rested the finger of the President, upon whom rested the hand of the Emperor. Every man of note or influence was watched, and his doings, his plans, and his thoughts were known—the system was so perfect! How, then, is it there is come so marvellous a change? For more than a thousand years Paris has been “governed” in this way; she is used to it, but from time to time she has broken up into eruption; the most frightful of which has come to be known as the French Revolution and the Commune. A sham civilisation breeds mischief, and who can, who dare, predict the future?

It has been well said, “Bayonets are a convenient thing, but it is difficult to sit on them.”

The government was *paternal*. The Emperor not only kept the people from breaking out into disagreeable insurrection, but he saw that they were fed and amused. Taxation is thorough and searching, and none can fail to see how closely the Parisians live to starvation; but they never do starve. Why? From time to time we learn that France is in the market to buy wheat in vast quantities. What for? It is to feed the people of Paris, when work runs low and the machine creaks. The people must be cared for, too, when they are sick, and they must be amused to the requisite degree. These things “Government” undertakes to do in Paris.

The whole administration of charities and public aid is also thoroughly organised, under the Prefect of the

Seine. The Director, in 1864, estimated that those who would demand relief in 1865 would number 259,199,¹ of whom 100,000² were registered poor (permanent paupers), 91,355 were in hospital, 30,000 sick beside were treated at their own houses, and 23,416 abandoned children were placed in the country.

Two hundred and sixty thousand paupers in the city of highest civilization, does not tell a pleasant tale!

The population in 1860 was 1,700,000, and in 1866, 1,825,274—one-eighth of all not able to support themselves by their own labour; another 100,000 were soldiers, and 60,000 ranked as criminal class. Anything *might* happen and mighty convulsions *have* happened.

It is certain that life is as difficult in Paris as anywhere, notwithstanding so many foreigners who go there believe it the most delightful city of the world, and that life there is easy, gay, and fascinating. Paris is not all Champs Elysées and Rue de Rivoli.

It has been said there is no starvation, while there *is*,—a vast population of 260,000 belonging to the pauper class. Another indication of the wide-spread poverty and of the hard struggle for existence prevailing in Paris, is seen in the *Mont de Piété*. This is a great governmental pawnbroker's shop, with various branches, and is thoroughly systematised. It guards the poor against the extortion of free pawnbroking. Through fifteen years, 1,313,000 articles were pawned annually, and the average of the loans was but 17 francs 40 centimes—some three dollars and a half. This may help to dispel the illusion that the people of Paris are gay and light-hearted. My own experience (brief though it was) led me to the belief that no people lived so closely, so carefully, or were in such grim earnest to get a subsist-

¹ The Charities of France in 1866.

² 118,000.

ence; and that nowhere are the large mass so entirely hopeless as to bettering their condition—except it be through revolution and convulsion. The *system* holds them in hopeless poverty or mediocrity; and the system cannot be changed except by revolution.

About one-half of the whole people at Paris—say one million—are classed as workmen; of these, in the business of

Food, are	38,859
Building	71,242
Furniture	37,951
Clothing and textile fabrics...	104,887
Jewellery	18,731
Printing, engraving, &c.	19,507

It may be curious to learn what these earn. I find that the wages of men range from 3.25 francs to 20 francs a-day—or from about 3 shillings to 16s.; those of women from half a franc to 10 francs, or 8s.

I discover another fact—new to me, and it may be to you—that 87 out of the 100 of them can read and write.¹ It is not the want of what we call education, then, that Paris suffers from.

While among the figures, it may be well to say here, that for the last sixteen years Paris has exported annually some 160,000,000 francs, or 6,000,000*l.* worth of manufactured articles.²

The budget of Paris—receipts and expenditures about the same—for the year 1867 is officially stated at 241,653,613 francs, or about 8,500,000*l.* Nearly the whole of this is raised from the people of Paris. Every egg is taxed, every dog is taxed, water is taxed, burials are taxed, wood is taxed, hay is taxed, night-soil is taxed—everything is taxed. It must be, for independently of the Prussian indemnity and the enormous expenses of the war, the police and National Guard required yearly the pretty

little sum of 15,329,000 francs, and public works (what is called “*beautifying Paris*”) 23,681,000 more. The people, the workmen, and those who amuse, get most of this from the strangers, and the government gets it from the workmen. Its system of taxation is thorough, and there is no escape.

Is Paris an earthly paradise for *woman*? Rich women and strange women may find it so; but the great mass of women there are intensely industrious, and are poor. The Parisians have discovered the art of utilising their women. They have converted them from lovely and loving companions for man, serene partner of his joys and his sorrows, doubler of his prosperities, sharer of his misfortunes—from careless, inconsequent, unproductive creatures, into the shrewdest, toughest, hardest, homeliest, and most productive of the race. It is doubted whether ten handsome women can be found in Paris to save it. They produce vastly, everything but children.

“*Love*”—so called—is in the market; and in the Latin quarter, as well as in others, whole populations of women, called *Grisettes*, are up for hire as temporary companions of students. These are not to be described as harlots. While the engagement lasts they are true to their part of the bargain; they keep the rooms, they cook the food, they wash, and mend, and make; and when Sunday comes, in their neat dresses they go out upon cheap and pleasant excursions, or they enjoy a cheap theatre in the evening, and are not *abandoned* women, in our sense of the term. This life is their *business*, and there is no shame and no condemnation among them.

There is much less apparent vice in Paris than in any great city, and the “*social evil*” does not stalk the streets as in London and New York.

¹ Galignani for 1867.

² *Ibid.*

All here is systematised also. Every house of prostitution is known and registered; its inmates are all registered; and they are subjected to monthly examinations, to secure them and the people against disease. Some 50,000 *malheureuses*¹ are so registered, and there are 25,000 to 30,000, besides these, who are not registered. They are not allowed to dress conspicuously, or to walk in the best streets soliciting custom. All is done decently and in order. Marriage is becoming more and more difficult, and non-marriage more and more easy.

Young American women, of the *nouveau riche*, are taken to the Paris market, because there marquises and barons abound; these want money, the others want titles. Among the upper classes, too, so much rank strikes hands with so much money; but all is a matter of business, settled upon business principles, before the final consummation. In such a condition of things we should not look for much domestic bliss, nor much domestic jealousy: we do not—they do not exist.

We come now to a rather startling assertion. It is, that in the modern civilisations of Paris, and other great cities, the strongest instinct of woman's nature, *maternity*, is nearly extinct. Materialism has taken its place. Women marry for money, not for love; they yield their virtue to the charms of money, not to the blandishments of passion. They are not sensual. A few facts may help to sustain these assertions. The legitimate births to a marriage in the Department of the Seine (Paris), in 1854, were but 2.51; while in the rural populations they were 3.25. It appears that in 1800 the births in all France were 3.33; in 1855 they had declined to 2.50 per cent. Among the shopkeepers, the common reply is, "We cannot *afford* to have

children;" and they do not have them. Among the upper classes they do not *wish* to have them, and they do not have them. Among the poorer classes there is, as there is everywhere much heedlessness. But here steps in an agency which enables these poorer women to keep at work. There are eighteen *crèches*, or public nurseries, which receive some 2,500 babies yearly, whose mothers, thus relieved of their care, are enabled to keep at work. We come now to another fact. About five thousand² children are annually abandoned to the foundling hospital. This has in its charge, mostly in the country, 23,228 abandoned children, who know neither father nor mother, and whose mothers never see or know their offspring.

The women of Paris do not love children, do not want them, and do not have them. The maternal instinct is suppressed, or it is sacrificed to the insatiable necessities of life, or to the claims of pleasure.

The women of Paris are not beautiful, nor are they loving; but they are most capable, most dexterous, most fascinating. What they lack in beauty, they make up in skill, in tact, in subtle flattery, in neatness, and in sense. They are thorough in their business, whatever it is, and *do* it well. Paris has shown what a wonderful creature a woman may become, when her nonsense is converted into sense, her aspirations into worldly wisdom. An American or an English woman can hardly believe the point of perfection a whole city of women may reach in the arts of this world. It is well known that the *Grisettes* are shrewd, cool, worldly to the extreme; yet they are the most agreeable creatures in the world; and their sisters of the higher classes are like them, only softened and tempered by the downy beds of prosperity upon which they lie.

¹ Paris Guide, 1867, p. 1883.

² In 1864, 4489.

It is hardly necessary to assert that the Parisian woman is not the model woman—what God intended her to be: but whatever she is, she is equal, if not superior, to the man. Upon him, the lord of creation, him of the upper class, tobacco, coffee, wine, and high spiced pleasures have done their work, and he is pale, slight, weak, idle. The men of the lower classes, the “ouvriers,” are short, but stout and active; from them is made up the army of France, which had no equal for swiftness, audacity, and endurance. Below these come the population of crime (60,000), whose hand is against every man, and every man’s hand against them. The “gamin” of Paris, the boy, who knows neither father, mother, home, nor God, is a breed; most keen, most cunning, most enduring, most audacious. They grow into thieves and desperadoes, and ply their trades in the slums of the city, and under the shadow of the Tuilleries.

Thirty thousand *chiffonniers*, who pick their living out of the garbage of the streets, exist in Paris. But we have no figures to express the rich of the city. Do they number as many? I doubt it. Still, the *Bourse* is an institution. In a great Hall, surrounded with Corinthian columns of white marble, between the hours of 12 and 3 every day (Sunday excepted, I believe), gathers a crowd of men. Among them are the *haut noblesse* and the German Jew. They buy and they sell stocks with a noise and fury that is deafening. The mania for getting rich, and swiftly, pervades all classes; and here all classes come to gamble and speculate, and here millions are lost and won daily. It was easy enough to see how those who *knew* what the Emperor was going to say, might buy or sell safely. Here the Mornys¹ and the “Brethren of the Elysée,” were understood to have amassed

their ample millions, which enabled them to rival the revels of Sardapalus, and to die much eulogized. The old nobility went down before the “new men” of the Empire.

The *art of living* has been a profound study in Paris for a century, and is more perfected than elsewhere; that is, here everything is utilised, and nothing is wasted. Only the very rich live in a whole house; living in suites of rooms, upon one floor of a house, is universal. On the best floor are the *salons* and fine apartments for the rich; on the next floor, those for the well-to-do; above, for the artisans, and higher up for the poor.

Eating has become a fine art. Restaurants of every grade abound, and more people eat at them than in any other city of the world. Home-life is not so fascinating in Paris as in England; and the café supplies warmth, light, entertainment, and gossip. It is not so dull as home, and dulness the Parisian hates. Within a short time singing-café have sprung into life, and at them a new charm is furnished free. Here Therèse became known, and won fame and money. She had talent, she had voice, she had wants, and she had audacity. She soon found that the impure paid better than the pure, that vile images were more seductive than noble thoughts, and she threw around these all the witchery of eye, tone, and gesture, of which she was mistress. Whether she sang in the café or the open street, she was thronged with delighted men. Before long she was sought by the highest ladies of Paris, eager to learn from her the arts which brought men to her feet. They learned to sing her songs, and it is quite true that Therèse has sung in the first *salons* of Paris, and in the presence of royalty itself. She has retired full of praise and money, with a supreme contempt for elegant society, which she believes baser than herself.

¹ Died worth forty millions.

Food is all-important. The *Halles Centrales* stand upon the once burying-ground of the Church of the Innocents. This is the great central market, and here are sold, yearly, 110,000 beeves, 46,000 cows, 169,000 veals, 840,000 sheep, and some 36,000,000 pounds of dressed meat.¹ 240,000,000 eggs are consumed yearly in Paris, 28,000,000 pounds of butter, and 292,500,000 pounds of meat. And yet the consumption of meat here is found to be twenty per cent. less than in London. Wine flows into the city at the rate of 70,000,000 gallons² a year; and as the water-supply is poor, it is freely drunk. I have said that nothing is allowed to be wasted. Coffee-grounds are sold and resold; "Arlequins" sell every kind of broken meat and refuse food; the butter-tasters spit out the butter from their mouths on to straw laid on the floor to catch it; this straw is put into boiling water, the butter is skimmed off, and is sold to confectioners. The confectionary of the city is famous and most delicious.

The market-women—*dames de la Halle*—are a rich, robust, and powerful class. They are proud of themselves and of their business, which they attend to thoroughly and indefatigably. They love to appear at coronations and christenings of great families, wearing their bravery and jewels, to present congratulations and to be complimented. They have been powerful instigators and promoters of rebellions, and even emperors did not care to trifle with them.

Another of the arts of living—*dress*—is thoroughly exploited in Paris. It is, must be borne in mind, that no creature of God's creating, except man, is born naked, and continues so. The energies of man, therefore, are taxed (now to the utmost) to provide food and clothes. The supreme desire of

man is for food, of woman for clothes. She may endure the deprivation of food, but without clothes she dies. The clothes one absolutely *needs* are such as will protect one from the inclemency of the weather; what one *wants*, pen cannot tell.

The wardrobe of Fayaway consisted of one garment of cotton cloth, tied about the waist with a cord braided of soft grass. The wardrobe of the Princess M—— consisted of 119 dresses of silk, each of 119 pieces, and trimmed with 1,900 yards of trimmings; 164 morning-gowns of various materials, adorned with one million of buttons; 61 walking-dresses and cloaks, ornamented with one ton of bugles; 51 shawls of various sizes and colours; 152 petticoats, in variety; 275 other undergarments; 365 pairs of stockings; 156 pairs of gloves of every known colour; 49 pairs of boots and shoes; 71 sashes and belts; 64 brooches, in variety; 72 pairs of earrings, in variety; 31 fans; 24 parasols; 1 umbrella, &c., &c. Such, in brief, is the wardrobe now of a first-class Parisian lady.

How does she get these things? Ah, that is a question, for she makes none of them herself. Twenty kinds of sewing-machines each do the work of fifty sewers; these are at work night and day. Beside them, 150,000 men and women at least are at work in Paris making clothes to cover the nakedness of the race; and over 455,000,600 francs worth are produced here annually. Not only are there new clothes made to this extent, but three firms in Paris sell annually, of "old clothes," over £600,000 worth. This is vast—it is fabulous—it is almost incredible; but it is true.

There is a *mystery* about this subject that man's mind cannot fathom. It may be suggested by the question, What is fashion? *We*

¹ Paris Guide.

² 68,200,000 gallons.

look upon *you* (ladies), and exclaim, "What loveliness! What exquisite combination of rosebuds and tulles! What taste! What art!" Alas! man is but a simple creature. He longs to possess the lovely wearer of so much loveliness, and to call her his. He does not know what part Madame Roget and Cora Pearl have played in this little drama. No one knows just how much more Madame Roget and Cora Pearl have to do in *creating* the fashions which dominate soul and sense in all quarters of the civilised world; yet they, and such as they, exercise dominant control.

"What is fashion?" is a mysterious question. By some sort of fraternity, the great makers of silks and ribbons and plushes and organdies do co-operate with the great milliners and *modistes* of the Palais Royal, and so discover what *they* will have the fashion to be, months before the problem is resolved in the general female mind. Three things are necessary for the great manufacturers, and for the artists of the Palais Royal: one, to invent a fashion; another, to persuade or force the women of the world to follow it; and the third, to change it often. All this means *business*; and fashion means business in Paris, and it means nothing else. It is thoroughly systematised, it is powerful, and it has its fingers in the pocket of every woman of the civilised world. A little story will illustrate this: In the days of Louis Philippe, a most earnest and gifted preacher appeared in Paris. He waked people from their worldliness, and inspired a sense of duty; but, more than that, he became the fashion; so that women of the first rank hung upon his words and tried to follow his teachings. They took the jewels from their hands and laid them at his feet; they dressed simply and plainly, and poured the money into his treasury, or devoted it to works of charity; they wished

to be humane, and they ceased to be vain and barbaric. Mark the sequel! The traders and jewel-makers and fashion-makers took an alarm; they appeared before the Minister of State, and told him "the thing *must be stopped!*" This preacher must be silenced, or the people would suffer for food, and would rise in mutiny—for it was by these gods of fashion the city prospered." *It was stopped*; the eloquent preacher was *permitted* to leave the city; the ladies of Paris soon forgot him and his teachings; the traders, and jewel-makers, and *modistes* breathed freely; Paris was saved! and all went on in the old way.

Not only do the *artistes* of the Palace Royal create fashions, but they do another and a greater thing: they compel—yes, compel—every woman in the Christian world, from the missionary under the walls of Jerusalem to the trader's wife of California—all, of every language and race, to adopt these fashions, and to shape and reshape her garments according to the whims of somebody in Paris whom, individually, no one knows or cares for. A woman who cannot follow the fashion feels herself disgraced; and a woman who will not do it is contemned by most of her sisters. This is a thing which a man can hardly compass, and quite fails to understand. Thousands of women know this tyranny of fashion perfectly, but feel powerless to resist it. They detest the large hoops (once in use), they loathe the wearing of a dead woman's hair, they are sick of trailing their skirts in the mud, and yet they do these things; they do whatever "fashion"—that hidden god—tells them to do.

Now, woman is a part of the machinery, which is used in Paris in this business with telling effect. There is a class of women there known as "*dames du lac*." They are, in fact, courtesans of the most elegant and expensive description. They spend

much money; they drive in the most striking of equipages, and display themselves every sunny afternoon on the borders of the lake in the Bois de Boulogne—hence their name. Now, the purpose of these women is to excite a sensation, to attract the gaze of the world, to fascinate men, and especially men with long purses. Their most convenient weapon is *dress*. They display themselves before the world in the most lovely, the most gorgeous, the most strange, or the most extravagant of dresses. To them flock the “gentlemen” of Paris, glad to see, to know, to talk, to flirt before the civilised world.

The name of Cora Pearl is well known. She is an English girl, who has beaten the French on their own ground. Her wit, her beauty, her audacity, her vice, have surpassed theirs, and she rivalled the Empress herself in the gaze of the crowd. She it was who invented the fashion of wearing red hair; she dyed that of her poodle red, that it might be in harmony with her own. The brunettes of Paris hate none so much as her. They long to thrust a knife under the fifth rib—but murder is not permitted.

I have said that fashion means business—that it is thoroughly systematised—that it is a mystery—and that it has its fingers in the purse of every woman in the land. Can any one doubt? Can any fail to see that, by means of it, Paris draws a tribute of £10,000,000 from the universal world? Can any one question that, if Paris could to-day be engulfed five thousand fathoms deep, the soul of every woman would be freed from a terrible tyrant? Does she desire to be freed? Let her answer for herself.

There is one religion in Paris, and it is called Roman Catholic. It is a curious fact that in this city, where the Calvinists once almost drove out the Catholics, there exist to-day but two Calvinistic houses of worship.

There is *one* religion; but, according to Guizot, there is not a faith—or almost none. Faith in the unseen, faith in virtue, faith in an after-life of which this is the mere beginning, is rare, if it is to be found at all in the Church. This religion, through two thousand years, has become thoroughly systematised into a Church. This Church is a perfect machine, which is indeed a power in the State, but is controlled and managed by the State. This perfect machine is in the hands of able men, and is an integral part of the social life of the city. The worship at Notre-Dame is a superb spectacle; the dresses are rich, the lights fine, the music delightful, the audiences well-behaved. Here, too, is applied that wonderful system and thoroughness which marks everything in Paris. A high-mass costs from 50 to 300 francs; a grand marriage, with carpets, chairs, choir, &c., costs some 300 francs; and blessed candles for the poor to burn before the shrine of “Our Lady” can be had for a few sous. Death, too, pays. The business of burying is in the hands of the great company (*Pompes Funèbres*) chartered by the State, who furnish funerals at prices ranging from 19 francs to 7184 francs—of which the Church has its share. We must not forget, however, that in the bosom of this wonderful Church lives and acts a body of women who save it from perdition—the Sisters of Charity. Some of them are old, many young, but all devoted. They spend their lives in relieving distress and allaying suffering. They do this not for money, but for the love of God and man. In the Church, too, are to-day, as there always have been, honest, sincere, devoted men, who work at the problem of human life, and labour to raise the souls of men from the temporal to the spiritual.

Sunday is in no sense a holy day. The Church discourages business labours, and most of the public

works are suspended ; but private enterprises go forward, and for a part of the day labours go on, and the small shops are kept open. The people throng the museums and gardens ; the shows of the Champs Elysées are vivacious, and the theatres are in full blast. Sunday is the holiday of the people.

Education is not universal, but in the higher walks it is not surpassed. The "Polytechnique," the "School of Mines," the "School of Natural History," the "Academy of Fine Arts," the "Conservatoire," the "Sorbonne," and the "School of Medicine," attract thousands of scholars from all parts of the world. There are also some five hundred schools for elementary instruction, where some seventy-two thousand children are taught at the expense of the State.¹ These schools are under the charge of the "Brothers of the Christian Faith," the counterpart of the "Sisters of Charity." The education here is most practical and valuable, being such only as will fit the children for the work they have to do in life ; for it is not understood there that every child will probably be a senator, or an emperor, as here. The mind of France concentrates in Paris, and the mind of Paris concentrates in the *Institute*. This comprises : 1. The "Académie Française," founded since 1635, of forty members. 2. The "Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres" (1663), of fifty members. 3. The "Académie des Sciences" (1666), of seventy-five members. 4. The "Académie des Beaux Arts" (1648-'71), of fifty members. 5. The "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques," of forty-six members. Those who have the honour of being elected to these posts have received the stamp of excellence, and are recognised *masters*. Even in the whirl and vanity and excitement of Parisian life, it is anxiously asked, "When is

there to be a sitting of the Academy ? when a reception ?" and tickets are eagerly sought for.

In the various branches of science the French are unsurpassed. In the fine arts, especially in painting, they are to-day unrivalled. In literature there is certainly vast activity, and in the year 1860 nearly twelve thousand literary works were published, besides numerous periodicals. The *press* would be the most brilliant and varied in Europe, but it is muzzled. In the department of fiction, there is more brilliancy, variety, and intensity, and more vice, than in any literature of Europe ; and it is a significant fact that the tendency in all directions is to tickle a satiated appetite and to excite a prurient imagination. Works are published and read unblushingly in Paris, which would not bear the light in England ; and they prove most profitable.

In the departments of literature, science, and art, men not only reap honours, but they gather wealth, more than elsewhere. But they work ; they spare no pains ; they are thorough. Here is now to be found the true *nobility* of France, small in numbers, great in intellect. But this nobility, we may well believe, is high hopeless.

It is a significant fact, that when, in the last days of the Empire, some earnest souls proposed to establish a free reading-room for the workmen of Paris, the police at once arrested it. No ; it could not be !

Paris, in fact, is the *city of the stranger*, for by the stranger the people live. Its manufactures are peculiar ; they are most perfect and thorough, and they are especially of such things as the stranger can and will buy. They produce in perfection shoes and gloves, clothes in variety, watches and bronzes, pianos and perfumery, artificial flowers, and all varieties of instruments. As long ago as 1851, the annual product of

¹ Annual cost £120,000.

these amounted to 6,000,000*l.*, and it may be double that.

The city is made gay and beautiful, to please the eye of the stranger ; the galleries and museums are free for their use ; the great streets are gay with gas and people ; the eating and drinking are of the best ; thirty theatres, paid by the State, nightly opened wide their doors, ranging from the Grand Opera to the Theatre Montmartre ; circuses and concerts are cheap ; balls of all sorts abound ; at the Mabilles manners are free but good ; at the Chateau Rouge they are most free, if not good ; "*Où il y a de la gêne, il n'y a pas de plaisir.*" Such is their motto — "pleasure at any price." Over two millions of dollars are received yearly at some nineteen of the first theatres, and all places of amusement are thronged.

No visitor could fail to be struck with two things at Paris. One was the brilliancy of the city ; but it was the brilliancy of veneering admirably varnished. A more careful examination satisfied me that this is so. It is not a hearty, substantial, honest, real city. The other thing is the people. Industrious, capable, thorough, they certainly are ; but they are not gay, light-hearted, trivial. They are in grim earnest to get something to eat, and they use every faculty, they strain every nerve, they practise every art to accomplish it. But their wonderful, admirable, superlative quality, is shown in the patience and good-nature with which they knew and accepted their destiny, and *made the best of it*. I do believe

there is less of whining and repining at the situation, and a more widespread determination to *enjoy* their poverty, than in any other country of the known world. And this habit of making the best of things, and enjoying small pleasures, might make them teachers of other nations. The Parisians have less and enjoy more, while others have more and enjoy less.

What is to be its future, what its perfection, it were hard to tell. The result has proved that such a civilisation is a sham and a delusion, permitted by the providence of God to prove to us the folly and feebleness of humanity.

In November, 1867, Louis Napoleon made a speech to his Senate and Corps Législatif, which was intended to reassure his own people and *himself*. He said, among other things, "You will, I trust, vote laws which will be submitted to you that will contribute, &c." Observe—" *That will be submitted to you !*" By whom ?

Again : "The journey I have made with the Empress to the east and north of France has afforded the opportunity for manifestations of sympathy which have touched me profoundly. I have been able to ascertain that nothing has been able to shake the confidence the people have placed in me, and the attachment they entertain toward my dynasty," &c.

"Manifestations of sympathy," and "my dynasty," were the key-notes of this painful moan. Did the Emperor see the end approaching ?



THE PHILOSOPHER.

A NOVEL.

BOOK IV.

CROSS-HATCHING.

CHAPTER VIII.

POSSESSOR AND POSSESSED.

THE late events had greatly exercised the countryside, from Merringham to Rickerston. The quiet charm of the district seemed to have passed away with the change of the ownership of Rumbleton Hall. An uneasy feeling pervaded every mind, from the loftiest intellectual level of Mrs. Sillibus to the impulsive simplicity of Miss Doting. No one could understand my disappearance, and thanks to the warm-hearted imaginations of Betty Pritter, Nancy Gliston, and John Millow, it was generally felt that some unholy mystery, of which the Rev. Charles Viking alone held the key, had enrapped me in its profound depths. People looked askance at my uncle and aunt, as they drove about the village day by day, preparing for Charles's occupation of the Hall, and many were the furtive glances of anger and ominous shakes of the head of which they were the not infrequently conscious objects.

The loss of Elsie, too, was a grievous blow to the good people. Independently of the oppressive nature of the amazement which burthened each heart on the strange fact becoming known, there fell a deep gloom on the place when the sweet smile and gentle grace that had so long beamed merily upon it no more were to be seen. And this gloom was still more intensified when Lily Trevor quitted my uncle's house. The silver brooklet seemed

to have lost its musical babble, and the trees that overshadowed it appeared to have assumed a position of angry endurance, playfully toying no longer with the breezes, and permitting no golden kisses of sunlight to softly drop through their branches upon the ripples below. The old church tower had grown sterner-looking, the rooks that still flew around its ivied walls cawed less cheerily, and the very bells rang out their chimes more mournfully than of old.

At Rickerston, kindred emotions stirred all hearts. The memorable Christmas morning remained ever-green as those decorations which had gladdened the little church, and had served for text to storm-tossed parson, high-souled girl, and dismayed beadle. Mr. Vespers had become endowed with almost more than mortal attributes in the eyes of the convivial circle at the Blossom, for was he not the sole remaining representative of the wonderful events that had so deeply stirred the usually unruffled current of Rickerston life? He was popularly supposed to keep garnered in the storehouse of his memory a complete understanding of all that had occurred in the vestry between the Rev. Charles Viking and Mr. Jeremy Bolster, of the mysterious reasons which had led to the flight of the latter, and the resignation of the former, and of the secret history of all that appertained to Rumbleton Hall and its change of

occupancy. Nor did he fail to profit by this high reputation, for keeping the aforesaid garnery doors securely shut, he was prodigal of dark utterances and profound gestures, indicative that all was sound grain, and no chaff within; so much so, that by the autumn it had become an acknowledged institution for each village worthy in turn to sumptuously entertain Mr. Vespers, and to foster the sweet delusion that he alone had been favoured with the solemn clerk's real confidence.

Mrs. Bolster, too, had disappeared from the pretty cottage where she had lived so long, and where she had shone with such soft light in the mild galaxy of rustic virtues and happiness. All that she loved so well became fraught with sorrow when her husband was wanting to the scene. Even the little mound in the churchyard lost the absorbing tenderness of its associations, and one summer morning she placed her last wreath of daisies there. That day she quietly left Rickerston for Leighbury, from whence soon afterwards came the report that she had gone to act as housekeeper to a Mr. Morton, who lived on the road from Leighbury to Merringham.

The day after Lily Trevor's flight, Charles Viking and his father arrived in Merringham, where all at once became a scene of the utmost activity and confusion. Messengers were despatched along every road to make inquiries at all the villages and towns respecting the missing girl; and Charles offered a large reward to anyone who should reveal her whereabouts. Mr. Littlemore also came down from London, and exerted himself to the utmost, riding about the country, and bewildering the bucolic brain to such an extent, by his ingenious cross-questioning, that a pretty general obfustication began to prevail. Still, however, no tidings could be gleaned of any description, save that the guard of the Leighbury coach came forward to

recount how a young lady passenger, thickly veiled, had been met with on Merringham-heath, and how she had been set down on the road about a mile outside Leighbury. This intelligence, though it seemed to point to Lily, yet gave no clue to her destination, as the most searching inquiries in Leighbury and the neighbourhood threw no light upon what had become of the young lady in question.

During all this time, the appearance of Charles and his father became a subject of much comment and surmise. Although the former had secured so ample a fortune, and had resigned his living at Rickerston, with the view, it was generally understood, of entering upon some important Church preferment, yet he seemed much changed for the worse. He hurried from place to place with feverish haste, and personally attended to the smallest details of the search after Lily, and the preparations for moving into Rumbleton Hall; yet the interest he displayed in all that went on was that of a person seeking distraction of thought rather than of any really absorbing nature. There was a strange, fixed look in his eye, which rarely altered, even when he listened to important tidings; and his cheeks had become pale and hollow, while his whole frame was more gaunt and thin than of yore. It was also noticed that he had acquired a habit of starting when suddenly spoken to or approached. Accordingly, it will not be wondered at that the gossips of Merringham should have become more firmly persuaded than ever that I had experienced foul play at Charles's hands. Also, as regarded Mr. Viking, a great change had become manifest. His calm, imperturbable, and somewhat jocund manner of yore, had given place to an air of dejection and melancholy; and though he still noiselessly snapped his finger and thumb, yet it was with an appearance of indecision

and nervousness quite foreign to his former ways. Hence it was generally concluded that he had assisted his son in the execution of the nefarious plans to which I must have fallen an unhappy victim.

No news came of Martin Dawes or Ned Harner. It was known that they had gone to London, and it was surmised that their object had been to search for Elsie and me; but beyond this, all lay hidden in the mists of conjecture. Once, a day or two after Littlemore had come down to Merringham to assist Charles, a lad employed as stable-boy at "the Lion and Lamb" came back in the evening from Rumbleton Hall with a strange story, to the effect that just at the end of the lane leading into the village, he had seen peering forth from behind some bushes a face which he was sure was that of Ned Harner; but being startled at the apparition, he had run away without staying to examine further. This led to more weighty deliberations, and it became a question of serious debate as to whether Ned Harner might have perished in attempting to defend me, and, as a natural consequence, that his ghost had taken up its abode in the vicinity of Merringham.

And now new portents appeared to commove the district. One afternoon a carriage drove into Merringham, and stopped at my uncle's door. There descended a young lady, whom all the lookers-on recognised as Clara Viking. But how great was their surprise to observe that two short months had changed the merry sprightly girl into what appeared a mature woman, handsomer, indeed, than ever, but with a stern, haughty expression upon her face, which it had never before been known to possess! She bowed distantly to such of the spectators as she recognised, and then passed on into the house, leaving a greater degree of wonderment than ever behind her; a wonderment which was increased

when it became known, later on in the evening, that the majestic Mrs. Sillibus herself had called to see Clara, and had actually been refused an interview.

The next morning there came a startling report from the Hall, that one of the new maid-servants whom Charles had engaged, had, whilst going upstairs in the dark to fetch something that she had forgotten, seen a hand suddenly laid upon the balustrade of a gallery above her, and that when her screams had summoned assistance, a complete search by the whole body of servants male and female resulted in the discovery that every room in the building was perfectly untenanted, and that as the maid had remained on the only staircase leading from the gallery where she had seen the hand, none could have made his escape. The only conclusion therefore was that she had seen an apparition, and on reflection she was sure she remembered that it had six fingers, and that it held a rope with a noose in it.

The agitation at this became indiscribable. Nothing like it had ever been known in Merringham or the vicinity. The saddler left his work, the shoemaker his last, the blacksmith his forge, and all day long busy groups stood canvassing the news around the doors of the "Lion and Lamb;" while a party of the more courageous spirits undertook the daring feat of going to Rumbleton Hall, and looking for a good hour or more at the window of the gallery where the hand had been seen.

Charles and Littlemore were absent from the village, and it was not until nearly nightfall that they returned. They reined up their horses in front of the inn to inquire the cause of so unusual a gathering; whereupon John Millow, who had been the Sir Oracle of the day, in consequence of his long association with the Hall, stepped forward, saying in a solemn voice—

"There's visitors at the Hall, Parson Viking,"

Charles started at Millow's tone, and observing that the eyes of everyone fastened upon himself, he replied angrily—

"Explain your meaning, fellow. Who are these visitors you speak of?"

"That's beyond *my* power, sir," said Millow. "They're not of this world."

Long afterwards it used to be a matter of discussion amongst those who had been present on the occasion as to whether Charles or his horse moved first. Certain, however, it is that as Millow finished his remark, Charles's horse bounded suddenly forward, and coming violently in contact with that ridden by Littlemore, the two friends were unseated by the shock, and before they could recover themselves they were thrown roughly to the ground.

At the first moment it seemed as though many of the persons standing round would have rushed forward to assist Littlemore and his companion, but ere a step could be taken Millow turned to the little crowd, and energetically waving them back with his outstretched arms, he cried—

"Don't none of you meddle with the other world's doings. The squire's shoes will rarely pinch the feet of them as puts 'em on."

A gleam of exultation overspread the honest fellow's visage, and there was such an air of command in the way he spoke that none thought of differing from him. Consequently, my cousin and the barrister were left to assist themselves, which they lost no time in doing, being none the worse for their fall beyond a bruise or two. Littlemore was the first to spring to his feet, and snatch with each hand at the bridles of the horses; then giving the rein of one to Charles, he vaulted with a single bound into his own saddle, and shouting in a voice of thunder,

"Room there, you dogs!" he clapped spurs to his steed; and having almost miraculously missed riding over a couple of the onlookers, he dashed at full speed not towards the little bridge which led over the brook towards the main road, but straight at the brook itself, which was there about fifteen feet wide from bank to bank. Crossing, swift as a thunderbolt, the few yards of turf which lay between him and the waterside, he headed his horse full at the brook; and before the spectators could recover from their astonishment, they saw the noble animal rise to the jump with the agility of a deer, and shooting clear over, magnificently alight far on the other side of the brook, and then canter gracefully away up the road that led through the village, Littlemore all the while seated like a centaur. The effect on the crowd was electrical. Several farmers who were present could not restrain their admiration for Littlemore's feat of horsemanship, and gave voice to a tremendous "hurrah!" in which they were enthusiastically joined by all present, even including Millow, who, an excellent rider himself, felt it impossible to withhold his applause.

During the few moments that sufficed for the barrister's triumph, Charles had remounted, and had silently ridden off across the bridge without attracting any observation. He then urged his horse into a hand-gallop, and without looking once behind him quickly overtook his friend. As he came up Littlemore glanced at him, and said quietly—

"Why, Charley, you look as though you had seen the devil. Perhaps your horse saw him too. If so, I suppose he must be forgiven for playing us such a scurvy trick in the presence of our gaping nincompoops there. I flatter myself, though, that my apotheosis was a triumphant.

"I hope you are not hurt, Tom," was the only reply.

"Not I. Nor you either, I presume. But why this parsonical solemnity?"

"What could he mean by 'not of this world?'" said Charles, unheeding Littlemore's remark. "I must look into this."

"Pooh!" replied his friend. "Some stupid idiot has evolved a ghost out of the unlighted depths of his own self-consciousness, and the chaw-bacons find his story a relish to the duil insipidity of their lives."

Charles checked his horse to a walk; and then looking steadfastly at Littlemore, with flushed cheeks and a dangerous sparkle in his eye, he said, in a low but firm voice—

"Tom, I go to the Hall to-morrow and take possession. I had not intended to do so until my search had been successful; but now I will allow the place to remain masterless no longer."

"Your resolution's a good one," replied Littlemore, with unusual seriousness; and then both rode home without exchanging another word.

The next day Merringham was again surprised and excited. The strange adventure of the preceding evening gave place in interest to the report that the Vikings were that very day to take up their residence

at the Hall, and that there was to be a grand dinner, to which all the notabilities of the place that could be brought together at short notice had been invited. Special messengers dashed about in all directions, collecting the requisite delicacies, giving the necessary orders, and delivering the various letters of invitation. A post-chaise that had been sent in hot haste to London late the preceding night, returned heavily laden with strange, unaccustomed dishes and implements, and with a lank, pompous individual, whose huge moustache and amazingly-curl-ed hair, conjoined with his long, tight-buttoned overcoat and his ingeniously mis-pronounced speech, all revealed him as a French *chef-de-cuisine* of the very first water. Mrs. Silibus even omitted to pay her mid-day visit to the village school, and was furtively reported to have been seen in curl-papers of the most majestic order. Miss Doting spoilt an entire batch of butter she was churning, and passed the day alternately in trying on her various ribbons, and in re-perusing the passages in her "Young Lady's Polite Companion," which told of dinners and their etiquette. In fine, there was a prodigious pother.

CHAPTER IX.

BANQUET OR BANQUO?

THE spacious dining-hall presented a brilliant spectacle. The lights of the wax candles that surmounted the richly-carved sideboards, and hung in the massive silver candelabrum, were reflected in myriads of flashes from the highly polished oaken panelling that covered the walls. Here and there an old portrait looked down haughtily and solemnly on the scene; and from the tapestry that hung across each window there peered forth strange figures in old-world costumes, and

surrounded by old-world buildings and landscapes. The huge chimney-corner was closed in by an elaborate screen of carved ebony, and the lofty ceiling revealed a wealth of tracery, executed with inlaid work of many-coloured woods. The waxed floor was covered in the centre with a rich Turkey carpet, the bright warm hues and fantastic pattern of which contrasted well with its dark border of lustrous oak; and never had the old hall looked more magnificent.

At the huge dining-table sat the guests, in high-backed leather-covered chairs, and on the board before them stood the most sumptuous vases and dishes, laden with rare fruits and flowers, the perfume of which mingled subtly with the exquisite flavour of the wines that gleamed brightly in ruby and golden tints from beautifully chased and mounted decanters and glasses. The preceding portions of the repast had proved no unworthy prelude to the dessert now being served. Never had the distinguished French cook been more successful. He had transformed the most ordinary materials into inscrutable marvels of flavour and delicacy: he had sent up dish after dish in such profusion that it could hardly be imagined an ordinary mortal could partake of all; and yet, by the artistic variety of their arrangement, now gently enticing the appetite, now appeasing it, and now again restoring its pristine sharpness, he had, as it had turned out, by all this merely paved the way to a due recognition of his chef-d'œuvre, the splendid board-head, which so nobly crowned the edifice he had raised. He had with his own hands borne in this monarch of dishes, and when he had placed it on the board he had drawn himself up to his full height, and striking his chest proudly he had, with tones of the gravest satisfaction exclaimed, "C'est bien, mon cher. Décidément ton esprit ne te manque pas aujourd'hui!"

Still the company felt disappointed. An uneasy feeling of restraint had burthened each tongue, and any observation couched in a tone loud enough to be heard by several persons had echoed uncomfortably from the wainscoted walls. No one had ventured to be merry, even if so inclined, and the most frigid decorum had reigned from the moment of coming to table. Mrs. Viking, seated beside her son at the centre of the board, was the only

person who seemed altogether free from embarrassment; and yet she from time to time looked wonderingly at Charles and his father, who when not quite silent conversed only with an evident effort. As for Mr. Littlemore, who was sitting between Clara and Miss Doting, the substance of his remarks was as gay and witty as ever; but he spoke in a lower tone than usual, and uttered his jests with so grave a face that Miss Doting thought she should surely violate the precepts of the "Polite Companion," root and branch, if she were to laugh.

At length, as the wine circulated, a blither spirit began to prevail, and the conversation became more maintained and general.

Parson Sillibus.—I have often seen this room, Mrs. Viking, in poor—I mean, in the time of Mr. Arcles; but I never dined in it, and I never could have conceived that it would look so magnificent.

Mrs. Sillibus (from the remote corner of the table).—Dear me, what a forgetful memory you have, Mr. Sillibus! Have I not often reminded you how similar the classic banquetting halls must have been to this?

Mr. Doting.—She's a true-hearted, light-heeled old beauty. However, when I lent her yesterday to Mr. Littlemore, I didn't think he was going to show her off so completely.

Mr. Bench (a neighbouring farmer and justice of the peace).—'Pon my soul, I could hardly believe it, Doting. But these mere lawyers are so bold. I've known one of them tell me to my very face that I was wrong, when I was only ordering an old woman a day in the stocks and a flogging, for stealing one of my turnips. I couldn't stomach that, so I gave her an extra day, to teach him better manners.

Littlemore.—And this pompous ruffian is only the gardener that used to be here? Why, I assure you, Miss

Doting, I thought when he accosted Charles so solemnly last night, that he must at least be some village Mahomet,

"Who rules the Milky Way,"

"Who comets know and meteors obey."

Miss Doting.—John Millow is so very big and dreadful. I haven't liked him for ever so long, not since he forgot to give me the bouquet Squire Arcles meant to send me.

Littlemore.—How wrong thus to treat the quality of the neighbourhood!

Miss Doting.—(pleased). — Oh! Mr. Littlemore!

Charles. — Really, father, you must stay here. You are too sensible to believe in ghosts, and your's was the hand that guided me to the property.

Mr. Viking.—Don't talk of hands, Charles. I am not so strong as I was, and I can't recover the shock that extraordinary story gave me.

Mrs. Viking (sotto voice).—Why do you two persist in looking so gloomy and talking to each other? You can't tell what may be thought, and I saw Mrs. Sillibus eying you very narrowly just now.

Clara.—Those were happy times, indeed, Mr. Littlemore. Do you remember telling me how enchanted you had been with Elsie Dawes and her guitar.

Littlemore — Ah!—Dear me how clumsy I am to have upset that glass of wine!—Let me see—Elsie Dawes?—She is the girl I have lately heard something talked about, isn't she?—Village romance, elopement, son of rich farmer desperately in love, also disappeared, strange coincidence, eh?

Miss Doting. — Whoever could have told you that Mr. Littlemore. Well, I never! But I always thought Elsie Dawes rather forward, and certainly not so pretty as people used to try to make out.

Littlemore. — *Experto crede.* I bow to your good-nature and sense

of justice, Miss. Doting. (To Clara) What an insufferable compound of rank stupidity and conceit that girl is! It is quite refreshing to hear you speak, Clara.

Clara.—Clara!

Littlemore.—Pardon, but I simply cannot call you Miss Viking any longer; so if you won't allow me to call you Clara, I shall have to remain silent, or, worse fate still, I shall be forced to become conversationally faithful to Miss. Doting. Spare me at least from this latter fate.

Clara.—Indeed, Mr. Littlemore, you are always so kind to me that I cannot be churlish. You are Charles's oldest friend, so I ought not to mind you calling me whatever name you please.

For some time past Mr. Sillibus had borne his share in the conversation with increasing difficulty, since at every other moment, on looking up, he caught his wife in the act of making mysterious signs to him, the vehemence of which grew rapidly stronger. He could not for the life of him understand the meaning of the awful cabala, and he felt proportionally melancholy as he described the increasing stoniness of his good lady's glare, and yet felt himself as far off as ever from a solution of her signalled commands. At length, however, a brilliant inspiration occurred to him. He selected a splendid nectarine from a dish in front of him, and then rising quietly he slipped round to the back of Mrs. Sillibus's chair, and presenting the fruit, said aloud—

"Let me, my love, prevail on you to taste this magnificent nectarine,"—adding in an undertone—"I don't quite understand you, dear."

"Thank you, dearest! how very thoughtful!" was the worthy lady's reply for public ear. Then, in a whisper, which made the person uncomfortably cold, "You are getting quite stupid, Sillibus! Propose the host's health!"

Her husband went back to his

seat a wiser and a sadder man. To preach with Mrs. Sillibus as one of the congregation was an ordeal which even habit could never render endurable; but to make an after-dinner speech with her critical eye at the distance only of a table-breadth, was indeed a tremendous deed. However, he hastily swallowed a bumper of port, and nerving himself to his task, rose suddenly, saying:—

“Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Sillibus has requested me—” here observing a somewhat bewildered expression of countenance on the part of his hearers, he paused to correct himself, and proceeded with renewed trepidation—“I mean it is my duty and pleasure to ask you to drink the toast that I have to propose to you. However much we may all have enjoyed this convivial evening—(here a glance from Mrs. Sillibus)—I mean even if we have not been convivial—(here a look of wonder from all)—I mean even if we have imitated the ancient Greeks in tempering our conviviality with sobriety—(here still an unsatisfied glance from his helpmate) — as taught us by the learned investigators of classic times, yet we must admit the chief source of our enjoyment to have been the presence amongst us of our host, and the—the—auspicious circumstances to which we owe that presence. I congratulate you, Mr. Viking, upon the position your son so worthily occupies; and I wish you, Charles, long life, health, and happiness, to enjoy the position so—so—auspiciously acquired. Ladies and gentleman (here an awful look from Mrs. Sillibus, whose wrath was great at the brevity of her husband’s speech. He, poor man, could only guess at her meaning)—I beg pardon—Mrs. Sillibus, ladies and gentlemen, the health of our host and his family.”

The toast was honoured with much enthusiasm, and a little laughing at the termination of the

parson’s remarks, which were ever afterwards set down as a sly hit on his part, though if the truth be told, Mrs. Sillibus was rather gratified than otherwise since it provided her for all time to come with that priceless treasure, a real substantial grievance. In anywise the only person whom the hit made sore was the parson himself.

After the toast, a dead silence ensued for a few moments. Charles Viking was seen to make an effort to rise, but his hand trembled so, as he laid it upon the table to assist him, that he at once sank back into his seat and whispered something to his father. The latter then rose, and turning very pale, he said in a deep, husky voice:—

“My friends, we are much obliged to you all for your good wishes. I have looked forward to this day for many years, and now—”

He paused and looked uneasily round the room, as though for some way of escape. The guests looked inquiringly at each other, and the most perfect stillness prevailed. He continued—

“And now I find I can’t enjoy it! Look you—” his face gradually flushed, and his voice trembled—“there should be two persons here to-night instead of us—Aye! Dick and Lily—they’ve treated us nobly, and we’ve treated them basely!”

He paused again, and again looked uneasily round the room. All were breathless with astonishment, and Charles sitting fixed and upright regarded his father with an aspect of amazement and alarm. Suddenly Mr. Viking turned to him and taking him by the shoulder, exclaimed in a loud yet broken voice—

“Charles, my son! we’re both of us damned scoundrels!” and so saying he turned away and walked quickly from the room.

The scene of confusion that ensued was unparalleled in the history of Merringham. Mrs. Viking fainted, and Miss Doting went into violent

hysterics. Charles sprang up, and in his haughtiest manner said, "My father, I fear, is mad!" and then with the assistance of Littlemore and Clara, he carried his mother to her chamber, leaving Miss Doting to the tender care of Mr. Bench, who was known to be not insensible to the plump charms of his neighbour's daughter, and who felt much embarrassed when, on throwing a jug of water over her to recover her, the remedy was so speedy and successful that she at once boxed his ears for spoiling her new dress. The rest of the guests felt that the time for departure had arrived, and hurried about, seeking for their outdoor garments, and giving instructions for the preparation of their respective vehicles.

Very soon all had departed, and Rumbleton Hall was left to its new inmates and to Littlemore, who had arranged to stay for a few days longer. None felt inclined for further conversation; and after restoring Mrs. Viking to consciousness, they all retired as soon as possible to their respective apartments.

Charles, whose mind was far from rest, bent his steps to the upper portion of the house, where he had converted into a study what once had been the alchemist's laboratory. The room looked sombre enough in the light of the flickering lamp he brought with him, and there was something a little weird in the curious instruments and vessels that, with a grinning skull, still lay on the shelves of an open cupboard in one corner of the room. Large book-cases, filled with my father's loved volumes, occupied the greater portion of three sides of the room, while the fourth was almost entirely taken up by a capacious chimney, where a small furnace had once stood. The most remarkable things about this chimney, in addition to its vast size, were the solidity and magnificent carving of its jambs, which were of

some dark-coloured marble, and were each adorned with a piece of sculpture the size of life, one representing Life in the shape of an armed knight just sheathing his sword; while the other portrayed Death, the same knight being shown unarmed, and with a dagger thrust through his heart. This latter figure was so skilfully executed, that the flesh seemed to be transparent, and the grim skeleton could be traced underneath the rounded contour of the body.

The room was damp, from having been uninhabited so long, and a fire had been made in the chimney. A small table stood in front of the fire, and placing the lamp upon this, Charles drew an armchair near, and sat down to think quietly over all that had occurred.

'Twas almost the first opportunity he had had for quiet thought since the time of his sprained ankle at Rickerston, and his reflections crowded upon him. At times his face grew even paler than was its wont, and then he would start as though disturbed, and would look cautiously about him. At times an emotion of anger would brood upon his countenance, and then he would clench his fist and strike it upon the table. Presently he began to mutter to himself, and at last, plunging his hands deep in his pockets, he stretched out his legs to the fire, and said in a bitter tone—

"And so this is the result of my plans! A haunted house, an installation at which my own father plays me false, and a—lost-love! The game however, is not ended yet, as Charles Viking will show the world."

As he said this he happened to plant his foot against the hilt of the sword sculptured as belonging to the armed knight. To his surprise he felt the stone yield, and continuing the pressure he saw the whole block of stone turn gently round, discovering the entrance of some dark place.

(To be continued.)

M. THIERS.

DURING the last few months the position of M. Thiers has been one by no means to be envied, yet he has shown that increasing years and long disuse have not impaired his powers. He has still the same inexhaustible fertility, and the same power of happy illustration with which he used to charm and so often convince the old Chamber of Deputies. Whether discussing the foreign policy or the finances of France, he is still what he was twenty years ago. That the veteran statesman is ambitious none can doubt, and he may be said to have more than attained his desires; but who can doubt likewise his ardent patriotism. With all his ability and ambition he had no right to hope to be greater than he was. When in the prime of life he had very great opportunities: he was twice first minister of France, and each time was compelled to retire after a short and inglorious career. He was again summoned to advise his sovereign in February, 1848, and only hastened a catastrophe for which he and other leading statesmen were mainly responsible. Except that *tout arrive en France*, it was scarcely conceivable that he would ever again play a prominent part in politics. If there is ever to be a free government in France, it will not be achieved by one whose career has been distinguished by the sacrifice of political friends and the abnegation of political principles.

The career of M. Thiers serves to illustrate one of the many causes which led to the overthrow of the government and the dynasty of Louis Philippe. From the very first he was in a prominent position, and might have had a large share in guiding the revolution which he had laboured so hard to effect. There

were some periods when he had the good fortune to obtain great personal popularity, so valuable for the authority which it gave him in the Chamber, and the influence which it secured for him at the Tuilleries. Yet as a politician he failed egregiously, and whatever fame he may look forward to must rest on his merits as a parliamentary speaker and a popular writer.

In times of revolution, but more especially in France, men rise to the surface and obtain a large share of power without having given any proof of political capacity, or the art of managing men and parties. It was eminently the case in 1848, and to some extent in 1871. It was a strange freak of fortune to take M. Thiers from the bureau of the "National," to give him a high ministerial place and in a year a seat in the Cabinet. His previous life had scarcely fitted him for such rapid advancement. He was a clever talker and a smart superficial writer on every subject that came to hand, with unlimited self-confidence and great ignorance of mankind. He was a successful journalist and no thing more, and at a very early period displayed that instability of opinion, not to say unscrupulousness, which became so conspicuous in the later years of his career. He was, however, full of energy, and by ability overcame many disadvantages that stood in his way. It was only in 1821 that, after giving up all hopes of success as an advocate, he became a regular writer in the *Constitutionnel*. The quantity of work which he got through was enormous—politics, literature, fine arts, nothing came amiss to him—whilst, in the mean time, he was engaged in his "History of the French Revolu-

tion," in which he professed the highest devotion to the principles of 1789, and an unbounded admiration for Danton. It was a very readable book, and in the growing discontent with the government of the Restoration became very popular, as Lamartine's picture of the Girardins did in 1848, and made its author a political character of mark, and one of the leaders of that literary opposition which contributed so much to the fall of the Bourbons. He joined Miguet and Armand Carrel in the *National*, and in one of his articles uttered the memorable phrase, "*Le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas.*" During the following months he bore a considerable part in the struggle with the Government. He proposed the candidature of the Duke of Orleans, and, when the Bourbons were overthrown, went himself to Neuilly to overcome the hesitation of the wavering or reluctant prince.

Such were the steps, to most Englishmen utterly incomprehensible, by which M. Thiers, in virtue of his having written a popular history, and by his own miraculous audacity, became an important personage under the new dynasty. He had owed much, no doubt, to the patronage of M. Laffitte, to whom he was a convenient instrument; but he owed much more to himself and to that peculiar anarchy of opinion not unaccompanied with terror which, in times of revolution, gives power and place to the audacious and enterprising. But it must have been a singular spectacle to witness. Here was an unsuccessful barrister, not five feet high, with spectacle glasses as large as crown-pieces, but an author of pungent articles and revolutionary history, calmly giving away the throne of France. However, to the actors themselves in this strange scene it seems to have appeared the most natural thing in the world, and M. Thiers was duly rewarded with an important post in the new government. Then his real difficulties be-

gun. There are many who obtain power by revolutions who speedily show themselves utterly incapable of wielding it. If those who take office have been violent revolutionists, which for the most part must happen, they either disappoint their followers, and so become distrusted, or else render government simply impossible. Those who have taken part in the battle are clamorous for a share of the spoil, and the multitude, at least in France, look for an immediate benefit from a change of rulers. The revolution of July was to many a great disappointment, and it was a convulsion of such magnitude as to bring France to the verge of general anarchy. How to govern the country was a very grave question, and perhaps sufficient allowance has not yet been made for the innumerable difficulties by which the government of Louis Philippe, at least at the outset, was surrounded. It is no easy matter to establish authority after a successful insurrection. Many of the politicians were as wild and as irrational as the poor gamins who had fought on the barricades. Thus, for instance, many of the supporters of the new government, and among them M. Thiers, who was what was called *un homme du mouvement*, were proposing to cross the Rhine and the Alps to liberate Poland and Italy; others were in favour of measures equally dangerous or impracticable.

The Laffitte ministry was soon compelled to give way, and a new cabinet was formed under M. Casimir Périer. M. Thiers went into opposition, but against the men with whom he had hitherto acted, and against the principles which, up to this time, he had so strenuously advocated. He now became the unflinching supporter of the treaties of 1815, and rapidly imbibed opinions which he well understood could not be distasteful to the sovereign whom he had already served and whom he hoped to serve

again at no very distant date. His conversion was soon rewarded. After the death of Casimir Périer he became Minister of the Interior in the ministry of October, as it was called. He was now a revolutionist completely tamed. He ordered the arrest of the Duchesse de Berri, and acquired some small popularity by sending a French army into Belgium—an operation which was supposed to be at the same time a challenge to the Absolutist Powers and a means of extending the permanent influence of France. By this time he had become a perfectly subservient minister of the crown. Louis Philippe had learned the dangerous secret of power, and had discovered that the jealousies of rival sections in the Chamber, and the intrigues of the various claimants for office, permitted him to impose his own terms upon those whom he selected as his constitutional advisers. The policy of the king was a consistent one. With regard to Foreign Powers it was pacific and conciliatory, indeed almost subservient. At home its principal objects were to maintain the existing state of things, and to strengthen and consolidate the dynasty of the House of Orleans. The king had sufficient power and persistency of character to impress his personal policy on the ministries which succeeded each other so rapidly. The court did not gain in popularity, but the public men, with few exceptions, were greatly discredited by their factious and impracticable policy when in opposition, and their singular flexibility when in office. The discredit of the leading statesmen was in itself a very serious calamity, but it led to consequences still more fatal. The Chamber of Deputies rapidly lost in public estimation. It soon began to be felt that the debates in the Chamber, conducted often with considerable warmth, and marked with very high ability, were but the demonstrations of rival claimants for

power, and that the true principles of representative government were being lost sight of between the disgraceful selfishness of the sovereign and the pitiful contests of office-seekers. For some time there were constant changes of ministers; but throughout the whole of Louis Philippe's reign there never was constructed a cabinet with anything approaching to a popular policy. The object of each minister was simply to resist popular demands, and the aim of the king was to obtain larger securities for the maintenance of authority, and to strengthen and enrich the Orleans dynasty. M. Thiers was neither better nor worse than his rivals. When in power he has a very sincere horror of anything like a liberal policy. His early sympathies were easily corrected by official experience or courtly habits. Yet there were times when he possessed so much real power that he might, had he so willed it, have overborne the resistance of the sovereign, and, by the advocacy of a true popular policy, have made constitutional government as dear to the French people as the recollections of the mingled glory and sufferings of the empire. But the influence of the court weighed heavily upon him, and it soon became obvious that he was willing to sacrifice whatever views he might have entertained with regard to the establishment of parliamentary government. When he first became President of the Cabinet he was as abject as, or perhaps more so, than any of his predecessors in all questions of domestic policy. With regard to foreign affairs, it is true that he advocated a decided, though a most unwise, policy. His government was broken up on the question of intervention in Spain, a course to which Louis Philippe was strongly opposed, and which neither the Chambers or the country desired. This was singularly characteristic of the view which M. Thiers took of the duties of a government. He was

well content to leave everything alone in France, and his only ambition was to gain credit by a brilliant stroke of foreign policy, without considering whether it was right or not to pledge the resources of France to the support of the then existing dynasty in Spain. It was the error of a man who could not understand what was passing before his eyes. He did not understand his own countrymen, who were sensible enough to perceive the uselessness and the hopelessness of such interference in the concerns of their neighbours. He was still living in the past, and thought that the main object of French policy was to secure what is called influence at any sacrifice, however great. Fortunately his efforts were foiled, and his country was spared the humiliation of attempting to impose by force of arms a particular form of government upon the Spanish people. Therefore the ministry of the left centre resigned, and was succeeded by a cabinet presided over by Count Molé.

But fortune still protected her favourite. In March, 1840, M. Thiers was again first minister of France. At that time the angry feelings of the different sections of opposition had somewhat cooled. The Legitimists and the Republicans were no longer formidable, and the Bonapartists were an insignificant faction, declining day by day in numbers and influence. The minister was far from being unpopular. There were pressing questions with which he might have dealt. All France was anxious for parliamentary and electoral reform. Had those questions been fairly discussed there might have been some hope of effecting a reconciliation of parties, and if a large measure of reform had been introduced by the ministry, the nation might have been enlisted in support of the Orleans dynasty and parliamentary government. But M. Thiers, either in obedience to his own impulses, or from deference

to his sovereign, refused to entertain any project of reform. He again threw himself into a course of foreign policy which eventually proved most disastrous to his country. His treatment of the Eastern question was such that the memorable treaty of July was signed, and the whole question was finally settled without the participation of France. But the true reason for the isolation of France and her exclusion from taking part in the settlement of a great European question was, that M. Thiers had been pursuing a policy of his own, had been encouraging the Pacha of Egypt in his resistance, and had given abundant proof to the four powers that he was not to be trusted. The consequence was, and one greatly to be regretted, that France felt herself humiliated and insulted. The national feeling was excited. The army was put upon a war footing, and the fortifications were determined upon. But Louis Philippe was not disposed to encounter the risks of an European war for the remote advantages that might accrue from the development of French influence in Egypt, and therefore the ingenious and daring minister was compelled to resign in favour of M. Guizot, who took office in a cabinet presided over, nominally, by Marshal Soult. It was the second time that M. Thiers missed a great opportunity; yet even after his resignation he enjoyed a great deal of popularity, because it was thought that he had been sacrificed by the prudence or timidity of the king, when he was the one man intent upon maintaining the honour and interests of France. French feeling had been deeply wounded; even the philosophical de Tocqueville had made an energetic war speech in the Chamber, and it was assumed that M. Thiers was not to blame so much as the sovereign, who dispensed with his services as soon as he could, and who only made use of the public alarm to encircle Paris with fortresses.

After his resignation, M. Thiers for some time took but little part in politics. During the latter years of the Guizot ministry he was always in opposition ; but, as it seems to us, without adding much to his own reputation or to the dignity of the legislature of which he was a member. The last years of Louis Philippe's reign were tolerably prosperous. It was, upon the whole, a freer and better government than had ever been known in France, and until the year of famine there was no popular discontent. But the king and those who advised him seem ever to have felt the greatest distrust of the people, and those among the public men who best understood the character of the times were unable or unwilling to impress their views upon the sovereign ; yet they might have seen that the country became daily more and more averse to the system. People began to look at the Chamber as a debating society, and nothing more ; and, except to the candidates for office, it was very immaterial whether the government was taken from the right or from the left centre. So they drifted on to the fatal February of 1848. In those last panic-stricken moments, M. Thiers reappeared as first minister for six hours or so, during which he did as much mischief as could be in so short a space of time. He signed the fatal order which caused the troops to withdraw when there was no longer any resistance, and surrendered Paris to a revolutionary mob. He had helped to overthrow the Bourbons by his audacious attacks ; and by his vanity, or want of decision, he accomplished the ruin of the Orleans dynasty.

After such a career it is not possible to accord to M. Thiers a high place among European statesmen ; nor do we think that what he has done in later life redeems the faults that he committed when he was in the possession of undoubted power and influence. Latterly he has not in any

sense been a man of action ; but he has from time to time expressed his views on great European questions ; no doubt with some felicity of language, but with a superficiality of knowledge and a narrowness of view that is almost inconceivable. His recorded speeches about Italy and the Papacy would be intensely ridiculous if it were not painful to witness a man of such high reputation advocating all the obsolete traditions of the French Foreign Office, and sympathising with all the worst feelings of international jealousy. But it is some consolation to think that the world is growing wiser, and that the brilliant historian of the Consulate will fail to persuade his countrymen that the permanence of religion in France depends upon the political humiliation of the inhabitants of the States of the Church. This is not exactly consistent with the statements which he has so often made in his voluminous writings, that he has ever been the friend and the champion of liberty ; but it is precisely in accordance with the doctrines promulgated in his books. His theory of history has always been so narrow and perverse that he has never hesitated to declare that the humiliation of neighbouring nations is a part of the legitimate policy of France. He is clearly of opinion that Italy ought to be divided, and kept in a state of weakness or dependence, and the Papacy upheld, for the sake of French interests. In his eyes it was the glory of the Consulate to obtain, and the misfortune of the Empire to lose, a powerful influence in Germany, which after all had only been won by force and maintained by oppression. Such views seem to us to belong to a bygone race of politicians, and it would be difficult to find many persons with audacity enough to avow them. M. Thiers, however, seems always perfectly sure of the justice of his conclusions, and, indeed, there is a certain charm

about his easy infallibility. But it would be dangerous to say that he has shown himself great either in statesmanship or in political philosophy. As a man of action he has decidedly failed; as a writer on political subjects, he has added nothing to the science or morality of history.

The foregoing review of the character of M. Thiers was written previous to the deplorable events of the past year. Events have only confirmed its soundness. M. Thiers, as President of the French Republic, is the same man as when leading the counsels of Louis Philippe: yet, Monarchist as he is, he will be in no hurry to force that principle on the Assembly. Wisely, he for the present is content with the situation. Ambition is satisfied: he has patriotism enough to be complacent in the belief that he is of use to his country.

No lapse of time and no depth of misfortune will ever deprive France of the rank which her geographical position and her material and mental advantages have given her at the head of European nations. It was the boast of that country, when at the height of her power and prosperity, that on her satisfaction depended the world's tranquillity; but the world is not re-assured by all her prostration and exhaustion. France, even under a cloud, is still foremost in the world's interest. Germany is constituting herself a vast empire; Italy is not only achieving her unity, but also attempting the solution of the most arduous religious and political questions; yet when the Emperor William and King Victor Emmanuel summon before them the representatives of their people, their addresses are listened to with an attention altogether free from anxiety. The welfare of almost all other countries may engage our sympathies, but it can only in a slight degree affect our interests. No great disturbance in our even course is apprehended; we are safe from alarm

on our account; but how far different is the case with France! The French National Assembly met last month, at Versailles, after a brief recess. The country is still a prey to disorder, the government distracted by irresolution, the foreigner encamped in the territory and proclaiming military law in the occupied provinces. Yet that Versailles Assembly is the focus of the world's eyes. The very fact that France floats in a sea of uncertainty, that all there is demolished, all awaiting reconstruction, makes whatever concerns her the world's concern. We must all know whither France is tending or whither drifting. France is too completely disarmed to think of war; yet who can feel quite sure of peace? She is casting about for a new political organisation; what influence may her decisions exercise on the institutions of other countries?

M. Thiers, a few weeks ago, sent the Deputies home to their departments, charging them to feel the pulse of France, to make out whether the nation was bent on the reconstruction of its time-honoured edifice, or whether it would give a chance to a new fabric which has hitherto hardly ever had a fair trial—in other words, whether it could be brought to express a wish for a Monarchy or a Republic. It is very doubtful whether the Assembly, at its reconconvocation, will be found greatly advanced towards the solution of that question. M. Thiers finds himself still confronted by the difficulty which he has for so many months been anxious to elude. All he knows is that, hopelessly divided as the Assembly may be on all other points, it evinces an almost unanimous repugnance to be dissolved, and that he could bring it to vote almost anything rather than its own dissolution. He also knows that this happens for the very satisfactory reason that each of the parties which contend for the mastery in France feels that it can

now and for an indefinite time hold its own ground in the present Assembly, while not one of them is at all confident of having the upper hand in a general election. Whatever illusion the Deputies may cherish on their return from their exploring expedition to the Departments, it is impossible they should flatter themselves that they can report progress. There is a perfect stagnation of opinion among the French population, the result of political disenchantment and scepticism. The French have tried everything, but nothing has stood the test of more than a few year's experience. M. Thiers exhibits little eagerness to show himself to the Chamber. The rumours which were so rife not many days ago respecting important changes in the present condition of the French Republic—especially respecting the prolongation of the President's powers, and the renewal of the Assembly by the annual election of a third or a fifth of its members—seem to have lost all foundation as the time draws near at which they should receive confirmation. In all probability what M. Thiers wants is to live on from day to day. For his own part, at least, he seems to have nothing to propose—not to have made up his mind about anything. He will allow himself time to watch the play of parties, to study the mood of the Assembly. Even on such questions as the removal of the seat of Government to Paris, or the admission of the Princes of Orleans into the Chamber, he is slow to take the initiative. The fact is that, however eager at the outset he might be to seize the supreme power, he evidently shrinks from the responsibility of straining it. He had sufficiently clear views about the issues of war and peace, he showed ardour in his negotiations with Bismarck and energy in the subjugation of the Commune, but in dealing with the Constitutional question he seems to collapse. He has

been a Constitutional Monarchist; he finds himself at the head of a Republic: but he is a Frenchman; he wishes what is best for France—nay, what France herself thinks best; but France has no choice, neither has he. Nothing is more difficult than to guide where there is no impulse.

What adds to the difficulty of the President's position is that his impartiality is not neutrality. M. Thiers has his opinions and his predilections. On every imaginable question he has elaborate theories and clearly-defined tendencies. No man's precedents are better known; no man's mind has found so frequent, so eloquent, and so consistent an utterance. He is a Constitutional Monarchist, a stanch friend and faithful servant of the Orleans family. Could M. Thiers conceive the possibility of France settling down to a second July Monarchy, who more gladly than he would consent to the appearance of the Orleans Princes in the Assembly, and to the elevation of the Duc d'Aumale to the Presidency of the Chamber? But what if the Chamber or the country would not go along with him to the end? A first step in any given direction would be decisive; it would be a declaration of war against the parties which at Bordeaux he brought to consent to an indefinite truce. Or, again, suppose that M. Thiers sincerely accepts the Republic as an existing Government, and yields to the solicitations of those who would extort a vote in its favour. Does M. Thiers control any party among the Republicans who are at the same time his partisans? And if his drift were to usher in the Republic and then give it up to other men's governance; if his object were only to keep the Presidential chair warm for D'Aumale or Gambetta, can he hope that all parties will be as easily amenable to his successor's ascendancy as they have hitherto been to his own? Can he expect to found

a Republic in which all Republicans will acquiesce; and will not every decided step towards a Republic break the spell that binds the Monarchical parties, and especially the Legitimists and Imperialists, to temporary inaction? M. Thiers looks upon himself as the only possible moderator among French political passions. He feels as if a single step of his might release the pent-up forces and disturb the world's balance. He stands alone between law and anarchy, between order and civil war. Hence he is not even ready with an answer to the Orleans Princes, who ask for leave to discharge the duty they owe to their constituents by taking their seats in the Chamber. He has no answer ready—no affirmative and no negative answer. He puts the Princes off till to-morrow or next day. It does not seem to strike him that by his hesitation he give importance to a matter which it might have been wiser to treat with indifference. He does not appear to consider that difficulties may be aggravated by too great a reluctance to grapple with them; that by too shrinking a dread to mix himself up with any party a ruler may equally estrange himself from all parties, and end by arraying them all against himself. M. Thiers evidently has no horror of isolation. He is sure of himself, and he apparently refuses to venture on any irrevocable course till he feels that he can be equally sure of France.

Though we are not disposed to give M. Thiers a very conspicuous place in the political Pantheon, we do not for a moment dispute the wonderful and versatile powers which he possesses. He is one of the most lively and clever men that ever lived. The late Lord Lansdowne—no mean judge—who had met most of the clever men of two generations, used to say that M. Thiers was incomparably the best converser that he had ever listened to. It was that power, no doubt, which, in the

first instance, led to his success. It is equally true that, as an orator, he possessed rare gifts. Of dwarfish stature, with a strong nasal twang, with awkward and uncouth movements, he was still able to fascinate his audience. He succeeded from the very first. There was in him great vivacity, considerable power of illustration, and a happiness in taking hold of the points which would interest his audience, that at once gave him a hold in the Chamber. At first he spoke in a somewhat formal and measured manner: some people laughed at him; but, as usually happens, the clever man was too much for the grinning idiot. But when he had obtained more confidence in himself, and more familiarity with his audience, he changed his manner completely, and adopted that easy, conversational style of speaking and reasoning, which, when well done, is so delightful to listen to. There is no doubt that he was the most agreeable and the most persuasive of speakers. We will quote a passage from M. de Cormenin, written more than thirty years ago, on his power as a speaker:—

Ce n'est pas de l'oraison, c'est de la causerie, mais de la causerie vive, brillante, légère, volubile, animée de traits historiques, d'anecdotes et de réflexions fines; et tout cela est dit, coupé, brisé, lié, délié avec une dextérité de langage incomparable. Sa pensée naît si vite dans cette tête-là, si vite qu'on dirait qu'elle est enfantée avant d'avoir été conçue. Les vastes poumons d'un géant ne suffraient pas à l'expectoration des paroles de ce nain spirituel. La nature toujours attentive et compâtissante dans ses compensations semble avoir voulu concentrer chez lui toute la puissance de la virilité dans les frères organes du larynx.

Sa parole vole comme l'aile de loiseau-mouche, et vous perce si rapidement qu'on se sent blessé sans savoir d'où trait part.

Il s'arrête quelquefois tout-à-coup pour répondre aux interrupteurs, et il décoche sa réplique avec une prestesse et un à-propos qui les étourdit.

Si une théorie a plusieurs faces les unes fausses, les autres vraies, il les groupe, il les mêle, il les fait jouir, et rayonner devant vous d'une main si vive, que vous n'avez pas le temps d'attraper le sophisme au pas-

sage. Je ne sais si le désordre de ces improvisations, ni l'incohérent entassement de tant de propositions hétérogènes, si le bizarre mélange de toutes ces idées et de tous ces tons est un effet de son art; mais c'est de tous les orateurs celui dont la réfutation est la plus facile quand on le lit, la plus difficile quand on l'écoute. C'est le roué le plus amusant de tous nos roués politiques, le plus aigüe de nos sophistes, le plus subtil et le plus insaisissable de nos prestidigitateurs. C'est le Bosco de la tribune.

We have no doubt that M. de Cormenin's clever criticism on the speaking of M. Thiers is equally applicable to his writing. As a writer, he has the power of being

eminently popular—partly from a certain felicity of style, but much more because he never rises above a very ordinary reader. This is particularly the case in the *History of the Consulate and the Empire*. There is an easy, self-contented manner about the writer; he is not too scrupulous about facts, and he flatters the French reader to the top of his bent. Of late, we are happy to see that he has found in M. Lanfréy, one of the best of the liberal writers in France, a ruthless and unsparing critic.

THE SURE ESTATE.

WHAT signify the care and pain
That I must yet endure,
The loss of Love--the Love in vain,
The crime of being poor?

I've an estate of solid earth,
Nor broad nor very deep,
Where wild winds blow and daisies grow,
And moonlight shadows sleep.

'Tis six feet long and two feet wide,
Shut out from sorrow's call.
It shall be mine some happy day,—
Enough though it be small.

Till trump of doom it shall be mine,
And make amends for all;
Lost health, lost heart, lost love, lost hope!
More than amends for all.

IRISH JUDICIAL AND CRIMINAL STATISTICS. ¹

DR. NEILSON HANCOCK'S annual Reports on the Judicial and Criminal Statistics of Ireland are justly reckoned among the most valuable contributions made by Government to statistical science, and in themselves are almost sufficient to justify the existence of the Statistical Office at the Four Courts. Dr. Hancock does not muddle together a mass of raw material for scientific inquiry, nor does he merely present his own conclusions. He gives the facts and the figures as they are collected from police reports and legal records, but side by side with them he offers an analytical summary of information which otherwise to the vast majority of readers would be unmanageable and useless. The details of the story, told in fragments by unconnected witnesses, are skilfully pieced together until we gain something like a comprehensive view of the year's battle between lawlessness and civilisation in Ireland. If any one suspects that Dr. Hancock is distorting facts to support a theory, the authentic information printed within the same blue covers will supply the means of exposing fallacious reasoning or unfair statement. We must say for ourselves, however, that Dr. Hancock's explanatory analysis of the phenomena of crime in Ireland during the year 1870 appears to be, in Baconian phrase, purely *lumen siccum*. The acquiescence which has ratified the cool judgments of his previous reports may be expected, therefore, to stamp this present one with general approval, though even the most dispassionate of statisticians must feel

when he is treating of Irish social conditions that he is treading

per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

The most noticeable fact in regard to the statistics for the year 1870, as, indeed, for those of the four preceding years, is the struggle that is going on in Ireland with various success between the forces of orderly government and those of disaffection and agrarian crimes. In 1866 agrarian crime in Ireland had reached its *minimum* point; in that year only 87 offences of this kind were reported. But in the latter months of 1869 and the commencement of 1870 an appalling outburst of agrarian crime occurred, which led, as will be remembered, to the enactment of the Peace Preservation Act of 1870. This statute became law on the 5th of April, and four months later the Irish Land Act received the Royal assent. Now, it is most important to note how these measures have co-operated, by strengthening the hands of the law and by promoting popular contentment, to suppress agrarian outrages. In the eight months ending March 31, 1870, the number of agrarian crimes reported was 1622; in the eight months ending March 31, 1871, it was 212. In the same periods heinous crimes, not of an agrarian character, but specially reported to the Constabulary, fell from 2040 to 1722. It is more than probable that the outbreak of agrarian crime in 1869 was indirectly the result of the treasonable agitation that broke out in 1866. It is satisfactory to learn that, partly by the same

¹ Criminal and Judicial Statistics, 1870. Ireland: Dublin., Alexander Thom.

means which have controlled the former, the latter has been almost stamped out. In 1866, 535 treasonable offences were reported; in 1867, 530; in 1868, 111; 1869, 47; and in 1870, 37. It is further gratifying to know that in the last-mentioned number no serious infractions of the law were included; there were 35 cases of seditious language and two cases of defacing proclamations.

These important results have been attained rather by the menace of stringent coercive measures than by their actual application. The powers of the Government, the magistracy, and the police have, indeed, been largely increased; but, notwithstanding, personal liberty in Ireland has suffered little practical abridgment. The first portion of the Peace Preservation Act, which prohibits the bearing of arms without a licence, and imposes other similar restrictions, is applied to the whole of Ireland, with the exception of part of Ulster. All the counties of Ireland were proclaimed in 1870 under the Act, except Tyrone and some baronies of Antrim, Down, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Londonderry; all the cities and towns were so proclaimed, with the single exception of Carrickfergus. The second portion of the Act, which authorises the arrest of strangers and of persons found in suspicious circumstances, the closing of public-houses, &c., was applied during 1870 to Mayo, Meath, and Westmeath, and to parts of Cavan, King's County, Longford, Roscommon, Tipperary, and Sligo. Proceedings were taken under the Act in 801 cases, but the majority of these were unimportant. Three persons were punished for refusing to give evidence, and three warrants were issued against absconding witnesses; 75 strangers were arrested, but only 14, who were unable to give satisfactory explanations or security, were detained in custody.

Turning from the details of this struggle with treasonable and agra-

rian crime to the more general features of the statistical record, we have to remark, in the first place, that the number of indictable offences reported contrasts unfavourably with the returns of the previous year. In 1870 the total number of indictable offences not summarily disposed of was 9517; in 1869 it was 9178; similarly in 1870 the total number of indictable offences summarily disposed of was 19,599; in 1869 it was 19,421. On the other hand, offences (not indictable) disposed of summarily were 224,406 in 1870, as against 219,969 in the previous year. Crimes against human life appear at first sight to be more numerous in 1870 than in 1869, but the returns are on this point misleading—the fact being that under this head are now enumerated the offences previously unclassified, of “endangering safety of passengers in railways,” and “unlawfully abandoning infant children.” Riots, we find, have increased by 34 per cent., perjury by more than 28 per cent., and malicious offences against property by 9 per cent. At the same time it should be observed that Ireland still maintains its reputation for comparative freedom from immoral and abominable offences, from suicide, bigamy, and forgery; under all these heads the returns of 1870 show a diminution. The decrease in minor offences is principally due to the falling off in prosecutions under the Ways Acts, which, however, is almost balanced in prosecutions for drunkenness. Dr. Hancock calls attention to the fact that the increase in a single year amounts to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., indicating, he contends, “the need of legislation for dealing with habitual drunkards.”

The distribution of crime throughout Ireland is a matter both of political and of statistical interest, and the recent Census has rendered it possible to exhibit the proportion of offences to population with the utmost exactitude. The average of of heinous crimes—*i.e.*, of offences

not summarily dealt with, is, for the whole country, 17·7 to every 10,000 persons, and this proportion chances to be precisely attained in the county of Longford. But considerably more than half the entire number of heinous crimes were committed in the city and county of Dublin, where the proportion rises to more than seven times the average. Next to Dublin in discreditable prominence come Westmeath, with an average of 26·5; Kildare with 25·3, the City of Cork with 22·5, and Meath with 18·8 per 10,000 of the population. Ulster, on the other hand, exhibits the most favourable record; the counties of Down, Donegal, and Antrim, and the towns of Belfast and Carrickfergus, also are conspicuous among the districts which showed in 1870 a decrease in the number of offences as compared with 1869.

Offences disposed of summarily in 1870 were in the proportion of 433 to every 10,000 of the population; but Dublin nearly trebles this average; Cork, Waterford, and Belfast more than double it. In these large towns doubtless the excess is to be accounted for by the number of prosecutions for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The case of Dublin, however, if we include in our view both serious crimes and minor offences, appears to call for special notice, particularly at a time when the administration of justice in that city is far from being as secure as we could desire it. Of the minor offences an increase is noted in Dublin for the year under review from 1182 to 2224 per 10,000 persons. Again, the proportion of offences against property in Dublin, as compared with the whole of Ireland or the next largest town, Belfast, is very startling. Out of 9725 cases of robbery and theft summarily prosecuted in Ireland, 5047 occurred in Dublin and only 794 in Belfast; out of 657 offences against property with violence prosecuted in Ireland, 320 were committed in Dublin and

five in Belfast; out of 73 cases of forgery and offences against the currency 41 were committed in Dublin and none in Belfast. The whole of Ulster, it should be added, has a right to share in the good character thus sustained by its great manufacturing town.

An interesting and instructive part of Dr. Hancock's report is his comparison of the statistics of crime in Ireland with those of England and Wales, and this is becoming every year more easy of accomplishment by the gradual assimilation in form of the Irish to the English returns. In regard to heinous crime, Ireland, on the whole, compares favourably with this Kingdom; the number of indictable offences not disposed of summarily in Ireland is less by one-third than the number occurring in a portion of the population of England equal to that of Ireland. Some classes of crime of a very disgusting and detestable kind are almost unknown in Ireland, owing mainly, no doubt, to the power wielded by the Roman Catholic clergy. Forgery and coin-ing are also far less frequent in the sister island than with us, so are bigamy, child-stealing, and abortion, and offences against property with violence. When we read, however, that perjuries are less numerous by 43 per cent. in Ireland than in England, we are disposed for a moment to question the absolute perfection of statistics. On the other hand, offences against human life are slightly less numerous in proportion on this side of St. George's Channel than on the other. Riots, assaults, and malicious offences against property, which are matters of daily occurrence in Ireland, are comparatively infrequent here.

Among indictable offences summarily dealt with, these returns show that Ireland compares favourably with England in the number of cases of theft, and of brutal

offences against women and children; while, on the other hand, she compares unfavourably in cases of malicious destruction of property. Passing to offences of a minor order, an opposite result of the comparison is to be noticed. The number of charges summarily disposed of in England is in proportion little more than half the number recorded in Ireland. Dr. Hancock, however, points out that the greater proportion of police to population in Ireland tends to a more rigid enforcement of "statutes which are more a matter of discipline than of crime," such as Acts against Sunday trading. In the same way offences against

the fishery Acts and similar statutes are more stringently punished in the sister kingdom. But nothing can attenuate the significance of the three painful blots on Irish social life, pointed out by Dr. Hancock—the prevalence of drunkenness, the frequency of common assaults, and the number of vagrant prostitutes. These account for the preponderance of minor offences in Ireland as compared with England. In England, however, offences against the Factory Acts, the Revenue Laws, the Poor Laws, Game Laws, and Vagrancy Laws were more numerous, as might be expected from our differing social conditions.¹

TO THE HEART'S-EASE.

THOU art the violet's sister, gentle flower,
 The elder and less timid plant, I ween;
 Thou hidest not thy form from sun and shower
 Beneath the covert of a leafy screen.
 Thy many names imply the favour shown²
 To thy contented, velvet-hooded faces;
 Perchance by rustic minds best loved and known,
 Though Pensée as an appellation graces
 Thy humble birth, and shows the higher source
 Of courtly thought. Thus thou art found
 The favourite of high and low, and dost endorse
 With "love" and "thought" the waste and garden ground;
 I would thy fabled attributes were truly mine,
 That I might *love* and *think* of Him who did thy tints combine.]

¹ Reproduced mainly from *The Times*.

² Heart's-ease; two faces under a hood; love in idleness; pansy.

WHAT THE PAPERS REVEALED.

INTRODUCTION.

"SIR, the gentlemen are coming down."

"Indeed! I suppose, then, it's all over. Poor old Nancy! she will be a dreadful loss to me." And the speaker looked up with a sigh from a volume of Greek plays, which he had been reading with evident relish.

The room in which this brief colloquy took place was a handsome and lofty, but not very spacious apartment, pannelled in oak and lined with book-cases; a massive oak table, quaintly carved, was drawn near the large old-fashioned grate, where a fire of mixed coal and wood burned brightly. Everything in the room bespoke comfort and luxury, but of the ornamental element there was not a single vestige. The original oak chair had been discarded to make way for deep-cushioned loungers, and in one of these sat the master of the house, Sir Edward Ashly, his book now closed, plunged in what is commonly called "a brown study."

The servant-girl, with the uncertainty that betrayed a novice to the ways of the house, moved and replaced a tray containing wine-glasses, decanters, and biscuits, that she, a minute before, deposited on the centre table; she then busied herself in re-arranging the folds of the window curtains, glanced inquisitively from one side of the room to the other, from the huge lamp burning on the centre table, to the smaller pair on the chimney-piece, and apparently gaining no inspiration by the inspection, inquired hesitatingly:

"Anything more, sir?"

"No," said the master, shortly; "you may go."

As he spoke, the heavy curtains that hung before the door were raised, and two gentlemen entered the room. The foremost of them looked very grave; he was a tall man with silvery hair, and his white cravat pronounced him a clergyman.

"I am glad you sent for me," he said; "the poor woman, so Dr. Nichol tells me, grew calm directly she heard I was coming, and although greatly agitated at first, her end was peace."

"She is dead, then?"

"Dead, and no mistake," observed the gentleman who had not yet spoken, rubbing his hands cheerfully, and approaching the blaze. "I never allow the parson to be summoned till all hope is over; the sight of one is two suggestive to a nervous patient. But," he added more seriously, "when I feel my efforts to be hopeless, I make way for the disciple of a better Physician."

"Poor old Nancy!" said Sir Edward, regretfully. "Well, if skill could have saved her, I am sure yours would. And now draw nearer the fire; you will require a glass of wine before venturing into the frosty air."

"You see I did not wait for an invitation," remarked the clergyman, who was already seated, "I consider myself one of the privileged few who may venture with impunity into the lion's den."

"It would be strange if you could not, Fugent," answered Sir Edward, "for, of course, by the lion you mean me. A chat over old college-days sometimes does good even to a hermit."

"And what a hermit you have become!" was Mr. Nugent's reply; "it seems impossible to understand why

a man who has lived all his life in continental courts should return home merely to shut himself up."

"For that very reason you ought to understand it," answered his friend. "When I first left England, many years ago, I required the whirl of action and continual change of scene; but I was ambassador in Spain long enough to wish heartily I had never accepted the post, independent of my earlier diplomatic experiences in Turkey and Russia. Such responsibilities give a surfeit of society, I assure you, and render repose inexpressibly desirable and grateful."

"Well," here interposed the doctor, "I candidly confess that your perfect seclusion is a mystery to me; no dervish could worship solitude with more pertinacity. Of course, personally, it makes the exception in my favour the more flattering; but can you wonder at the indignation of the county when a man in your position, Sir Edward Ashly, of Ashly Hall, indulges in such unorthodox tastes?"

"That indignation has long ago died out," answered Sir Edward, good-humouredly; "the world is, fortunately, very willing to forget those who forget it; my return and retirement were the conventional nine days' wonder, nothing more. Besides, I am not without companions," he added, pointing to the book-cases round the room.

"And these have been your only companions ever since you came back to England?" the doctor said, interrogatively, his eyes following the direction indicated; "why, that must be nearly four years."

"Just four years."

"And that during all that time you have had no other servant to wait upon you but the poor old woman lying above?"

"No other."

"More of your eccentricity," cried Mr. Nugent. "Not only you restrict your household to one sole at-

tendant, but you choose for the post the ugliest and most repulsive sample of womanhood I ever beheld. I am now merely speaking of appearances, for I remember how well and faithfully she served you, and have often remarked with astonishment her wonderful quietness and rapidity while waiting on us at table; but how could you have ever brought yourself to look at her?"

"Habit, I suppose. There were two other servants in the house besides old Nancy; but you never saw them, for she constituted herself my special attendant, gliding about noiselessly, and keeping the others, with their creaking shoes, always in the lower regions. It was such comfort. The house might have been managed by invisible fairies, so punctually and silently everything was done."

"How much you will miss her!" said Mr. Nugent.

"More than I can tell you. When I first returned from abroad, my present head groom, who was then my valet, chose her for me from among the few that presented themselves; for there were not many willing to take service in a great, lonely country house, deserted except in one wing, without any prospect of company or variety. He chose her for the qualities which would have deterred you, and which made her so inestimable to me, her excessive ugliness, her insurmountable taciturnity, and her activity, remarkable in so old a woman; and he certainly chose well. The poor creature fell into my ways silently and at once; her seamed and scarred face was an ever-present assurance of the impossibility of lovers and interlopers; her grim determination and surliness, a guarantee of her empire below stairs; and, to give you an idea of the really unprecedented value of old Nancy, I do not remember having once exchanged as many as six words with her during the four years that she

was my exclusive and constant attendant."

Sir Edward Ashly concluded his sentence in the slow and impressive tone always adopted when the culminating point of a eulogy is reached.

Dr. Nichol smiled. "'Words are as silver, but silence is as gold,'" he quoted; "I always thought, for my part, that your old servant was a mute, until called in to attend her; and I am ashamed to say, although not a timid man, that her ghastly, fossilised face used to frighten me. It is painful to think how much we are influenced by looks," the doctor said; "and in cases like the present, how unjustly so. My dear Ashly, you will find it difficult to replace this poor woman. Such qualities as those you esteem most are rare."

"I don't expect I shall ever replace her. Already that girl who emerged from the back premises when poor Nancy gave up work, (which she did not till the last moment,) has driven me to the verge of insanity, rushing about, bustling, fussing, and actually tormenting me for orders. Orders! Why, Nancy never asked me for an order in her life. She did everything by intuition, and never left anything undone. Poor faithful old monster, I shall miss her steady, unobtrusive services, as I would the presence of an old friend."

"How long was she ill?" asked the rector.

"Two days," the doctor said, replying for his host. "When I was first sent for, I saw there was no hope; the frame completely shattered and worn out; and I asked the poor woman if she would like to go home. She said she had no home."

"Poor thing!" observed Sir Edward; "I did not know that; but in any case, I think it a cruelty to send a servant away for getting sick, as if it were a crime. Yet this is often done. For my part, I gave

orders that poor Nancy should receive as much care as myself, in proof of which she was attended by my favourite doctor."

"You could not do less, even in a human point of view," answered Mr. Nugent; "besides, this old woman always struck me as a perfect Cerberus of trustworthiness and vigilance; and, from what you say, she must have exceeded all I gave her credit for."

"Four years of untiring service are a great test," Sir Edward said, with a groan. "I expect I shall soon learn, to my cost, how invaluable she has been to me."

"By-the-bye, what was her name?" asked the doctor; "we shall want it for the burial certificate."

"I don't know," moodily replied the host, whose thoughts were occupied with his difficulty in the matter of household reorganisation; "I never heard—I always called her Nancy."

"We can easily settle that question," said the rector, producing a roll of papers from his pocket; "the poor creature's mind was sorely ill at ease; and one of her last efforts was expended in drawing this packet from under her pillow, saying it would tell all about her."

With these words, Mr. Nugent handed the papers to Sir Edward, who began listlessly to unroll them; but no sooner had his eyes fallen on the first word, than, with a smothered sound, as if he had received a heavy blow, he clutched nervously at the table, and his face, from pale, became perfectly livid. With wild eagerness he perused the documents, and when the last had been read, he raised his head, revealing to his astonished companions a face so changed as to be almost unrecognisable—ghastly, expressionless, and awful in its vacancy. Then, before either of his friends, paralysed by the suddenness of the attack, could utter a word, his grasp relaxed, the papers fluttered to the ground, and he fell back rigid and insensible.

Both gentlemen flew to his assistance, and endeavoured to restore him, but unsuccessfully. The servant-girl nearly took leave of her senses, when summoned by Dr. Nichol, at the sight of her master, motionless and apparently dead, and threatened to faint herself, when the doctor resorted to his lancet, all simple restoratives having failed. As the blood started, in obedience to the summons, the baronet moaned and opened his eyes.

"All right!" exclaimed the doctor, twisting a handkerchief round the incision; "in a very few moments 'Richard will be himself again.'"

"Doctor, can you account for this?" whispered Mr. Nugent, whose curiosity rose as his fears lessened. "Was it caused by those papers?"

"Undoubtedly. Perhaps a date, or even a stray word, may have brought too vividly before him some forgotten circumstance. Certain it is, that the mind first, and then the body, gave way under a mental shock."

"The body—yes; but the mind?" said the rector, in a horror-struck voice. "You don't mean to say—"

"Oh! only for the moment, of course," answered the doctor. "Look at him now! in five minutes he will be as well as if nothing had happened."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Nugent, greatly relieved.

By degrees Sir Edward's colour returned. "Those papers?" were his first words.

"Oh, never mind the papers, Ashly," said the rector; "leave them to me, and I will see about everything. The fire was too hot for you, and you fainted."

"No, Nugent. You know, as well as Dr. Nichol, that it was not the fire. I saw in those papers a

name that I never expected to see again, and learned from them a strange and wonderful fact — so wonderful that it is impossible to realise it. The unexpected resurrection of that name that prostrated me; but now the shock is over, I feel I shall derive comfort from what I have discovered."

"Good!" said the doctor, as if dismissing the subject. "'All's well that ends well.'"

"But," Sir Edward continued, "you ask me no questions, and I appreciate your delicacy, for you must have been startled and mystified; but there is now no reason why I should not enlighten you. The one great episode of my life has been revived to-night; the episode which made me a wanderer from youth to age from my native land. The long-buried memories have been suddenly recalled to life; you shall hear them, if you like."

The faces of both gentlemen betrayed eager curiosity, but Mr. Nugent hesitated. "If the mere recollection has been too much for you, a long recital will surely do you harm," he said.

"No," answered Sir Edward, "it was the surprise that upset me; and moreover, brooding on such a past would be worse than relating it."

"True," said the doctor, nodding assent; "brooding would be worse." And his sanction settled the question.

"I really owe you an explanation of my strange emotion," their host then said, heaping additional logs on the fire from a handsome carved wood case that stood beside his chair, a relic of continental habits. "Draw near; and while we share the house between us and the dead upstairs, I will tell you what those papers recalled, and what they revealed."

THE NARRATIVE.

When I bade farewell to a college life—leaving you, Nugent, winning the prizes of all, and the envy of some—I started at once for Wales, on a visit to Sir Andrew Heath. This visit had been a long-planned project of my parents, and originated, strangely enough, in a romantic attachment of Sir Andrew's for my mother. My father, who had been the confidant lover, became, ultimately, the husband; but, contrary to the usual rule in such cases, no quarrel ensued. Sir Andrew, shortly afterwards, married an heiress, who, fortunately for him, shared his love for the country, and they lived quite out of the world, on their estates in Wales. My father, Sir Edward Ashly, had only one child, a daughter. The result is obvious: to cement the two friendships, to join the two fortunes, to connect the two families—such was the dream of our respective parents from earliest years.

As a child, I had been accustomed to speak of my little wife, but I had never seen her; my father had a theory on the subject, and did not believe in years of childish familiarity being favourable to the development of the tender passion; so it was arranged that not until I had come to man's estate, and had left college, was I to see the young lady, and judge for myself whether the wishes so long entertained by the houses of Ashly and Heath were likely to be realised. My father's system was certainly a good one; no constraint was laid upon me; I was merely made acquainted with the facts of the case, and left to decide for myself. In consequence of the young lady being personally unknown to me, the charms of expectation and conjecture were added to the greater interests involved, and I started on my journey to Wales in a state of

excitement and suspense that would have delighted my father and Sir Andrew, could they but have known it.

I am telling you a story of many years ago, before railways were everywhere, and isolation an impossibility. Such is truly the case now, but in those days many parts of the country were almost unattainable; and my journey to Glentwyr, a thinly-populated district in the most distant section of Wales, was an affair of no inconsiderable magnitude. Many days, in various coaches, brought me to within some five miles of my destination, where I found Sir Andrew Heath's carriage in waiting, with post-horses, to carry me the rest of the way.

The approach to Glentwyr was a scene of barren picturesqueness almost savage in its desolation, but very beautiful nevertheless. I did not remember having seen a single human habitation from the time I entered the carriage till I drove through the little village of Glentwyr. All the stories of fairy palaces I had loved to read as a boy rushed to my memory when I first laid eyes on Sir Andrew Heath's grand old house, lying in a wide-spreading, sheltered valley, and encompassed round by the finest and boldest mountains in the country. I have often been reminded of its situation by one of our most sympathetic modern poets, in a reference he makes to a similar scene, which he describes happily as

“A lovely land-lock'd vale.”

Sir Andrew received me at the door of his house—an honest, open-hearted, country gentleman, somewhat boisterous, I thought—probably an active sportsman and farmer. Such was my first impression, and I had some pretension to unusual powers of observation. He led me at once to Lady Heath, and left us to make acquaint-

tance. She struck me as a delicate woman, rather preoccupied with her health, but in a graceful, feminine way, not devoid of a certain charm ; and before we had been many minutes together, I was wholly fascinated by that indescribable gentleness which, for want of a better word, we call womanliness, and which she possessed to a remarkable extent.

It was during that interview that I first looked on my long-dreamed-of betrothed. Where was she? Had she heard of my arrival? How soon should I see her? Such were the questions I was asking myself—a feeling of restless impatience stealing over me. When she entered the room, on perceiving me, she started, as if unprepared for my presence, but went through the ceremony of introduction with haughty stateliness. To say she was handsome would be to use an expression contemptibly weak—there was something startling in her faultless loveliness ; highly-coloured and ideal as all my preconceived portraits had been, I had never pictured in my imagination a beauty so dazzling as hers. She held a book in her hand, and I heard from her mother that she was a great reader : from her I could not obtain a word. This reticence continued throughout the whole of the first day, and for long afterwards.

I must not weary you with minute details, though every hour spent under that roof is as vivid to me as if it had only occurred yesterday. Let it suffice to say, that as day after day passed by, uneventful and monotonous, I could not thaw the icy reserve Miss Heath had shown me from the first.

Alone, comparatively speaking, in a country house, it seemed almost impossible, that constant companionship should not inevitably render an increase of familiarity ; yet, far from this, her manner, with time, only grew more distant and undemonstrative ; and, if occasionally I

sought to join her solitary rambles in the park, she would either acquiesce silently, laying down with ostentatious resignation some favourite book, or darkly hint a vague taunt about forced companionship. I was honestly mystified. I could not decide whether to attribute her varying, but always disdainful mood, to a naturally morbid character, self-cultured in solitude, or to a studied motive for which it was impossible to conjecture a cause. That I was personally distastefully to her, as my fears sometimes suggested, seemed contradicted by the fact, that in the very first hour we met, before she could have formed any opinion adverse or favourable to me, her manner had been equally repelling. Besides, if such a feeling existed, why not express it? Her marriage was not compulsory, and I felt sure that whatever might be my sufferings, and their disappointment, her parents would never force a sacrifice to their wishes, from an only child.

With Sir Andrew and Lady Heath I was soon on the friendliest terms, and their open-hearted kindness formed a strong contrast to their daughter's unfathomable nature. To them, therefore, I confided all my doubts, and certainly found consolation. Sir Andrew attributed his daughter's reserve to the natural shyness of a young girl, brought up in an almost uninhabited part of the country, isolated from all society, having never met a young man before ; and, moreover, aware of the object of my visit to Glentwyr—an additional reason for conscious bashfulness. He argued that the reserve which alarmed me ought, rather, to be a source of satisfaction, as showing the delicate and sensitive nature of the girl I hoped to make my wife.

Lady Heath, with truer instinct, deplored her daughter's manner, but it appeared to occasion her no surprise. Miss Heath, she told me, was reticent and undemonstrative, even with her parents ; she had

lived on books ever since she had been able to read, and had resisted every effort of her mother's to stop her constant supplies of indiscriminate literature. "I feared," concluded Lady Heath, "that so much reading, in a life of inaction, might tend to a morbid state of mind ; but Gabriella is a strong nature, and I am a weak one ; and though she never openly disobeyed me, I foresaw great difficulties in depriving her of her only pleasure ; especially as I could not hope to make Sir Andrew understand my view of the case."

There was something so reassuring and so plausible in all this reasoning, that I gladly allowed myself to be convinced by it ; resolved that, if patience only was required, I would endeavour to emulate that of Jacob for his beloved Rachel ; for the beauty of this strange girl had enslaved me. I could not call the feeling love—however strong the passionate element in love, there still must be a large share of personal identity, a real or supposed sympathy with individual character : something beyond the mere outward impression on the senses, to compass the full meaning of the word ; whereas Gabriella Heath's mind was a sealed book to me, her character as inscrutable, her feelings, if she had any, as impenetrable as those of the sphinx. But an admiration stronger than reason, and overwhelming in intensity, grew upon me in spite of myself. It may be that the mystery of her unalterable reserve gave additional fascination to her already irresistible loveliness ; for her cold, proud face was full of power, and the character of her beauty the complete reverse of what would be generally attributed to a passionless nature. But whatever the cause, the result was that my whole life and thoughts became concentrated into a desire to lead her to a betrayal of her real nature ; and many were the traps I laid to find the bent

of her mind, and on that clue to shape my course.

There were times when a gleam of animation rewarded my perseverance. I remember especially one occasion that, seeing her with a history of the first French revolution in her hand, I made some trivial remark on the pathetic incidents of the time, the sufferings of the weak, well-meaning king, the degradation of the beautiful, proud queen, and the unhappy, heartrending story of the poor child, Louis XVII. She turned on me with unexampled scorn—

"Of course," she sneered, "what is it if people groan for generations under the pressure of tyranny and wrong? What if they toil, and faint, and perish, to supply a proper succession of pleasures to their superiors? What if they die by thousands of starvation and penury? It is their business—the purpose for which they were created ; but if, by some mistake, a latent spark of manhood struggles to the surface, and they rise upon the oppressors, or the representatives of their oppressors, to proclaim a glorious equality, then the necessary sacrifice of two or three lives is a blot upon the page of history, hitherto quite unsullied by the myriads of deaths among the people, caused by iniquitous and heartless misgovernment. If such narrow-minded egotism is education, you had better not have gone to college."

Her extraordinary warmth on so completely abstract a subject quite bewildered me ; her philosophy, too, though, perhaps, well founded, sounded strange from the lips of a girl scarcely twenty years of age ; and it seemed to me, as days wore on, that I knew her less and less.

Beyond this one outbreak, however, and an occasional sarcasm when any question of social distinction was started, I never got any further clue to Miss Heath's real character, her unvarying placidity

remained as unimpressionable as ever. At length, when days and weeks brought me apparently no nearer the object of my mission than in the first hour of my arrival, I resolved, in a fit of despair, to brave all consequences, and propose to Gabriella. Her whole conduct was such an enigma, that I thought it might possibly conceal an inclination favourable to myself; and, at all hazards, a declaration would lead me to a partial solution of the puzzle.

When I apprised Sir Andrew of my intention, he implored me to delay until we knew more of each other. To this I replied that I had given up all hope of ever knowing more of Gabriella; and that I had certainly been at Glentwyr long enough for her to know me fully. I did not tell him how much I was beginning to suffer from this protracted suspense; how, with every succeeding day, my passionate admiration made the barrier between us an ever-increasing torture; yet, with the cowardly consciousness that a refusal might result in banishment from her presence, I listened to Sir Andrew's warnings against precipitancy.

"Wait, at least," he said, "till after the fair"—a most important era in the lives of all Glentwyr people. Once a year this little village awakes to life; buyers and sellers, marionettes and menageries flock in, for the day, from all parts of the country; and every one, from the highest to the lowest, is expected to be in a state of excitement and exultation at the great event. Even Gabriella forgets her books, and seems as interested as the busiest when the fair time comes round. "You will have an opportunity of seeing her as you have not seen her yet, and may then find the secret spring to her favour, which you do not seem sure of having yet discovered. She is, perhaps, a little cold, and, like all women, capricious; too

much precipitation may rouse her opposition, and I think you now concur enough in the family wishes to dread this. Therefore I say, wait a little. In my day young men were not in such a terrible hurry to give way to despair."

And accordingly I waited.

There certainly was a change in Miss Heath; her placid tranquillity was replaced by an unmistakable restlessness. She now often joined our general conversation, always introducing the subject of the fair, either proposing to her father to throw open the park gates and give a banquet to all comers, or declaring her intention of passing her whole day in the village in the midst of the festival.

My heart began to beat with a sensation almost like hope as I noticed this change; there was something so natural and girlish in her interest for the coming gala, and anxiety for the people's enjoyment of their holiday, that I argued well from the contrast to the indifference she had hitherto shown for everything.

Sir Andrew readily entered into all her sympathy for the villagers, and promised that the presence of the party from the castle should not be wanted to crown the occasion as a complete success. To me the projected fair was a species of revelation; it seemed to explain away my principal doubts, and account for Gabriella's outward apathy by her life of unnatural stagnation. Lady Heath had said that her daughter was a girl of strong mind; she had been brought up in an atmosphere so dull and eventless as to be absolute petrefaction, and had probably ended in creating a fictitious existence for herself, through her books, in which, as far as thought and feeling went, she absolutely lived. From this imaginary region, pleasure, excitement, variety alone could wean her, permanently perhaps, temporarily certainly, as her activity

for the coming festival abundantly testified. There was still one drawback to my growing confidence. Willing as Gabriella was to converse on the subject of the coming festivity, with me, especially when alone, she was as silent and reserved as ever; not even on the all-absorbing topic could I get her to utter an opinion. She froze at once, whenever I attempted to address her.

When, at last, the long-expected morning dawned, I threw open my window to let in the glorious sunshine, distant noises from the village, principally the discordant notes of primitive musical instruments, came wafted in on the air. I fancied, as I listened, that Gabriella must have been disturbed by these sounds many hours before, for hers were the only rooms that looked out towards the village, and were much better situated for seeing and hearing than any others in the castle. Indeed, with a good glass, she could probably distinguish the movements of the busy multitude, and count the number of booths and tents erected during the night. She certainly never looked more beautiful than when we met that morning at the breakfast-table; her grand eyes sparkling somewhat restlessly, and her cheeks flushed with a colour almost feverish in its intensity.

Sir Andrew also seemed impressed with the importance of the occasion. An annual *fête*, that his mere presence sanctioned, was an institution far more to his taste than the gaieties of society, that he had tired of at a very early age. Lady Heath looked at father and daughter with an amused smile. She had lived in the fashionable world for many years, an acknowledged belle and a courted heiress. Fortunately for the blunt country gentleman she chose, a belief in her own extreme delicacy and failing health, led her to prefer a life of perfect retirement to any other; but the importance allowed to this

little rustic festivity by Sir Andrew and Gabriella, recalled, no doubt, in startling contrast, some memories of the busy life beyond the little world of Gwentwyr. Nevertheless, in her quiet way, she shared her husband's and child's wishes for the successful issue of the holiday, and consented for once to forget her ailments, and accompany us to the scene of action. The great event of the day was to be a wrestling-match between the chosen champions of the surrounding villages; so, after wandering a short time among the temporary booths, lavishing small coins on every side, and patronising for a few moments each separate show, we were led to the seat of honour reserved for us on the field, where the modern tournament was to take place. I say "tournament" advisedly, for, however unromantic and degenerate this display of brute force might be, compared with the knightly feats of tilting, an old flavour of chivalry was cast upon the scene, in the custom, revived by Miss Heath, of crowning the victor. Had the exhibition been twice as interesting as it possibly was, I should not have noticed a single detail. My whole attention was riveted on my betrothed. She followed the varying scene with breathless interest, and seemed transfigured suddenly from an insensate statue into a passionate, palpitating woman. Even Sir Andrew remarked the change, for he looked at me triumphantly, and at his daughter, as if struck with an unusual sense of her exceeding loveliness.

You will think I am infringing on my privileges as a narrator, in dwelling so often on the wondrous attractions of this young girl. Forgive me; I cannot help it, and I shall not tax your patience much longer. In a few minutes I shall have ceased for ever to trespass in this respect. Till then, and while I am endeavouring to recal the scene on the village green, the most prominent point in

the picture must be the almost super-human beauty of Gabriella in her transformation, for such it was.

As I have before mentioned, I did not follow the details of the struggle, but every phase of it was reproduced in my betrothed's changing face. At one moment it lighted up with enthusiasm, her cheeks burned, her lips parted, and her whole frame seemed thrilling with excitement, and unconsciously she half rose from her seat; at another moment I saw her turn so deadly pale, I thought she would have fainted, and seriously alarmed I whispered to Lady Heath, who, looking round, was frightened at her daughter's pallor. "Come away at once, dearest," she said, holding out her arm to support the trembling girl; "this has been too much for you." But with a strong effort that showed how complete was her mastery over herself, Gabriella, on being remarked, recovered her composure. "No, mamma," she said, "I am not ill—I cannot go—we must stay to the end. And without giving her mother time to answer, she appealed to Sir Andrew, who, intent on the wrestling, had observed nothing, and of course consented. Following the direction of his eyes, I sought the cause of Gabriella's emotion, and saw one of the hitherto most successful wrestlers prostrate and wounded on the ground. It was evident that such a display was not fit for a girl unused to the slightest excitement; while at the same time it showed how rich in human sympathies was her apparently cold nature, how delicate her sensibilities, how much too trying the present tention on her nerves. With the simplicity of a child, she suffered with the fallen, and triumphed with the victorious; and when at last the conqueror was brought to her feet to be crowned, she performed the ceremony with a pride and solemnity too full of grace to be ridiculous. I scarcely re-

marked the recipient of this honour, who appeared to be a strongly-built, handsome young fellow, with a rather sheepish expression of face.

On our return to the castle, Gabriella's vivacity deserted her; exhausted probably by the fatiguing events of the day, she sank into her usual listless silence, and retired early to her own apartment. Gentlemen, I have reached a point in my story that it is agony even to recal; every hour of that fatal evening lives again as I rake up the long-buried memory; nearly forty years—a lifetime—lie between me and it, yet even now, I dare not dwell upon it.

Briefly, then, our usual evening's amusement, chess—between Lady Heath and me, while Sir Andrew dozed in an easy chair—was on this occasion interrupted more than once by noisy cries from the village, which increased steadily, and to judge by the sound, seemed coming nearer. Presently all doubt on this score was confirmed, the shouts grew louder and louder, and we could almost distinguish voices.

"Strange that this noise has not disturbed Gabriella," muttered Sir Andrew,—“hers is the only room from which anything could be seen; go, my dear, and find out what it is.”

Lady Heath was pale, and evidently alarmed. "Come with me," she said. And Sir Andrew seized one of the branch candlesticks from the table, and followed her out of the room.

I waited anxiously—not long, however. A minute barely elapsed, before a wild shriek rang through the house,—a shriek so piercing, so full of terror, that, reckless of consequences, I rushed to the spot, following in the wake of Sir Andrew, who was just then entering his daughter's inner chamber. What this chamber was like I never knew. I felt that the window was open, for the night air blew upon my face; but my eyes were fastened on the scene

within. Lady Heath lay on the ground in a fainting fit, mercifully unconscious for some moments of what ensued. Sir Andrew totally oblivious of his corpse-like wife, whose most fanciful complaint had always filled him with concern, was looking steadily, and with grim determination into the room, at the other actors in this horrible drama. For there were two—Gabriella, her long hair falling loose upon her shoulders, stood boldly forward, with her arms spread out, as if to form a barrier; and behind her—a man. In this man I recognised the hero of the wrestling-match, the successful champion of the morning's sports. His courage was certainly not of the moral order, for he shuffled uneasily, at sight of Sir Andrew's set face sheltered himself more completely behind the dauntless girl, who stood before him like some hunted animal at bay.

It was she who first broke the awful silence: "He is my husband," she said, tearing some papers from her bosom, and offering them to us; "he is my husband, and I love him."

No one responded to the gesture; but Sir Andrew in a voice so changed, that I started at hearing it, merely asked the man, "Is this true?"

The creature muttered an affirmative, and some words in extenuation about her having made him marry her. But Sir Andrew interrupted. Stern, collected, and therefore merciless, I recognised what these easy-going, indolent natures can sometimes hide of intense power and self-control. His voice alone betrayed the effort: "That will do," he said, "I want no explanation. I have seen. That is enough. You are free to go. Take that woman with you; she is no child of mine, and she has killed her mother." He pointed to the inanimate form of Lady Heath, and turned, with pitiless calmness, to speak to his

daughter. "You have chosen dishonour deliberately; abide by it; you are no longer anything to me that I should seek to rescue you. From this hour remove your accursed presence, your tainted person, from the roof to which your shame has brought undying dishonour and disgrace. Go!" he added, more bitterly, "join the witnesses you have summoned to your triumph."

Then, for the first time, I looked round, and perceived through the window, at some little distance, the group of peasants whose clamour had originally disturbed us. They had missed the hero of the day from their revels, and suspecting him of having abandoned them for the company of the castle servants, had followed him in a state of noisy intoxication. But now, awe-struck into silence, they stood huddled together, gazing up through the dim night into the brilliantly-lighted room where so strange a scene was being enacted.

For one moment Gabriella quailed under her father's words; then raising her head, defiant, as before—

"You will regret this harshness when you know all," she said; and, without even a glance at her mother, she seized the crestfallen champion by the hand, and almost dragged him from the room.

Then followed a scene that I cannot attempt to describe. The unhappy girl gone, Sir Andrew was himself again, hanging over his still unconscious wife in an agony of tenderness; whilst the scared servants bustled about the house, getting restoratives for their mistress. But from the shock of that night Lady Heath never fully recovered. Although the very next day, she left Gwentwyr for ever with Sir Andrew, time brought her but little consolation. She died shortly afterwards at Pau, in the Pyrenees, having never seen or heard of her daughter since that fatal night. Poor Sir Andrew did not long survive his wife.

After her death, I persuaded him to join me in Italy. Glentwyr Castle had been sold; and not only had he forbidden Gabriella's name to be mentioned before him, but he refused to be made acquainted with her whereabouts, her prospects, or her position. From this resolution he never swerved. In small things tolerant beyond most people, once his sense of honour was touched, his whole nature became metamorphosed. In the same degree that he had been a credulous and adoring father, so was he afterwards a relentless and unforgiving judge; and on the few occasions on which I ventured to sound him on the subject, he invariably replied, with perfect calmness, that he bore no ill-will to the peasantry of Wales, with the exception of one woman who had deliberately dishonoured a name stainless for generations, and had, moreover, murdered his wife. Did I require him to select this special woman as a recipient of his gratitude? With these feelings unchanged, he died about a year after the catastrophe that had broken up his home, his hopes, and happiness; and in his will Gabriella was formally disinherited.

My friends, in all this I have not spoken to you of myself. How could any words give an idea of the bitterness of a trial such as mine? I can relate naked facts, the desolation of a hearth, the degradation of a name, the deaths of a stricken woman and broken-hearted man, my own voluntary exile for long and weary years, the ruin of my hopes, the blasting of the youngest, and what should have been the brightest portion of my life; but to describe or detail the sufferings that such things bring with them, is not in the power of mere language.

When I left England as *attache* to a foreign embassy, it was partly to shun the land of such cruel experiences, and partly because my father feared that, if at home, a morbid desire to find out what had

become of Gabriella Heath might prompt me to seek her out. Certain it is, that I listened eagerly to all news from England, in a stupid, unreasoning way, as though it were possible that any despatches could contain intelligence of an obscure cottage in some remote part of Wales. The feeling may have been presentiment—a foreshadowing of the future that some people possess, for there was yet another link to be added to that hapless chain of events.

One morning while scanning, as usual, the English newspapers, my heart gave a sudden bound as the familiar name, Gabriella Heath, caught my eye. Once more that fatal name was destined to be associated with calamity, and this time with guilt. The paper stated briefly that a young woman known as Gabby Wynn, daughter of the late Sir Andrew and Lady Gabriella Heath, of Glentwyr Castle, and Rocklands, &c., &c., was arraigned for the wilful murder of her husband, James Wynn. My first instinct was a wild desire to start for England, which I should certainly have yielded to, but I was most unexpectedly chained. I could not get leave of absence. I did not then know that my father had sent word to detain me; but if I could have thrown up my appointment with honour, I should certainly have done so. I lived in a kind of dream during the progress of that terrible trial. With feverish anxiety, I watched for the arrival of the mails; and then, with a copy of the public papers, hurried off to battle alone with the horror of the awful details. The accounts were pitiless and precise. The case for the prosecution was short, and to this effect:—That Gabriella Heath had fallen violently in love with and married the man, Wynn—and here some painful references to the disparity of their social positions, and her broken-hearted parents, were given—that he had brought her home to his father's

farm, and had been a good husband to her, in spite of the objections of his family to seeing a fine lady among them; that she was proud and violent, unwilling to conciliate her new relations, and accustomed to exasperate her husband by incessant scenes of scornful reproach and vituperation; that on one of these occasions, returning home, tired out from a day's labour, she met him with such a volley of unprovoked and bitter taunts, that, in a fit of indignation, he raised his hand, and struck her. That night he was found murdered in his bed. Such was the substance of the accusation, without the comments and remarks with which it was interspersed. The prisoner—my soul revolted at the expression—pleaded guilty, and sullenly refused to say a word in extenuation of her crime. But the unhappy woman was not wholly forsaken. Some distant connexions of the Heath family, anxious, if possible, to lessen the additional disgrace which threatened their doomed house, had engaged for the defence one of the ablest lawyers of the day; and he certainly made as much out of his miserable materials as was possible. Ingeniously avoiding any attempt at refutation of the crime, or any direct reference to the crushing facts of the accusation, he slid, with apparent unconsciousness, into the strain, always so powerful with English juries, of an appeal to their sympathies. The woman before them was still young and very beautiful; and, in words of glowing eloquence, he wove, from the stores of his imagination, a pathetic tale of her life and sufferings. First representing the young girl in her aristocratic home, surrounded by all conceivable luxuries; then painting her romantic devotion, her sacrifice of all for love; and crowning the elaborate imaginary picture by a vivid description of what the gradual disenchantment, the daily and hourly loss of cherished illusions,

the terrible waking from the ideal to the real, the discovery, too late, that the idol of gold was an idol of clay—what these must have been to a highly-wrought and sensitive nature.

"God forbid! gentlemen of the jury," he said, "that I should attempt to palliate this crime; but in shrinking from the act, I cannot forget the provocation. Trampled on and insulted by the man through whom she had lost all—name and fame, home and friends—reviled and disowned *for* him, deceived and degraded *by* him, this woman expiated in years of bitterness—who can estimate their bitterness?—the crime of having loved too faithfully. But even the veriest worm will turn at length. There came a day when the one drop that filled it to overflowing was poured into this woman's cup. Encouraged by the applauding jeers of every member of his family, the brutal coward struck her as she stood alone among them, in her fatal defenceless superiority. Was it the blood of a thousand ancestors that rushed with tumultuous rebellion to her brain? Was it the last agonised throes of a yet unbroken spirit? I dare not conjecture. I only know that, goaded to madness, in a frenzy of wild unconsciousness, the unhappy woman rushed to avenge her wrongs—to cancel her misery in the crime for which she now stands charged before you."

It was a well-imagined defence, and, I always thought, prompted the recommendation to mercy which accompanied the verdict of guilty. In consideration of that recommendation, the sentence of death was commuted into one of transportation for life; and the subject dropped from the record of human events. These occurrences took place four years after the death of Sir Andrew Heath. In all the lacerating pain they brought, it was yet a comfort to remember that he had not lived to know them. From that time my native land became more than ever

distasteful to me. My father died, and I succeeded to the title and estates, an alien and a foreigner. Love, marriage, and all the dear domestic ties realised in the one word "home" were not for me; a blight was upon my life; a ghastly memory was attached to all such associations; and not until thirty-five years of exile had blanched my hair, and warned me of coming old age, did I venture

back to the cold hearth I had left, a buoyant, joyous youth.

Here, comparatively happy in the genial society of my books, I have lived for five solitary years, with the ashes of nearly forty winters to cover the story of my early life; a story so old as almost to belong to the records of a former generation; yet this very night, my friends, I have learned that till within a few hours ago it had a sequel.

CONCLUSION.

As Sir Edward Ashby pronounced the last words, he placed before the doctor and clergyman the papers confided to the latter by the dying servant. They were three in number.

The first was a baptismal registry of Gabriella Heath, daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady Gabriella Heath, with date and local particulars.

The second, a certificate of marriage between James Wynn and Gabriella Heath, with date and names of witnesses.

The third, a ticket-of-leave, discharge from prison for good conduct, granted to the convict, Gabby Wynn, and dated some six years back.

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. Nichol, "it cannot be possible! That strange, wizened creature—that mass of scarred ugliness and deformity——"

"Was once the peerless Gabriella Heath!" said Sir Edward, concluding the doctor's sentence in the absent tones of a man whose thoughts are far away from the subject on which he is speaking.

"Truly, she was, as she herself said, a deeply guilty sinner," mused Mr. Nugent, as he renewed in thought the death-bed scene he now so fully comprehended; "but his mercy of God is infinite!"

And then silence fell on the little party. But that night, for the first time since its reoccupation, Ashby Hall harboured guests, for the clergyman and doctor refused to leave their friend alone with that strange revelation, while the dead was yet in the house.

A few days later, when a mourning train issued from the gates of the Hall, the lord of the manor attended as chief mourner, and truly—

the little port

Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

But in this ordinary deference to the memory of an old servant, the people of Ashby only saw a confirmation of their opinions respecting the "eccentric Sir Edward," who, being the greatest aristocrat and landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, had given too deep offence to the county by his unexpected seclusion and unaccountable inhospitality to be worthy a renewal of surprise. Others, whose greater curiosity took them to the churchyard to inspect the last testimonial to the object of this homage, found only a simple marble slab, erected near the family vault of the Ashbys and inscribed with the simple letter, G.



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SECOND PART.

THE MISFORTUNES OF PIETRO MEDICIS.

To Cosmo succeeded a very different and very inferior personage, his son Pietro; a man of very limited understanding and ability, and one who inherited only one of the business qualifications of his father, that of looking well to the preservation of his property. The great scholar, Poggio, had forced a knowledge of Latin and Greek into his head; and made an attempt to introduce philosophy along with it. But Pietro's brain was not equal to its comprehension. Add to these defects, the presence of gout in his system from the age of fifteen, and the almost incapability of using his hands and feet. Poor Pietro formed no exception to the generality of the children of great men, when put in comparison with their fathers. Cosmo, well aware of the inability of his successor to support the glory of his house, had, during his latter years, interested his many friends in all the orders of the state in the weal of his successor. He also endeavoured to strengthen for him, and generally for the republic, the good feelings of the King of Naples, Ferdinand of Arragon, and Galeas Sforza, Duke of Milan. While these potentates acted in concert with Florence, he feared little

for the unfriendly feelings of any of the other states.

But the great man was not long in his tomb when the family of the Pitti formed a conspiracy to get rid of Pietro, and thus effectually humble the pretensions of the House of Medicis. Their family was distinguished in arts, and arms, and letters, even the then living three brothers and their seven cousins-german, and why should it be overshadowed by one whose only distinction arose from success in business? To the minds of these learned and warlike scions of a noble house, no means of humbling the rival establishment presented itself but assassination. Such, four hundred years since, were the amenities of life in an Italian free republic.

Some knights of the poniard were accordingly subsidised; and invited from Romagna to take the life of Pietro at an unguarded moment. A good round sum was guaranteed to the little troop, to be handed over to their manager when the work was done; and ample instructions and a favourable opportunity pointed out for its accomplishment.

Pietro's house was in the neighbourhood of the gate at the lower part of the city. He himself was to return thither on a certain evening from his country house, and the

assassins might conveniently wait for him outside the gate. To render harmless their appearance at that locality in a body, they were to keep themselves employed in exercising their horses whenever they found curious eyes directed towards them.

Nothing could at first promise better than the design. Pietro set out on his return at the hour expected, his litter being merely accompanied by two attendants; but he had not proceeded far when he changed his purpose, and instead of returning directly home, he took the road which led to the upper part of the city, to pay a flying visit to a friend. He arrived safely, chatted with his friend, and was persuaded to stay and sup with him. Darkness by this time having descended on the city, his host would not allow him to proceed homewards without a special good guard of his own people.

Nightfall having arrived to the assassins without the arrival of their man, they entered the city, and, separating into groups, watched the different approaches which conducted to Pietro's dwelling. One of these groups had the fortune of seeing him approach in his litter at a rather late hour, but alas, front and rear, and sides of his vehicle were guarded by stout fellows well armed. Nothing was to be done, and the separate little bodies being informed of the mischance, betook themselves to the rendezvous, where it was agreed that they should return without delay to Romagna, all save their manager, who would needs remain to touch the reward.

Alack-a-day! a difference arose between his learned and warlike employers and himself. His opinion was that he and his men honourably fulfilled their part of the contract. "They had punctually attended at the appointed place, and if some influence inimical to the views of the gentlemen of their profession

had not inspired Pietro to go a round-about away to his home that evening, they would have most certainly left him outside the gate as dead as Julius Cæsar. Therefore they were entitled to their full reward, having achieved as much of their stipulated duty as men on mould could do." Their honourable employers could not see the thing in this light. "They had not finished the job for which payment was covenanted. Let it be tried the next opportunity, and their money awaited them. Otherwise they should be content with half pay—very good remuneration indeed for nothing done." The master bravo would have made an angry rejoinder to this speech, but something of a threatening character in the mien of the padrones changed his intent. He said that he could do nothing without the approval of his comrades. Their resolve he would respectfully communicate to the signori as early as possible. For the present he would respectfully wish his patrons good day.

This he did; but instead of quitting the city he repaired to one of his friends, who had access to Pietro, and requested him to inform the great man that he was possessed of a secret touching the weal of the republic and his own life, and that he was prepared to exchange this secret for a full pardon for all offences, and a certain sum of money in hand. This message the friend delivered, and found Pietro much interested in it, for the sight of the strangers stationed at the outlets of his mansion had left a disagreeable impression on his mind. The bandit was treated in such an open and liberal fashion as to entirely remove all mistrust, and he candidly revealed the plot, the hiring of himself and his band, and the failure of the attempt. The Gonfalonier being informed of the occurrence, seized on the conspirators, brought them to trial, and a sentence of exile in per-

petuity was pronounced against the heads of the Pitti family.

Compared with death by the executioner's knife this was a merciful adjudication, but it was an unwise one in a political sense. The Pitti were joined by the outlaws of the houses of the Petrucci, the Albizzi, the Strozzi, and others,—the sons of those banished for their crimes against Cosmo. At their head the Pitti sought assistance from Venice in their design to invade Florence. The Doge and his nobles wished for nothing better than the humiliation of their great rival in commerce; but they were obliged to consult appearances, and outwardly observe political civility with a state at peace with them. But admitting the chiefs to a private council, they said, "We cannot ostensibly support you in your hostile movements against your city; but there is our general, Coliugno, the greatest captain of this age. There are numbers of mercenary warriors of experience who have served under him. We do not need their services, at least for the present. Hire them. They will do the work of heroes for you, and when you have wrought out your will on your mortal foes, they can return, and re-enter our service. Thus will you gain needful aid, and preserve unblemished our character as a not unfriendly power." The advice was acted on, and the united forces under Coliugno did much damage to the Tuscan towns and farms, and might easily have won the capital, but for secret instructions given to the general, whose conduct resembled that of an inert and incapable commander.

LORENZO TO THE RESCUE!

While Coliugno, much to the disgust of the Pitti, loitered before the well-fortified and well-defended city of Pisa, instead of investing Florence, Pietro was carried off by a fever, and the upholders of the interests of his family were seized with apprehension of the danger now impend-

ing over the fortunes of the Medicis and of Florence, the present head of the house, Lorenzo, being under twenty years of age. But the very day after his father's death he summoned a council, and exhibited such prudence, judgment, and determination, in his address, that he roused a strong feeling of hope and confidence in his hearers. He paid up the arrears due to his mercenaries, sent addresses to Naples and Milan, and gave out that he had in his possession an intercepted list of the secret friends which the Pitti still retained in Florence. This report soon rid the city of these dangerous inmates, and left a sense of security behind.

Still Coliugno remained inactive before Pisa, notwithstanding the oburgations of his employers, the Pitti, but had soon to raise the siege, in order to show fight to the Florentines, who in force were coming against him under the command of Federigo D'Urbino, young Lorenzo contenting himself with the post of commissary-general. In the battle which soon ensued, Coliugno used, for the first time it was seen in Italy, a moveable field-piece. There was a general outcry against him afterwards, for taking his foes at a disadvantage—an outcry not justified by the damage done that day by the piece of flying artillery. This damage was confined to the destruction of the heel of the Prince of Ferrara's boot. Some of the Italian fights seem to have been little more destructive than what the French would name *combats pour rire*. This particular fight began late in the day, and night coming on before the noble ardour of the combatants evaporated, the squires and valets held up torches and flambeaux to light their masters at the noble game of destruction. There were but a few killed on either side; and at last, as by mutual agreement, the battle came to an end, and the foemen still alive felt amazingly tired, and betook themselves to rest as they best could.

The brave and shrewd Florentine commander, being anxious to exhibit an improvement in warfare as well as his Venetian rival, gave his troops only a couple of hours repose till he had them assailing the Pitti camp, the occupiers dreaming of anything but such a sudden rousing. Great confusion and some slaughter ensued, but not so much as if the fray had occurred out of Italy, whose natives have an eye to business in their most martial enterprises. No one unprepared for combat asked quarter in vain. It was granted in every instance *for a consideration*; and when the fight was done the Pitti found their forces little diminished in number, but much money paid, or to be paid, for ransom. Their wrath against their dearly-purchased general was extreme. They cashiered him on the spot, but his Venetian masters again secured his services with the greatest willingness. Coliagno's chief care all along was evidently to gratify the Doge and his people. Still it must have been very galling to the spirit of a great commander, such as he undoubtedly was, to play his part so badly in the great military drama then enacted.

The invaders now found themselves in evil plight. They had discharged their incapable commander, but were not able to supply his place by a capable one. They saw their strength in men and money rapidly diminishing, and found they had caught a Tartar in young Lorenzo. Negotiations were inaugurated, and in the end they had to endure ten more years of exile, after which they would be permitted to return to Florence, but never again to aspire to the magistracy. The subordinate people were forgiven on condition of serving gratis in the siege of Volterra, one of the Tuscan towns which had revolted. The inhabitants of this fortress held out most stubbornly till they were reduced by famine. The mercenaries under Lorenzo would have mercilessly sacked and

pillaged the place, but he effectually thwarted their cruel purpose, and sent them to find congenial employment elsewhere. Having won as much praise for his clemency as for his military talents, he quietly returned to Florence, refusing (but without giving offence) a triumphal entry.

A great mistake made by Lorenzo during his otherwise judicious management of the affairs of his family and of his city, was his endeavours to advance to the rank of Cardinal his brother Julian, who was totally unfitted for the office by his immoralities, and other unsuitable qualities. He found the reigning pontiff, Pope Sixtus IV., inexorable in his refusals, and a series of ill offices ensued on both sides, which produced an unsurmountable dislike between the Riaries, the Pope's relatives, and the Medicis.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE PAZZI.

While things were in this uncomfortable condition, Francisco Pazzi, a second Catiline, was obliged to quit Florence, owing to his most disorderly life and the heavy debts which he had contracted. Getting on intimate terms with the Pope's nephew, Riaire, it was concerted between them that the two Medicis, Lorenzo and Julian, should be assassinated, and that the Riaire family, jointly with the Pazzi, should acquire supremacy in the City. As it would be expedient to obtain the co-operation of Ferdinand, King of Sicily, in their design, an emissary was sent to him, and he represented that the great object of his principals was to restore the ancient kingdom of Etruria, and make his (Ferdinand's) best-beloved daughter its queen. The monarch had long entertained a personal dislike to Lorenzo, and entered heartily into the design. He gave orders to a portion of his fleet which was conveying provisions to a town wasted by the Turks, to approach the mouth of the Arno, and co-ope-

rate with the party at the proper moment; and his son, the Duke of Tuscany, he despatched to that State, ostensibly to transact some ordinary business with the Government of Florence, but in reality to aid the plot when ripe. The young prince was kept in the dark as to the real service required of him, for he was of a frank, sincere disposition, and no way disposed to stratagem or plots. A young Cardinal of the Riaire family was also despatched to Florence, to be on the spot, when the explosion would take place to exert his influence in the notable scheme. He was also kept in ignorance of the service expected at his hands. One of the most shameful features of the conspiracy was the co-operation of Francisco Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa. This was secured by the elder Pazzi, a companion to the unworthy churchman in scenes where no decent layman, much less a cleric of high or low grade, should ever be found. Salviati entered more heartily into the plot, as the Medicis had opposed on more than one occasion his advancement in church dignities. In case of a traverse of their scheme, the conspirators would have his palace to repair to as a place of refuge. Now, Francisco Pazzi had some influence with Julian de Medicis, chiefly through sharing his luxurious penchants, and had lately been augmenting it by apparently winning over a lady, of whom Julian was enamoured, to treat him with consideration. In a conversation which they had, he mentioned that the Pazzi were about entertaining the young Cardinal Riaire, and hinted that it would look well on the part of the Medicis to do the like. It would show that the coldness between them and the Pope did not interfere with their desire to show attention to a young and amiable dignitary of his family. Julian gladly heard the proposition, and offered to communicate to his brother, who, he was sure,

would be as well disposed as he himself to show every respect to His Holiness's kinsman. In fact, there was such a strong brotherly sympathy between Julian and Lorenzo, that one had only to mention a wish, to have it acceded to on the instant by the other.

So the invitation was made, in a polite and cordial manner, to the young cardinal, to honour with his company the brothers De Medicis at their country house of Frejola; and after some hesitation on his eminence's part, it was graciously accepted. The conspirators decided on half their number attending the banquet and slaying the two brothers, while the other half would, at the head of their followers, present themselves in the city, and, aided by the archbishop, excite a sedition and raise the people, by shouting liberty in their ears.

The evening came, and so did one moiety of the conspirators, and so did the youthful dignitary, and so did Lorenzo, having provided a most *recherché* and costly entertainment to do honour to the Pope's relative; but Julian did not put in an appearance. He had been seized with a troublesome attack of the lungs and visitation of phlegm, and was, much against his will, detained from the feast. The young cardinal, who was entirely ignorant of any evil intentions entertained towards his hosts, was unfeignedly sorry for the absence of Julian, and no less so were the plotters. They might slay Lorenzo, indeed, but Julian was safe, and his influence would certainly mar their after-efforts. They had no need of intercommunication to decide on doing nothing just then, and the chief found an opportunity of sending an order to the party in the city to keep quiet for the present. If Lorenzo's thoughts had not been unpleasantly occupied with his brother's condition, he could not have failed to remark the troubled demeanour of his guests,

the young cardinal excepted. But the festival came to an end, and the guests departed with grateful expressions of their sense of their host's courtesy and munificence.

If a spirit of folly had not taken possession of these bad men, as well as a spirit of cruelty and impiety, they could not by any possibility have adopted their next execrable plan—viz., that of murdering the two brothers in the great church next Sunday, at the solemn moment of the ELEVATION. These were the particulars of the plot as determined on. Antonio Volterra and Signor Stephano, the governor of the young Princes Pazzi, would, at the moment indicated, stab to the death Lorenzo, while Francisco Pazzi and Bernardo Bandini would despatch Julian in the same way. The Archbishop Salviati, accompanied by Jacomo Poggio, son of the tutor of the two Medicis, and a strong body of adherents, would seize on the Hotel de Ville, on pretence of paying a visit to Cæsar Perucci, the Gonfalonier, who resided there. The elder Pazzi, on hearing the death of the brothers, would ride to the public square, in his collar and other insignia, and surrounded by his adherents, and aid Salviati if he saw need.

Even as in former plots, the commencement promised well. Lorenzo made his appearance before the mass commenced. He intended to communicate on that day. His intended assassins took their place beside him; but the *Introit* commenced, and still no appearance of Julian. His two men, dreading a second failure, and the improbability of the plot, known to so many, being kept a secret, quietly left the church, and penetrated to the dressing-room, where they found him brushing his hair. Francisco Pazzi laughingly upbraided with his sluggishness, especially as his lady-love was at that moment in the church on the look-out for him, herself the centre of many admiring eyes. The

idea hastened Julian's movements; his foemen acted as his valet, and at the very moment of time fixed for his destruction the three entered the church. Without losing a moment, they did their cruel office on him, and he sunk expiring on the pavement. The attention of Lorenzo's companions being occupied by the entry of the men, for a moment they were not up to time, and their intended victim, wrapping his left arm in his cloak, received the assault with firmness, and parried their strokes so skilfully, that time was given to a few courageous priests and other friends to get between him and the assassins. They succeeded in pushing him into the sanctuary and closing the door, before Bandini, who determinedly followed him, could inflict a mortal wound.

Meanwhile, Salviati, with a large and well-armed retinue, came to the Hotel de Ville, and announced to the guardian of the entrance that he wished to speak with the Gonfalonier. "He is at dinner with the officers of the guard," said the man, "and I do not wish to disturb him." "Let him know," said he, "that I bring him a message direct from the Pope, which brooks not of delay." This pretence came into his head at the moment. He had not expected to find the Gonfalonier surrounded by his men of war. That chief, on receiving the announcement, was not well-pleased with the dignitary for selecting such an inconvenient time. However, he sent to request the Archbishop to walk up-stairs to the reception-room; and thither Salviati proceeded, leaning on the arm of Poggio, the conspirator already mentioned.

Entering the room into which the Gonfalonier had proceeded from the dining-room, the chief, after a hasty greeting, rather impatiently asked for the brevet in question. Salviati had not made up his mind as to the statement he would preface his pro-

ceedings by, and hesitated. This increased Perucci's impatience, and raised some suspicion in his mind, which was much increased when the confused and conscience-stricken prelate turned red and pale by turns, and found himself unable to make any plausible statement. The Gonfalonier, inheriting the quality of most Italians, suspicion, at once hurried out of the room; and as Poggio, who was on the outside, made an attempt to stop him, he struck him to the ground, entered the dining-room, and directed his guests to repair to the donjon, and barricade the entrance. He then shouted to his armed retainers, and in a second or two heard the doors of all the rooms which communicated with the great hall violently closed. In these apartments there were at the moment all those who had followed the archbishop, and who thought it prudent to separate into groups, and divide themselves among the rooms, rather than excite suspicion by keeping together in a large body.

At the entry of every Gonfalonier into office, he had the locks and keys of the different rooms of his little fortress changed, and the present chief, who prided himself on his mechanical skill, put on such locks as allowed the doors to close with the greatest ease, but prevented their opening except by the keys which hung at the warder's girdle. It was never rightly known whether a vigilant servant of the house at once closed the doors round the hall when he first heard the shout of the Gonfalonier, or some frightened inmate of every room closed its door through apprehension, on hearing the armed garrison summoned. Lorenzo encouraged the belief that the thing resulted from a direct interposition of Providence. However produced, the issue was most fortunate in the securing of a fierce band of traitors.

Lorenzo had, in the onset made

on him, received a wound in his neck, which, being dressed by the clergyman in the sacristy, he was conducted to the assembly where the magistrates had already assembled. The city was by this time cognisant of the traitorous attempts, and an armed crowd composed of the adherents of the Medicis and all friends of good order, were thronging to the Hotel de Ville. If the magistrates even willed the pardon of the traitors, they could not effect it, so eager were the crowd for the instant execution of the would-be assassins. Poggio was the first who paid the penalty of his guilt, suspended from the bars of a window; then came the turn of Salviati, who had previously made a written revelation of the plot and the plotters, in order to save his life.

Francisco Pazzi had escaped from the church after helping to murder Julian, but he happened to give himself a wound while bestowing the death-blows on his victim, and retired to his uncle's house to have it dressed. A servant-maid of the family, actuated by laudable or mercenary motives, reported his whereabouts, and he was brought and hung from the window over the principal entrance. The elder Pazzi, who had ridden into the great square, to give countenance and aid to the movement, seeing the turn which things had taken, escaped out of the town, and wandered about for a day or two. Hunger obliging him to enter the house of a peasant, the worthy boor took the opportunity of betraying him while pretending to be occupied about selling his horse. He got a regular trial, and time to prepare for death, but he obstinately refused to avail himself of any ghostly succour. He was interred within the church beside his ancestors; but the people, enraged at his rejection of religious aid, forcibly removed the body, and after treating it with the utmost indignity, left it on a dust-heap. It

was re-interred in an obscure cemetery, but again brought out, and this time thrown into the Arno. Every one who had followed the Archbishop and Poggio into the Hotel de Ville shared the fate of the leaders. Of all the principal actors in the conspiracy, no one was granted the honour of decapitation but the brave Signor Montesicco. This man had entered among the conspirators through attachment to the Riaire family. He had even offered to slay Lorenzo at the banquet given at Frejola. Entering into conversation with him, after the change of purpose, he was glad for having been spared the murder of so amiable and estimable a man, and afterwards flatly refused to raise his hand against him in the church. He had not appeared either at the Hotel de Ville nor the church, but his complicity in the plot was set forth in the written statements of Salviati and the elder Pazzi. He was apprehended in his flight to Romagna, sent to Florence, formally tried, and beheaded.

Signor Stefano and Antonio di Volterra, who had attacked Lorenzo, finding their attempt unsuccessful, made their escape, favoured by the confusion. They took refuge in a monastery; but such a hot search was made for them, that after two or three days they were discovered, and brought to judgment.

Of all directly engaged in the bloody conspiracy not one escaped out of the Florentine territory but the most active agent of them all, Bandini. Having struck Julian in the left breast, he left to Francisco Pazzi the contemptible satisfaction of piercing the fallen body repeatedly with his poniard; and turning to Julian's valet, he despatched him with a single thrust. Then seeing the failure of the other two murderers in their assault on Lorenzo, he pressed on towards him and would have killed him but for a stout monk, who kept him back with the foot of

his cross. He attempted to keep the door of the sacristy open with his foot, but the interposing priests disappointed him. So feeling his further stay rather dangerous, he made his way out, and, aided by accomplices, directed his flight towards the sea, rightly judging that a direct run towards the Ecclesiastical states would be sure to be crossed. He succeeded in reaching Corneto, a port of Sienna, where he luckily found a vessel ready to sail for the Levant. He arrived without accident at Galata, where he received payment of drafts which he had obtained on merchants of the place before he joined in the conspiracy. Some time went by, and he began to feel the comfort of a secure existence, but he reckoned without the blood hounds of Nemesis, which, however slowly they appear at first to follow the trail of guilt, are guided by an unerring scent till they seize on their prey, sooner or later. The emissaries of the Medicis kept their eyes and their ears ever open for sight or hearing of Bandini, and at last his place of refuge was discovered. The influence of the house was brought to bear upon the Grand Vizier Cadi Pacha, and he so well adapted its wishes to the taste and prejudices of Bajazet, that the wretched culprit was delivered over to the representatives of Florence then at the Sublime Porte, and transferred in irons to the scene of his sacrilegious offence. His trial occupied but little time, and death by the rope closed his evil career.

The young cardinal, who was in the church the day of the murder of Julian, was calmly awaiting death from the fury of the people, for they were far from supposing him innocent of the plot. However, the clergymen of the church protected him effectually till Lorenzo had an opportunity of taking him under his special care. He even procured a declaration from some of the conspirators, when under trial, that he

had been uncognisant of their designs from the beginning.

Shortly after the murder of Julian, a young woman who was known to have lived in intimacy with him, presented herself to Lorenzo, declared she had been legally married to him, and that the infant, of whose birth she was in daily expectation, was his. This child's education was carefully looked after by Cardinal de Medicis, son to Lorenzo, and in time he wore the Tiara under the name of Clement VII.

LORENZO'S STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPH.

The Riaire family still continued the determined enemies of Lorenzo, the young cardinal excepted, and all the politic moderation of the great Florentine did not suffice to stave off a war made on him by the Papal family, aided by the King of Naples. After it had gone on for a while, the Duke of Milan was obliged to recal his auxiliaries from the Florentine army; and his other allies, of Mantua, of Ferrara, and of Urbino, dismayed by this desertion, followed suite, and the brave and politic chief was left to contend single-handed with the Roman and Neapolitan armies. In this strait he conceived and successfully executed a hazardous enterprise. He obtained an armistice for two months; and apparently desirous of relaxation, formed a hunting party chiefly consisting of the sons of unreliable nobles, and led his pleasure-seeking train to the coast. After enjoying a day or two's sport, what was to prevent the party from enjoying a short voyage? The young folk wrote home in high glee, and Lorenzo also wrote to the magistrates, announcing his determination of visiting Ferdinand in his palace at Naples, of setting him right with respect to the motives and designs of the Riaires, and persuading him to withdraw from the unholy league. The resentment of this league towards the Florentines was centered in him;

and if things came to the worst, and he was imprisoned or executed at Naples, the wrath of the enemy would be averted from his loved state. The restless or disloyal fathers, finding their heirs now abiding with Lorenzo as hostages, in fact though not in name, kept at home.

Ferdinand was a cruel and cautious prince; but the noble mien, the eloquence, and the winning ways of the Florentine acquired a complete ascendancy over him, notwithstanding all the counter efforts of Ressally, the Riaire envoy.

In fact, it should have been sufficient to any king with common prudence to detach him from his unholy alliance, to learn the particulars of the infamous Pazzi plot, and to think on the consequences to the kingdom of Naples if the States of the Church and Tuscany were united under the sovereignty of a Riaire, who would then infallibly use all means at his command to subject Naples to his sway.

So Lorenzo succeeded to his heart's desire in his mission. Ferdinand recalled his son, the Duke of Calabria, then commanding in Tuscany; but struggles of a complicated character continued to occupy Italy for some years, till a union was effected by a descent of Turkish troops on Otranto. These being driven out of Italy, it pleased the Venetians, aided by the troops of the Romagna, to aspire to new possessions on *terra firma*. They were disappointed by the influence of Lorenzo's eloquence, energy, and judgment, in forming a strong league against them. After some further exhibitions of ill-blood, the different states of Italy gathered themselves within their own rights and territories, and bloodshed ceased.

Lorenzo having at last secured peace for his beloved city, used every rational means for its continuance. He effected a league between

the Florentines, the Perugians, the Bolognese, and the people of Sienna, and arranged that if any dispute occurred between any two of the states, the matter should be left to the decision of the chief councillors of the others, and if either party would not receive the decision, the forces of all the rest should unite to compel obedience.

He practised the utmost impartiality in distributing the various offices of the state, endeavouring to have every one filled by the persons best fitted for its discharge. Willing to benefit the poor, he once had provisions sold to them at less than the price of production; but he gave up this system on finding it gave umbrage to the nobles. So to make an outlet for his compassionate generosity, he commenced to build a large country house.

He did not neglect the popular amusements, which before his time were such as no respectable man or woman of modern times could witness. The only one for which his taste might be censured, was the combat of wild beasts brought from Africa. The scenes of carnival-license, he replaced by representations of events from ancient history and legend. Having employed painters, statuaries, and other artists to some purpose, he had the combat of Hercules and the other heroes against the Centaurs represented. On another occasion he exhibited the triumphs of Petrarch. He even imported Arab steeds, and contended for prizes with the coursers of Naples, Rome, &c. Being generally victorious, he devoted the rich silks, and wrought gold and silver vessels, to the use and ornamentation of the altars of the various Florentine churches.

One of his greatest and most estimable public acts for the welfare of Italy, as well as of his own city, was his preservation of peace among the different little governments of the peninsula. So highly were his good

will and his great political capacity esteemed, that deputies from every state and municipality were always to be found in Florence. During the latter years of his life, the general good understanding was never interrupted.

Here was a man who, without any recognised legal or political authority, governed and ruled at his will the most self-opinionated, the most fickle, and the most free in its aspirations of any people in Europe; and kept peace among the neighbouring states, naturally jealous of and most disobliging to each other. He effected these wonders by mere personal worth and ability, self abnegation, practical affection for his people, great aptitude for business, and thorough disregard and forgetfulness of personal injuries, and profound political wisdom. So well and so far were his good qualities appreciated, that Bajazet II., Turkish Emperor, sent a special embassy to testify his esteem for him, and to congratulate him on his fortunate position. Another embassy arrived at Florence about the same time from Mathew Corvinus, King of Hungary, with the same object. The then Soldan of Egypt, not content with mere compliments, sent a mass of treasure, consisting of rich stuffs, precious stones, gold, balm, benzoin, and frankincense; and along with the embassy came a camelopard, such as for size, beauty of colour, and other rare qualities, could not be matched in our day. So novel and attractive was the sight, that people thronged from all parts to see it, the most skilful painters of the day made its portrait, and the poets employed their powers on it, till spiteful fate or change of climate and diet, brought it to an untimely grave in eighteen months. Only for the birth of a grandson to Lorenzo at the same time, the good Florentines would have been inconsolable for the loss of the poor animal.

DEATH OF LORENZO.

The year 1492 was distinguished by the appearance of a comet, and, alas ! by the decease of Lorenzo de Medicis, at the early age of forty-four. He was enjoying the society of some of his learned favourites in his country seat at Carrego when he first heard of the appearance of the luminary ; and at the same hour he was visited by a fever. Next day, while the sky appeared quite serene, a thunder-clap was heard over the city, and the arms of the Medicis, which were fixed over the grand entrance of Santa Maria del Fiore, were shattered, and the pavement covered with the fragments. No other damage whatever was done. Soon after, a fearful uproar was heard from the building where the wild beasts were kept, and the guardians crowding to the cages, found the inmates falling with fury on an old lion, whom they soon dismembered. They became quiet immediately after, a circumstance which we do not vouch for, no more than the other circumstances mentioned.

The fever by which Lorenzo was seized had nothing of a dangerous character about it ; but as it seemed not inclined to abate, the family sent for Dr. Pietro Leoni, the most celebrated man of medicine at the time in Italy.

Unhappily for this great man, he was not content without combining the astrologer and the physician in his own person. He was the first, after the fall of the Roman empire, who took to the study of the medical works left by the ancient Greeks, in which he was so interested as to execute in a superior style a translation of the writings of Galen. He was appointed to a chair in the university of Padua, and everything prospered with him till one evil day, when it came into his head to cast his own horoscope. There he discovered, to his great disquiet, that a malign influence had prevailed at

his birth, and that he should meet his death by accidental drowning. He was invited to Venice, to a higher position ; but he could not get there by dry land, and there was a river in Padua, whose bridge he should probably cross some time or other, he would leave the city. What was to prevent this bridge from breaking down with him as he would be crossing it, some unlucky day ? He had saved a considerable sum of money, and as there was no stream in his native place deep enough to drown him, he would return thither, and banish apprehension. He did so, and scarcely stirred out of his house for years ; but the number of visitors from all parts gradually dissipated his fears, and brought him out. He first ventured to pass streams at fords, then to cross bridges on foot, and finally essayed the danger on horseback. So many motives—patriotism, love of fame, respect for the patient, &c., wrought on him when he was invited to visit the sick bed of Lorenzo, that he accepted the invitation, and accomplished the journey with no more damage than a few natural frights when crossing bridges. He carefully examined the patient, but would prescribe no medicine. "It was an ordinary malady, and would be soon got under by the natural functions of the constitution. But the forces of the sick man diminished day by day ; and when the great Dr. Lorenzo de Placenza, despatched by the Duke of Milan, arrived, he pronounced that he was now beyond all hope of aid from medicine. He bitterly blamed Leoni for neglecting to apply ordinary remedies in time. He spoke with truth, and Florence lost its great support and stay by an error of judgment in the renowned translator of Galen.

Lorenzo de Medicis was accused of two defects among all his good qualities—a tendency to sensuality, and a deficiency in piety.

However, being made aware of his approaching death, he calmly settled his temporal concerns, gave the best possible counsel to his successor, Pietro, concerning the future government of the state, and then gave himself completely up to the care of his spiritual concerns. He received the sacraments with every sign of devotion and resignation to the will of Heaven, and edified all round him by the manner of his death. The utter stupefaction and grief into which his family was thrown by his loss was succeeded, on the part of his successor, by intense rage against the unlucky doctor. While sunk in misery, and standing at a window, after closing his father's eyes, he saw Leoni crossing the court; and being seized with an uncontrollable fury, he ran out, and seizing him by the throat, was about strangling him, when catching a sight of the draw-well he changed his intent, and flung him into it. The cries of the poor man brought help, and he was pulled out, but not before he was suffocated. His slayer had inherited his violent temperament from his mother. He came to his own death by the same mode. The intensity of the grief for the loss of the most estimable ruler, on the part of his own family, his

friends, and the public, can scarcely be conceived.

Chief among Lorenzo's good deeds was his encouragement of letters and their professors. He received with open arms the learned Greeks, whom the taking of Constantinople by the Turks had driven from their country. After giving them due rest, he despatched many of them back with large sums in their possession to purchase manuscripts from the Turkish soldiers. These formed a nucleus for the mighty library which he founded, and to which the learned of every country were welcomed, the poorer among them being always supported at the expense of the founder. His attention to the education of the Florentine youth was on a similar scale. How is it that Thomas Carlyle has not, among his gallery of heroes, admitted the bust of *Lorenzo the Magnificent*?

Whoever takes it into his head to study the anecdotal, or family history of Italy in the middle ages, cannot avoid the conclusion that the Italians of that time were the most unprincipled, treacherous, and cruel people of Europe, and that life in one of their free republics was the reverse of desirable.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

CHAPTER XII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

AT length the day arrived for the departure of the travellers from Cairo. In a hot and dusty train they were safely, but uncomfortably wafted to Alexandria, where they *spent*—we can scarcely, without mockery, say *slept* a night. The wild dogs in Alexandria, when they take to fighting and barking (a not uncommon amusement with them) are a nuisance only to be equalled by the Alexandrian watchmen, who cry the hours pertinaciously and lugubriously the whole night through, and are most certain to arouse the would-be sleeper the moment that a lull in the dog din has suffered him to droop his weary eyelids.

The days at sea between Alexandria and Southampton were passed so pleasantly by the engaged couple and their pair of daisy-pickers, that in place of appearing long, as one always expects days at sea to do, they seemed to pass away with marvellous rapidity. Mrs. Montagu and the Major were happiness itself; but as the shores of England were neared, their happiness grew the more intense, for the moment of their union was approaching. To Ernest and Minnie, however, that moment would be the moment of their separation. And when might they meet again? Never, perhaps, under the same circumstances—with the same easy intimacy. How happy they had been together during those last days in the Mediterranean! How pleasantly and familiarly they had chatted—opening their hearts to one another, without reserve, on every subject save on one. There was one subject on which Minnie

did not encourage conversation. And yet, whenever she spoke to Ernest of her husband, she, with pretty and pardonably hypocrisy, presented the picture of their union in its brightest colours. Not for worlds would she have admitted to her friend that she was aught but the happiest wife of the happy! But Ernest had gathered from Mrs. Montagu that Captain Seymour—though not at all a bad fellow in his way—was in no respect the husband for the little woman whom he had married. Did Ernest strive to take advantage of this? Not he! “The poor darling child,” he would say to himself, “how true and devoted she is to him, and he so undeserving of her devotion! And yet,” he would add, “there seems to be no more amiss in him than simply he does not suit her. I wonder if—” And then he would not suffer himself to wonder, for it seemed to him like coveting his neighbour’s wife, to speculate as to whether he himself could have made her more happy! For even up to this he was not conscious that he was in love with her (which is something exceedingly like coveting). He did not know it, even after all those days at sea! Because during all that time he had not known what it was to be without her. The whole day through they were in each other’s company; and there seemed to be nothing strange in it; for were they not daisy-pickers to Mrs. Monty and the Major? And Minnie? Why, she felt equally guileless. She wished, sometimes, that her husband was as congenial to her as Ernest; but she was philosophi-

cal enough to say to herself, "Perhaps, if he were not my husband, I would find that he was just as congenial."

At last the hour of separation came.

They reached London; and Minnie's father was at the Waterloo Bridge Station ready to receive her.

"Oh, papa, papa! What a joy to find you here!"

"My darling Minnie! It was so fortunate! That delay of yours till the next boat, of which your letter brought me timely warning, enabled me to get over the bishop's visitation, and come here and meet you. And I mean to have a regular holiday with you in London before we go home."

The happiness of seeing his old tutor again was scarcely sufficient to compensate Ernest for the separation from his old tutor's daughter. A hurried "How d'ye do, my dear boy?" "My dear Mr. Burton, how are you?" "What a happiness this is! You must come and see us constantly! We shall be in town for some days, Ernest." And then—that luggage!—those waiting cabs!—a wring of Minnie's hand!—and oh, how cold and flat that mode of parting seemed, when his impulse was to press her to his bosom, and hold her there—for ever!

It was when he had settled down in his solitary lodgings—had unpacked his things—had hied him to his Club, where, somehow, he felt that he did not wish to see a single familiar face—it was in the solitude of being in the midst of a crowd of those whom he knew well enough to nod to, or try to say a dozen words to, or even to chat familiarly with for twenty minutes, while all the time he felt ever and anon the gulp in his throat, and longed, oh how he longed!—to banish all of them from his sight, and to be back again, with Minnie by his side, on the deck of the "Cleopatra," or under the palm trees at Memphis; it was when all

this new life had made him fairly open his eyes from the dream which was over, that he realised the fact that he was in love with Minnie, and that he loved her with all his heart and soul! And how strange that till now he had never known it!

And what were Minnie's feelings?

Not at all dissimilar. But they were far more painful. For he—so full were his thoughts of her, and her alone, and what she had been to him—had not yet begun to realise the wrongfulness of having loved the wife of another. *That*, after a while, would grieve him sorely enough: but *now*, the all-prevailing grief was the grief of being severed from her who had become engrafted on his existence.

But Minnie, poor child, could not but feel similar regrets—(and she *did* feel them with all the force of her warm, impulsive heart)—without feeling, at the same time, that these regrets on her part were sinful ones, and that every pang betokened broken faith! Had she experienced the same sorrow in parting from her husband? Had she not rather felt a feeling of relief? Though she had not dared to admit it to herself, still she felt that she could not truthfully deny it, if any one were to put the question to her point blank. And here she was, sighing for the return of the happy hours of the last fortnight, which like some bright and sunny dream had passed too rapidly away—sighing for them, even though she had beside her in the place of Ernest, a father whom she sincerely loved, and from whom she had been parted for so long! She felt a craving for Ernest's presence; which even that of this parent whom she had idolised could not make her forget. Her father was still what he had always been to her; but a new kind of interest had been awakened by the side of that of filial affection—by the side of that which she had commenced to feel when she first learnt to love Captain Seymour; and now

that she was separated from the object of that interest, a void had arisen in her existence which nought else seemed capable of filling. And what bliss it was to Ernest and to her, when he spent the following evening with them at their hotel! "Do let me come in and spend the evening with you as long as you remain in town!" he said to Mr. Burton; "I feel so lonely now!" And the tears rose to his eyes as he said it. And he swallowed a sob with a gulp as he turned to look at Minnie, whose face was pale and her eyes cast down. Mr. Burton begged him by all means to come. "Dine with us. It will be pleasanter for you than dining alone at your club." But he would not dine with them, he said. "If you will let me drop in afterwards, at tea-time, I shall think it so very kind of you." And Minnie would go up to her room, those nights, after a blissful evening with Ernest—for her father, after talking for a while with his old pupil, had a way of falling asleep in his chair)—she would go to her room after a hearty good night to Ernest, and a warm kiss to her father, and she would fall down on her knees and cry till her heart seemed like to break! Not because she could

not be Ernest's true loving wife for ever, but because her eyes had been opened from the moment that that old life had ended, and this new one had begun; and because she accordingly knew that through loving Ernest present or absent, and longing for him till he returned, was a violation of her duty to her husband, and therefore terribly wrong—still she could not help it; her heart, and soul, and her whole nature impelled her to it; she would (she felt) be utterly unnatural if she were to feel otherwise. To feel otherwise, unnatural; yet to feel thus, a sin! How strange a paradox! "My poor, poor, Edward, it is not your fault," (she would say to herself of her husband) "it is not your fault,—it is mine! Yet how can I call it mine? When I married you, I thought I loved you with all my heart, and that no greater love could be! But now my eyes have opened when it is too late! I know what a real soul's love is! I have sworn to give my heart to you—and a *new* heart has since been awakened within me which I cannot give you; for hearts go, not by duty, but by instinct! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? God help me—I shall die!"

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE TOILS.

IF Minnie felt wretched and miserable with the load that oppressed her conscience, Ernest soon began to feel none the less so. To think that he could have suffered himself to fall so deeply in love with the wife of another, and she the daughter, too, of the guide of his youth—of the mentor who had put him on his guard against life's snares with such constant and loving care! He had striven, and striven successfully, against temptations to the particular vices which he had been warned to

shun. Yet here was a sin as terrible as any—one against which he had never been specially warned—one which he had never feared to fall into. He had gone on blindly, step by step, in a thoughtless security, without the least idea that it was possible that the chum of his youth, who had stood to him in the light of a sister then, could be more than a sister to him now, especially when the fact of her being a married woman seemed to rear an insuperable barrier against a more ardent

attachment. And now his eyes were suddenly opened, and he found himself the fettered slave of a great sin. For was he not "coveting his neighbour's wife?" He tried to persuade himself that he was not, and that he only felt an excessive, loving friendship for her. Yet he could not conceal from himself the fact, that excessive as might be the friendship, still more excessive was the love; and that people do not usually feel towards sisters and friends a craving to be ever with them,—an impatient longing from the moment of their departure till the moment of their return.

What ought he to do? Ought he not at once to put an end to this—to wrest himself from the bondage in which he was held, and, as he had done at Oxford, so now again in London, to fly from a temptation which he could not resist?

"But then," thought he, "it will be soon over, any way. After Mrs. Montagu's marriage, I must go over to Ireland, and Minnie will be going to her father's; and then, God knows whether we may ever meet again. We had lost sight of each other before, until this meeting in Egypt by such a strange fatality. If we are so soon to be parted—perhaps for ever—why should I make any difference *now*? Would not my doing so be an admission of a wrongful love, which I wish to conceal from her and from every one? And, after all, is not my love for her a pure one—pure as the regard which I know she feels for me? To be with her—see her—speak to her—feel that she is loving me while I love her—that is all that I desire! The slightest thought of dishonour I would spurn with horror, as the foulest crime. And surely her regard for me cannot be such as to interfere with her love for her husband. It does not follow, that because I, being a free man, am so devoted to her, she, being a woman with a plighted

heart, should of necessity feel tenderer feelings towards me than are consistent with her duty and her troth. If I were to meet Kate Glover to-morrow, should I be cold to her because of Minnie Seymour? Does not my regard for Kate continue undiminished? Is it not a pleasure to me to talk of Kate to Minnie? Perhaps, some day, Minnie will be telling her husband, with the same warm interest, how happy was the time we spent in Egypt; and he, if he be a man of sense, will not be jealous. For would she be ever one to give him cause? And then her father is always present when we meet, as her friend, Mrs. Montagu, used to be before. Neither Mrs. Montagu nor Mr. Burton have even so much as hinted to me that I was too intimate with Minnie. Surely they would have said something ere now, had they thought there was danger. Evidently my secret is my own. There has been nothing in my manner towards Minnie to lead either of them to suppose that I loved as more than an intimate friend; so she, too, must be ignorant of it. I must strive to control myself so long as we are thrown together; and then, when the parting comes—perhaps it will be for the best!"

Poor Ernest! He reasoned like many another one who is secretly fearful of convicting himself of being in the wrong. A more unbiassed reasoner would have seen how Mrs. Montagu was too much engrossed with her Major to be very observant, or in too sympathetic a humour to check a flirtation, so long as she had no fear that it might be a really dangerous one. And as for Mr. Burton—why, was not he asleep more than half the evenings? And so Ernest argued that, because these blind eyes saw nothing, *ergo* Minnie's susceptibilities must be equally dormant! Of a truth, in self-deception as in many other things, "where there's a will there's a way."

The reader must not think, however, that Ernest was striving to delude himself into a fancied security, in order that he might go on as he had been doing, and in order that because the time which he could spend with Minnie must of necessity be short, he might give full rein to his love for her. On the contrary, his resolve was, as we have seen, to "control himself as much as possible." Let him but see her now and then—just now and then! It would be really too much for the spirit of stern, self-discipline to ask him or bid him to leave London at once upon some pretext—to return only for the wedding, to which he was engaged unavoidably—and then afterwards to excuse himself from the visit to the Major's brother. To act so Spartan a part would be really uncalled for! Could he not teach himself (if he would promise to himself to see her less often than his heart desired) to control his feelings during those few happy times? He thought he fairly could thus trust himself. And so we all think when we flutter like moths round the candle which is to burn us—trying how near we can manage to go to the beloved light without being caught in the flame!

The end of all Ernest's reasoning within himself was a resolve that, without markedly keeping away from the Burtons, he would go and see them much more seldom; and thus avoid the danger as much as he could do, without giving occasion for remark. Alas, poor fellow! How he would sally forth from his lodgings some of those days, determined to go in an opposite direction! Then he would thus consider to himself: "Well, there is no harm in just passing by the house; to be near her, though see her I may not." And if Mr. Burton chanced to be at the window, or Minnie, and (of course) to beckon him in, why, *could* he then frame an excuse or refuse? So, then, it would all come

about, in spite of the good resolutions!

"What a weak young fellow he must have been!" says some one. Estimable reader! Take two pair of scales, and put a pound of anything you like into one side of each of them. Opposite to one of them] put a half-pound weight; opposite to the other put a two pound weight. Can you read the riddle aright? You, who of course can lightly and airily subdue and weigh down all your temptations, had you ever, in proportion to your nature, such a one as his to contend with? Is it not just possible that, compared with the style of temptation which you are chiefly subject to, your strength may be as two to one, while Ernest's strength—though it may have been intrinsically as great as your own, may nevertheless, as compared with the temptation which then beset him, have been in the proportion of one to two?

We have written this story with two objects. The one is, to show to what snares and pitfalls inadvertence and an overwhelming chain of contrary circumstances may lead those who seem the most free from risk of stumbling. Our other object is, to point out to some of those very excellent people who are prone to make hasty judgments, and to charge with deliberate wickedness stumblers who are really more to be pitied than to be blamed, how requisite it is, that ere we condemn a brother, we should "put ourselves in his place."

One morning, when Ernest was to be seen walking briskly in the direction of the Burton's hotel, who would have thought that he had had a battle with himself before he could make up his mind that he would only go that way, but would not go in? Almost by main force he compelled himself to pass the door; for a wild spirit within him urged him, when he neared it, to stop and ask whither they might be going a sight-seeing that day. They had naught

else to do: neither had he. Well, he did pass the door, and was beginning to feel quite proud of the moral courage he had shown, as he turned down the next street, when who should come out of a glove-shop but Minnie and her father!

"Why, Ernest! how very fortunate! We thought you had deserted us quite! Minnie is so anxious to see the Houses of Parliament this afternoon, and she says you know some of the authorities there, and could get us to see everything so much more pleasantly than if we merely went gaping *a la* British public."

Ernest, remembering his resolve, in spite of the unexpectedness of this meeting, stammered out something about an engagement in the City.

"Oh, nonsense, Ernest; I declare you are growing fine! Come, now, what are your important engagements?"

When Minnie addressed him thus, what could he do but surrender at discretion, and say that the engagement must keep for another day?

Was it not strange that Mr. Burton was so blind, and could not see in Ernest's face that he loved his daughter? For the passion which was now consuming the young man filled his whole existence, and might have been evident to any one who was not otherwise engrossed. Minnie's face was not such a tell-tale as Ernest's. She was as full of eagerness as a child to see London sights—all those buildings and galleries which our fashionable world never dreams of going to see, though if it were but a foreign capital, they would be swarming to them, and would consider it a leading social duty to be thoroughly posted up in all their details.

Minnie was in raptures with the "sights of London," and at such times could forget that love for Ernest which filled her with such a mixture of agony and bliss whenever

it took possession of her soul. It was in the soft evening hours, when she and Ernest were sitting together at the tea-table, turning over her sketches, and talking over scenes of travel, or pausing in their pictorial investigations to chat about their friends who were so soon to be united—it was during such times that poor Minnie would give way, and suffer herself to be wrongly, but intensely happy in a soul's union with Ernest.

"Soul's union over 'tourist shop?' says a cynical critic, doubtingly.

Poor critic! You have never, then, known the luxury of such a state of reverie, when it matters not what the converse may be, so long as soft low tones blend in harmony, and eyes meet in loving intelligence.

At such times, Mr. Burton, as we have said, was always dozing over his newspaper, and when he was not dozing he was thinking out, under cover of the same newspaper, some great doctrinal problem which was just then agitating the world, and on which he thought of writing an article for one of the magazines.

Among the sights which Minnie and her father had been to see was one to which Ernest did not accompany them. For a wonder, he really *had* some unavoidable business on that day. He had to go and see his lawyer respecting his approaching majority, which, as the reader will remember, was, by his father's will, to take place on his completing his 27th year, a completion now nearly accomplished. So Minnie and her father went alone to see the Hospital for Sick Children, in a fine granite old house, in a far-off quarter of the town. Minnie, as we have before said, was passionately fond of children, although childless; and as she petted the poor, ailing little ones in their tiny cots, she felt a balm to her heart, which now so constantly ached. It was a fancy of her own to go there. She did not expect to see a soul she knew; and great was

her surprise when in one of the lady nurses she recognised an old friend of her own.

"And do tell me, dearest girl, how it came into your head to come here, and how you got in?"

"I was very unhappy at home," said her friend; "and, added to that, I was literally pining at the uselessness of my life. I chanced to know a friend of the lady-superintendent, and they wanted a helper here. I offered myself, and was accepted. I have now been here two years without a holiday, although an aunt of mine in the north has often asked me to go and spend awhile with her if I could get away; and I see a prospect before me of going to her in a month or so, for there is a Scotch lady who wants to come and serve a sort of apprenticeship here for a

few months, preparatory to founding a similar asylum in Edinburgh. If she comes, I think I shall let her take my place for part of the time, and go and see my dear old aunt, the only relation in the world I can really feel fond of."

They then fell to talking about the various children amongst whom they were standing—their different ailments, and their temperaments. Minnie was quite knowing about every topic discussed, for she had been a regular doctor to all the soldiers' wives and children in India. Mr. Burton, the while, was deep in statistics with the lady-superintendent, having future magazine articles in his eye, for he wished to do what lay in his power to spread the knowledge of the existence and purport of so valuable an institution.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WEDDING DAY.

"How short our time in London has appeared!" said Minnie to her father on their way back to the hotel; "and yet, somehow, it ought to have appeared long to me, when each day spent here is a day away from my dear old home. How delightful it is to think that I shall see it again next week, and all the dear home friends too!"

Mr. Burton had availed himself of his journey to meet Minnie, and taken 'a parson's fortnight,' *i.e.*, two Sundays, with a week at each end, and a third in the middle. This just enabled them to remain for the auspicious day which was to witness the union of Mrs. Montagu and the Major—the second day, namely, after the visit to the Children's Hospital. Although we have scarcely mentioned the names of that worthy couple since the return to London, they had not been lost sight of by our other friends. Minnie had gone out most mornings with Mrs. Montagu to aid her in the mysteries of

trousseau hunting. As for the Major, he, for the first few days, had been away at his brother's, in Shropshire, deeming it desirable to descant to him in person on the merits of his future wife, his engagement to whom he had already announced by a letter which had only just preceded him. His brother, Sir Roger, who was exceedingly attached to him, was delighted at the prospect. The cottage, by the fishing river, in Wales, which we have already heard, was gladly assigned to the pair, and a right pretty one it was—a house in miniature, rather than a cottage—big Gothic chimneys, tall gables, and latticed bay windows without end. And fine old gnarled oaks in the little park, which lay around it; and along the steep banks of the rock stream, more oaks were scattered through the hazel copse. It was a perfect paradise in which this bride and bridegroom of demure age were happily destined to dwell, and the Major had not deceived his

friends respecting his brother's hospitalities. The jolly baronet slapped his brother on the back when he told him how he said that he was sure they would all be welcome at Pont-y-Praed, after the honey-moon, and told him that if he had omitted to give this testimony to his hospitality and regard for his brother's friends, he should not have had the cottage—not a bit of it! "Let them all come as soon as you have had your honey-moon, you old spooney—Mrs. Seymour and her father, and the young Irishman, who made the match for you—don't forget him by any means."

"I fear," said the Major, "that Mr. Burton will not be able to get away from his clerical duties; but we'll see."

Mr. Burton was not able; "but Minnie shall go in welcome," said he, when the Major, on his return to town, repeated his brother's wish to see them all: "I know she'll be delighted—won't you, Minnie?"

And what could Minnie say?

Until she had awoke, as from a dream, to the consciousness of her forbidden love for her quondam "friend," she had looked forward to this visit with the utmost delight—now, she positively dreaded it; and she dreaded it the more from the knowledge that her father would not be there. His presence, she knew, would keep both Ernest and herself in mind of her duty; but when none would be there besides the old baronet, and, probably, some (to them) uncongenial neighbour, and the newly-married couple, whose very example of united happiness would be a stimulous to Ernest and herself to pair together also for the time—she dreaded the temptation. Every *tête-à-tête* that she had with Ernest, blissful and precious as the moments might seem, was, she knew, wrong: for though her heart was pure as the driven snow, yet was it not unfaithfulness to her husband to be so happy in the sole society of any

other man, however innocent the thoughts of each might have been? And yet she felt that go she *must*. It would seem so unkind to her dear friend, Mrs. Monty—and what woman on earth was dearer to her, or more deservedly so?"

Ernest, too, felt like Minnie, that there would be danger in that visit to Pont-y-Praed. Yet he, too, felt that he could not refuse to go there. What excuse could he give? And the hearty old baronet, Sir Roger Gooderich, had sent him all sorts of messages, joking him and quizzing him about his match-making propensities; for he declared that it was all *his* doing. He really must see their young Irishman, of whom he had heard so much. After travelling all the world over, and performing, doubtless, many most marvellous exploits, he had crowned all by getting up, in three days, a marriage between a couple he had never laid eyes on until he had seen them by torch-light dismounting from the "Cairo and Suez 'bus!"

The day of the wedding was all that could be desired in point of weather. Mrs. Montagu was married from the house of a married sister, with whom she had been staying, in Cavendish Square, and the ceremony was performed at the church of St. Flora, Bath Street. Neither she nor the Major were "High Church;" but her sister, who was a little that way, had said, "When you cannot be married in a church that you either of you know, and, accordingly, not in one that is endeared by any old associations, far better be married in one where the service is sure to be impressively performed, and where every object around is beautiful, than in one of those snuffy old churches of the strictly orthodox school of the last generation, with their cold walls and high pews, and sleepy parson and clerk, and repulsive ugliness in all things." So they were married under the glow of

stained glass windows, and in face of a beautifully-carved stone reredos, which depicted the Life and Sufferings of Him who was born to sorrow in order that thereby *we* might have joy! The rich peals of one of the finest organs in London caused each listener's heart to swell, and the silvery voices of the surpliced chorister boys helped to bring them all a little nearer to Heaven! Nearer to Heaven! "Oh, how we are all of the earth, earthy!" thought Minnie, in an agony, as she reflected on the last marriage-service which she had heard—that which united her to her husband. "Of the earth, earthy!" She almost sobbed to herself as she thought of the "faith unfaithful," which made her heart constant to another. "And yet," she continued thinking, "I can stand here in this house of God, before this solemn altar, and say that I love Ernest only as I should love him in Heaven! I love him, because his nature and mine are, as it were, one: we harmonise together in sentiments and interests; and if between him and me there is that harmony of natures which—woe be to me!—does not exist between my husband and myself, can I violate nature, and refuse to be fond of the friend towards whom I feel thus? I cannot do it! Nature herself would refuse to be coerced; and were I to say ever so determinedly that Ernest should be, in future, an object of indifference to me, still I could not, by all the volition of which I was capable, drive him from my innermost heart!"

— "And, forsaking all others, keep thee only to him, so long as ye both shall live!"

These words, from the earnest lips of the minister, awoke her from her reverie. She repeated them mechanically and dreamily to herself, over and over again. And then came other words, repeated after him by Mrs. Montagu in a firm, clear voice:—

"To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse!"

"For better, for worse! For better, for worse!" Minnie gasped to herself as she buried her face in her handkerchief, nearly fainting in her effort to hide her emotion. Then, after awhile, she threw up her head, to make the tears flow back that were welling to her eyes, and a ray of golden light from one of the windows was illuminating the prostrate figure in the beautiful piece of sculpture before her, of the Saviour fallen beneath His cross.

"Even *He* fell beneath its weight!" she murmured to herself; "and yet His Father succoured Him, and caused one to come who should help Him to bear it! Oh, that He would send such an one to me! Yet what says He Himself? 'Come unto *Me*, all ye that are weary, and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest!' Rest! Oh for rest—rest for my weary soul! Did not He take our nature upon Him?" (she continued to meditate)—"Was not He tempted in *all points*, like as we are, yet without sin? That is, He never gave way—never yielded to the temptation; but, nevertheless, He felt it. He is not, then, one who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. I need not dread to approach Him, sinful though I be in the inconstancy of my heart. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! what wouldest Thou have me to do in this my sore perplexity?" And the ray of golden light, leaving the prostrate form, began to play upon the figure on the cross.

"It is a voice from Heaven!" she exclaimed to herself. "If He suffered, and suffered patiently, for our example, as well as for our redemption, shall not I, with His help, strive to do the same? Did not He say to His disciples, 'If any one will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.' 'Let him deny himself!' Is it not thus that we are to go through

the world? Are we not in a garden of Eden, if we choose to make it so, by living content with our many blessings? Are there not in that garden FORBIDDEN FRUITS? And are we to eat of them, simply because 'our nature' impels us there—to—because they are good for food, and pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise? Lord help us!—No."

—"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," chanted the white-robed choristers after the clergyman—finishing the grand, though simple, prayer, which was bequeathed to us by Him who was tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Minnie breathed a hearty "amen," and felt comforted. Her agony was passing away. To the storm which had been raging in her breast there was succeeding a great calm; for

she had looked for consolation and strength where alone it was to be found. And to her thoughts her husband returned; and pleasing was his image now, as she brought back in her memory the day of their union, and renewed her troth to him in her heart—to the man whom she had taken "*for better or for worse.*" Right fervently did she join in the suffrages which followed—

O Lord save Thy servant and Thine handmaid

Who put their trust in Thee.

Send them help from Thine holy place,
And ever more defend them!

Be unto them a tower of strength
From the face of their enemy.

O Lord, hear our prayer,

And let our prayer come unto Thee!

"And when the devil had ended all the temptation, he departed from her *for a season.*" Once more, but once only, in the form of Ernest, was he to return to her again.

CHAPTER XV.

PONT-Y-PRAED.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Major's gallant and loving assertion at Memphis, that their life should be all one continued honeymoon, he and the now Mrs. *Gooderich* took the usual instalment of "honeymoon *en regle.*" They did not, after the fashion of brides and bridegrooms of the present rapid-going period, re-appear in the gay world, a few days after the wedding, with as much assurance and *sang froid* as if they had been married for years. But then, if they had been ever so desirous of so doing, they would have found it difficult; for they were a quiet couple, with but few friends in England, even to say nothing of London, where the Major's intimates were confined chiefly to the sons of Mars whom he met at his Club; while, as for his bride, she knew scarce a soul in what is called the fashionable world. So failing the temptation to seek the "busy throng," they went

down to the cottage in Wales, and amused themselves planning and arranging all sorts of comforts.

"At the risk of being abused by you for having brought you to a dingy old place, I have not done any new papering or painting," said the Major to his wife. "I knew you would better enjoy having a finger in the pie yourself. And the same with chintzes and furniture. I have got nothing new, except what was absolutely necessary for carrying on the war. Now, we'll lay our heads together, and see what we can do more, and how it's to be done."

Mrs. *Gooderich* was far more delighted than if he had brought her into a ready-made baby-house, redolent of paint and varnish, and with everything in it bran-new—everything in perfect taste (of course), and beautiful (according to the upholsterer's judgment)—but scarcely a thing in accord with her own ideal

of taste and beauty. They went backwards and forwards to the country-town very snugly together in a pony-carriage, which he had bought for her in London; and they had great fun in ordering everything for their diminutive establishment; far more fun in discussing each article on its merits and in detail, than if there had been some grand and sweeping order given to some grand man, and everything had suddenly found itself in its place, as a matter of course.

And when all this was done, Mrs. Gooderich proceeded to lay out for herself a garden—quite delighted to find that the former garden was such an antiquated thicket of overgrown box-borders, which swamped the flower-beds so entirely, that it was indispensable to have everything done anew; so that, without offending anybody's taste or anybody's prejudices, she was enabled to strike out a new course, entirely after her own mind.

They had scarcely finished all this ordering, and planning, and arranging, before the "month of honey" was at an end, and the time had come for crossing the border to pay the promised visit to Pont-y-Praed, during which, as the visit would be assuredly a long one, the cottage was to be left in the hands of painters, and paperers, and upholsterers. They were to remain at Pont-y-Praed for six weeks, at the least; for the Baronet said that he could not hear of his brother being a selfish old fellow, and keeping his wife all to himself over there in Wales. He, the Baronet, wanted to become thoroughly acquainted with his new sister-in-law.

"And I mean to flirt with you as much as I like," said he to Mrs. Gooderich, after their arrival; "and if the Major doesn't like it, he may call me out, and then we shall furnish the papers with a highly sensational paragraph:—'**ANOTHER SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.**—Two brothers

—past the age of youthful hot-headedness—old family—always respected in the county—sanguinary duel—lady in the case—wife of one of the combatants.' Eh? How will that look?"

"There's no fear of your flirting with me, Sir Roger, when there's 'metal more attractive' in the house. Wait till you've seen my pretty friend, Mrs. Seymour, who comes to-morrow (does she not?). You'll lose your heart to her completely, and you will scarcely vouchsafe a word to me so long as she is here. In fact, it is I who shall have cause for jealousy, not the Major."

"Oh, I'm sure she will not be in my style at all. I would not give two straws for your pretty young dolls, who have no fun in them, and not two ideas in their heads."

"But Minnie Seymour has plenty of ideas in her head, and she's full of fun; though, indeed, I must confess she has grown rather precise of late, poor child, and is not half so light-hearted as she used to be."

"Perhaps she's pining after the husband she has left behind in India."

"I wish I could think so. I fear that she pines, rather, because she feels that she is *not* sorry to be away from him, and yet that in duty she ought to be."

"What a very odd cause for pining!"

"Minnie has a loving, clinging heart, and she is, I fear, disappointed in her marriage. Some folks marry the wrong person, and, finding that they have done so, they settle down with as much nonchalance as they can muster, and make the best of it; congratulating themselves that, at any rate, they are settled in life, and that there are counterbalancing advantages of various kinds to make up for the disadvantages. Now, my little friend is not one of these. I know that she longed and sighed to give her whole heart to her husband, and yet he did not seem to care for

having it all. Her tenderness and her vivacity seemed to be alike thrown away upon him, till at last they appeared to have received a blight—like some crop which has been subjected to some stunting influence in its first tender shoots, and shrinks back again into the ground from whence it sprung.”

“But surely, if she is such a charming young thing as you describe her to be, this man must have a heart of stone to be uninfluenced by her attractions.”

“Oh, he was plentifully influenced by them, so far as mere ‘spooning’ goes (as the young officers would term it). He would fondle her and pet her like a lap-dog, till he grew tired of fondling and petting; and then he would go away bored, and seek the society of his brother officers. It never seemed to get beyond the “Billy-cooeey” stage with him. One day the poor little thing said to me, ‘Oh, if he would but speak to me seriously and earnestly on *any* subject, it would be such a relief! It seems to be all chaff, chaff, as if I were nothing more to him than some pretty barmaid, with whom he was to amuse his gallant self for half an hour or so!’”

“And what sort of man is this Captain Seymour?”

“Well, he is what you might call ‘the makings of’ a very nice fellow; but he has been utterly spoiled by a life of inanity. So far as I can gather, he was an idler at school, just as he is now an idler in his regiment—one of a dressy, lounging set, who were neither good at learning, nor good at any manly sports. This is what I have been told by one of his old schoolfellows, who is himself a man of a very different stamp, and is now a most promising young staff-officer. This man told me, at the same time, that he was all the more sorry about Seymour’s being such a failure, because he knew that he had a great deal of

good in him. He had once seen him, when a large house was on fire near the barracks, quite throw off his listless, drawling manner, and lead a party of his men to cut off the communication between the burning house and some neighbouring ones with great promptitude and vigour. In short, he said Seymour was the victim of circumstances. He had spent his youth in a lounging, loafing way, and had been warped accordingly, because he had loungers and loafers for his companions. ‘Nothing,’ he said, ‘would do the fellow so much good as [to be thrown into a position of responsibility, and to be obliged to exert himself. It would make another man of him.’ I quite agree with this friend; and I am confident that if Captain Seymour was ‘made another man of,’ and the best side of his nature, which has now been stunted, were brought out and developed, he would easily win all the willing homage of that true little heart which is trying with all its might and main to love him as it ought. The *duty-love* he has already; but there is a love that lies deeper down than that, which can only come of a spontaneous growth, and has to be thoroughly inspired by the existence of certain qualities and certain corresponding sympathies in his object. *That* love from his wife is what Captain Seymour has yet to win, for her happiness and his own; and, sooner or later, win it I believe he will.”

The Major listened with much admiration while his wife spoke thus, and looked doubly pleased when his brother said to him,—

“What a delightful philosopher you have married, Charlie! I had not an idea that the ladies canvassed us men so thoroughly, and at the same time so generously—hoping on, where others might despair and impatiently upbraid. But I fear that all ladies, if they criticise us fully, do not do so as kindly as Mrs. Gooderich

has done. And now," he continued, "I want to hear some more about another of my unknown friends—the young Irishman, who made your marriage on board his Nile boat."

"Come, Sir Roger, it was not on board the Nile boat," said his sister-in-law, laughing; "it was on the historic ground of Memphis that the proposal took place. By-the-bye, Major, we must not let Minnie forget to copy that sketch for us while she is here. A sketch of the interesting spot, Sir Roger."

"We shall not ask her for *two* copies of it now," said the Major; "one between us will be enough. In the first moments of my rapture, I had not realised the fact that we were always to be together, and that we needed no *replicas*."

"Well, now, we have not answered Sir Roger about Mr. Fitzgerald. I think him an exceedingly nice young fellow; good-looking, agreeable, kind, and considerate. He is just the man, Sir Roger, I should like for a husband for my dearest friend—just the husband I should have liked for Minnie Seymour, had she not been married already."

"Is he tall or short; dark or fair?"

"Well, he is rather tall; he has fair hair, and honest blue eyes, which have no guile in them."

"And, in spite of his honest, guileless eyes, did he never, think you, take it into his head, throughout your ramblings together, that this Mistress Minnie Seymour would have been just the wife for him, had she been available?"

"Well, as for that, I'm sure I can't say. They were very old friends, you know."

"So Charlie told me when he was here last. He told me that they had been a sort of brother and sister together at her father's, when Master Paddy was there as a pupil, and that they seemed very brotherly and sisterly still. For my part, I think this young Irishman must be a most remarkable specimen of humanity.

His countrymen, you know, are proverbially susceptible; and how he can have contrived to have gone about in that sort of free and easy way which you have both described, paired off with an enchanting young woman (such as, by all accounts, she seems to be), who is not very happy with her absent husband, while she is, and always has been very happy with *him*—how, I say, he can, under these circumstances, have escaped being very hard hit, is to me a marvel. I don't expect men to fall in love with other men's wives, mind you, when the other men are there to look after their property, although, even so, such things do sometimes happen; but what beats me is, his being proof under such a concatenation of enticements."

"But a man need not fall in love with every pretty woman he is thrown into constant company with, merely because he happens to like her, and she him—all in a friendly way," said the Major.

"He certainly need not, as you say; but many a one *does*, even when there is less natural sympathy between the pair than there seems to be in this case."

"But they are both of them very highly - principled," put in Mrs. Gooderich.

"Now, look'ee here, my dear sister-in-law!" said the Baronet; "principle is all very well for preventing people from going and hunting out evil through very skittishness; but when temptation—for so I will term it, taken in a serious light, as it ought to be taken, and not in a jocular way, the failing of falling in love with other men's wives—when, I say, temptation comes wheedling, and coaxing, and enticing, and alluring you at every turn, and you cannot get out of its way, I should be very much afraid that principle, when pushed into a corner, might get the worst of it."

"Oh, Sir Roger! you cannot think so seriously?"

"Indeed, I do think so seriously, and I'll tell you why. People of good principle, from being unaccustomed to grappling with temptation, through the very fact of their keeping out of its way, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are the more likely to be beaten by it than those who have earned their experience of the world by knocking about it a little. The former are so unaccustomed to danger, that they do not know, when they do chance to get into the midst of it, in what peril they really stand. The novelty of the situation makes the baits, which the tempter gradually and skilfully throws out to them, seem so tremendously charming, that they become enervated with delight; and principle, accordingly, grows weak within them. No! People who go in for high principle must not dream of playing with edged tools, under the mistaken idea that they can go just as far as they like, and stop when they like. They must keep quite out of the fray, and at a distance from it. Once they happen to get well into it, the Lord help them! I would back a hardened *roué* against a man of principle, any day, for getting safely out of a love entanglement. That is to say, supposing, always, that your man of principle is a man of impulse and warmth of heart, and with feelings like those of other men. There are some 'people of principle,' who have not the heart of a hen, nor the passion of a dormouse, and then go away and take immense credit for being steady, and so forth, and 'not as other men are.' D—n them, for a set of canting hypocrites!"

"Oh, my dear Sir Roger!" what are you saying?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear sister-in-law! I had forgotten myself in my warmth."

"I think," said the Major, "there is a great deal of truth in what my brother says. It is undeniable that all people are not constituted alike ;

and those who are the most susceptible ought to be the most watchful."

"But, according to your theory, Sir Roger, there ought to be no such things as nice little innocent flirtations; and I, who have lived with a regiment for many a year, can tell you that such things can be very nice, and at the same time very innocent."

"Oh, you quite misunderstand me, my dear sister-in-law. I have not a word to say against flirtations in public, when everybody is by. It is only your *private* flirtations which I am afraid of—especially when they are carried on under the garb of friendships—the more sober and demure, the more dangerous. Still waters run deep, you know."

"Well, we must let you judge for yourself in the case of which we have been speaking. Neither the Major nor myself have observed anything between Minnie and Mr. Fitzgerald further than that frank familiarity which existed between them from the first moment of our rencontre at Cairo."

"And you mean to tell me that you and the Major, just before, and just after your engagement to each other, had eyes for any but your own two selves! Go to!—(as Shakespeare's people would say)."

"My dear Sir Roger, you begin to frighten me. You will make me think that I have been unwittingly abetting a dangerous flirtation, of which I never dreamt of the existence. But as my friend, Mrs. Seymour, arrives to-morrow, and Mr. Fitzgerald the day after, it will not be long ere you have an opportunity of judging for yourself."

We have got to describe Pont-y-Praed. It was a charming abode. It was quite a pity that it was—as some people would express it—*thrown away upon* a bachelor baronet. The house was Elizabethan, and, like many houses built at the same period, was in the shape

of that Sovereign's initial—an E, having on either side a large advancing wing, and in the centre a smaller one, consisting of a portico, under which carriages drove on arrival, and above which was a delightful boudoir with mullioned and latticed windows on its three faces. The house was built of brick, now dark with age, save here and there it was dappled with lichen. Each window, with its latticed sashes, was enframed and mullioned with grey stone, and there were tall brick chimneys ornamented with endless variations of the zig-zag, the spiral, and the diamond. Within, all was old oak, rich and fanciful carving, and embossed leather or tapestry hangings. In the centre of the house was a hall, lit from the roof by a skylight. From it sprung a handsome oaken staircase, leading to a gallery around the hall above, from which the different sleeping apartments were entered. At the end of the first landing of the staircase was a beautiful effect—an idea of more modern days. A pair of large doors, panelled with plate glass, led into a sort of entresol corridor—a broad long room, hung on either side with old family portraits. This room ran right and left for the whole length of the house. Opposite to the folding doors was another pair, likewise of glass, leading out to a narrow garden, beyond which, in line with the glass doors, so as to seem a continuation of the interior staircase, rose a flight of stone steps, apparently interminable, and bordered at alternate intervals with vases containing brilliant masses of blossom, and with small marble statues. Behind the house rose steeply the hill at the base of which it stood. At the summit of the flight of steps was a flat space, a kind of natural amphitheatre, bounded by rocks some sixty feet high, crowned with a wild tangle of brushwood, which sent some of its dishevelled locks trailing over the brick and down

the lichen-covered sides of this Titanic wall.

This was a perfect sun-trap; and the floor, so to speak, of the amphitheatre, was carpeted with flowers, massed richly and effectively, with all the art which an excellent gardener could bring to bear upon his work. From this spot, there was a magnificent view of the surrounding country, with the house down below, and beyond it the park and its rocky river for a foreground. This delightful garden being above the level of the house itself was not visible from the windows; but to make up for this loss, the slope up which the stone steps ascended was divided into a succession of terraces, with brilliant parterres at every stage. From one of the side windows, a quaint little bridge-like gallery of wood, covered in above, and about half-way up its sides, like the bridge at Lucerne, led to one of these levels. This was a private way which a former Lady Gooderich had made so as to be able to reach the gardens from her own *sanctum*. This *sanctum* was now turned into a spare bedroom; and the room above the porch was now used as a boudoir by the ladies of the family—two maiden sisters of the Baronet's, now absent from Pont-y-Praed, but expected soon to join the party there in honour of the bride. Next to the *sanctum* of the old Lady Gooderich was her sleeping apartment, which had been closed for many a long year; for the grandmother of the present owner had died there under circumstances which made the room a particularly sad one. She had been engaged for several years to Sir Gwynne Gooderich, but the union had been prevented by the perpetuation of a family feud between her father and his. At last the bann was removed—they married; but in giving birth to her first-born son, she died. The Baronet was so distracted with grief that his intellect was impaired, and, happily, death

shortly removed him also, and placed him beside her whom he had loved so long and so faithfully. The baby boy was brought up with tender care with a married aunt, and grew up to become the father of Sir Roger, the Major, and their two sisters.

We have already observed that the former boudoir of the ladies of Pont-y-Praed had been converted into a spare bedroom. Such had also been the fate of the dressing-

room of the baronets of yore. Only the ill-starred bedchamber, which lay between them, was closed. Sir Roger had a pet "glory hole" of his own on the ground floor, with a sleeping room and bath closet opening out of it.

Our object for describing so circumstantially the position of the suite above stairs, occupied by some of his predecessors, will be seen in an ensuing chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE LEAF AND THE STEM.

A CHILD played with a summer leaf,
Green was the leaf and bright ;
Ne'er had he known a pang of grief,
His merry heart thrill'd light.

An old man gazed on a wither'd stem,
The leaf's life all was gone ;
'Twas Autumn's ghastly diadem—
A tear-drop fell thereon.

Spring passed away : the child grew old,
His pleasant scenes had fled ;
The Winter's breath had left him cold,
Now sleeps he with the dead.

The old man can no more be found,
A heap of dust is there ;
Concealed beneath a grassy mound,
Where is life's light—say where ?

Ah ! where art thou, my merry boy ?
And thou, my sombre man ?
Childhood's shrill laugh of love and joy ?
Say, Wisdom, if you can !

Where is the emerald leaf of spring ?
Shrivell'd on Autumn's breast,
Death's mother ! 'Tis a fearful thing
That youth on age must rest.

T. J. OUSELEY.

THE BOYHOOD OF CHARLES LAMB.

PART I.

THERE is one picture of Charles Lamb and his sister, which, though rudely painted, has a significant and almost affecting interest. The two old-fashioned figures are grouped together: Lamb seated, his sister standing, her hand resting on the back of his chair. Both heads are disproportionately large for the figures, and those who did not know for whom the picture was intended could hardly resist smiling at the grotesque frilled cap and curls—the housekeeper-like attitude of the female figure. But to any one familiar with the story of Charles and Mary Lamb, these primitive portraits will have an almost painful interest; and in these two faces, now composed to the conventional earnestness of the sitter, will find an inexpressible sweetness and goodness, combined with a sense of patience, of strained, long-enduring suffering; of quiet simplicity, which imparts dignity to the mob-cap and mean shawl; to the ill-cut coat and spare small-clothes. This union of quaintness, simplicity, misery, and affection, made up, indeed, the sum of their lives—the old fashion of the garments standing for an antique wit, and “New-Testament plainness,” that has not been, for two centuries at least, surpassed: the union of brother and sister, one that for self-sacrifice and devotion is equally unrivalled; while the sorrow is of a shape that would have furnished Marlow with the most awful and hideous of domestic tragedies. A mother slaughtered in a paroxysm of madness, a father’s life attempted—the insanity recurring, impending, with a fearful regularity—and one fine-strung, sensitive nature taking the whole burden on itself—fighting a desperate battle for hope, subsistence, and life

itself—with the one end of soothing with the kindest deception, warding off the fatal recurrence with incessant toil: labouring, earning, cultivating reading and wit, to that one holy end; yet all the time having to do battle with the private weaknesses of his own highly-strung and imperfectly-balanced mind. This struggle, carried on gallantly, and well nigh successfully, to the end, furnishes a picture of human tragedy the like of which has not been heard of. Such a one almost deserves the title of “hero;” and when it is told that he was the truest of friends, the most entertaining acquaintance, the wittiest and fancifullest of writers, the mate and equal of great intellects, the airiest and gayest of letter-writers, and yet all this while had a domestic sword of Damocles hung over his head at home; when, moreover, his life was bound up with that of all the leading writers and wits of his time, the picture becomes one of extraordinary unique interest. Tragic horror and the most agreeable comedy were never so mysteriously compounded, and the mixture has the strangest interest, and even fascination, in the world. But it is as the study of a noble character, not without weaknesses, that the life of Charles Lamb will be found of extraordinary interest. But there is yet another view. In every one’s life, even in that of the most ordinary natures, there is a series of impressions, belonging to infancy, childhood, manhood; to school-days, love, books, which to many are almost impalpable, and to men may seem trivial, but which, when recovered by the hand of a master, becomes poetical. They are then recognised as common property, and according as the art with which they

are presented is more exquisite, are more precious, they form part of the public stock of harmless pleasure. Lamb is thus a signal benefactor, and in giving us his own impressions, has but given us back part of our own, or something nearly akin to our own. A life of Lamb that would fully bring out all these elements—the tragic, the comic side, and their more generally human elements—would not trench upon what has been done by Sir Thomas N. Talfour long ago, and more recently by Barry Cornwall. All that has been done has been a little too shadowy. Both were personal friends, and for many reasons wrote under restraint. The former, indeed, confesses that he did little more than present the letters of Lamb, united by a thread of comment, though this is far too modest a description of what is almost a classical book. But the effect left, after reading the “*Life and Letters*,” and “*Final Memorials*,” which goes back over the same ground, is naturally confusing. Mr. Proctor’s book is very short, and more in the nature of an essay, but has the merit of being an account by one who was a dear and intimate friend of Lamb’s. But the truth is, Lamb will be found to be his own best biographer.

The pleasant gardens of the Temple, whose quiet and solitude owed half their charm to the sudden and piquant change from the din and population of Fleet-street, have often been celebrated by poets and contemporary essayists. The old-fashioned courts, straggling passages, cheerful, “liberal-looking” squares, ancient halls, bright grass, and gay flowers, even now affect the stranger with a curious surprise and satisfaction, which no other town sight can afford him. “Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the Metropolis.” But the old, almost monastic air of retreat has passed away. Stiff, massive buildings rise awkwardly in confined spaces. “Many a heavy load on

the earth”—the grass has given place to gravel. There is an open publicity. The sapient “trouble toms” and restorers have been at work. Above all, the quiet retirement of the terrace overhanging the river, where the lawyers could walk of a summer’s evening—the Thames being then to the gardens as a private stream—has gone for ever, the great public thoroughfare on the Embankment interposing below. Swept thus, north and south, by two great roads, its old, dreamy privacy is a thing of the past; and Lamb’s description of the Temple in his time has an additional value, in marking the prodigious transformation always going on in London.

Charles Lamb was born and passed the first seven years of his life in the Temple. His earliest recollections were of this quiet sanctuary, the tranquil solitude, the gray old buildings, and the awful benchers—the dignitaries of the place taking their promenade on the terrace by the river—“their air and dress asserted the parade.” He recalled Coventry, the square-faced, massive bencher, whose tread was elephantine, and growl the terror of children; Daines Barrington, who wished the gardener to poison the sparrows; the meagre Twopenny, and Wharry, with the singular gait, of three steps and a jump regularly succeeding; Mingay, with the iron hook for a hand; and Baron Maseres, who still wore the costume of George the Second’s day. The little Elia gazed wistfully at these great beings, who, their hands behind them, solemnly patrolled their terrace.

Among them, however, was Mr. Samuel Salt, who for him had most interest, as being his father’s patron. These figures suit excellently with the old-fashioned background. Salt was a grave, gentle being, of absent habits, and possessing little law, though he had the reputation of knowledge. He was a stately and benevolent man, with a fine face and

person, which had inspired a hopeless attachment in the bosom of a constant spinster. It does seem to have been known to the Christ's Hospital boy that his patron made one of the scanty mourners that attended the wretched obsequies of Sterne. But it seems to fall in with his character; and his absent remark at the window, when cautioned on the subject of Miss Blandy's execution, would deserve a place in "*Tristram Shandy*."¹

To the service of this bench was attached Lamb's father, originally a law clerk or "*scrivener*,"² but from attachment and service becoming Mr. Salt's "*clerk, good servant, his dresser, his friend, his flapper, his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer*." When a case for advice and opinion was sent in, the benchman handed it over to his man, with some instructions, who, by "*the light of natural understanding*," would despatch it out of hand. Such light, however abundant, would not be of much profit without some technical knowledge at least, and though the office of articled clerk might not have been then so formally constituted as now, a mere "*valet*," as John Lamb has been described to have been, could hardly have been competent to give such substantial aid to a counsel in good practice. The description of this useful assistant shows gifts and training not usually found in a mere body servant. He had come up a mere lad from Lincolnshire, and later would tell his son of the weary tramping across the fens, where one mile was as good as four elsewhere; where the nearest village was seven miles away, and the church was sometimes visited on a fine, dry Sunday, "*just to see how goodness thrived*," as the worshipper would say in a quaint phrase worthy of his son.³ He would tell how his

mother had wept at parting with him—tears which were changed into those of joy and pride when, after a few years, he presented himself in his smart new livery, having gone down to pay her a visit. This son dwells fondly on his virtues and accomplishments. "*He was a man*," he says, of an incorruptible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and would strike in the cause of the oppressed. He never considered inequalities in calculating the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hands of a man of quality that had drawn upon him, and pummelled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female, an occasion upon which no odds against him would have prevented the interference of Lovell. He would stand the next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to excuse his interference, for Lovell never forgot where something better was not concerned. Lovell was the liveliest little fellow breathing; had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him, which confirms it); possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior; moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage-boards and such small cabinet toys to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits; and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Izaak Walton would have chosen to go a fishing with." There is nothing more delicate or

¹ Page 296.

² He is thus officially described in the Petition for his son's admission to Christ's Hospital.

³ Susan Yates, in Mrs. Leicester's School.

more graphic than this in the *Essays of Elia*. The conception of airy vivacity is helped by the introduction of Garrick, the likeness to whom is more than confirmed by the engraving given in Mr. Proctor's volume. The fine turn for humorous poetry, which filial admiration placed "next to Swift and Prior," is represented by a thin quarto volume of poems, published by request of friends, and by desire of a benefit society, and which contained verses, like Dodsley's "*Muse in Livery*," descriptive of what he had observed in his profession.

He was considerably older than his wife,¹ whose maiden name was Elizabeth Field. She was the daughter of "a Bruton who had married a Field," and came from near Ware, in Hertfordshire. She was in the family of the Wards, at their old seat Blakesware, and lived and died there as housekeeper.²

Mrs. Lamb was considered to resemble Mrs. Siddons in an extraordinary degree. So with parents resembling such great artists the son might fairly expect to inherit a strong dramatic taste. Both were gay and fond of amusement.³ They were established in Crown-office Row, a heavy row of buildings in the Inner Temple, facing the river, which has since been rebuilt, where Mr. Salt, the bencher, also lived. There his three children were born. John, the eldest, in 1763; Mary, two years later; and Charles, the youngest and most celebrated, on February 10, 1775.⁴

He was a sensitive child with a delicate temper, which seems to have been misunderstood or neglected by his gay parents. The eldest was the

mother's favourite. "They loved pleasure, and parties, and visiting; but as they found the tenor of my mind to be quite opposite, they gave themselves little trouble about me, but on such occasions left me to my choice, which was much oftener to stay at home, and indulge myself in my solitude, than join in their rambling visits.⁵ The picture indeed of what was to be this lonely childhood, and its results on the literary character of the man—future *Elia*—finds a curious parallel in the recently-published life of Charles Dickens, out of the very wretchedness of whose childhood seems to have been developed the whole wealth and colouring of his special power and humour. It is not that the mere vivid description and recollection of childish events make a substantial part of their writing, but that the unnaturally acute observation of men and things during those early days of desertion enforced a concentration of ideas and an early vigour. The child's view is purer, is undisturbed by the hackneyed associations of the world; and when its mind, as was the case with Dickens and Lamb, is isolated, driven in on itself by neglect, these impressions are burnt in as it were, grow up as the child grows up, and colour all its maturest years. That this was the case with Dickens has been shown in the recently-published account of his life, where it became unexpectedly disclosed to the world that the almost tragic solitude and misery of his childish years, became not not only the foundation of his style, but the treasury on which he drew for his characters and description. The early recollections of both writers, when put side by side have

¹ Maria Howe, in Mrs. Leicester's School.

² A sister of hers, another Bruton, was married to "a substantial yeoman named Gladman, who lived at Mackery Gord, delightfully situated within a gentle walk of Wheat-hampstead." These names, Bruton and Gladman, are still to be found in the district.

³ Maria Howe.

⁴ Mr. —, of Christ's Hospital, has favoured me with a copy of the baptismal certificate, "Charles Lamb, son of John and Elizabeth Lamb, was baptised 10th March, 1775, according to the register of the Temple."

⁵ Maria Howe.

the strongest similarity—the same airy, dainty touch—the same reverence and earnestness of treatment which elevates what might seem trivial into dignity. Nor can the likeness be considered the result of an unconscious imitation by the latter writer: it was the cruel probation that made the early years of both the most important, and left an impression on the rest of their lives that never wore out¹. He himself, indeed, later, shadowed forth this theory, showing that he was conscious of this mysterious force—of this old power: “In the heart of childhood there will for ever spring up a well of innocent, of wholesome superstition; the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital,—from every day forms educing the unknown and uncommon. While childhood and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.”²

The young lad was not, however, wholly deserted. He found a friend and comforter in an old aunt, a pensionary of the family—an antique, quaint figure, herself apart—not being a favourite of the family, or thinking herself a little neglected—she clung to the little child, saying, with some ungraciousness towards her hosts, it was the only thing in the world she loved. She was “dear and good, one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. . . . She was from morning till night poring over good books and devotional exercises. Her favourite volumes were “Thomas à Kempis,” in Stanhope’s translation, and a Roman Catholic prayer-book, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down—terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, though admonished

daily concerning their papistical tendency, and went to church every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though I think at one period of her life, she told me she had read, with great satisfaction, the “Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman.” . . . With some little asperities in her constitution, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine *old Christian*. She was a woman of strong sense and a shrewd mind; extraordinary at a *repartee*—one of a few occasions of her breaking silence, else she did not” much value wit. She was his father’s sister, and ten years older than him. Her affection for the boy was constant—displayed when he was a wretched little sufferer to small-pox, at only five years old, when at school, and later, under a terrible trial. But she unconsciously ministered to a diseased and morbid affection of his nature; and when actual derangement of mind came long after, it is easy to tell when the first seeds of it were sown.

Close to their rooms was a closet, in which was a number of Mr. Salt’s books, and the careless parents allowed Charles and his sister to spend their time there, turning over great volumes they could not read, and gazing at mysterious pictures in old folios. The results of this pastime furnish an almost awful picture of childish terrors, and show that there must have been in both brother and sister some tendency to weakness of mind. “Here,” he says in the character of “Maria Howe,” “when my parents have been from home, I have stayed for hours together till the loneliness, which pleased me so at first, has at length become quite frightful, and I have rushed out of the closet into the inhabited parts

¹ Compare Lamb’s “Dream Children,” and Dicken’s “Poor Relations’s Story” (reprinted pieces), “Witches and other Night Fears,” and “Our School.” The writer may be allowed to refer to his little book, “Charles Lamb, his friends, &c.,” published some years ago, in which this likeness between the two writers was first pointed out.

² The old Benchers of the Middle Temple.

of the house, and sought refuge in the lap of some one of the female servants, or of my aunt, who would say, seeing me look pale, that I had been frightening myself with some of those *nasty books* : so she used to call my favourite volumes, which I would not have parted with—no, not with one of the least of them—if I had had the choice to be made a fine prince, and to govern the world. But my aunt was no reader. She used to excuse herself, and say that reading hurt her eyes. I have been naughty enough to think that this was only an excuse ; for I found that my aunt's weak eyes did not prevent her from poring ten hours a day upon her Prayer-book, or her favourite 'Thomas à Kempis.' But this was always her excuse for not reading any of the books I recommended. The attention and fondness which she showed to me, conscious as I was that I was almost the only being she felt anything like fondness to, made me love her, as it was natural : indeed, I am ashamed to say, that I fear I almost loved her better than both my parents put together. But there was an oddness, a silence, about my aunt, which was never interrupted but by her occasional expressions of love to me, that made me stand in fear of her. An odd look from under her spectacles would sometimes scare me away, when I had been peering up in her face to make her kiss me. Then she had a way of muttering to herself, which, though it was good words, and religious words, that she was mumbling, somehow I did not like. My weak spirits, and the fears I was subject to, always made me afraid of any personal singularity or oddness in any one. But I must return to my studies, and tell you what books I found in the closet, and what reading I chiefly admired. There was a great 'Book of Martyrs,' in which I used to read, or rather I used to spell out meanings ; for I was too ignorant to make out

many words : but there it was written all about those good men who chose to be burned alive, rather than forsake their religion and become naughty Papists. Some words I could make out, some I could not ; but I made out enough to fill my little head with vanity ; and I used to think I was so courageous I could be burned too ; and I would put my hands upon the flames which were pictured in the pretty pictures which the book had, and feel them. Then there was a book not so big, but it had pictures in it. It was called 'Culpeppers' Herbal.' It was full of pictures of plants and herbs ; but I did not much care for that. There was Salmon's 'Modern History,' out of which I picked a good deal. It had pictures of Chinese gods, and the great hooded serpent, which ran strangely in my fancy. There were some law books, too ; but the old English frightened me from reading them. But, above all, what I relished was 'Stackhouse's History of the Bible,' where there was the picture of the Ark, and all the beasts getting into it. This delighted me, because it puzzled me : and many an aching head have I got with poring into it, and contriving how it might be built, with such and such rooms, to hold all the world, if there should be another flood ; and sometimes settling what pretty beasts should be saved, and what should not : for I would have no ugly or deformed beasts in my pretty ark. Besides the picture of the Ark, and many others which I have forgot, Stackhouse contained one picture which made more impression upon my childish understanding than all the rest ; it was the picture of the raising-up of Samuel, which I used to call the Witch-of-Endor picture. I was always very fond of picking up stories about witches. There was a book called 'Glanvil on Witches,' which used to lie about in this closet ; it was thumbed about, and showed it had been much read in former times.

This was my treasure. Here I used to pick out the strangest stories.

These stories of witches so terrified me, that my sleeps were broken ; and, in my dreams, I always had a fancy of a witch being in the room with me. I was let grow up wild, like an ill-weed ; and thrived accordingly. One night, that I had been terrified in my sleep with my imaginations, I got out of bed, and crept softly to the adjoining room. My room was next to where my aunt usually sat when she was alone. Into her room I crept for relief from my fears. The old lady was not yet retired to rest, but she was sitting with her eyes half open, half closed ; her spectacles tottering upon her nose ; her head nodding over her Prayer-book ; her lips mumbling the words as she read them, or half read them, in her dozing posture ; her grotesque appearance, her old-fashioned dress, resembling what I had seen in that fatal picture in Stackhouse. All this, with the dead time of night, as it seemed to me, (for I had gone through my first sleep,) joined to produce a wicked fancy in me, that the form which I beheld was not my aunt, but some witch. Her mumbling of her prayers confirmed me in this shocking idea. I had read in Glanvil of those wicked creatures reading their prayers *backwards* ; and I thought that this was the operation which her lips were at this time employed about. Instead of flying to her friendly lap for that protection which I had so often experienced when I have been weak and timid, I shrunk back, terrified and bewildered, to my bed, where I lay, in broken sleeps and miserable fancies, till the morning which I had so much reason to wish for, came. My fancies a little wore away with the light ; but an impression was fixed, which could not for a long time be done away. In the daytime, when my father and mother were about the house, when I saw them fami-

liarily speak to my aunt, my fears all vanished ; and when the good creature had taken me upon her kness, and shown me any kindness more than ordinary, at such times I have melted into tears, and longed to tell her what naughty, foolish fancies I had had of her. But when night returned, that figure which I had seen recurred,—the posture, the half-closed eyes, the mumbling and muttering which I had heard. A confusion was in my head, *who* it was I had seen that night : it was my aunt, and it was not my aunt ; it was that good creature who loved me above all the world, engaged at her good task of devotions—perhaps praying for some good to me. Again it was a witch, a creature hateful to God and man, reading backwards the good prayers ; who would perhaps destroy me."

This is a terrible picture, and highly dramatic ; but in Elia he is even more distinct : "The night time, solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life . . . without an assurance which realised its own prophecy of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse, then, acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the witch raising up Samuel (oh that old man covered with a mantle !) I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy, but the shape and manner of this visitation. It was he who also dressed up for me a hag that nightly sat upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow when my aunt or maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed, waking, over this delineation ; and at night (if may use so bold an expression), awoke into sleep and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylight, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the win-

dow, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was. Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling *about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them*—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves.” In this essay he deals gaily with Stackhouse, and describes in his happiest vein, how “turning over the picture of an ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. On this, Stackhouse was summarily forbidden, and locked up.”

But it was extraordinary how many things conspired to unsettle the tender wits of the forlorn child. Even theological doubts were to assail him; and the bulky commentator was not indicted before he had had time to disturb even the elementary and shadowy religious ideas present to the mind of a child five or six years old. The process is thus described:—

“I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* to the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there

seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realised from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed—a sceptic in long-coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic and chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugnors. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Oh, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!”¹ The child was in this morbid state, when there fortunately arrived on a visit, his grandmamma Field, another affectionate relation, whose heart yearned towards this curious, but interesting child. A few weeks in the country she saw would clear its head of these fancies, and bring back a healthy tone. The gay Garrick-like father and matronly Siddons, made no objection. “I went with some reluctance at leaving my closet, my dark walk, and even my aunt, who had been such a source of both love and terror to me.”

This visit was down to Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, which with the old granddame, who was its sole occupant, fills so important a place in Lamb's writing. Blakesmoor, or

¹ Lamb, when he wrote these words was thinking of Holcroft's little boy, who was made to stand up before company by his father and mother, and deny there was a God.

Blakeware, is one of the fairy castles familiar and real to every reader of taste : the solitary old housekeeper who lived in it is a classic ; yet it is the observation of a child of six or seven years old that has furnished this pleasantest of perpetual legacies. "It was a decayed place, the owners—the Wards—had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle,¹ and who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in an adjoining county.² Thus she was left in possession. Though she was not, indeed, the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in many respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her . . . but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived."³ She was a tall, upright, graceful person, and had been—see how the picture grows—the best dancer of the day. A stern, determined whist-player, all for the clear fire and rigour of the game ; for being thus *quasi* mistress—and she had thus been in office some sixty years of her life—she was considered in the neighbourhood, and likely enough, played hostess. It was a rare old house, with a noble hall with a mosaic pavement, round which were ranged busts of the twelve Cæsars—its justice hall, with the disused high-backed magisterial chairs—its noble picture-gallery of old portraits—a tattered and diminished scutcheon hanging over the great staircase—the tapestried bed-chamber—and even the haunted room, which the old guardian would occupy. Outside, too—the venerable wooding, concealing a noisy brook—beautiful fruit garden, with its sun-baked southern wall ; the ample pleasure-garden rising backward from the house in triple ter-

aces, with flower-pots now of palest, save that a speck here and there saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering ; the verdant quarters backward still ; and stretching still beyond in old formality, the fiery wilderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring wood-pigeon, with that antique image in the centre, god or goddess I wist not."⁴

The change for the London boy was amazing. He was enchanted into a new world. It filled his little soul. He was there "as in a holy temple." The cold marble busts of the Cæsars impressed him awfully : in his manhood and old age, these images, as of something stately and magnificent, were ever before him. "The frowning beauty of Nero," extorting his wonder, "the mild Galba," his love. Every day he mounted on chairs to look at them, and read the inscriptions underneath, until they became familiar as human faces. Indeed, those who have seen these busts in the Vatican and other museums, will own to the strange and impressive character of these faces, as being likely of all things in the world to impress a child. There was a row of Hogarth's prints running round underneath, which delighted him no less. But with the old portraits he was more mysteriously affected. "There were old men, and women, and children ; one—and then another—would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvas." He longed to have a fairy-power to call the children down from their frames to play with him. One little girl who hung beside a glass door that opened into the garden, he delighted to invite to walk with him—a beauty with cool blue pastoral drapery, and bright yellow hair, her arm round a lamb's neck, a bunch of roses in her hand. He would fearlessly explore the

¹ Blakesmoor. ² Dream Children. ³ Ibid. ⁴ Blakesmoor.

house, though he could only see the great rooms by light which came glimmering in over the tops of the closed window-shutters, marking out indistinctly the carved chimney-pieces, the ancient worked furniture, the covers of which he would fearfully lift to have a peep. To say nothing of the faded tapestry, "so much better than painting, not adorning merely, but peopling the the wainscoats;" glancing at those stern, bright visages, staring reciprocally; all over on the walls—Actæon, and Diana, and Phœbus, pleasing Marsyas. On a marble slab in a corner of the hall, he found even "tarnished gilt leather battle-dores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks," left as they were twenty years before.

Outside, too, the child found no less a charm in the noble grounds, "sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the oldmelancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth, or in watching the dace that darted too and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines,

oranges, and such-like common baits of children."

And this delight was so blended with love and reverence, that though there lay (I shame to say how few rods distant from the mansion), half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake; such was the spell that bound me to the house, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *locus magnitus* of my infancy." This is a characteristic glimpse of childish nature; but the whole background and character is exquisite and unrivalled, as a picture of child's life. It is what we ourselves must have felt, or something akin; and it was still so much a part of Lamb himself-grown up and grown old, that he has drawn it several times in his letters, and in his finished Essay.

The good old lady had not only Charles, but her other grandchild often down on a visit. Mary must have been there long before Charles, being some ten years older. Her room in the house was the haunted one; for there was a tradition in the district that it had been the actual scene of the story of the Babes in the Wood, whose history and that of the wicked uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall. And it was believed that an apparition of the two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near to where she slept. But they recollected she said these good innocents would do her no harm. All this time she was suffering from a deadly cancer, which she never allowed to have the least effect upon her spirits—and her battle against the acute pain—

Wise she was,
Wrote her grandchild affectionately,
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse,
Of births, of titles, and intermarriages;

Relationships remote, or near of kin ;
Of friends offended, family disgraced—
But these are not thy praises ; and I wrong
Thy honoured memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better t'were to
tell

How with a nobler zeal and warmer love,
She served her heavenly master.¹

Mary Lamb had her recollections of the place, which affected her in the same mysterious way as it did her brother. She had to attend on the austere old lady, who every morning used to nod her head very kindly, and say very graciously, "How do you do, little Mary?" The child adds, "I do not recollect that she ever spoke to me for the rest of the day, except, indeed, when Mary read the Psalms, when she would say that she 'never heard a child read so distinctly.'" But Mary's eyes were weak, and she was not allowed to try them too much. She heard the old lady then discourse of needlework, generally the history of some piece of work she had formerly done ; the dates when they were begun, and when finished. If occasionally other events were spoken of, she had no other chronology to reckon by than in her recollection of what carpet, what sofa-cover, what set of chairs, were in the frame at the time.² The curious dream-child was dealt with in this ascetic way, as, indeed, she had been at home, so it was no change for her ; and thrown upon herself, was driven to find ghostly companions in the dusty relics of the old place. She was injudiciously allowed to wander about through the old rooms and passages, and to feed her little mind with these disturbing visions. She was impressed awfully, like her brother, by the busts of the Cæsars, the tapestries, and the marble figure

of a satyr, on which she laid her hand every day "to see how cold he was." Roaming over the old house, she came on a door which she tried day after day with a growing curiosity, and which at last opened and revealed a huge library. She was enchanted at this discovery ; spent hours there every day alone, taking down the huge folios and turning them over.³ Here she found a work in large type, with some leaves torn out, and which was called "Mahometanism Explained," which she sat down to devour. Her attraction for this strange subject is explained by the fascination which one of the tapestries had for her, exhibiting Hagar and Ishmael—the beauty of the youth and the forlorn state of his mother detaining her before them for hours. When she finished the story of Ishmael, which she found like a fairy tale, she passed on to Mahomet, which was full of wonders, which she accepted in all faith : for the Book told that all who believed these stories were Mahometans. Then she read that there was a bridge no wider than a silken thread, over which all must pass after death ; and while those who were not Mahometans "would slip on one side of this bridge, and drop into the tremendous gulf that had no bottom," the poor child became perfectly unsettled as she brooded over these horrors. The image of the bridge made her giddy ; though, as being a Mahometan, she felt her safety ought to be assured. When she saw her old grandmamma totter across the room, she was seized with a sudden terror ; for it flashed upon her that she would never be able to get across the bridge. Then came the image of her mother, who was sure to be

¹ The Granddame.

² See "Margaret Green," in *Mrs. Leicester's School*. These last touches are admirable and worthy of a higher reputation than Mary Lamb's. All is real experience—simple recollections.

³ "She was tumbled early," says her brother, in "Mackery End," by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls they should be brought up in this fashion." This theory is refuted satisfactorily by Mary's own account of the result.

lost; for she concluded that there was but one copy of this work locked up in the library, and that therefore it was unknown to the rest of the world; and she became distracted as to what she ought to do—confess “that she was a Mahometan,” which entailed a confession of reading without leave, or was she to remain silent, and let them so near and dear perish? The misery of the struggle actually threw the poor child into a fever, wherein she lay long, rambling about Mahometanism. A kind doctor who was sent for saw what was the matter. The child was oppressed by the severe austerity of those over her. Her mother, she says piteously, “had almost wholly discontinued talking to me,” and she scarcely ever heard a word addressed to her from morning till night. The solemn granddame, the ascetic aunt of the Temple, were ill-suited to soothe such a disposition. It is plain, indeed, that the reason of this unnatural desertion, was that both she and her brother were considered “queer” children. Charles himself says bitterly that Mary’s filial caresses and duties were met “too frequently with coldness and repulse;” while the grandmother was heartless enough to say often: “Polly, what are those poor crazy, moythered brains of yours thinking of always?” There is a world of childish agony revealed in this cruel reproach; and, as I have before hinted, these minute details of childish sufferings are, indeed, the life of Charles Lamb (for Mary’s childhood and his were virtually one), growing up with him, in a dark, unwholesome tangle, and spreading over every action and thought of his life. Under such unfortunate treatment, it was no wonder that madness came later. The kind doctor and his wife took her away on a visit, made her play games, brought her to a fair, where she was

enchanted, amused her in every way; while the lady quietly explained to her her delusion about Mahomet. She remained a month, and was restored perfectly well. These pictures of childish feeling are of rare interest, and, indeed, owe their effect to the almost acute recollections of the narrators, and the bitterness of the recollection actually overpowered filial affection; so that in many of these pictures is found a kind of reproach for such unkind treatment—in this resembling Dickens. In both instances, what might seem a blemish, can be explained as a sort of irresistible protest—a cry not to be suppressed.

A favourite haunt of Charles was the cheerful store-room, “in whose hot window-sill” he used to sit poring over a book of poetry, with the grass plot before the window, and the hum of the solitary wasp that hummed it in his ear. He used to have the buzzing in his ears long after. There was the stolen peach, which he recalled long after. “On the south wall (can I forget the hot feel of the brick-work), lingered the one last peach. Now peaches are a fruit to which I always had, and still have, an almost utter aversion to. I know not by what demon of contradiction inspired, but I was haunted with an irresistible desire to pluck it. Tear myself as often as I would from the spot, I found myself still recurring to it, till maddening with desire (desire I cannot call it—with wilfulness, rather—without appetite—against appetite, I may call it), in an evil hour I reached out my hand, and plucked it. Some few raindrops just then fell; the sky (from a bright day) became overcast; and I was a type of our first parents, after the eating of that fatal fruit. I felt myself naked and ashamed, stripped of my virtue, spiritless. The downy fruit dropped from my hand, never to be tasted.”¹

¹ “The London Magazine,” 1825. He also alludes to this little incident in a letter to B. Barton, and in the “Dream Children” hints at the indiscretion guardedly. Thus carefully did he treasure and make part of his mature life, these passages of his childhood—not trifling for him.

The eldest boy, John, was her favourite—a bold, sensible, unimpulsive lad, who was likely “to do” in the world, and who succeeded fairly. He had none of the strained fancies of his brother and sister—was a king to them; handsome, and “instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us,” he would get upon a spirited horse, join huntsman and hounds, and was over all the country in a morning. Not but that he had an affection and sympathy for the old house too, but had too much spirit to be always shut up within it. Mary, being so much older, was sent down with Charles under her care; and he recalled that visit to a great aunt, near Wheathampstead, the wife of Farmer Gladman, a substantial old farmhouse, with pigeoncote woodhouse, orchard, the pastoral walks in “the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire.” These visits seem to have been periodical, and kept up for some years. But at last the old granddame, worn out by her sufferings, died; and her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and by the gentry for miles round, who wished to show them respect. He treasured up also some grotesque memories of her austere treatment, which have a characteristic flavour. “She had,” he says, “never-failing pretexts of tormenting children for their good. I was a chit then, and I well remember when a fly had got into a corner of my eye, and I was complaining of it to her, the old lady deliberately pounded two ounces or more of the finest loaf-sugar that could be got, and making me hold open the eye as wide as I could (all innocent of her purpose), she blew from delicate white paper, with a full breath, the whole saccharine contents into the part afflicted, saying, ‘There, now the fly is out!’ ’Twas most true; a

legion of blue-bottles, with the prince of flies at their head, must have dislodged with the torrent and deluge of tears which followed. I kept my own counsel, and my fly in my eye when I had got one, in future, without troubling her dulcet applications for the remedy. Then her medicine case was a perfect magazine of tortures for infants. She seemed to have no notion of the comparatively tender drenches which young internals requires; her potions were anything but milk for babes. Then her sewing up of a cut finger, picking a whitloe before it was ripe, because she could not see well, with the aggravation of the pitying tone she did it in!”

Then followed the destruction of the old mansion. Even by this dissolution the precious memories of childhood were to be linked on to those of manhood. For when he was about forty years old, he happened to be travelling down northwards, and went out of his way some miles to look at the dear old haunt. He had heard rumours of its destruction, but was shocked and overwhelmed at the thoroughness with which the work had been done. Not a stone was left upon a stone: only a few bricks remained. Everything had been carted away. The best portion had been removed to another fine old mansion in the same county—Gilston; the great marble chimney-piece placed in the hall; and the carvings of Actæon and the Boar-hunt placed over it, and the mysterious Twelve Cæsars ranged round the octagon hall. The Beauty with “the cool drapery” had flitted also.² Gilston is a fine baronial mansion; but Blakesware, though destroyed, will be imperishable. Mr. Plumer had married the widow of the owner of both places, and had taken her name; but, though a man of letters, he seems not to have known of

¹ See “The Gem,” 1830.

² It was a portrait of a Countess of Abercorn.

Lamb's charming essay—nor, indeed, of Blakesware itself.¹

Thus closes the prettiest idyll in Charles Lamb's life. In the bar-

reness and suffering of after-years, his heart dwelt on it with a painful interest.

PART II.

CHARLES and his sister were sent to a day-school, situated in the mean passage that leads from Fetter Lane into Bartlett's Buildings, and looking into a discoloured, dingy garden. It was presided over by a Mr. William Bird, teacher of languages and mathematics, who was assisted by a strange being, called "Captain Starkey," later to be "a character," beggarman, what not. This oddity wrote an account of his own life, which Lamb happened to stumble upon, and the name awakened all his and his sister's slumbering recollections of their school days, and the spontaneousness and delight at there occurring some of the precious memories of childhood, prompted a vivid and graphic little retrospect, which, with some finishing, should have found a place among his *Essays*.² "This," he said, "was the Starkey of whom I have heard my sister relate so many pleasant anecdotes, and whom, never having seen, I almost seem to remember." Mary had been there long before Charles was sent, and the fashion in which he interweaves her recollections with his own is singularly charming. "Every touch may be accepted as literally true. Heavens knows what 'languages' were taught in it then! I am sure that neither my sister nor myself brought any out of it but a little of our native English. By 'mathematics,' reader, must be understood 'ciphering.' It was, in fact, an humble day-school, at which reading and writing were taught to us boys in the morning; and the slender

erudition was communicated to the girls, our sisters, &c., in the evening. Now, Starkey presided, under Bird, over both establishments. In my time, Mr. Cook, now or lately a respectable singer and performer at Drury Lane Theatre, and nephew to Mr. Bird, had succeeded him. I well remember Bird. He was a squat, corpulent, middle-sized man, with something of the gentleman about him, and that peculiar mild tone—especially while he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent; but, when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, where we could only hear the complaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and the solemnity. But the ordinary chastisement was the bastinado, a stroke or two on the palm with that almost obsolete weapon now,—the ferule. A ferule was a sort of flat ruler, widened, at the inflicting end, into a shape resembling a pear,—but nothing like so sweet,—with a delectable hole in the middle to raise blisters, like a cupping-glass. I have an intense recollection of that disused instrument of torture, and the malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness, with which its strokes were applied. The idea of a rod is accompanied with something ludicrous; but by no process can I look back upon this blister raiser with anything but unmingled horror. To make him look more formidable,—if a peda-

¹ See Mr. Patmore's "My Friends and Acquaintances, vol. I. There have been two or three scandalous instances of this levelling of old mansions.

² See "Captain Starkey," in "Hone's Everyday Book."

gogue had need of these heightenings,—Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns formerly in use with schoolmasters, the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering. But, boyish fears apart, Bird, I believe, was, in the main, a humane and judicious master.

“Oh, how I remember our legs wedged into those uncomfortable sloping desks, where we sat elbowing each other; and the injunctions to attain a free hand, unattainable in that position; the first copy I wrote after, with its moral lesson, “Art improves Nature;” the still earlier pot-hooks and the hangers, some traces of which I fear may yet be apparent in this manuscript; the truant looks side-long to the garden, which seemed a mockery of our imprisonment; the prize for best spelling which had almost turned my head, and which, to this day, I cannot reflect upon without a vanity, which I ought to be ashamed of; our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; the bright, punctually-washed morning fingers, darkening gradually with another and another ink-spot!¹

“Poor Starkey, when young, had that peculiar stamp of old-fashionedness in his face which makes it impossible for a beholder to predicate any particular age in the object. You can scarce make a guess between seventeen and seven-and-thirty. This antique cast always seems to promise ill-luck and penury. Yet it seems he was not always the abject thing he came to. My sister, who well remembers him, can hardly forgive Mr. Thomas Ranson for making an etching so unlike her idea of him when he was a youthful teacher at Mr. Bird’s school. Old age and poverty—a life-long poverty, she thinks—could at no time have so effaced the marks of native gentility which were once so visible in a face

otherwise strikingly ugly, thin, and care-worn. From her recollections of him, she thinks that he would have wanted bread before he would have begged or borrowed a half-penny. ‘If any of the girls,’ she says, ‘who were my school-fellows, should be reading, through their aged spectacles, tidings, from the dead, of their youthful friend, Starkey, they will feel a pang, as I do, at having teased his gentle spirit.’ They were big girls, it seems, too old to attend his instructions with the silence necessary; and, however old age and a long state of beggary seem to have reduced his writing faculties to a state of imbecility, in those days his language occasionally rose to the bold and figurative; for, when he was in despair to stop their chattering, his ordinary phrase was, ‘Ladies, if you will not hold your peace, not all the powers in heaven can make you!’ Once he was missing for a day or two: he had run away. A little, old, unhappy-looking man brought him back,—it was his father,—and he did no business in the school that day, but sat moping in a corner, with his hands before his face; and the girls, his tormentors, in pity for his case, for the rest of that day forbore to annoy him. ‘I had been there but a few months,’ adds she, ‘when Starkey, who was the chief instructor of us girls, communicated to us a profound secret,—that the tragedy of ‘Cato’ was shortly to be acted by the elder boys, and that we were to be invited to the representation.’ That Starkey lent a helping hand in fashioning the actors, she remembers; and, but for his unfortunate person he might have had some distinguished part in the scene to enact. As it was, he had the arduous task of prompter assigned to him; and his feeble voice was heard clear and distinct, repeating the text during the whole performance. She describes her recollection of the cast of characters, even

¹ Compare Dickens’s “Our School” in his “Reprinted Pieces.”

now, with a relish. Martia, by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa, and of whom she never afterwards heard tidings; Lucia, by Master Walker, whose sister was her particular friend; Cato, by John Hunter, a masterly declaimer, but a plain boy, and shorter by the head than his two sons in the scene, &c."

But this sort of "hedge schooling" was preparatory; and when the boy was only six years old, it was arranged that he should enter Christ's Hospital. Mr. Salt's interest was enough to secure this valuable privilege.¹ He was admitted by a committee, on July 17th, 1782, "by a bond entered into by Samuel Salt, of the Inner Temple, London, Esquire." A petition had been sent in from his father, who set forth "that he had a wife and three children, and he finds it difficult to maintain and educate his family without some assistance." The admission was then merely formal, and he was not "clothed" as a Blue-coat boy until the 9th of October in the same year.² Here was to begin a new existence, a wider field, from which to gather and store up images which he was hereafter to recal. But there was not to be the old soft poetry of Blakesware; and though a London boy and with his heart alway centered in the town, this era was to have for him a more matter-of-fact complexion. His eyes do not linger on it as he looks backwards. He does not recur to the old images again and again, or reproduce them in pictures of varying shapes. The antique solemnity of the hospital is now almost overpowered by masses of new building which contrast harshly with the small remains of mellow old brick; the quaint doorway with

the figure of the blue-coat boy overhead, the church, and the quiet counting-house, with its mullioned windows, has the air of a room in Blakesware itself. There is now a greater publicity, and the old romantic solitude has been encroached upon. Hither it was that the mild, delicate boy who walked with a strange and measured step, and who spoke with a nervous hesitation, came from the Temple to this famous school, where he was to remain seven years.

In two well-known essays he has given a chromatic picture of his school life—full of colour, peopled with figures—the masters, stewards, the boys—their amusements and the somewhat barbarous punishments which they suffered; with a background of the great hall whose ceiling was painted by Verrio, in an old-fashioned florid style, and the stained-glass and the crumbling cloisters. We hear the roar of the five-hundred lads within the great hall—see them refusing "the gags" or pieces of fat (a gag-eater being considered next to a ghoul); watch the tall "Grecians," who were going to the university; the "sea boys," those cruel tyrants; and the monitors, with their quaint badges. There were the visits to the Tower, where by ancient privilege they enjoyed a gratuitous view of all the curiosities; the procession through the city at Easter, to enjoy the Lord Mayor's bounty; the scenes at Christmas; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have often lain awake to hear from seven (the hour of going to bed), when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that

¹ Talfourd says he was presented by Timothy Yeates, by one of the governors of the hospital. Lamb himself says the "governor" who presented him resided "under the paternal roof," clearly pointing to Mr. Salt. He might readily have made the mistake of confounding the official governorship with his father's patron and employer.

² I have been favoured with these extracts from the books of the hospital, through the courtesy of the present treasurer.

season by angel's voices to the shepherds.

Among the boys he soon found friends—the two Le Grices, Charles Valentine, and Samuel, the former of whom became a clergyman and tutor in Cornwall, writing agreeable verses to the end of his life; the latter, “sanguine, volatile, and sweet-natured,” breaking away from college, and dying of fever at Jamaica. “The Christ Hospital boys’ friends,” says Elia, “are commonly his intimates through life;” and it was here that he laid the foundation of an intimacy with a most remarkable character—Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Their standing nearly corresponded, Coleridge remaining longer at the school, becoming “Grecian,” a rank Lamb was prevented attaining to. This prodigy was of course not recognised; and his gifts were rudely chastised by the eccentric James Boyer, who was chief master of the school. The portrait of this being is a singular one, and his severities awful. His wigs betokened the changes of his temper: “one serene, smiling, fresh-powdered”—heralding a mild day; the other, “an old, discoloured, unkempt, angry canon, denoting frequent and bloody execution.” He would “make a headlong entry” into the schoolroom from his inner recess, and singling out a lad, roar out, “Odds my life, sirrah!” (his favourite adjuration), “I have a great mind to whip you!” then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling himself back into his lair; and after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the

contest), drive headlong out again, . . . with the expletory yell, “*And I WILL too.*”¹ The great thinker long after owned that to him he owed his classical taste, though he hardly forgave him his rude treatment. “Lay thy animosity against Jimmy, in the grave,” wrote Charles Lamb to his friend, when the news of Boyer’s death reached him. Coleridge did forgive him then, with the aspiration, “Poor J. B., may all his faults be forgiven, and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings!” It reached the master’s ears that the precocious lad had read Voltaire’s “Philosophical Dictionary:” “So, sirrah, you are an infidel, are you?” he said, “Then I’ll flog the infidelity out of you,” and proceeded to administer the severest flogging the boy had yet received.

Charles Lamb was more fortunate in having a gentle, careless master, Matthew Field, who actually neglected his scholars, attending gay parties, or presenting himself at episcopal levies. His class sat in the same room with that of the severe master, and the contrast was amusing. Sometimes, the latter marked his sense of their indulgence by such grim satire, as remarking of the birch which he had borrowed of his colleague, “how neat and fresh the twigs looked.” With such a director, under whose care he remained four or five years, Lamb could not have learned much. His nice classical taste, evinced even by the excellent Latinity of some of his familiar letters, was probably owing to his two years’ wholesome dis-

¹ This little sketch of Lamb’s is matchless for choice of words and dramatic power. Coleridge has supplemented it more diffusely and with far less power in his “*Biographia Literaria*” (?) “I fancy I can almost hear him exclaiming, “Harp! Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean. Muse, boy, muse? Your nurse’s daughter, you mean. Pierian spring? O aye! The cloister pump, I suppose.” As Coleridge told his friend Gillman, this pedagogue, when flogging him, generously gave him an extra cut for being so ugly. But he is admitted by all his pupils to have been an admirable master, forming their style after his vigorous way, by comparing for them the best models of Roman and Greek poetry. He retired in 1799 (?), receiving from the governors a “staff” as a memorial of his exertions. See “*History of Christchurch.*” He obtained a living of a thousand a year, and died in 1814.

cipline under Mr. Boyer's rule. But the spectacle of that prodigy, Coleridge—his friend—must have had even a more powerful influence—"the idol of those among his schoolfellows who mingled with their bookish studies the *musée* (?) of thought and humanity, and he was usually attended round the cloisters by a group of these (inspiring and inspired) whose hearts even then burnt within them as he talked, and whence the sounds yet linger, to mock Elia on his way."¹

Other friends, but of far less mark, were "Bob Allen," later to be a newspaper hack and infidel; and Gutch, in whose house, when growing old, Lamb was to lodge; while many there were whom he would not call companions, but whom he admired at a distance. Awful "Grecians" were Stevens, afterwards master; Thornton, soon to be a diplomatist at the Northern Courts; and Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta. There was Franklin, who, later on, became master of the Hertford Grammar School, "fine and frank-hearted;" and who acquired a fantastic interest in Lamb's eyes from "having officiated at Thurtell's last moments;"² and Favelle, whose story was to have a piteous interest:—The son of a common house-painter, he had found his way to Oxford by his own exertions, with brilliant prospects before him, but nervously sensitive as to the paternal trade. The arrival of his father in the very town, with the

hope of obtaining custom on the strength of his son's connexions—his setting up of a flaming signboard—in dull unconsciousness of the agony he was causing his son—was too great a mortification for the young man, who, unable to face his friends, with perhaps a foolish sensitiveness, fled from the place and became a common soldier, falling at Salamanca.³

The little monastic, retiring boy, was kindly and tenderly treated by all. It was noticed that he was always called Charles Lamb, instead of the shorter and blunter patronymic by which other boys were addressed. This seemed a proof of special interest and affection. He was allowed some privileges, which his schoolfellows had not. He might go and see his family when he pleased.⁴ The rude diet of the hospital, the meagre beer and penny loaf, the "gags," half-pickled or whole fresh boiled beef, "mutton scraggs," "rotten, roasted, or rare," were not for him; or was at least corrected by tea, and other delicacies from the Temple. On certain days his good old aunt would arrive at the cloisters with a plate of roast veal, or "more tempting griskin," and sitting down on the old coal-hole steps near the grammar-school door, would open her apron and bring out her basin. The young nephew, struggling between shame and appetite, almost despising, as he bitterly owned later, the affectionate old creature who thus thought of

¹ Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age." Lamb first published an essay, called "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," containing his own experience; and, later, the essay, entitled, "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago," in which he gave Coleridge's impressions. These two different versions—one highly favourable, the other the contrary—puzzled the readers of the "London Magazine;" and the writer was called on to reconcile the two different birthplaces which he had set down, viz., Calne, in Wiltshire, and the Temple. Elia disposed of these inquiries in a rather flippant fashion, but without suggesting that Coleridge was intended. See Gillman that Coleridge was the subject of the sketch.

² Letter to Miss Hutchinson. Nov. 11, 1825.

³ Lamb, with a few charming touches, both of tragedy and comedy, gives the whole story; the comedy lying in the father's complacent hope of benefitting by his son's good fortune.

⁴ A favour he owed to the interest of Mr. Norris, of the hospital, afterwards sub-treasurer of the Inner Temple, his father's firm friend, and his, of fifty years.

him. It was she, too, who "strained her pocket-strings to give him a six-penny whole plum-cake," which, in a moment of complacent charity, "in all the pride of an evangelical peacock," he bestowed on an old mendicant; and in what followed, we have one of those valuable glimpses of boyish thought which he treasured up for his maturer years, and then analysed with a masterly touch. Scarcely had the act been accomplished when a revulsion came—the thought of the good aunt's kindness, "the sum it was to her, *the pleasure she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake*; the ingratitude by which, under the colours of Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like; and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and it proved a lesson to me ever after."¹

This bears out what was before insisted on, that in viewing Lamb's childhood, we study his manhood and character. These little incidents were nursed like plants—developed as he grew old and yet older, and were his present sensations, in fact. That he should have felt so acutely on the occasion—the bitter grief following so speedily on the impulse—shows us what his character was. "For me," he says, "I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiments of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance compared to the colours which imagination gave to every thing then. I belong to no body corporate such as I then made part of."²

The recollections of this time lingered in his mind, such as his being hoisted upon a servant's shoulder, in Guildhall, to look "upon the installed and solemn pomp of the then drawing lottery—the Blue-coat boy, with his naked arm, first converting the invisible wheel, and then diving into the dark recess for a ticket."³ His wanderings and playings in the Temple Gardens, making the little fountain rise and fall to the amazement of companions, he knowing the trick; his first visit to church, described with his wonderful analysis of childish emotion. This word "church" suggested to him now a great hollow cave, then something moveable, like a waggon or a cart. Was it anything to eat or drink?" he asked his mother.⁴ He was awe-stricken by the grotesque heads and monsters which ran along the sides of the church which his father told him were very improper ornaments for such a place. "And so I now think them," adds Charles, writing years afterwards. Yet he immediately makes a protest against this rather limited view, correcting it by his old childish faith; since, as they were placed upon a church, "to which I had come with such serious thoughts, I could not help thinking they had some serious meaning, and looked at them with wonder, without any temptation to laugh. I somehow fancied they were the representation of wicked people set up as a warning. "The scene was the Temple Church, though he only hints at it, and he was awe-stricken by the tombs, figures, windows, &c.; for he says paternally he was "a poor lonely creature" then. His father, too, had, from some fantastic notion of education, taken care that he should not receive any religious impression or instruction till he was five or six years old. The child

¹ Letter to Coleridge, March 9, 1822. Compare also essay.

² Recollections of Christ's Hospital.

³ The Illustrious Defunct: "New Monthly Magazine," 1825.

⁴ Susan Yates, in "Mrs. Leicester's School."

tells how all this time, during this first visit, he was thinking how happy he was, and what a privilege he enjoyed in being allowed to join with so many grown people, "I remember I foolishly applied everything that was said to myself, so as it could mean nobody but myself. . . All that assembly of people seemed to me as if they were come together only to shew me the way of a Church." This is but the common thought of all children on such occasions. "Oh," he says in conclusion, "it was a happy day for me; for before I used to feel like a little outcast in the wilderness—like one that did not belong to the world of Christian people."¹ However, these religious instincts were soon to be overpowered in the rather wild explorings after truth, which again were to give place to a shape of meagre theism but little removed from philosophic paganism. But now the time was come for him to quit

school. His knowledge and proficiency, it seems to be admitted, were sufficient to entitle him to go to the universities as an exhibitor. But Sir J. Talfourd states there was an understanding that such exhibitors should embrace the Church. "Lamb," he says, "was unfitted by nature for such a profession," and was not allowed to enjoy his promotion. The impediment of a stammerer could hardly have been held sufficient for inflicting what was an injustice on an industrious boy, who, we are told, saw all his own contemporaries preferred before him. It seems more probable that his industry and abilities were not sufficient to entitle him to the rank of Grecian. He was, however, "deputy Grecian—in the lower division of the second class."²

At last the day arrived when he was to quit the old cloisters; and on November 23rd, 1789, he was discharged.

¹ "When a child," he wrote to Coleridge, "I remember blushing, being caught on my knees to my Maker, or doing otherwise some praiseworthy action." Letter, Aug. 13, 1814.

² Talfourd says he was not a Deputy Grecian, but "in Greek form," according to the school phrase. But Lamb himself writes to Dyer, "I can never forget I was a Deputy Grecian." Feb. 22, 1831. He wrote a sort of Deputy Grecian's hand.



LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(109) A.D. 1807. LORD MANNERS (THOMAS MANNERS SUTTON).¹—Lord George Manners, third son of John, third Duke of Rutland, assumed the additional name of Sutton, on succeeding to the estate of his maternal grandfather, Lord Lexington. He was father of nine children, the most remarkable of whom were Charles, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas, the subject of the present memoir. Thomas was born on the 26th February, 1756; he entered the University of Cambridge, where he became fifth wrangler in 1777, and was called to the English Bar in Michaelmas term, 1780. For twenty years after his call he was left in the shade by men of far more brilliant abilities, who, though passing him early in the race, were nevertheless distanced by him in the long-run, in consequence of the aid he derived from the powerful house of Rutland, to which he was so closely allied. In 1800, he obtained a silk gown, and was immediately appointed Solicitor-General to the Prince of Wales.

During the session of Parliament of 1802, a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to examine into the arrears of the Civil List, in relation to which a message had been received from the King; and at the same time the Solicitor-General to the Prince of Wales called the attention of the House to the arrears alleged to be due to His Royal Highness from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which he stated were, by undoubted and inalienable right, the property of the

heir to the throne. He showed how the Duchy had, in early times, been vested in the Princes of Wales, and the mode in which they enjoyed it. He then moved for a select committee to inquire into the application of the revenues of Cornwall during the minority of his Royal Highness, together with certain sums which had been voted by Parliament for payment of the Prince's debts. When the question was first moved, Mr. Sutton stated that during the minority of the Prince, the arrears of the Duchy amounted to £900,000, and that £221,000 having, at different times, been voted by Parliament for the use of his Royal Highness, there remained a balance of £679,000 in his favour. To bring him in thus as a creditor of the King, or of the public, for such a sum, was a capital device hit upon by Mr. Sutton to extricate him from his embarrassments. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Addington, resisted this claim, which, on a division of the House, was lost by an overwhelming majority.²

The conduct of Mr. Manners Sutton in this transaction won for him the favour not alone of Pitt and Fox, but of Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister, who, in the month of May, 1802, promoted him to the office of Solicitor-General to the King. He executed with great temperance and ability the duty, which soon after devolved upon him, of replying to the evidence brought forward by Colonel Despard, in defending himself against a charge of high-treason.³ He also assisted at the trial of M. Peltier for

¹ Sir Bernard Burke's *Peerage*.² Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xxxvi., p. 327, 333, 340.³ Foss's *Judges of England*.

a libel on the First Consul, during the short peace with France, the speedy termination of which saved the defendant from being called up for judgment.¹ On the 4th of February, 1805, Sutton was appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer in England; and on the fall of the short-lived coalition ministry, in 1807, he was created Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Manners, of Foston, in Lincolnshire. During his long tenure of office (extending over twenty years) the Chancellor had one guiding-star in his appointments to the magistracy—hatred to the Church of Rome, which was then fast recovering from her long depression. He saw the tendency of every successive Act of Parliament was to loosen the chains in which the Romish faith had been bound. Catholic magistrates, therefore, who had been appointed by his predecessor, George Ponsonby, were superseded because they were Catholics; while Orangemen, on the other hand, were promoted to high places because they were Orangemen. The following anecdote will furnish an example of his prejudice:—"In the year 1812, a controversy of an angry nature took place between Lord Cloncurry and the Chancellor, in relation to the younger children of the Hon. Joseph Leeson, eldest son of the Earl of Miltown. Mr. Leeson had died in 1800, before his father succeeded to the earldom, and his widow married, in 1811, Valentine, Lord Cloncurry. As the deceased gentleman had not lived to inherit the honours of his family, his younger children were not entitled to the rank or privileges of the younger children of a peer. The Crown in such cases usually extends to an Earl's grandchildren the privileges they would possess had their father succeeded to the peerage.

The Lord-Lieutenant, on application made to him by Lady Cloncurry, at first was of opinion that the ordinary rule should be followed in this case. On reconsidering the question, however, his Excellency arrived at a different conclusion, and the Chancellor declared that Lady Cloncurry could not have the relief she prayed for on behalf of her children on the grounds that her second husband was a supporter of Catholic Emancipation, an enemy of Protestant ascendancy, and a violent opponent of the Government. Mrs. Douglas, mother of Lady Cloncurry, then waited on Lord Manners, and unsuccessfully urged the claims of her grandchildren. His lordship informed her that "Lord Cloncurry was hostile to the Government, and that when a woman marries to injure her children's prospects in life she must submit to the consequences."

This conversation Mrs. Douglas took the very questionable course of embodying in an affidavit, which she swore before Lord Cloncurry, who, indignant at the liberty thus taken with his name, immediately addressed Lord Manners the following letter:²—

"Dublin, June 25, 1817.

"My Lord,— Your lordship, in a recent interview with Mrs. Douglas, had the offensive and indiscreet candour to declare that, however favourably you were disposed towards Lord Miltown, yet, that he being under my protection, the request could not be granted, nor would you do anything in the business, because I was an 'emancipator, an enemy to the Protestant ascendancy, and a violent opposer of the Government.' And, in relation to Lady Cloncurry, you added, 'that when a woman marries to injure her children she must submit to the consequences.' Now, my lord, I forbear to dwell upon the indelicacy

¹ State Trials, vol. xxvii., p. 469-530.

² Recollections of Lord Cloncurry, p. 250.

of mixing up political prejudices with the duties of your high station, and I also forbear to enter into any justification of my principles; but permit me to ask your lordship, Where is the justice or equity of making them the ground for counteracting the humble wishes of a young nobleman, who, as a ward of your court, is peculiarly under your guardianship and protection? and why should you use my name in a manner calculated to excite his prejudices, and the prejudices of his family, against me, by attributing to me the disappointment of his hopes?

"I am never ashamed to avow my political principles, and do not think them less respectable for differing from those of your lordship. I am deeply interested in the prosperity and happiness of my native country, and detest that narrow-minded bigotry which destroys both. If you think you ought to punish me for this, you should confine that punishment to myself, and not visit it on an unoffending person.

"Your hostility to me seems to have commenced from the following circumstances:—Soon after your appointment to the seals in Ireland, you removed Mr. Wogan Browne,¹ my neighbour and friend, from the magistracy of two counties, leaving him that of a third, so that you either insulted him gratuitously, or you knowingly left an improper person in the commission. That he was undeserving of such treatment, every one who knew him will allow; he was the best magistrate, country gentleman, grand-juror, and landlord, whose loss we had to deplore for many years.

"An accomplished scholar, kind-hearted and liberal, he spent a large fortune by a profuse and almost in-

discriminate hospitality, which we have not seen since in Kildare.

"His good sense and moderation checked the indignation which such an insult excited in every man of property in the country. The circumstance, however, was alluded to at a county meeting, and I could not help condemning such a proceeding of a stranger [the Chancellor], without property in the country, towards such a man as Mr. Browne. To this I attribute your marked hostility to me in every little matter when you have the power to show it; if confined to myself, I should treat it with utter indifference, but when brought to bear on others who happen to be connected with me, I feel myself called on to remonstrate against such injustice."

The Chancellor, in reply,² stated that he conceived Lord Cloncurry's letter extremely offensive, and a gross misrepresentation of facts, as far as Lord Milltown was concerned; and he denied that he ever heard of Lord Cloncurry's expressing any opinion on Mr. Wogan Browne's dismissal. Having so far explained, he thus concludes:—"I assure your lordship that your style of writing to me makes me perfectly indifferent to any opinion you may form or express upon my conduct on that or on any other occasion.—Your humble servant, "MANNERS."

Lord Cloncurry then forwarded a copy of Mrs. Douglas's affidavit to the Chancellor, who denied that he had ever used the words attributed to him, and complained that "she should have made the supposed substance of a conversation, which was pressed upon him in his study, the subject of an affidavit. He then added that "he was abominably treated by Lord Cloncurry and Mrs.

¹ Wogan Browne was the last of the *Browne's* of Castle Browne, an old family in the county of Kildare. In 1815, the illustrious order of the Jesuits purchased this noble mansion from its ancient proprietors, and changed its name to that of Clongowes Wood College,—a college now remarkable for sending its pupils to the foremost ranks in the learned professions of engineering, of law, and of medicine.

² *Recollections of Lord Cloncurry*, p. 258.

Douglas. In 1817, Lord Talbot succeeded to the Viceroyalty, and one of his first acts was to grant to the Leeson family the privileges so much desired and so long withheld.

Lord Manners continued to the end to be, as he had been in the commencement of his career, the supporter of the Prince of Wales. From his appointment to the Irish Bench to the year 1820 his name is not to be found even once amongst the speakers of the House of Lords. In that year, however, he was at his post during the memorable trial of the fallen and unfortunate Queen Caroline. And here let us look back on the early life of him who had been the cause of that fall.

George IV. had loved another woman, whom he had married before he had completed his five-and-twentieth year; but that marriage was celebrated by a minister of the Roman Church. It was performed by a priest in holy orders, and yet it was contrary to the laws of the land, for the unhappy lady (Mrs. Fitzherbert) was a Catholic. Thus, while the humblest of his father's subjects could give his hand and his heart to the woman he loved, the heir to the throne of England was debarred from acknowledging as his wife her to whom the laws of God, though not of man, had bound him for ever. Great was the excitement when it was rumoured abroad that the Prince of Wales had married a Roman Catholic, and that he had thereby incapacitated himself from succeeding to the Crown. Mr. Fox came to the House of Commons, and denied the fact in the most explicit manner, and further he stated, on direct authority, that no such marriage had ever taken place. He had been deceived. Mrs. Fitzherbert (for so we must call her) at first demanded a public retraction, and although she yielded this point,

yet would she never speak to Mr. Fox again, who, on his part, complained strongly of the duplicity to which he had been subjected. At length the Prince, in 1794, borne down by the load of debts, consented to the only terms on which his father would aid in relieving him from their burden—marriage; and thus forgetful of other vows he became, on the 8th of April, 1795, the husband of his first cousin, Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. His Royal Highness had never before that time been in her society. He knew nothing of her temper, her acquirements, or her tastes; he married her merely for the enormous fortune she possessed. Disgust and alienation followed. The birth of a daughter, the Princess Charlotte, was powerless to reconcile them. When too late, she found that she was united to a heartless voluptuary, who, treating her with contumely, at last renounced all right over her as a husband, and gave her a license to follow his example in forgetting that the conjugal relations had ever subsisted between them. Driven by his cruelty at last into doubtful society, the Princess Caroline became wholly indifferent to public opinion, and was guilty of countless levities which compromised her fair fame.¹

Persecuted in England, the unfortunate princess took the ill-advised and fatal step of passing over to the Continent; but her husband's love accompanied her not in her travels. She proceeded to the north of Italy; and there, there was introduced into her household a menial servant whose name was Bergami. For the short space of three weeks did he hold the place that was assigned to him amongst his fellow-servants: what followed is well known to every reader of English history.² He accompanied her Royal Highness to Milan, to Rome, to Naples, to Pales-

¹ Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Great Britain*, vol. viii., p. 290.

² Vide Allison's *History of Europe*, under date 1820.

tine. But why proceed we farther in the relation of those incidents painful to remember?

In 1819 it was known that a commission sent to Milan had been diligently employed in collecting evidence against the Princess. In the month of June in that year, Mr. Brougham, who had become her confidential adviser, proposed, without her knowledge, that on condition of £35,000 a year being settled by Act of Parliament upon her for her life, that she would agree ever after to live abroad. The Prince of Wales was strongly opposed to this compromise: he strenuously contended for a divorce as not only justified but called for under the circumstances, which he maintained were such as would entitle any private subject to that remedy. The ministers, on the other hand, were advised that if the Princess had been faithless to her husband, that recriminations would follow, and that it would appear that he, too, had forgotten his marriage vows, and that he who had been the cause of the fall of his unhappy wife, would himself fail in obtaining the dissolution of his marriage. They therefore accepted the compromise. Thus matters remained until the summer of the following year. On the 29th of January, 1820, George III. died, and the Prince Regent ascended the throne as George IV. The Princess, now Queen Caroline, became entitled to have her name inserted in that portion of the liturgy where petitions were offered up for "his most religious and gracious Majesty," the supreme head of the Church of England. The King's name had been inserted, but the Queen's was omitted. Indignant at this fresh insult, Queen Caroline returned to England on the 6th of June, when a bill was immediately brought into the House of Lords for divorcing and degrading her. To carry this measure through the

House, it became requisite and necessary to establish the several accusations made in the preamble; and the measure then assumed the appearance, and, in common *parlance*, the name of "the trial of Queen Caroline." Witnesses were brought over from Italy and other countries to establish her guilt. Lord Manners took an active part against the accused. His virulent speech on that memorable trial reposes in decent obscurity, accessible to few, in the Parliamentary debates.¹ His lordship, having analysed the evidence, said, "That proofs so circumstantial as those which had been advanced in the case could not be doubted. He was of opinion that the evidence had substantiated the allegations in the Bill. There was no man who could regret more than he did that such a Bill should become necessary; but as it was necessary, their lordships were bound to do their duty. It was impossible to allow this woman to ascend the throne, after the establishment of the case against her. The arguments in support of the Bill he considered to be irresistible. He was perfectly satisfied in his mind that the preamble had been proved, and therefore he would give his consent to the second reading of the Bill."

Lord Manners was followed by other speakers. The Ministry had expected a large majority in the Upper House; but some of their lordships wavered at the last hour, and on a division, the third reading was carried by so small a majority—only nine votes—that all hope of success in the Commons was at an end. The Bill was accordingly withdrawn, and the people remembered how the Great Founder of the Christian faith had forbidden divorces in the old times before them, and how he said, "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, commiteth adultery against her."²

¹ Hansard, vol. iii., n.s., column 1646.

² St. Mark xi. 2. St. Luke xvi. 18.

We regret we are unable to lay before our readers the particulars of a trial which would force a smile from the young and a blush from the fair. Suffice it to say that the levity of Her Royal Highness caused much scandal at the Italian courts; and that on one occasion she was forced to retire in shame (if shame she had any) from a masked ball in Naples, where she was *dressed* (if we may use the expression) as "the genius of history." But these are subjects now forgotten, even by the licentious.

The popularity of the King had rapidly declined during the trial of his Queen. The question irresistibly forced itself on the mind, was he not answerable for the conduct of her whom he had driven from beneath the shadow of his roof to be a helpless wanderer, surrounded by temptations, in distant countries? But his popularity soon returned in Ireland, which he visited in the following year—and never was sovereign received with greater enthusiasm. Then, for the first time since the Union, were the distinctions of Catholic and Protestant forgotten, and all parties vied in giving a hearty welcome to the first English king who came on a peaceful mission to the Irish shores. The dislike engrafted in his nature to the Roman faith prevented Lord Mannors from coming much into contact with the Catholics, and he accordingly absented himself at this time as much as possible from court. During the six years following the visit of George IV. to Ireland, Lord Mannors held the seals; but his decisions are not entitled to much weight, and receive but little attention from the judges of the Courts of Equity. At length the change of ministry, in 1827, caused his resignation, and he took his seat for the

last time in the Court of Chancery on the 27th of July in that year. The business of the day having closed, the Attorney-General, Mr. Joy, rose amidst breathless silence, and in language,¹ it is said, of irony, thus addressed the retiring Chancellor:—

"MY LORD,—As your Lordship is about to retire from that high station which you have filled in this country, and as we see you now for the last time in this court, where you have presided more than twenty years, we cannot suffer the occasion to pass without endeavouring to express, though in very inadequate terms, some of those feelings with which we view your departure from amongst us. My brethren have done me the honour of selecting me as their organ to express our common feelings upon the occasion which has assembled us before you. When, my lord, we consider that during your continuance in office, no fewer than 4469 causes have been decided by you, and of these only fourteen have been reversed and seven varied in some particulars;² when we revert to your lordship's inflexible rule never to close your sittings whilst a single cause remained undisposed of, we cannot but admire that distinguished ability, that strict impartiality, and that unremitting assiduity with which you have discharged the duties of your office. The anxiety which you have always evinced to elevate our profession, and to cherish in its members that purity of conduct for which they ought to be ever distinguished, has entitled you to our warmest regards; whilst the dignified urbanity and uniform courtesy which have always marked your intercourse with every individual of the Bar, whether in public or private, have so identified you with

¹ Shiel's Legal and Political Sketches, vol., p. 275.

² Before the establishment of the Court of Appeal in Chancery appeals were comparatively few.

our most gratifying recollections, that in losing you, we feel we are deprived not only of the judge whom we respect, but the friend whom we love. It would be foreign to the character in which we address you, to advert to those amiable qualities which distinguish you in private life, to enlarge on that charity which knows no bounds, or to describe the feelings of the widow and the orphan at your departure ; but I may express the sincere sentiments of my brethren who surround me, and assure you that your memory will long remain associated with our kindest feelings, and that your retirement from office cannot and will not efface that affectionate attachment with which you are regarded by us, and which must always make us deeply interested in your future happiness and welfare."

The Chancellor having replied in the usual terms of gratitude to the bar, thanked them for the assistance they had afforded him, and then withdrew. He was subsequently honoured with a parting address from the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin. Richard Lalor Shiel's picture of Lord Manners' farewell is amusing.¹ But every word uttered by the Attorney-General he stamps with falsehood. Can it be that Mr. Joy would thus lend himself to a solemn mockery? Can it be that he lavished praises on the man whom he despised, and that, too, when he was descending from the bench?—Impossible !

Lord Manners returned immediately to England, and lived thenceforward near Bury St. Edmund's. His lordship appears to have but seldom taken any part in the parliamentary debates. His undying hatred, however, to the Church of Rome, called him to his place in the House of Lords in 1829, when the question of Catholic Emancipation was forced

on the Government. That Act, which was introduced and prepared by Sir Robert Peel, contained neither the provision for the *veto*, nor that for bribing priests ; but it was accompanied by a certain other Act, as fatal, perhaps, as either of those, namely, the disfranchisement of all the forty-shilling freeholders in Ireland. Sir Robert was determined, at least, not to yield this point. It was the forty-shilling freeholders, who had humbled the Beresford domination in Waterford, and destroyed the Foster monopoly in Louth ; it was the forty-shilling freeholders who had carried O'Connell triumphantly to the head of the poll in Clare ; and by destroying that whole class of voters, Peel hoped, very reasonably, not only to render the remaining voters more amenable to corrupt influences, but also to take away the motive, which had heretofore existed, for granting leases to small farmers, and thus, in good time, to turn those independent farmers into tenants-at-will.

The debates on the Relief Bill were, as might have been expected, very violent and bitter. The fanatical section of English and Irish Protestantism was deeply moved. In the mind of those people, all was lost ; and Sir Robert Peel and the Duke were almost directly charged with being agents of the Pope of Rome. However, the bill passed through its two first readings in the Commons ; and the third reading was passed on the 30th of March, by a majority of thirty-six. Next day it was carried to the House of Lords ; and on the 2nd of April, its second reading was moved by the Duke of Wellington, who made no scruple to urge its necessity, in order "to prevent civil war." Sir Robert Peel, in his argument for the law, had been less explicit and straightforward than the Duke—he had only said the measure was needful,

¹ Shiel's Legal and Political Sketches.

to prevent great dangers and "public calamity."

Lord Manners was strongly opposed to the passing of this measure, against which he both spoke and voted. He said¹ "that he had to complain of the Irish Catholic Association, and the tendency of their speeches to inflame and exasperate the public mind. He deprecated the spirit which had prevailed in all the proceedings of that ill-regulated and angry political association. It was impossible, he said, to grant the Catholics the concessions they sought, and afford any protection to the Established Reformed Church of Ireland, in the (then) present temper of the Irish nation. The Catholic Association, which might be considered as displaying the spirit and disposition of their brethren, had hitherto done their utmost—in many instances but too successfully—to separate the tenant from his landlord, to produce discord and anarchy throughout the country, and to estrange the loyalty and allegiance of all their fellow-subjects over whom they could exert any influence. It had been said that concessions to the Catholics were demanded by policy and justice; but he could not perceive the applicability of either. With every disposition to grant emancipation, if such a measure could be conceded consistently with safety to the Establishment, he could not consent, under existing circumstances, to acknowledge claims which were essentially pernicious to the Protestant religion."

His opposition, was, however, in vain, and the measure was carried through the House of Lords by a majority of one hundred and four. The passing of the Catholic Relief Bill was followed by a bill for disfranchising the forty-shilling freeholders, and for raising the county qualification to £10 a year—five times the qualification required in

England. Only seventeen members of the House of Commons voted against this grievous injustice. It was introduced² by Sir Robert Peel on the ostensible ground that there was too great a disposition on the part of Irish landlords to divide their land into minute portions—that the franchise was a mere instrument with which the landed aristocracy exercised power and control over the elections, and this control had passed lately into the hands of the priests, which was wrong. In other words, he would disfranchise the small farmers because they had shown themselves capable of acting independently. Lord Manners, in support of the bill, said that—

"Judging from the practical effects of the bill of 1793, he could not conceive any measure more calculated to improve the general state of Ireland, and improve the poorer classes of its inhabitants, than the proposed bill. It would renew and strengthen those ties between landlord and tenant so beneficial to both, but which had been broken in by the Catholic Relief Act of 1793. He looked on the bill as an act of justice, and one which would confer considerable benefit upon a great portion of the forty-shilling freeholders themselves. . . . He supported the bill before their lordships from a moral conviction that it would improve the morals of the people, and add to the public peace of Ireland. But as this bill was so intimately connected with another measure (Catholic Emancipation), still within their lordship's House he hoped he might be allowed to say a few words upon it. He had voted against that other measure, but he had done so with pain, as it must ever give him pain to vote against the noble Duke (Wellington), for whom he entertained the highest respect. But he assured the noble Duke and his colleagues, that in having changed their opinions on

¹ Hansard, vol. ix., n.s., 10.

² Hansard.

this great question, they had not diminished, but increased their confidence in him. When he saw the noble Duke and his friends supported by so many noblemen whose wisdom, talent, and integrity, were unquestioned—men whose only interest was in the prosperity and tranquillity of the country—so far from distrusting the noble Duke, he could not help fearing that his own opinion was not right.

“He (Lord Manners) hoped that he should find that his opinion was wrong; and when the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed into a law, he trusted it would have the effect of tranquillising Ireland, of uniting Protestant and Catholic, or at least of depriving the latter of all cause of complaint; that it would strengthen the hands of Government, and give the country at large a more general confidence in the protection of the legislature.”

Amongst those who opposed this measure were Lord Dungannon, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Huskinson. Their argument was: “If the forty-shilling freeholders had been corrupt, their disfranchisement might be defended; but the only offence of the persons against whom the bill was directed had been, that they exercised their privilege honestly and independently, and according to their conscience.”¹

It is singular that O’Connell said not one word at any meeting, nor wrote even one letter² protesting against this wholesale abolition of the civil and political rights of those to whom he owed his election for Clare. This bill also passed, and thus the Government of the day desired to hold back with one hand what they had been obliged to give with the other. This debate was the last in which Lord Manners took

an active part. Old age, with its infirmities, was closing fast around him. He then retired from public life, and spent the remainder of his days in the society of his wife and child. He had been twice married; first to a daughter of Sir John Copley, Bart., and secondly to the sister of Lord Glengall. By his second marriage he had an only son, who was born in 1818, and who became, on the death of Lord Manners, in 1842, second Baron.

We have now closed our memoir of this Chancellor, whose memory is still fresh amongst many of the seniors of the Bar; and they even now speak in unmeasured terms of his affability, of his kindness in demeanour, of his ignorance of law, and of his bigotry. Few of his decisions, it is true, have been reversed, but how few have been appealed from? Appeals were then unknown, except in cases of great importance. The court of appeal in Chancery had no existence in those days, and the appeal must have been carried direct to the House of Lords. The bar, however, shared in the parting address of the Attorney-General, and we must take it that that address was not one of cutting irony, as Richard Lalor Sheil would lead us to suppose.³ When on the bench this Chancellor was known by the name of “Manners without Law,” as one of his successors was of “Law without Manners.”

Reporters in Chancery *tempore* Lord Manners: Messrs. Ball⁴ and Beatty.

(110.) A.D. 1827.—SIR ANTHONY HART, KNT.—Sir Anthony Hart, the son of a Unitarian minister, was born in the year 1759, in the island of St. Christopher.⁵ At an early age he was sent to England for education, and placed at Tunbridge

¹ Account of Debate in Annual Register for 1829. ² Alison's History of Europe.

³ Shiel's Legal and Political Sketches.

⁴ Afterwards Master in Chancery.

⁵ Annual Register for 1831, p. 259.—Foss's Judges of England.

School. In the year 1776 he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, and called to the bar in 1781. He practised first in the West Indies, and afterwards at the Chancery Bar in England. In 1807 he was appointed one of his Majesty's counsel, and in the same year elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple. In 1813, he was selected to fill the office of Solicitor-General to her Majesty Queen Charlotte. On the 20th May, 1827, he was appointed successor to Sir J. Leach, as Vice-Chancellor of England; he also received the honour of knighthood, and was sworn in as one of his Majesty's Privy Council. In the autumn of the same year, on the retirement of Lord Manners, he was raised to the Chancellorship of Ireland. One of Lord Norbury's innumerable jokes was made on this appointment—"That the Government had treated the Irish with their wonted injustice: deprived them of what they needed, and given them what they had already possessed—taken away *Manners*, and gave them *Hart*."

Though there were few at the equity bar in England whose learning in the law was equal to that of Sir Anthony Hart, yet his appointment to the Court of Chancery was extremely distasteful to the Irish lawyers, who were unanimous in their opinion, that Lord Plunket, a member of their own body, should have been selected for the vacant seat. Nevertheless the appointment was made, and Sir Anthony Hart no sooner arrived at his new residence in Dublin than his levees were crowded by the judges, the serjeants, and by barristers of all political shades. Widely different had been the conduct of the English bar when it was sought to place Lord Plunket on the English bench. No English lawyer would have practised before him; his court would have been de-

serted, and he would have received, had he accepted the mastership of the Rolls in England, a reception widely different from that which awaited Sir Anthony Hart in Ireland.

The appointment of the new Chancellor is thus noticed in the *Law Recorder* for 1831, a periodical then lately ushered into existence:—"Lord Manners is succeeded by Sir Anthony Hart, and the claims of the latter to the Chancellorship of Ireland supersedes those of Lord Plunket, now Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. We congratulate Sir Anthony Hart on the good fortune which placed him in the line of promotion next after Lord Manners and before Lord Plunket, because, although he has abundant ability to succeed Lord Manners, it would be difficult for his country, or any country, to find an adequate successor to Lord Plunket. It would be a considerable difficulty even for a great English lawyer, to succeed Lord Plunket as Chancellor, and no great difficulty for any lawyer to succeed Lord Manners. Therefore, again we congratulate Sir Anthony Hart on the felicity and facility of his position, and feel no doubt that we may congratulate the suitors in Chancery on the difference between Sir Anthony Hart and his predecessor.

"The present Chancellor of Ireland seems to be under sixty years of age, with all the appearance of a hale constitution, and a placidity of temper which doubtless has been cherished by his long absence from all political strife or altercation. His previous professional life, with the exception of the short period during which he sat on the bench as Vice-Chancellor, has been that of a barrister of studious habits and extensive business.¹ His eye—some-what of the Curran description—is piercing yet kindly; his features are

¹ Vide Portrait of Sir Anthony Hart—*Law Recorder*, vol. i., p. 1.

strong, but not harsh ; and his countenance is marked with the mingled traits of deep thought and good humour. He seems to possess, in an eminent degree, those two great qualities for a judge, in which so many of our Irish judges have been so lamentably deficient—we mean temper and patience. In other respects he may be distinguished from those judicial characters last referred to—of the lofty arrogance, of the imperious superciliousness that so often accompanies authority, of the insolence of office, of the proud man's contumely, he has none. His conduct to the bar is communicative, conversational, accommodating, friendly, and not more friendly to one man than to another. We distinguish more of the brother barrister in him than in most judges whom we observe. His manner of doing business is of a man perfectly accustomed to it ; the subjects seem quite familiar to him, with the exception of the peculiarities of Irish practice ; and he discloses the fruits of his own professional experience in a mild and easy manner, in a ready flow of plain yet lucid language, and in low, yet loud undertones, the most stimulating we ever heard ; no single word is lost to any man in the court."

Sir Anthony Hart had been but a short time in office, when a circumstance occurred which threatened to bring the entire business of the court to a dead lock. Sir William MacMahon, then Master of the Rolls, appointed Mr. Frederick Shaw,¹ as his Secretary, with whom all petitions "addressed" to his Honour, and movable in the Rolls Court, should be lodged. The Chancellor denied that the Master of the Rolls had power to appoint a secretary ; and he directed, after the question had been brought before him by Mr. Shaw, that in future all

petitions in the Court of Chancery should be directed to the Chancellor and lodged with his secretary, and he added that there was no power to enforce an order made on a petition directed personally to the Master of the Rolls. There was no analogy whatever between the offices of Master of the Rolls in England and Ireland. In England that functionary has a secretary, and petitions addressed to His Honour are lodged with him. But the one is a judicial officer by prescription, and the other is not ; the Masters of the Rolls in England appoint their secretaries, and have done so from the reign of Richard I., while in Ireland no such case can be made. That office has had its judicial function, of which it was deprived in the early part of the eighteenth century, only restored to it in the year 1801, by the Act of 41st George III.² The question was one of the greatest interest, but which could not be given *in extenso* in the pages of a magazine. Should, however, the reader desire to be more fully informed on the subject, he is referred to the legal reports of those days, where much interesting learning on the early history of the office may be obtained.

We now pass from the settlement of the grave question at issue between the two great dignitaries of the law, to a question of not lesser importance as affecting the rights and liberties of the subject, which was brought before the Chancellor in relation to an order made in the inferior courts, by certain justices of the peace, in the south of Ireland, whereby professional men were entirely excluded from practising in these courts.

That the magistrates of the last, and of the early part of this century, had an innate horror of attorneys, is a matter too well-known to dispute. The cause of such dislike is self-

¹ Now the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Shaw, Bart., Recorder of Dublin.

² Molloy's Reports, vol. i.—Law Recorder, vol. i.

evident. When the humble and oppressed people had not the assistance of those men, the rich and the powerful might treat them, as they too often did, as serfs ; but when the attorney, the real protector of the liberties of the people "was at hand," the country gentleman knew, perhaps to his cost, that he must adopt a different course with his humbler neighbours. The following advertisement, quaint and amusing, will convey to the mind an idea of the dread the Irish country gentleman had of attorneys a hundred years ago :

"To be let, from the 1st of November, 1779, the house and demesne of ———, situated near the town of H——d, in the Co. Galway. There is a rookery on the lands, good sportinge, and *not an Attorney* within 12 miles of any side. —Apply to," &c.

Later on, even in the present century, the county magistrates, were unfavourable to professional men practising in their courts, and rules were not unfrequently made to exclude them ; and it was a rule of this nature, made by the magistrates, at the Bruff Petty Sessions, county Limerick, that was now brought under the consideration of the Lord Chancellor.

It appears that on the 26th of August, 1829, the presiding justices were Mr. Darby O'Grady, and Mr. Michael Beavan ; on that occasion a civil case of much importance was in the list for hearing, being a summons to recover penalties under the 57th George III., chap. 108. Mr. Croke, a member of the bar, said he appeared as counsel in the case, but their worships having regard to the rule of their court, refused to hear him ; he persisted, and was forthwith put into the dock. Returning to Dublin, he brought the matter under the notice of the bar, who were unanimous in their condemnation of the conduct of the magistrates, which they conceived to be an insult to their pro-

fession. A meeting of the whole Bar was convened, and the result was, that they adopted a memorial, which was presented to the Lord Chancellor, calling upon him to remove those gentlemen from the commission of the peace. His lordship then communicated with Mr. O'Grady, the senior magistrate, as follows—

"Dublin, 11th December, 1829.

"Sir,—The memorial I transmit with this letter, was sent to me by the assembled Bar of Ireland. The proceedings at the sessions to which it refers, surprised me when I heard of them. As the head of that body to whom his Majesty confided the dispensation of justice to his subjects in this country, it is my duty to inform you, that it is the privilege of those subjects to be heard by counsel in all his courts, for supporting and defending their civil rights ; and the rule last laid down in the court where you preside, precluding that privilege, is illegal, and must be rescinded.—I am, &c.,

"ANTHONY HART, C.

"Darby O'Grady, Esq."

Mr. O'Grady instantly acknowledged the Chancellor's letter, and informed his lordship that he would lay his communication and the memorial before the magistrates on the next Petty Sessions at Bruff. On the 16th December, he made the following statement, in which, it will be observed, he admits that by a rule of his court neither counsel nor any other professional person would be heard :

"My Lord,—At a Petty Sessions, held at Bruff, on the 26th of August last, the undersigned were the presiding magistrates, and the court was unusually crowded. A case against the toll-keeper of the fair of Drummin was called on. A *person* addressed the bench from the midst of the crowd, under the gallery, and at the back of the court. The magistrates desired him, if he had anything to say to the case before the court, to come forward and say

it. This *person* then, without moving from his place in the crowd which was pressing on, said he was engaged in this case. The magistrates replied that it was the rule of the court *not to hear professional persons*. This *person* then said that the rule ought to be departed from, and was, he thought, unconstitutional. The magistrates replied, it was the rule of the court, and that what he thought of it could not induce them to depart from it. He then added, that what he thought of it was of as much consequence as what they thought of it. He then became silent, and the case before the court was proceeding, when the business of the court was interrupted by a very general riot and disturbance, occasioned by the mob forcing its way into the court, and this *person* at its head, advancing in a riotous, menacing manner, using abusive language and insulting expressions to the magistrates, and holding up his clenched fists towards them in a threatening attitude. The magistrates instantly desired the police to put this *person* in the dock, and he was put in accordingly. He so remained in the dock fifteen or twenty minutes, when, on making an absolute apology for his misconduct, he was discharged. Here it may be necessary to remark that this *person* heard the bench refuse to hear a professional gentleman (stating that the rule forbade it), and also that he saw a man committed to the dock for insulting one of the magistrates, and that both those occurrences took place immediately previous to his first addressing the court. He therefore knew the rule of the court.

"The magistrates had never seen *this person* before, but after he was some time in the dock they were told his name was Croke, and that he was a barrister. This the magistrates think it right to state, that neither the rank or profession of any person could have shielded him in a court where they presided from the

punishment due to such gross misconduct.

"From the unusually thronged state of the court, from the noise proceeding from the crowd, and from the part in the centre of it taken by Mr. Croke, who appeared as leader, there was nothing in Mr. Croke's appearance or manner to alter the unfavourable impression; his face was partly disguised, as if to prevent his being recognised, and from his dress and deportment, and the whole tenor of his conduct, the magistrates never suspected he was a gentleman, and had considerable doubts whether he was sober. The very unfavourable impressions on the minds of the magistrates have received strong confirmation from information which has since reached them, and they beg to call your lordship's attention to the following facts: When Mr. Croke entered the Bruff Petty Sessions House, which is also the Quarter Sessions' Court-house, he addressed the crowd collected in the hall in a loud and distinct voice, and told them he was come there to humble the magistrates; that he would be assistant barrister for that day, and several other such-like observations. The clerk of the court, seeing Mr. Croke was a stranger, and hearing he was a barrister, offered to conduct him to the seat set apart for professional persons, which offer Mr. Croke declined, and kept his [station in the midst of the crowd at the back of the court. This place Mr. Croke occupied during his conversation with the magistrates, nor did he leave it until he began the riot for which he was committed; and he was not arrested in his scandalous career until he had reached the bench, and was proceeding to scramble into it.

"The magistrates beg, in conclusion, to assure your lordship, that from their own observation, backed by the information they have received from others, they are convinced that Mr. Croke came to the

petty sessions of Bruff, on the 28th of August last, with the intention of creating a riot; that he did afterwards create a riot; and that, consistently with the duty they owe to their country, to the administration of the laws entrusted to them, and their own characters as magistrates and gentlemen, the most lenient course they could have bestowed towards Mr. Croke was that which they adopted.

"With respect to reparation, the magistrates think, from the perusal of this statement, your lordship will perceive it would be due to them, had not that person already atoned for his misconduct by a very full and satisfactory apology.

"The magistrates feel great delicacy in making any allusion to the memorial presented by the assembled Bar of Ireland, and which your lordship has transmitted to them. The magistrates hold the Bar collectively in high esteem; to many members of that respectable profession they are bound by ties the nearest and dearest; with great reluctance, therefore, they feel obliged to offer an observation on that extraordinary document.

"It may be doubted that any body whatever (and the Bar are no exception) should be allowed to decide on their own privileges; but when in the assertion of those privileges foul imputations are to be cast on others, there is no doubt that the greatest caution should mark their proceedings. In the resolutions of the Bar the magistrates do not see that extreme caution which they should have expected from so august an assembly. The Bar began by taking for granted a statement the truth of which they do not pretend to have investigated, but on the faith of which they do not hesitate to adjudicate; and accordingly they pronounce sentence on magistrates over whom they cannot presume to have

any control; and, finally, they call on your lordship to carry into execution this well-digested condemnation.

"It seems awkward that when lawyers are employed legally and constitutionally to protect and enforce the rights of others, time and money are squandered in lavish profusion before any conclusion can be arrived at; but when they undertake their own cause, with a hop, step, and a jump, they can clear away every obstacle, pronounce their sentence, and leaving law, justice, and jury far behind, with an unpardonable temerity, call on your lordship to become their executioner.—We have the honour to be, &c.,

"DARBY O'GRADY.

"MICHAEL BEVAN."

To this communication the Chancellor replied that he would submit their statement to the adjourned meeting of the Bar; and should their differences prove irreconcilable, he apprehended that the subject-matter in dispute should be referred to some other tribunal. Mr. Croke then brought an action against the magistrates for a libel, which he insisted was contained in their letter to the Lord Chancellor. The case was tried before Lord Plunket, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, £500 damages, and 6d. costs.

The bar, in thus bringing this insult to their body under the notice of the Chancellor, had conferred a boon on the public at large; for almost immediately the rule preventing suitors having the assistance of counsel was rescinded in every court where it prevailed throughout the country. This was not the first time that the Bar upheld their privileges when invaded even by the magistrates of the superior courts. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the learned author of *Ireland before the Union*,¹ relates that Lord Clonmel, when Chief Justice, had used rough language to

¹ *Ireland before the Union*, 5th Ed. p. 56.

a barrister pleading before him; the bar considered themselves insulted, a meeting was held, and a severe condemnation of his lordship's conduct voted with only one dissentient voice, and an unprecedented resolution entered into, that until his lordship publicly apologised, no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the Court of King's Bench, or sign any pleadings. The experiment was actually tried; the judges sat, but no counsel appeared, no cause was prepared, the attorneys all vanished, and their lordships had the Court to themselves. There was no alternative, and Lord Clonmel had to make atonement by publishing a very ample apology in the public papers of the day.

On the retirement of the Duke of Wellington, in 1830, Sir Anthony Hart was recalled. When it became known that he had concluded his list, Mr. Saurin, Q.C., on the part of the bar, said that he was authorised "to express their high sense of the public advantage which had been derived from his impartiality, unwearied diligence, and masterly knowledge of the business and practice of the Court. He was instructed to convey to his lordship the sense of the profession and the tribute of their applause for the almost matchless patience which he had shown to every member of the profession, and for the courtesy which had characterised his lordship while presiding in that Court."

The Chancellor, overcome with emotion, replied that "he had given himself some credit for firmness in

all the vicissitudes of life, but that it had failed him now. It was not the loss of dignity nor of office that he considered of the slightest value, but the recollection of the time he had passed here, which to him was a period of true social happiness. It was this which made him feel the greatest reluctance in parting from such enjoyments. It was not, therefore, without the deepest emotion he must say farewell for ever."

To the general reader the life of Sir Anthony Hart is dull and uninteresting. Though living in times of great political excitement, his name is to be found rather in the pages of the reports of decided cases, than in the history of those struggles yet fresh in the minds of men.

It was while he presided in the Court of Chancery, that the Catholic Emancipation Bill became the law of the land; and yet he sought not for a seat in the Upper House, nor was he desirous of taking part in those debates which were foreign to his tastes. Parliamentary honours, through a long life, were unsought for and unfound by him.

"It is a fact without precedent, that no one of Sir Anthony Hart's decrees or orders, has ever been either reversed or varied in any one case."¹ He survived his retirement from active life only one year, and died without issue, at his residence, in Cumberland Street, Portman Square, on the 13th of December, 1831, in the seventy-second year of his age.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

¹ Molloy's Reports, Preface viii.

FEVERS.

OUR system of education notwithstanding all recent improvements still contains serious faults. Our children spend years of their life in learning, or in endeavouring to learn the history and language of races who have ceased to exist for centuries. They employ many hours in practising the composition of Latin and Greek verse ; in repeating the propositions of Euclid ; in solving problems of Algebra ; in studying the configuration of the earth ; the position of the stars ; the phenomena of physics. They are instructed on the composition of heavenly bodies, and all other bodies except their own. It is true they cultivate their outer frames. They row, they run, they leap, they ride, they train until their muscles become as hard as a gladiator's. But of the inner mechanism of their person, of the wheels within wheels which move the springs of life, which call into activity the functions of the brain, the heart, the nerves ; of the physical history of man in health and disease in the great majority of cases, they know as much or as little as of the private affairs of the Grand Llama. It has always been a matter of surprise to us that people of education should be so generally destitute of all acquaintance with the rudimentary laws of physiology and pathology. Few but professional men ever think of looking into the medical science ; any layman inquiring for himself is regarded as an eccentric character, and he is reminded more or less politely of the

dangers of a little knowledge. We do not say that every man or woman should be able to attain a diploma at the College of Physicians or of Surgeons, or should attempt to prescribe for himself or herself in serious cases. But we hold that every well-informed individual should understand sufficiently the nature and mode of treatment of the most important and most frequent diseases, so as to co-operate intelligently with the doctor, and to watch closely the case in his absence. And the value of skilful nursing in acute disorders is every day becoming more apparent.

Fevers have occupied a prominent place before the public lately, and those who probably had never heard the term *enteric* before, began to discuss with wise shakes of their heads the daily progress of the Prince of Wales. Public hygiene and public health are subjects that cannot be too much ventilated or canvassed, and though they may not be amusing topics to young ladies and young gentlemen of the period, there are many thoughtful persons of both sexes who are ready and anxious to instruct themselves at every opportunity. We purpose herein giving a brief outline of the origin and nature of typhus and typhoid fevers, so as to impart a few general facts destitute of technicalities, avoiding at the same time as much as possible minute medical details. Not to repeat continually the names of the authorities to which we are indebted for the information contained in this paper, we note at first the works we have consulted.¹

¹ Aitken, William, M.D., Professor of Pathology at the Army School, Netley. Science and Practice of Medicine. 2 vols. 5th Edition. C. Griffin and Co. 1868.

Watson, Sir Thomas, Bart., M.D., F.R.S. Lectures on Principles and Practice of Medicine. 2 vols. 4th Edition. John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

Reynolds, J. Russell, M.D. System of Medicine. 2 vols. 1866. Macmillan and Co.

Murchison, Charles, M.D. A Treatise on the Continued Fevers of Great Britain. 1862. Parker, Son, and Co.

According to the present nomenclature of diseases, there are in Great Britain four forms of continued fevers, viz: Typhus, typhoid, relapsing, and simple continued fever. Our remarks will be confined to the first two descriptions. The word fever has ever had with us an ominous sound. It represents several maladies of a kindred nature striking down the weak and the strong; the young and the old; the rich and the poor; depriving them of power, of consciousness; plunging them into wild, incoherent, delirious nightmare; until they are dragged by the malignant poison to an untimely grave, or until they are rescued by the beneficent influence of nature.

Typhus has been variously designated jail fever, hospital fever, putrid fever, brain fever, bilious fever, spotted fever, petechial fever, camp fever, and by numerous other names. It has been known in history for many centuries; for it has always been the scourge of armies, following in the wake of both conquerors and conquered. It slew, in 1489, a great portion of Ferdinand's host before Granada. Indeed, war has been one of the greatest friends to typhus, and wars have supplied innumerable victims to the pestilence. From the siege of Metz, in 1552, by the Emperor Charles V., to the siege of Metz, in 1870, by Prince Frederick Charles, the beleaguers and the beleagured have always equally suffered. During Napoleon's wars the French as well as their enemies lost by this cause considerable numbers of men. In Mayence alone, out of a successive garrison of 60,000 soldiers in the years 1813-14, 25,000 men perished in six months. In the Crimean war this disease raged among the allies, and the French especially were reduced in effectives to an alarming extent, and their

whole force was seriously imperilled. Exposure to cold, fatigue, miasma, are evidently predisposing causes weakening the body and rendering it more liable to the reception and absorption of the poison. But whether these predisposing causes may at times be converted into exciting causes, or whether fevers are generated only by contagion or infection from their own specific poison, does not appear to be satisfactorily settled.

The origin of typhoid or enteric fever—formerly also called slow nervous fever, common continued fever, infantile hectic fever, enteromesenteric fever, gastric fever, intestinal fever, pythogenic fever, bilious fever, gastro-bilious fever, muco-enteritis, and by many other appellations—rests on the same doubtful thesis as that of typhus. It certainly spreads like wildfire through a household, a school, a barrack. In the Clergy Orphan School, St. John's Wood, (*Lancet*, 15th Nov., 1856), a case occurred ten days after the arrival of the patient; within twenty-one days four more cases arose, and then thirty-six others simultaneously followed. That the poison is communicable has been proved by numerous experiments. The contagion does not spread by mere touch, like small-pox, but by the scattering of the poison through the intestinal discharge. The origin of the first case in each outbreak may have been casual, or imported, or it may have been due to a rekindling of some dormant germ left from a former similar attack.

The virulent part of the specific poison, by which typhoid fever is communicated, is contained in the diarrhoeal discharges, which issue from the diseased and exanthematous bowel. These discharges drying up, the germs of disease are thus

Copland, J., M.D., F.R.S. Dictionary of Practical Medicine. Abridged Edition. 1866. Longman, Greens, and Co.

Tanner, Thomas Hawkes, M.D., F.L.S. The Practice of Medicine. 2 vols. 6th Edition. 1869. Henry Renshaw.

preserved as effectually as the crust of small-pox preserves the virus of that disease. The discharges from the persons so affected are thrown into the water-closet, and the drains become saturated with the specific poison of the disease in its most concentrated form, and the virus may be propagated in three ways.

1. By percolation through the soil into the wells which supply drinking water to the inhabitants. 2. By issuing through defects in the sewers into the area of the inhabited houses.

3. By exhalation through the aperture of small ill-trapped water-closets, which are at once the receptacles of the discharges from the sick and the resort of the healthy. When the specific poison thus issues into the air, the atmosphere generated is immeasurably more likely to communicate the disease than that which immediately surrounds the fever patients. From the reports of the Registrar General, it appears that 100,000 to 150,000 cases of typhoid fever occur annually in England alone, of which 20,000 to 30,000 are probably fatal.

"Every year 100,000 diseased intestines continue for about a fortnight to discharge upon the ground floods of liquid charged with matters, on which the specific poison of a communicable disease has set its most specific mark." The spread of the fever should be prevented by destroying, by the aid of powerful chemical agents, the action of the specific virus. The following precautions are necessary. 1. All discharges from the body should be thrown into a vessel containing a strong solution of chloride of zinc. 2. All tainted linen should immediately be plunged into water, strongly impregnated with the same agent. 3. The water-closet should be flooded several times daily with a strong solution of chloride of zinc; and chloride of lime should also be placed there to absorb any exhalations that might still arise.

These are among the most urgent measures recommended by the Privy Council in their last memorandums on the proceedings to be adopted in places attacked or threatened by epidemic disease.

According to Dr. Murchison—who, probably, next to Sir W. Jenner, is the highest authority on fevers in this country—these disorders are the spontaneous result of dirt, bad drainage, and impure air. He designates typhoid, pythogenic fever—that is, born of putrescence; and considers that exposure to the effluvia of decayed animal or vegetable matter may cause it. This theory, on the other hand, is disputed by high authorities, among whom are Aitken, Barker, Watson, and Budd.

Dr. Aitken doubts whether these causes can produce a specific disease, which is of so specific a nature as to be maintained only by a specific contact. The state of ill-health induced by the decomposition of night soil, produces a condition of the system favourable to the development, not alone of typhoid fever, but of many other diseases, such as cholera, dysentery, yellow fever, &c. This predisposition to such diseases seems to be exactly analogous to the preparation of a soil for seed. Organic matter exists continually on the surface of the earth, and it is very probable that germs of diseases may find therein a resting-place, although it may be only when exceptional circumstances conspire, that they display their full power. According to him, the history of typhoid fever is wholly inexplicable upon the pythogenic theory of Murchison.

The experiments of Dr. Barker prove that long exhalation of atmosphere, charged with gases evolved from decomposing organic matter, is capable of producing the following symptoms:—Increased heat of skin, thirst, irregular and feeble muscular contractions, and diarrhoea. These symptoms continue as long as the

person is exposed to the influence of the foul air ; but when the cause is removed, there is no continuance of symptoms, no recurrence or remittency, but a tendency to recovery. No communicable disorder is induced.

Sir Thomas Watson does not admit, either, the spontaneous generation of fevers in close, dirty, and ill-ventilated homes ; but he allows that if introduced therein it spreads with fearful rapidity. He brings as witnesses the inhabitants of the arctic regions, who dwell with air systematically excluded, and so offensive that a stranger could not endure it ; and yet continued fever is not known among them. The same conditions obtained in slave ships, where poor wretches were crowded together in hot weather, until they perished of suffocation and dysentery, but not of fever. When these disorders existed in English gaols, they were always imported, never self-engendered. Indeed, Howard found continental prisons free from fevers, though to the full as offensive as ours. Therefore these could not have been created by filth and defective ventilation alone. Neither putrid exhalations of dead animal and vegetable matters, nor the foetid atmosphere of dissecting-rooms, nor the noisome effluvia of full and ill-kept burial-grounds, create them. Tallow chandlers, glue and cat-gut makers, scavengers, dustmen, are not more subject to fevers than other men. Filth seems to be the nurse rather than the parent of fever. Let us cleanse, drain, ventilate by all means, so as to improve the general health and diminish the predisposing causes ; but the specific cause of a fever would appear to be its own poison.

Dr. William Budd, of Clifton, an eminent authority, who was summoned on the late illness of the Prince of Wales, takes the same view as Dr. Aitken. "*Mutatis mutandis*," he writes, "it is the history of small-

pox, of scarlet fever, of malignant cholera. In all these specific contagions we meet with the same alternations of slumber and activity, of wide-spread prevalence in one place, while other places hard by remain free ; and finally, with the same successive invasion of neighbouring places, in such way that the reigning disorder, be it small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, intestinal fever, or malignant fever, often begins to prevail in the new locality when it has already died out in the old. . . . There is only one thing of which these can be the characteristics ; and that is the specific poison which is bred of the disease, and by which the disease propagates, and which, in common with the other specific poisons perpetuated by the same aid, possesses all these properties."

Dr. Parkes, another high authority, writes thus :—"The grand fact is clear, that the occurrence of typhoid fever points out unequivocally to defective removal of excreta, and that it is a disease altogether and easily preventible. Typhoid fever ought thus to disappear from every return of disease, whether in military or in civil life."

When doctors disagree, who shall decide ? Dr. Murchison's theory—partly supported by Dr. Parkes—was adopted as the cause of the Prince of Wales's attack ; and solely to the defective drainage at Lonsborough Lodge, was attributed the dangerous sickness to which the heir to the British Throne so nearly fell a victim. But whatever may be the view theoretically adopted regarding the origin or propagation of typhoid fever, it is satisfactory to know that practically medical men can employ preventive measures which, to use Dr. Lankester's words, will cover the issues of both theories." These measures have already been adverted to, and if they are universally carried into effect, it is not too much to expect that this fever might perhaps soon

become extinct. At all events, it is unpardonable to permit the great bulk of what escapes from the intestines of typhoid fever patients to be let loose on society into the cess-pool or sewer, or on the dunghill, in full possession of all its deadly power, without being first destroyed in the way recommended.

Neither do cold or deficient nourishment act in any other manner than as predisposing causes. Cold is accused of creating innumerable diseases. How many of us are continually exposed to the influence of cold, and yet comparatively how few become the victims to phthisis, or Bright's disease, or inflammation of the lungs!

Sometimes fever lurks ambiguously about a patient, and a struggle seems to ensue between the poison of the disease and the sanitive power of nature. A sudden fright, an overheating, or fear of the complaint itself, may determine its appearance. It is rare for fevers to be communicated in the open air. The poison, unless pent up, does not remain active at any great distance from the person from whom it proceeds. In well-ventilated hospitals it seldom spreads from bed to bed; for the noxious qualities of the poison are diminished, and at length destroyed by its dilution with common air. *A fortiori*, in private houses of the better sort, with proper precautions, it ought never to spread. It cannot be too often repeated that the apartment selected for the patient should be as large and airy as circumstances permit; that there should be always a large fire, except in very hot weather; that the window or the door, or both, according to the season, should be invariably kept open; that every scrap of bed and window-curtain, and carpet, should be at once removed; that the patient should be kept carefully clean. We need not reiterate the modes of disinfection which have already been discussed: we can only

say that they should be rigorously adopted.

As life advances, the susceptibility to fevers appears to diminish, whilst on the other hand the mortality from the disease, if once caught, steadily increases with the progress of age; so that whilst of young people under twenty, 10 per cent. only of the numbers attacked die; after the age of fifty scarcely one-half escape. Nevertheless, nurses and attendants should not be too young. It may as well be stated here that camphor does not possess the prophylactic or preventive virtue with which popular notion has invested it, and that no quantity of this drug is of the smallest possible use in warding off the attacks of the disease.

Formerly, typhus and typhoid fever were considered to be different forms of the same disorder. It was the celebrated Louis whose attention was first attracted to the diversity of the symptoms as they appeared in France and in England. In his work, published in 1829, he first described the intestinal lesions discovered in typhoid, and his views were supported by Chomel. For a considerable time the subject was much debated; Dr. Stewart and Dr. Peebles, of the Glasgow Fever Hospital, pursued the inquiry. Dr. Stewart proceeded to Paris to examine the fever there, and the result was the recognition in 1840 of two distinct fevers.

Dr. Jenner, at that period, when Professor of Pathological Anatomy in University College—he was only about twenty-five then—took up the question with alacrity. He examined attentively 2000 cases. From sixty-six fatal cases, he found twenty-three which had the intestinal and mesenteric lesion present, and forty-three which had it not. On further inspection it was found that the history of the twenty-three cases, was exactly as described by Louis. That of the remaining forty-three was totally different, so different as to render

conclusive the nature of the disease. The two fevers were thenceafter entirely separated, and the further researches of Dr. Murchison and Parkes fully confirmed the former results. The works of Murchison and Parkes are contributions of great value to science, and the diagnosis of fevers by the latter is at least as useful as the original investigations of those whose labours it records. And so the diagnosis between the two diseases was finally established and recorded.

The period of incubation—that is, the time in which fevers are latent—is about twelve to fourteen days for typhoid, and something less for typhus. There is much in common in the symptoms between the two disorders; but we will first give a brief account of typhus in its typical form, not as it necessarily always appears, but as it presents the usual phenomena which all or in part accompany it. The patient seems for days suffering from an altered state of the nervous system. The poison disturbs the functions of animal life without any visible cause for the derangement. He becomes pale, languid, and abstracted. His friends observe he looks very ill. He is feeble and easily tired; reluctant to make any efforts of mind and body, listless and apprehensive of impending evil. He loses his appetite, his tongue becomes white and trembling; the bowels are irregular, and the senses lose their natural delicacy. He feels wandering pains at various parts of the body, and his sleep is unsound and unrefreshing.

Sometimes the onset of the disease is sudden. A shivering-fit or severe frontal headache are the first symptoms. Occasionally only a sense of vertigo is noticed at the commencement. The expression of the face is dull and heavy, absent and puzzled; with a thick and dusky hue. The patient looks like one stupified by drink, and staggers when attempting to walk. He en-

deavours to struggle for a day or two against the mysterious influence that is gradually depriving him of muscular power, but he soon succumbs and takes to his bed. The pulse rises; the heat of the skin increases. In strong men the pulse may not exceed 100 during the whole of the disease, whilst in women and delicate men it reaches readily 120. If it mounts to 130 or 140, the disorder is in a severe form. A shifting pulse is more unfavourable than a merely quiet one, but in typhoid fever the pulse is more irregular and variable than the typhus. Indeed, great fluctuations in the pulse is one of the peculiarities of typhoid. Avoiding medical details unsuitable to the general reader, we will further state that the tongue gradually assumes the well-known typhuous appearance; it may at first only be a little white or furred; it will probably then become streaked with brown in the middle, and afterwards turn entirely dark brown and nearly black in the worst cases.

The height of the temperature may be considered a fair test of the gravity of the patient's condition. When the thermometer, placed under the armpits, reaches to 106° , the case is serious; when it touches 107° or 108° , a fatal termination may be apprehended. The patient meanwhile sinks into apathy, and the features are fixed and inexpressive. He lies on his back motionless, sleeping little; waking often and fancying he does not sleep at all. Or he lies with eyes wide open, but insensible to all around, in the state termed by Dr. Jenner, *coma-vigil*. The prostration is so complete, that even the calls of nature are no longer noticed, and the powerful, athletic man, or delicate, refined woman, sinks to the level of a mere animal. The hot, flushed being, either sunk into indifference or stupor, or slowly repeating the senseless mumbling of delirium, with blunted feelings and obscured

intelligence, is a sad sight to those who knew him or her in the glory of manhood or womanhood. The specific eruptions of mulberry rash in typhus, and rose rash in typhoid, occur in due course, and these establish completely the diagnosis of the disorder. As days wear on the pulse becomes more frequent; weaker, and more compressible; the tongue drier and browner; dark sordes (foul matter) accumulate on teeth and lips; delirium enters or increases. The patient lies on his back, or sinks down in the bed slipping towards the feet, or is bent double, or his legs are drawn up. The muscular debility approaches palsy, the voice becoming so feeble as to be unable to utter an audible sound, or in the worst cases even to swallow. Sometimes black spots, like flies on the wing, appear before the patient, in consequence, it is presumed, of partial insensibility of the retina. The patient attempts to grasp or catch these in the air, or to pick them from the clothes, which is called *flocutatio*. This is considered a sign of imminent dissolution. It is, however, an axiom in fevers that there is no condition apparently so hopeless from which the patient may not rally, and none apparently so favourable—up to a certain stage—from which he may not rapidly sink. Witness the cases of the late Prince Consort, which was considered of so mild a nature that no danger was apprehended up to the morning of his death; and that of the Prince of Wales, of whom at one period the worst was momentarily expected.

As cases draw towards a termination, convulsive starting of tendons (*subsultus tendinus*) sets in, and the delirium becomes more marked. The patient, who at first probably wandered only at night, now is talking incessantly and earnestly in a loud voice, endeavouring at times to get up from the bed, where he is only detained by the imposition of

more or less restraint. Every function of mind becomes disordered by unreal images and aberrant trains of thought, which cannot be corrected by any external impressions. These ravings, however, are sometimes remembered, and then the sufferer is able to explain the reason for his shrieks and violence. He recollects, for instance, that he was confined in some dungeon, or was pursued by enemies bent on murdering him. In vain he fled to distant countries. His foes were at hand; he would not yield without a struggle; and in the height of his delirium he attempted to reach the door or the window to escape from his tormentors. Dr. Tanner relates a case of a patient becoming furious, and shouting out, "Police! help! murder!" It afterwards turned out that he was the victim of a singular hallucination. He thought that he was to be made an example of, for his sins; that strong men had taken and forced him into a brass box, about the size of an orange, and that after having been compressed into that small space, he had been hurled, brass box and all, from the top of a mountain. As he escaped from his narrow prison he became calm; asked for drink, and said he had undergone dreadful torture, which was the truth. For the nightmares of fever, the hideous creations of a distempered mind in a diseased body, are indeed fearful visions, and only observant practitioners know the mental agonies fever patients undergo. The individual in question again started after a brief interval of rest, shouting, with a startled, affrighted look, "They come! they come! save me! save me! Police!"

It is stated by Dr. Murchison, that among the experiences of a French surgeon, he found among his patients one man who fought against the Prussians; another fancied he was King of Spain; another that he was ground in a coffee-mill.

Two cases seemed like hydrophobia, and in two others, both of medical men, each one thought he was divided into two persons, one of whom was ill and the other quite well. Dr. Guenau de Massey, when attacked by fever in Dublin, thought he had committed murder in Paris, had been pursued by balloon, by soldiers, and shot by them. During this time he was screaming frightfully, and endeavouring to escape from his attendants. In another fit he thought he saw a house on fire, with a child suspended by the neck from a window.

Sometimes the delirium ends in protracted coma, and then death. When a fatal termination is approaching, the face becomes dusky, the breathing quick; the pulse so rapid that it cannot be counted. The skin is bathed in profuse perspiration, and the temperature apt to fall even below the natural standard. The patient lies on his back insensible, his face pale and expressionless, and life is only known to have ceased by the eye losing its little lustre and the chest ceasing to effect its slow and feeble movements. When death does not occur in the commencement of the disorder from the virulence of the poison, or during its course from exhaustion, it may afterwards supervene from—1. Convulsions. 2. Cerebral complications or effusion on the brain, producing that kind of mania designated typhomania. 3. By inflammation of the lungs. 4. Gangrene of the pulmonary tissue. 5. Softening of the heart.

When a case is tending towards a favourable issue, the delirium passes off gradually; the patient enjoys a quiet sleep, and begins to regain his memory and mental powers. Indeed, sometimes recovery occurs very rapidly in typhus: the patient who was prostrate, stupid, and wandering before, when the change comes, will look more intelligent; he commences to feel his weakness and regains ap-

petite. He wonders where he has been, and soon recognises his attendants. In two or three days, if not quicker, the face becomes less livid; the tongue cleans; thirst disappears; the pulse falls ten to twenty beats a day. Typhus seldom leaves the sequels that follow scarlet fever and enteric fever; and a man, after a sharp attack of typhus, will often enjoy better health than before.

Typhus and typhoid fever have many symptoms in common, but differ greatly also in many important respects. The following are those most easily discernible:—The approach of typhoid is usually more insidious than that of typhus; the eruption is darker and more abundant in typhus; in typhoid it is scantier, of a rose colour, and makes its appearance later than in typhus: though we must not omit to state that cases of each of these fevers are not uncommon where no eruption whatever makes its appearance. The delirium, according to Sir Thomas Watson, in typhus, is more lively, or wilder and fiercer than in typhoid, where it is of a mumbling, subdued, muttering kind. The pulse in typhus rises gradually, and then remains stationary; whilst in typhoid the fluctuations of the pulse from day to day, and from morning to night, are considerable. Typhus is essentially a disease of the poor: it is rarely seen among the better classes, excepting doctors and clergymen. Typhoid, on the contrary, is more common among the rich. The seat of typhoid appears to be in the intestines, in the small bodies called Peyer's glands. Typhus may occur at any age. Typhoid rarely comes after forty, for then Peyer's glands have mostly disappeared. The mortality in each appears about equal. Typhus, it must be said, is always a serious disorder; whilst infantile typhoid fever is a comparatively slight complaint, and even some cases among adults are of a light nature. On the other hand, accord-

ing to Dr. Jenner, typhus runs its course in fourteen to twenty-one days; but typhoid seldom lasts less than twenty-two to thirty days, and there is always fear of relapses or dangerous complications; so that it is difficult to know to which of these diseases to yield the palm. The greatest danger in typhus occurs in the latter part of the second week; in typhoid, on or about the second half of the third week. Each disorder propagates itself, but does not act as a preventive to infection from the other at a future period.

According to Dr. John Harley (*Reynold's System of Medicine*), enteric fever may be classified into three great groups. 1. Those cases in which the symptoms of gastro-intestinal irritation remain latent for days, or even weeks, after the patient has declined in health. 2. Those in which gastro-intestinal derangement is the chief feature of the attack from the commencement. 3. Those in which the suddenness of the attack resembles narcotico-acrid poisoning.

1. Many cases of typhoid or enteric fever belong to the first class. The patient declines slowly for days and weeks without any apparent cause. He is languid, weak, and disinclined for any exertion, moral or physical: complaining of a little headache, and chilliness especially felt about the spine. His weakness increasing, he applies for relief. His tongue is found moist and clean; his skin cool and pallid; his pulse small and rather quick; his mind clear, and expression natural. The medicine administered to him naturally does him no good. He remains some time in this condition, the action of the bowels being uncertain. The symptoms increase; nausea and vomiting set in; the pulse rises in frequency; the tongue becomes furred and red at the edges; the headache increases; the patient suffers from restlessness, and tenderness and pain in the abdomen; a few rose-coloured

spots show themselves, disappearing on pressure; diarrhoea becomes urgent, and is frequently associated with bilious vomiting; the pulse rises to 120 or 130, and the temperature to 107 or 108. The aspect of the patient indicates suffering; but the face remains clear, the eyes bright, and the cheeks are suffused with hectic flush. The patient continues in this condition for several days, when emaciation becomes rapid, and the tongue hard, dry, and brown. If the gastric irritation can be subdued, the disease will take a favourable turn; if not, the diarrhoea remains unchecked; the exhausted patient lies motionless, drowsy, and apathetic, uttering feeble moans, the knees drawn up. His pinched, flushed countenance, manifests pain on the slightest disturbance. The skin is pungently hot, the pulse fast and thready, the teeth and tongue are covered with black sordes, and the patient expires. Internal hæmorrhage may be feared if the diarrhoea remains unchecked; or the patient may be cut off by perforation of the bowels—that is, ulceration of the intestines proceeding until the tissue is destroyed, and their contents penetrate the cavity of the abdomen.

2. In the second class of cases, which are the most frequent, the fever sets in in the usual way. The patient is seized with headache, shivering, purging, followed by a general aching, a quick pulse, and nausea and vomiting occur, accompanied by pain in the abdomen, great thirst, and prostration of strength. The febrile symptoms increase, the patient takes to his bed, and at the end of a week the rash appears. Great pains are complained of about the spleen and liver; the breathing becomes quick, and evidence of acute congestion of the lungs frequently becomes apparent. Diarrhoea becomes more distressing, and the disorder runs its course until death or recovery ensue.

3. The third class of symptoms are so sudden and severe as to give rise to the suspicion of poisoning by mushrooms or copper. The attack commences with headache and purging, accompanied by high fever and intense heat of head; acute delirium or stupor follow, frequent vomiting and purge continue; the abdomen is tense and painful, the tongue red and dry; the patient passes into the typhuous condition, and generally expires on the fifth or eighth day.

Instances have been known that after an apparently mild attack of typhoid fever, what looks like recovery sets in; the patient seems almost well, he is out of bed; or even out of doors; he may travel some distance without difficulty, until a sudden and severe relapse occurs, ushered in with shivers, and the fever may run towards a fatal issue uninterrupted.

Death in enteric fever may occur from sheer exhaustion or from mere debility of the heart at an advanced period of the disease; moreover, in this disease vestiges of mischief are discovered within the abdomen, so constant and so desperate, as to have given its special character to the disorder. The process going on internally may be fatal in more ways than one. It may lead to death by exhausting diarrhœa in the manner of slow asthenia or mere inanition. The ulceration may kill by laying open a large mesenteric blood-vessel, and so producing copious hæmorrhage and mortal syncope; it may, and often does, destroy the patient by perforation of the bowel.

The complications that may arise from typhoid fever are too numerous to be mentioned, nor would this magazine be the proper place for mere medical details. We will only say that diseases of the respiratory organs; of the organs of circulation; of the nervous system; of the organs of digestion, may follow an attack of this disorder. Temporary blindness has been said to have resulted, and

fatuity of mind, resembling imbecility, has at times been left behind, for a limited period, by the same cause.

According to the records of the London Fever Hospital, during fourteen and a-half years, it is found that out of 2505 465 died, making a mortality of 18.56 per cent., or 1 in 5.38; but deducting those patients who were evidently moribund on admission, the mortality falls to 17.2 per cent., or 1 in 5.8. The mortality in other London hospitals appears to be about equal. In Guy's, it appears to have been 19 per cent.; in St. Thomas' Hospital 18.9 per cent.; in King's College Hospital 20.61. In France, of 190 cases, under Torget, at Strasbourg, 23.15 per cent. died; and of 147 cases, under Chomel, at Paris, 32 per cent. perished. The mortality appears to vary, from year to year, considerably, and were more in typhus than in typhoid. In typhus, at the London Fever Hospital, it was in one particular year 8.8. per cent. only of the cases admitted, whilst in another year it rose to as high as 60 per cent. In typhoid, it has never been lower than 12.8 per cent., nor higher than 28.7.

According to Dr. Murchison, the following are the principal conclusions resulting from his patient and able investigations.

1. Fever-poison enters the blood.
2. The nervous system, in fever, is paralysed.
3. The retrograde metamorphoses (changes) of the muscles and other tissues is increased, while at the same time little or no fresh material is assimilated to compensate for the loss. Increased temperature, great muscular prostration, and loss of weight, are the results.
4. The destruction of tissue is increased by the accelerated action of the heart.
5. The non-elimination of the products of tissue metamorphosis gives rise to cerebral symptoms and local inflammation.

6. On the elimination of the fever-poison, and of the products of tissue metamorphosis, the nerves resume their normal functions, the undue consumption of tissue is checked, and the patient regains his strength and weight. It is impossible to say why this termination occurs at a different time in different fevers.

The objects to be kept in view in fevers, according to the same high authority, are :—

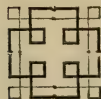
1. To promote elimination.
2. To reduce temperature and the action of the heart.
3. To sustain vital powers by stimulating the paralysed nervous system, and supplying nourishment to compensate, in some measure, for increased consumption of tissue.
5. To relieve distressing symptoms.
6. To obviate and counteract local complications.

It would be foreign to our purpose to attempt to describe the kind of remedies and diet that would be likely to contribute to the production of the desired effects. For it must be remembered that medicine has at best but a limited power in struggling against such dire diseases as those

we have been discussing. Indeed, it is admitted by the wisest physicians that they cannot cure fevers—they can only guide them. As science progresses, the old-fashioned fallacies of bleeding, purging, and blistering, in fevers, have gradually been discarded, and the skilful practitioner seeks now, on the contrary, to give sufficient strength to the stricken patients, to enable them to struggle against the disorder, and to throw it off altogether by the assistance of the sanative forces of nature.

Prevention, however, is better than cure, and it rests with us to cause the disappearance of fevers from the United Kingdom, and to render them as impossible as would be the plague. For whether fevers be of spontaneous generation, or whether they be reproduced by infection in their peculiar way, it is certain that by draining, cleansing, ventilating, and purifying our homes, the predisposing causes of fever would cease to exist, whilst by destroying carefully the germs of the disease by disinfection, it must be speedily stamped out.

J. P.



THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.¹

"Cypress and ivy, wild and wallflower grown,
 Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
 On what were chambers, arch-crushed columns strewn
 In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steeped
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
 Deeming it midnight: temples, baths, or halls?
 Pronounce who can, for all that learning reaped
 From her research hath been, that these are walls."

"Far and wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
 Chaos of ruins, who shall trace the void
 O'er the dim fragment, cast a lunar light,
 And say, "Here was or is," where all is doubly night?"

THESE beautiful lines truly and forcibly describe the problem which has baffled the antiquarian at Rome; but they describe almost the opposite of what has been the difficulty in Jerusalem. In Rome the abundance, in Jerusalem the absence of ruins, might be taken as a brief stating of what exercised the explorer in each city. In the one he was asked, "Of what buildings are these ruins the only visible remains? Which of the ancient historic structures stood here?" In the other, nothing remains, stone, or column, or arch. Can you tell where anything was?

In Jerusalem the very contour of the ground has vanished. Valleys, that had been are no more, and the hills have lost their shape. In literal fact, if the "Holy City" is to put on her "beautiful garments," and be as she was when "the joy of the whole earth," she must arise and "shake herself from the dust." It is only in the dust we can find her now. What meets the eye from "the hills that stand round about," is not Jerusalem: she lies buried beneath; and those "white walls," which from far catch the traveller's eye, are her sepulchre.

The present city occupies the original site, elevated between 2420 and 2650 feet above the Mediterranean, on the southern extremity of

a plateau enclosed by two ravines—Kedron on the east and Hinnom on the west. Both ravines at the first are mere depressions in the ground; but as they reach their point of junction at Bir Eynb, a deep well on the north side of the city, they sink very rapidly, until they are 670 feet below their original starting-point.

Another ravine, the Tyropæan, divides the plateau into two parts, the western forming Mount Zion, and the eastern, 120 feet lower, forming Mount Moriah. On the latter is the sacred enclosure called, by the Moslems, Haram-es-Sherif, "the noble sanctuary." It is nearly rectangular, and is formed by massive walls of greater or lesser attitude, built from the surrounding valleys to within about thirty feet of the height of the top of the mountain, and then, the intervening space being filled up by arches and *debris*, a level surface is obtained in length north and south 1500 feet, and 900 feet east and west in breadth. It is ornamented with cypress and olive, and at its southern end is the Mosque El-Aksa and another pile of buildings, while its central portion is occupied by a raised platform, from which rises the beautiful edifice commonly known as the Mosque of Omar. This place is considered by the Moslems second only to Mecca as

¹ "The Recovery of Jerusalem." Published for the Palestine Exploration Fund.

regards sanctity, and the Mosque second only to Cordova as regards beauty of architecture.

Somewhere, undoubtedly, in this Haram area was the ancient temple of Jehovah, which Solomon built, which Zerubbabel rebuilt, and which, magnificently renewed and adorned by Herod, "the Desire of all nations" had filled with glory; but not a stone remains to tell us *where*; and the controversy as to its exact position has been one of the most hopeless.

Considering how little was had previously for deciding the point, the "Palestine Exploration Fund" has largely increased our store; but we trust the gain is as much, beside, in further investigation being made more feasible by the victory won over Turkish prejudice.

Without entering at all into the vexed question as to whether the Temple courts were conterminous with the Haram-es-Sherif, as some maintain, or were the northern portion or the southern portion of it; or were in the centre, or at the N.W. angle, or at the S.W. angle, all which situations have their advocates, determined in hot fight to maintain the honourable distinction of their client, we purpose, with such lucid brevity as we may attain, to simply state what fresh information has been elicited from "the dust" and "the stones" of Jerusalem.

On 15th February, 1867, Captain Warren, with a few assistants, and a store of necessary tools and instruments, arrived at Jaffa. Safely got to land, the boxes containing the theodolites, sextants, &c., were on the point of being confiscated by the custom-house authorities as *warlike stores*; but their peaceful nature being vouched for by the vice-consul, the party got under weigh, and though their mules were on several occasions blown over by a hurricane which prevailed, they reached Jerusalem without loss, except of time.

A vizierial letter had been sought

from Constantinople authorising the work, and pending its arrival permission was given to dig outside the sanctuary. Obstructions were, however, soon put in their way, the military Pacha asserting that the Haram wall, alongside which they sank their first shaft, would be shaken by their operations. On Captain Warren visiting him, to assure him of the groundlessness of his fears, he vouchsafed full information as to every part of the noble sanctuary, his knowledge being apparently more exact, as it certainly was more wonderful, when it touched upon subterranean matters. The sacred rock, the Sakhra, he stated, lay on the top leaves of a palm-tree, from the roots of which sprang all the rivers of the earth. How needless, when all information was thus freely and accurately supplied, to go digging and poking to seek it so laboriously? and what but injury to the country, if not to mankind at large, could result from an inquisitive Frank meddling with such ingenious waterwork arrangements?

The vizierial letter at length arrived, and ordered all possible facilities to be given for digging and inspecting places, after satisfying the owners; but, unfortunately, added, "with the exception of the Noble Sanctuary, and the various Moslem and Christian shrines." This exception, so worded, was more than sufficient to afford Turkish officials means to carry out the obstructive traditions of their brethren, and practise their fondly-cherished rights of demanding backsheesh.

Captain Warren had resorted to the following plan to overcome the persistent attempt at hindrance:—The Pacha had forbidden any mining within forty feet of the sanctuary wall, thinking, in his innocence, that he thereby effectually secured it against desecrating curiosity. A shaft was sunk manifestly outside of the prescribed bounds. No one could object; the undertaking was strictly

legal, even in the eyes of the *effendi*. But this shaft, in its doings above-ground and underground, was not consistent, as is too much the way with men and things in general. When well out of sight, it strayed by a long gallery beneath the surface, until at last it reached the massive stones of the Haram wall. Captain Warren's purpose was, after examining, to send the account of his investigation home, and have it published and forwarded to Constantinople; and if further obstructed, to plead that his having been already at the wall with the knowledge of the Porte, had established the custom; and custom rules everything in Turkland. However, sooner than he expected, circumstances afforded him an opportunity, of which he skilfully availed himself, of gaining a respite from his troubles.

In consequence of the over-officiousness of subordinates, the Pacha was forced into a corner, and compelled to withdraw from active opposition.

The workmen had been ordered off by some soldiers; and while Captain Warren was engaged laying a complaint before his Excellency, Serjeant Birtles, his right-hand in everything, was imprisoned. When a *cavass* came to remove the men, he refused to have them interfered with, and was then arrested himself; and, in spite of his protest, led in triumph to the town-major, who, seeing what an error had been committed, endeavoured to persuade him to depart immediately. This he refused to do, though the Pacha himself sent for him, and entreated him to resume his liberty.

Meantime, there was going on a spirited conflict between his Excellency and Captain Warren, who demanded a written declaration that the arrest had been made without his authority. The Pacha tried to shake off his antagonist first by a cold reception, then by browbeating the witnesses brought forward, and

again by the extreme of hospitality; but all to no purpose: he had to yield and promise the letter. Sergeant Birtles, by refusing to go until Captain Warren's arrival, enabled him to win the victory, and by the discomfiture of his highness, to secure non-interruption, for a season at least, from that quarter. Still, however, attempts were made to extract back-sheesh, by tampering with the workmen, by complaints that the mining operations interfered with Mahometan tombs, and that the shafts were dangerous to wayfarers. Damages were laid for injury to a house, though it was clearly demonstrated, by an eminent French architect, that the rents were not caused by the excavations; and Captain Warren had much annoyance and difficulty in trying to settle the matter, as even the Pacha threw in his influence in favour of the unjust claim. Extortion and obstruction seem to be the motto of Turkish officials, in the highest as well as the lowest stations. However, firmness and tact won the day for the exploring party, except where restrictions were made by the royal firman.

The work of excavation was one of no ordinary difficulty and danger, as it had to be carried on through the *debris* accumulated by the many desolations of the ancient city, which had been poured into the surrounding valleys. In some places the soil, impregnated with poisonous matter, made every scratch on the hands turn into a festering sore. Stone clippings, cubical or nearly hemispherical, were found sometimes in layers of twenty feet depth, without a single particle of earth; and this shingle, when touched, would dash like a cataract through the opening, and fill up the galleries so as to render it impossible to proceed. Large blocks, too, from ruined or crumbling walls, were liable, at every stroke of the hammer, to descend and crush the sheeting planks of the shaft. Gunpowder could

only be used when away from all buildings, and then for breaking up masses too heavy for the sledge. The Moslems circulated a strange rumour, to the effect that the exploring party were depositing little balls of gunpowder around the walls of the sanctuary, and that these in process of time would arrive at the dignity of barrels of the same material, and then, by means of some infernal machine, would be used by the perfidious Frank to blow up the building.

Of course such a work as the "Exploration" party carried on attracted the attention of visitors to Jerusalem, and Captain Warren gallantly testifies that the ladies were undaunted by his deepest shafts, by vaults where rope-ladders were needed, or by holes, through which pushing was the only method of advancement. Visitors there were who saw everything, and yet saw nothing in anything, who, after descending a 100-foot shaft, and while gazing at foundations buried for long ages, and with a history such as none others have, would murmur contemptuously at being dragged so far to see "only an old wall."

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him—
And it was nothing more."

The giant stone that has borne the weight of mountain structures, and the heavier weight of centuries, is equalled in some fates with the frail bud of an April morning! Visitors, too, came who would enforce a gratuity on the employés, but refuse a subscription to the Fund. Others, however, repaid the trouble of showing the results of the labour by becoming thoroughly interested in it, and afterwards aiding it by zealous advocacy at home.

We will now mention some particulars of the work. At the western wall of the sanctuary, Captain Wilson, who, in the year 1864, had gone out to make an ordnance survey of Jerusalem, discovered a large arch, the

span of which was forty-two feet, and its width forty-three feet. He considered it to be one of the most perfect and magnificent remains at Jerusalem, and probably of the same age as the wall at the Wailing Place; but from want of the necessary mining apparatus, he was unable to make a thorough investigation. Captain Warren being better provided, accomplished what was impossible for his predecessor, and discovered a series of arches, forming a viaduct across the Tyropæan valley.

Here it is that we first come upon the great defect of Captain Warren's otherwise most interesting account, viz., entering into detailed descriptions, which can only weary and bewilder when maps and plans are not supplied. There are through the book constant references to places as shown on the Ordnance Survey, to pencillings sent home, to plans at the Society's rooms, which are only so much aggravation to the perplexed reader. In the account of the vaults at Wilson's Arch, we follow on until "we don't know where we are," and grope about as much confused as the explorer would have been had his lights been extinguished, and he left to make his survey in Cimmerian darkness. Vaults, and arches, and doorways, and viaducts, and causeways, are so massed together, that daylight is quite excluded from the narrative; left-hand and right-hand are so magically handled that we know not one from the other; passages leading to east and west, and north and south, twirl you round until the giddy brain cannot tell the points of the compass. We have tried again and again to follow the description, but all to no purpose, until getting into a secret passage we emerge thus with effect:—"Having traced it (the secret passage) to a distance of 220 feet from the sanctuary wall, we found a thin wall blocking up the passage; we broke through it, and dropped down about six feet into a continuation of

it, stopped up by a wall to west, but opening by a door to south; through this we crept, and then saw light, and getting through into another chamber to south, we found ourselves in a donkey stable, the owner of which happened to be there, and he, on seeing us grimed with dirt, rushed out, swearing he was followed by gins!"

While the work was going on at Wilson's Arch, it was found advisable to construct a pit, sunk some six feet in one of the dark vaults, to act as a mouse-trap to catch certain meddling *effendies*, if they persisted in visiting the workmen engaged in clearing out the passages. However, the report of what was prepared for them had such deterring power that the capabilities of the trap were not put to the proof.

Captain Warren does not assign this arch to so early a date as its discoverer, as he only places it in the fifth or sixth century. But the Haram wall, wherever exposed in this excavation, was found evidently to be *in situ*. There are in it here twenty courses of drafted stones, averaging 3 feet 8 inches to 4 feet in height, and making in all 75 feet 6 inches above the rock. It is probably one of the oldest portions of the sanctuary now existing, and may have formed part of the original enclosure-wall of the Temple, in accordance with Jewish tradition.

Robinson's Arch, which is the name given to what seemed to be the remains of an ancient arch projecting from the west wall, not far from the S.W. angle of the sanctuary, has been a subject of controversy as to whether there ever was a further prosecution of the work than now appears. Captain Warren determined to set the matter at rest by excavating in search of the other pier. Beginning some distance from and opposite to the arch, he sank shafts at intervals across the valley, until at 54 feet from the wall he found the object of his search in a

fine drafted stone resting *in situ* on the rock, and forming part of the western pier of Robinson's Arch. The pier was found to be 51 feet 6 inches long and 12 feet 2 inches thick; two of its courses on the western side, and three on the eastern, remained *in situ*, the stones being precisely similar to those in the wall at the S.W. angle of the sanctuary. The span of the arch was 41 feet 6 inches.

Stretching from the base of the pier to the sanctuary wall is a pavement, and working along it they found the fallen *voussoirs* of the viaduct, which crossed the valley by this arch.

A few feet above the pavement, a low passage was found leading direct to the wall. It was full of mud, and could only be cleared out by the men crawling on their knees, and at times the air was so bad that candles would not burn, and they had to work in the dark at the head of the gallery. They were eventually stopped by shingle pouring in without ceasing; but they were repaid for their trouble by having discovered that the Haram wall extends unbroken from the south-west angle up to the Prophet's gate, a distance of about 300 feet. To the height of the pavement it is built of rough-faced stones; the faces of those above it are smooth.

Sinking through this pavement, on which lay the fallen *voussoirs* of Robinson's Arch, they reached, through 23 feet of *debris* and old masonry, the rock, and on it found two *voussoirs* of a more ancient arch, which in their fall had broken in the roof of a rock-cut canal. This canal runs some distance to the south, but following it to the north, they made the very material discovery that it leads to a circular pool hewn in the rock, of which only half can be seen, as it is cut through by the foundations of the sanctuary wall. Evidence was thus obtained of there having been structures more

ancient than the present wall and the viaduct, of which Robinson's Arch is the only remnant visible above ground.

We turn now to the southern wall of the sanctuary:

It is 922 feet in length, and is divided into three nearly equal portions, by the Double or Huldah gate to the west, and the Triple gate to the east. After examination in nine separate places, Captain Warren considers the whole to be *in situ*, but the western third to be less ancient than the rest. His reasons for assigning a later date to it are the following. We have mentioned the evidence of more ancient structures at Robinson's Arch, and also the character of the wall, the stones composing it being rough-faced beneath and smooth-faced above the pavement. This pavement and similar building in the wall, is found to extend round the south-west corner and all along to the Double gate; while at the south-east angle the wall springs from the rock and has its stones nicely worked from the foundations. There is, also, a very remarkable course of stones, the height of which averages from 5 ft. 10 in. to 6 ft. 1 in., extending more or less continuously from the south-east angle (where the corner-stone, the largest yet known, weighs 100 tons) to the Double gate, but is not found to west of that point. The largest stone at present known is found at the south-west corner, but its bed is four feet above the great course.

Further, the walls of the south-west angle from the Prophet's Gate on the west, and the Double Gate on the south—that is, for nearly 300 feet on either side—are different in construction from the portions of wall they adjoin, being less carefully built, as well as being formed of stones roughly faced up to a certain height, as if they had been sunk underground in *debris* accumulated over the ruins of more

ancient buildings. And lastly, at a point 90 feet on the south side of this angle, the Haram wall, which is here 85 feet below the surface, and built of stones so marvellously fitted together that the joints are scarcely discernible, cuts through (as the west wall the rock-cut pool mentioned above) the remains of an aqueduct running along the lowest part of the Tyropœan Valley.

In the excavations of the east wall of the sanctuary, letters in red paint, some five inches long, were discovered, apparently quarry marks, and if so, proving that the stones had been dressed before being brought to the ground. Then “marks of King Solomon,” excited great interest among the inhabitants and visitors to Jerusalem. The Pacha could not be persuaded to see them himself, but ordered a party of *effendis* to report upon them.

Captain Warren hearing of the matter, and knowing it would be dangerous to leave such gentlemen to their own will, took care to be at the spot on their arrival, and drew from them an admission that they had come by his Excellency's order. A judicious administration of descents, gradually increasing in length, diminished the number of inspectors to one, a renegade Greek, who persevered through shame of failing under the ordeal. The last and longest shaft was at the south-east angle, where the basement courses were shown to him as belonging to the Haram wall. He thought it was a jest, and reported that a wall of Solomon had been found in front of, and quite distinct from, the Haram. The paint-marks were also shown him, but being too ordinary-looking characters to have attained such notoriety, he took this as a jest also, and quietly with his thumb deprived a Q of its tail, and transfigured it into a common-place O. Captain Warren, horrified at such Vandalism, tumbled him over, and he, satisfied with his experi-

ences, begged to return to the surface.

The inspection was over, but *effendis* could not be trusted to report truthfully, so that a dragoman had to be despatched to confront them in the Pacha's presence, and thus the matter was brought to a favourable issue, and the explorations were allowed to proceed.

Further researches along the east wall were rendered difficult, in consequence of the western tombs which lie close to it. "The same people who see no harm in the destruction of them while quarrying, in using them as stables, and in building the tombstones into their houses, think it desecration for a Frank in any way to examine these interesting relics."

The nearest point available was 143 feet distant from the wall, and at that distance a shaft was sunk opposite the Golden Gate, and a gallery run towards the south side; but it had to be discontinued, as the shingle came rushing in so suddenly as to bury some of the tools and filled it up, rendering further work impossible. It was found that the miners could not be kept in such dangerous places except at intervals, since their nerves became so unstrung as to render necessary a resort to safer labour for a few days.

Of the explorations at the north-east angle the material results appear to be that the wall is discovered of a different construction from that at the other angles of the sanctuary. At the angle it rises upward unbroken, and forms part of the so-called Tower of Antonia, and beyond the angle it continues without any break as the city wall. A valley was found to run under this corner and to emerge from beneath the east wall at 58 feet from the north-east angle, the *debris* at this point being 125 feet deep. The bottom of the valley is 165 feet below the Sakra; the wall of the

Sanctuary is 150 feet in height at this point.

An important discovery seems to have been made in the Haram area. Heavy rains did for the explorers what the royal firman had prevented them doing for themselves, by causing the ground to give way and thereby making an opening at the northern edge of the platform. The opening had been filled up, but Captain Warren's experienced eye detected a deficiency in the work, and coming early next morning he was not disappointed in his expectation of finding the cavity again in existence. By it he got admittance to a souterrain running east and west. It consists of an arched passage 18 feet in span, with bays to the south, 12 feet by 17 feet. The southern side of these bays is scarped rock, and on it the wall supporting the northern edge of the mosque platform is built. The arches appear to be Saracenic. On the northern side of the vault the rock could not be discovered. The souterrain was explored for about 70 feet, and it seems to limit the space which was occupied by the sacred courts. "It is suggested that the northern edge of the platform is the northern front of King Herod's Temple."

Having thus finished our brief detail of the excavations, it is expedient to see what conclusion is deduced from the results obtained—what is the net increase in materials for determining the ancient Temple site.

It has been observed that two points were especially under investigation—the present walls and the lie of the rock about it. The walls being covered to such a height with accumulations of *debris*, their age could only be ascertained by mining. Captain Warren has come to the conclusion that a portion of the western wall—that between Wilson's Arch and the Prophet's Gate—was the work of Solomon, or of the kings of Judah. The south-west

angle, for about 300 feet on either side, he assigns to Herod; the remaining portion of the south wall, and the greater part of the east, he considers to be Solomon's; and the rest of the east wall up to the north-east angle, he sets down as the old wall of the kings of Judah.

What made it appear of such consequence to discover the lie of the rock in and around the Haram area was, that the Sanctuary being an artificial plateau constructed on the ridge of the mountain, it was hoped that the knowledge of the natural conformation of the ground would afford some guidance to the true site of the Temple.

The ridge of the mountain was found to run nearly in a straight line from the north-west angle to a point in the south wall 300 feet from the south-east angle, the sides sloping down so steeply that the rock near the north-east angle is 162 feet, at the south-east angle 163 feet, and at the south-west angle 150 feet below the sacred rock.

Now Captain Warren argues that it is incredible that the Temple should have been placed "in a hole, or even along the sides of the hill, or anywhere except on the ridge." And this argument would no doubt be conclusive if there were no artificial plateau, or if it had been an after construction—in that case there would have been an evident propriety, if not necessity, for building the sacred edifice on the ridge of the mountain. But if by massive walls raised from the valleys on either side a level space were obtained, it would surely then be optional, in a great measure, on what portion of it the building should be situated.

The most important aid in the solution of the great problem seems to be derivable from the discovery of the valley under the northern part of the Haram. In Josephus's account of Pompey's attack, a valley is spoken of as being on the north side of the Temple courts, and the

same is alluded to in his account of the attack of Titus when describing Antonia. The discovery of this valley accordingly proves that the present Haram area extends northwards considerably further than the ancient courts.

The Sanctuary, as we have stated, is 1500 feet from north to south, and 900 from east to west. According to the view now propounded, 600 feet of length on the northern side is cut off as being of later addition, leaving a square of 900 feet, of which, again, 300 feet in length of the south end is cut off as having formed Solomon's Palace on the east, and an addition by Herod on the west. The central remaining part of the Haram, 600 feet in length, and stretching across 900 feet from wall to wall, is given as the courts of Solomon's Temple.

Haram Area.

Herodian.	600 feet.	s →	600 feet.
Palace.	Solomon's	Saracenic	
	Temple.	Addition.	

1500 feet.

We may add, as a confirmation of the view that Solomon's courts did not extend beyond the northern edge of the platform, the fact that none of the ancient rock-roofed tanks are found beyond it either.

It is hardly possible that any real advance in obtaining knowledge to decide the question at issue will be made until liberty be given to carry on the excavations in the Haram area, and the obtaining such liberty seems but a remote prospect.

In conclusion, we cannot withhold our admiration of the courage which nerved the explorer to encounter dangers truly "i' the deadly imminent breach," the tact which gained its point successfully, and the cheerful ardour that never murmured at work in places from which

the veriest mudlark might have turned away disgusted. While thinking the present volume too heavy for general reading, we are of opinion that nothing could better extend an interest in the labours and increase the means at the disposal of the "Palestine Exploration Fund," than a smaller one, presenting the genial, dauntless explorer, and the main results of his work, to the public.

We cannot look upon this as mere antiquarian research. As it catches the attention of the world, it must draw out sympathy for the people who still hold the title-deeds to the land and the city, so that there may be restored to them the better heritage, to which also they have an indefeasible right—"The adoption and the glory and the covenants . . . and the promises."

HYMN OF NIAGARA.

HERE stand ! here from the flood, raving unceasingly,
Hoarse, shrill murmurs arise ; shrill as the wind, when it
 Roars through the trees stripped of their foliage,
 Singing its wild anthem of liberty.

With these come to the ear, ever at intervals,
Quick notes, rattling and sharp ; like the artillery
 Heard when a storm, driving up rapidly,
 Crashes the oaks down with its thunderbolts.

Now rise, muffled in mist, rolling up heavily,
Deep tones, awfully grand, shaking the earth, as they
 Swell like the low bass of the thunderstorm,
 Heard by the strained ear of the listener.

Thus float over the mist ever in harmony
Three tones, joyous and free, forming Niagara's
 Anthem of praise, new every moment, yet
 Changeless as time, old as eternity.

CAGLIOSTRO ; OR, THE LIFE OF A CHARLATAN.

(CONTINUED.)

LOADED with presents, the Count and Countess proceeded to St. Petersburg, where they hoped to shine with splendour at the Court of Catherine II. Cagliostro affected to live in retirement, and apparently devoted his time to the study of medicine and chemistry ; but it was not long before men began to whisper of the mysterious cures which he had performed in Germany. The curious came to look at a man who was said to have lived for ages, and whose wife, the bewitching Countess Serafina, sometimes confessed, with charming frankness, that she had long, long ago passed her prime, and owed the preservation of her matchless beauty solely to the scientific skill of the Count.

This from the mouth of a pretty woman would have interest and find believers ; those who were deceived and those who were not would equally talk about the matter, and publicity is the only thing necessary for the success of a charlatan. The Count and Countess soon had a good footing in the best society of the northern capital, then only a shade less brilliant, wicked, and witty, than the proverbially brilliant Court of France. The Empress, that strange compound of genius and passion, whose amours were the scandal of her court, had then Prince Potemkin as the favourite of the day. The little Countess is said to have attracted his notice. The matter is obscure, but not improbable. The jealousy of the Empress is assigned as the cause of their leaving the Russian capital, with a *douceur* of twenty thousand roubles for travelling expenses. It was time to depart. We have said that Cagliostro's strange skill in

medicine had become the talk of the city ; the impression thus made he had carefully deepened — his magnificence, his refusal of rewards, the ostentatious manner in which he put the rich aside that he might give his ministrations to the poor, his generosity to these poor patients, the rumour of his immense riches, the stories propagated by faithful Larocca and the charming Countess about his wondrous age, his own oracular discourses intermingled with scraps of every language of Europe and some supposed to be of Asia, — all helped to concentrate public attention upon him. Some might shrug their shoulders, but the Countess was such a charming lady, and the Count such a good-natured, polite sorcerer, that he had many believers, and perhaps even did a little in the Masonic line. An incident is narrated of this period, which rests on very slight authority, and is probably unauthentic. One of the nobles had a child which had been dangerously ill for a year and now lay at death's door — the doctors have no hope for its recovery — it is doomed to fade and die. Some one spoke to the sorrowing parents of the strange man who had come amongst them, and whose disciples almost believed him to hold the keys of life and death. Our Count was called to the bedside of the dying child, carefully examined the patient, and then, with the audacity of quackery, undertook to restore it in perfect health, if they would convey it to his house ; and on this condition only will he attend the child. With considerable reluctance they consented, and the suffering infant was removed to the residence of the Count. In half-

a-day he declared it was getting better, but was still too ill to be seen by any of its relations. The day after the father is allowed to see his son for a very short time. Full of gratitude for the rescue of his beloved child from the jaws of death, he offered the Count a large sum of money, but the offer was rejected. The act, said the Count, was one of pure humanity—he would return the child in a state of perfect health, without wishing or accepting the slightest reward. Another half-day and the child, flushed with health, was given back to its parents. The father, not daunted by the previous refusal, offered his benefactor five thousand louis; the offer was at once refused, but upon being pressed the Count hesitated. The money was sent to his house, and—was not returned. Nor did their gratitude rest here, for all St. Petersburg rang with the news of this miraculous cure, and all were talking of the mysterious man who could cheat the grave of its prey. But in a few days a dreadful suspicion entered into the mother's heart, and, at last, closer examination revealed the devilish cheat that had been played upon the parents, for the child returned to them was a changeling, and their own darling had gone to the Father of Mercy.

There was also Rogerson, a troublesome Scotch physician, whose very keen eyes had been watching our quack's movements with no friendly look, and who was contemplating a printed exposure of the scientific quackery of the illustrious stranger.¹

Beppo was also slightly uncomfortable from the result of another mistake. He had asserted that he held the rank of Colonel in the Spanish army; and M. de Normandez, the representative of the

Court of Madrid, had taken the trouble to deny the correctness of the statement. So that, without the doubtful liaison between Potemkin and the seraphic Countess, there was ample reason for leaving St. Petersburg expeditiously.

On the way from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, Cagliostro passed again through Mitau, but this time spoke to none of his disciples. A servant of Von Medem's chanced to see him, and received commands to greet them in his name, and say that for a time he must travel, yet he hoped again to stay with them. Surely the duped disciples would know now that their miracle-monger was but a vulgar impostor.

Cagliostro arrived at Warsaw in May, 1870, and was introduced by an old Courland acquaintance to Prince P—— and Count Moczenski. He announced himself as an Egyptian Mason, desirous of enlightening them with some rays from that wondrous system. The Prince lodged the Masonic prophets, male and female, in his own dwelling. Soon after his arrival our mystery-man commenced preaching his new gospel. At the first meeting the members of the lodge were entertained with a discourse upon his knowledge, spiritual and philosophical. Cagliostro paid great attention to a little maiden, about eight years of age, and the Countess was also very affectionate with her. Next day the little maiden was conducted into the room where a lodge was to be held, and after her hand had been anointed with oil, and the old sword-waving pantomime had been duly gone through, Cagliostro, aided (?) by an Arabic book, began to question her; but the exhibition was not very successful—the answers appeared to Count Moczenski to be

¹ There is considerable doubt as to the facts of the St. Petersburg episode. Our chief authority respecting it is De Luchet, who is not at all trustworthy. Even he narrates the incident of the child in a doubting tone. According to Carlyle, the troublesome physician was Mouncey, a "a hard Annondale Scot."

drawn from her by main force, and were simply affirmatives or negatives to leading questions.

"Do you see an angel?"

"Yes."

"Do you see two?"

"Yes."

And so on until seven spirits were on the stage.

"Do you see me?"

(A superfluous question surely, since Beppo was at the moment grimacing and stamping like a mad man right before her eyes.)

"Yes."

"Do you see a tomb?"

"Yes."

"Is it of stone or marble?"

"Of stone."

"Give the angels a kiss."

Sounds were heard, intended to prove how the "spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips." More questions, the answers to which were always a repetition of the substance of the first part of the phrase used by Beppo. A paper containing the signatures of all present was burned in presence of the lodge, after which Cagliostro bade the child pick up the billet lying at her feet. Through the half-open door she handed him a letter with a masonic seal.

On opening it each one recognised his own signature. This trick, clever as it undoubtedly is, has been performed scores of times by professional magicians, who would laugh at the suggestion of spiritual agency. Count Moczenski's suspicions were only confirmed by this ancient piece of sleight-of-hand. The little maiden, on being questioned by her father and governess, confessed that she had seen nothing at all. This should have put an end to the career of our magic Count in Warsaw, but he was equal to the emergency, intrigued to get the child and its father away from the Prince's house, and selected another medium for his performances. This time a girl of sixteen became the

seer, and the séances were so successful, that even the unbelieving Moczenski was duped. In a few weeks, the demoiselle came to Moczenski, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and confessed that the Count, by promises of finding her a husband and making her fortune, had induced her to enter into his schemes of deception; that most of her answers had been given to her in writing, and that the others were repetitions of the first half of his query. The Count had been smitten with her pretty face, and it was to avoid his unwarrantable persecutions she made the avowal. Moczenski's narrative of this affair received little attention, and he was treated as an unbeliever. Meanwhile the Count lectured to the members of the Egyptian lodge, as at Mitau, and finding the crowded city air too great a constraint upon his spirit, he went with his disciples to a country house at Woba. Cagliostro now announced an exhibition of his skill in transmuting metals; and probably with a view of dazzling him and removing his doubts, Moczenski was selected as the chief assistant in this operation. Mercury was put into a crucible, and well-luted; after some unknown red powder had been added to it, Beppo declared that the luting was not perfect. Count Moczenski, who had the reputation of being an able chemist, and was offended at this imputation upon his skill, caused a lively discussion amongst the disciples. Cagliostro took the crucible in his own hands to complete the luting to his own satisfaction. He returned it to Count Moczenski, who, after placing it for a moment on a fire to dry, deposited it in a bath of ashes upon a furnace, where it remained for half-an-hour. Then, by the aid of pinchers the crucible was extracted, carried into the assembled lodge, and broken in presence of the expectant sectaries. At the bottom was a piece of silver,

weighing $13\frac{7}{8}$ ounces, very smooth at the top, but ragged and uneven on the bottom and sides. Great rejoicing on the part of the faithful, and temporary route of the unbelieving Moczinski, who, however, sleeping on the matter and thinking it over, fancies he can detect the trick which has been played upon him, and begins to put things together in a way not prophetic of peace for the magic Count. He recollects that Cagliostro (in order to have communion with his spirit friends) had passed an entire night in his laboratory at Warsaw. But spirits are not given to chemical pursuits, and Moczinski noticed that there had been a large consumption of coal during that night; moreover, Cagliostro had burnt one hand. Next, he recollected that the laboratory had been practically closed to him for two days; and that when admitted, Beppo was his constant companion, lest he should inadvertently receive harm by treading on the magic symbols with which the floor was chalked. "And why," asks the Count, "should he take the crucible from my hands? To cover it more carefully with plaster? But since all the other operations were left to my care, why not this also, which requires little or no skill. Nor does the crock of silver answer to the conditions under which it has professedly been made. The heat to which it had been exposed is quite insufficient to have caused its melting in the mould. The dispute as to luting had given Cagliostro the chance of exchanging a crucible already prepared for the one he took from Moczinski, and the fresh plaster with which it was coated was an ingenious device to prevent him from noticing the trick.

Moczinski's chemical experience led him to attribute the roughness of the crock to its having been plunged, after its real founding, into a bath of water, and he recollected that, having placed a large pailful at

the entrance of the laboratory, on the evening of Cagliostro's spiritual intercourse, he had found it emptied on again visiting the room. Everything confirmed his suspicions. He found some fragments of the plaster covering—the portion resting upon the metal was concave in form, which would not have been the case in the true crucible, where the plaster was put upon the mercury. This explained why Cagliostro had ordered them to be careful in breaking up the crucible, so that the profane might not find any traces. Moczinski's keen eyes were now watching our Beppo very attentively, and it is from his diary that we derive our knowledge of this period of our hero's life. On the 10th of June, Cagliostro delivered a discourse to the lodge on the subject of the "philosophical crock," and the means by which it was to be reduced into equally philosophical red powder. The crock, according to Beppo, was impregnated with the universal germ, or primal matter, into which, by due process, it could again be resolved. It must be reduced into powder, put in an open vial, twice its weight of nitric acid added, and then placed in a lamp furnace to evaporate all the moisture; the matter would then look black, and this would be the first passage; another bath of acid and the colour would be white; the baths repeated up to the mystic number seven would produce philosophical silver, and the eighth passage results in gold.

Next day one of the novices was honoured with a vision of the Grand Cophta, that venerable being, thousands of years old, who, in some unknown desert, was supposed to watch over the interests of Egyptian Masonry. The Grand Cophta sat, with a wax candle at each hand, a white-haired old man, with a turban on his head, and habited in flowing robes of symbolic purity. To the question—What see you?

the novice modestly replied, that he saw Cagliostro with a white and bearded mask before his face. The candles were both extinguished as if by magic, and the Vision's stage costume could be heard trailing along the floor.

So far our Count has not been a success—his chemical secrets are common receipts, his medicines work no cures, his cosmetics even seem to have no effect; yet, as all are not so short-sighted as Count Mocinski, he has plenty of disciples, who look upon that incredulous noble as a modern St. Thomas, if not Judas. Mocinski attends daily to the lamp, a tedious duty, since each passage, in making the philosophical gold, requires six or eight weeks.

Meanwhile, Cagliostro dashes about the town in a cabriolet, visiting his female patients, a proceeding scarcely dignified on the part of an Egyptian magi and prophet.

The gold-making goes on but slowly, yet he decants the nitric acid from the "precious egg," and remarks that the great work is not so difficult as they think. He is afraid of the devil coming, as monkey or cat, to destroy the lamp, to avert which sad catastrophe the sides of the furnace are plentifully decorated with spectacles and other magical figures.

On the 16th he quarrels with his seeress, to counterbalance which the disciples think that the great work is coming on bravely. The blackness, indicative of the first passage, is clearly visible. Mocinski laughs in his sleeve, and expresses his opinion that the affair looks very black indeed. Oh! wicked man! or, as our pious Beppo on one occasion put it, ungrateful and sacrilegious monster! Morning and evening the disciples chaunt a psalm (always excepting the "monster"), which has the power of subjugating spirits. This song of victory fails to bring the conquered angels to their feet.

Cagliostro and his followers can certainly call spirits from the vasty deep, but their calling is in vain.

Mocinski is ordered to procure a piece of parchment, which on the 20th was converted into a mystic talisman. "All goes well," cries Beppo. The disciples hope, and some of them doubt, especially Mocinski, who fails to be convinced by even the most energetic grimacings and stampings.

One of the disciples returned from Warsaw, where his narrative of wonders had been coldly received, as an old tale, and this leads to a discussion, in which Cagliostro heard from the lips of "the monster" a compliment to his talents as a juggler. The magician declines to have any more intercourse with the monster of ingratitude, whose fortune he had wished to make. On the 23rd this animated discussion is resumed. Mocinski explains all the grounds upon which he bases his opinion, that the so-called transmutation was but a conjuring trick, and the Count's discourses so many fairy tales—minus the beauty. The Grand Master delivered an oration, in which he complained that they refused to recognise the talents he possessed, although attributing to him others to which he made no claim. He apologised for the domestic quarrel already alluded to, and was so impressive and earnest that his hearers were little disposed to heed the arguments of Mocinski, who, on his part, said that he had fully explained the causes of his doubts, and that he should be pleased to find himself mistaken. Cagliostro swore that he would complete the great work which should make them happy. He would consent to work with chains upon his feet, and to lose his life by their hands, if he did not make his word good. He raised his hand to heaven, called the great God to witness, and asked to be annihilated if he were lying! Let them put locks and seals upon the doors which lead to the wondrous lamp, so that their sus-

picious might no longer fall upon him. cns so far as Warsaw was concerned.

The "monster" was instructed to empty the miraculous "work" into a larger vessel, for the Magician would touch nothing himself lest fresh calumnies should arise. Next day Moczenski found the sacred fire extinguished. After rekindling it and changing the vessel for a larger one, as directed, he went to attend to his worldly affairs. During his absence Cagliostro entered, saw that the vessel was not so full as on the previous evening, sounded an immediate alarm, and was soon dilating to the assembled disciples on the wickedness of the "monster," who, after charging others with juggling, had not stopped short of larceny himself, and who had doubtless stolen the embryo gold for his own private uses. The disciples stood aghast at the enormity of Moczenski's crime, and the hindrance, perhaps overthrow, of the great work which they expected to result from it. Never mind; the magic Count will repair the damage in three days, and make the missing portion useless to its purloiner. Confidence beams in every visage, for surely Moczenski would never take the precious amalgam if he knew it to be worthless. Cagliostro calls their attention to the figure of a sleeping child, visible at the bottom of the "great work"—an hermetic symbol, which is hailed with respectful delight. If they can only get some powerful friend who can counteract the inimical influence of Moczenski, who is in high favour with the King, all will go well. Unfortunately, one of the novices, regarding things closely, plucks out the magic child, which is nothing but a leaf of rosemary! Moczenski returns, and demonstrates very successfully that matter which will quite fill a small vial will not fill one three times larger. On the 25th Moczenski made a discovery, which led to the final unmasking of Cagliostro

The disciples that day gave their master a fête, which was the talk of the entire town. Cruel fortune prepared his downfall on this very day.

Moczenski ascended the staircase as the seraphic Countess, in a little closet which opened upon it, was audibly congratulating herself upon the success of the transmutation experiment, which had resulted in the crock of silver. She threw something through the open window, and the suspicious "monster" was curious enough to go and look what it was. His search brought to light, under a bush in the garden, a portion of the true crucible, mercury, red powder, and plaster, in their original condition. The demonstration was now complete, and some of the dupes were inclined to try if the spirits had any mollifying influence upon stout cudgels. Cagliostro saw the diminishing confidence of the adepts, without knowing that his conjuring trick had been finally detected. He called a meeting of the waverers, inveighed against the "monster," and offered to hold another séance in which the seer should be a child speaking only Polish, and, consequently, beyond suspicion of being tampered with by him. After this he would go with them after midnight into the garden, where by lantern-light, and at some distance from the house (lest the noise should break the windows), they should see a most surprising operation; the day after he would transmute fifty pounds of mercury into silver for the benefit of the poor, and then, after another strange operation, would depart amidst universal regret from Poland, which should never more behold him. The perplexed disciples repeated this to Moczenski, who saw in it simply a device to gain time. No doubt, by his stamping and shouting he might force something moderately *apropos* from the child; confidence would be restored amongst the credulous, and

then the magic Count would disappear with his plunder. Moczenski was a terrible iconoclast, and Cagliostro's shattered reputation could not recover from the shock. On the 26th he departed, richer by many presents of jewels which he had received from his credulous disciples. Why was the law not evoked? Cagliostro's dupes were persons of high birth and social standing, and he counted rightly upon their unwillingness to figure in law-suits, which would show them to have been the silly tools of an unscrupulous adventurer. The Count's stay in Poland was not unprofitable. He arrived in shabby condition, but was soon well equipped. He publicly denied having received any presents in money, but marked coins established the falsity of his assertions. Moczenski's portrait of him is not at all flattering ; he thought him but a bungler at his adopted trade. "If this man," says he, "knew a little more of optics, acoustics, mechanics, and physics generally if he had studied a little the tricks of Comus and Philadelphus, what success

might he not have, with his reputation, with his adroitness in counterfeiting writing ! He has a turn for hocus-pocus, and a forehead of brass which nothing can abash. It is only necessary for him to go into partnership with a ventriloquist in order to play a much more important part than he has done hitherto, and to impose upon far-sighted people even in the matter of chemistry, which he only uses to support his spiritual operations. He should add to the trifling secrets he possesses by reading some good books in chemistry. If he would then take into his counsels an assistant, to whose cupidity he might sacrifice somewhat, his pretended transmutations, executed even by his dupes, would be completely successful."

Count Moczenski's contemptuous picture is, in the main, a true one ; yet the *front d'Airan* was sufficient to dupe high-born nobles and prelates ; and with all his ignorance unamended, Cagliostro was soon to play a greater part, and in a longer stage than Poland could offer him.



THE PHILOSOPHER.

A NOVEL.

BOOK IV.

CROSS-HATCHING.

CHAPTER X.

“THUS CONSCIENCE DOTH MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL.”

AT his unexpected discovery Charles sprang to his feet, and at first seemed as though about to draw back towards the door of the room. Immediately, though, he regained his presence of mind, and seizing the lamp from the table, he boldly stepped forward towards the secret entrance, to ascertain whither it might lead. Holding the light within, he discovered a large recess leading to a flight of winding steps, which, from their sombre and dust-covered appearance, seemed as though they had remained unused for generations. He bent down his head, and entering the recess, he began to descend the steps, holding the lamp as high as possible, and peering keenly forward into the utter darkness, in which the rays of the light seemed entirely lost. All trace of emotion had fled from his face, and he firmly descended, pausing upon each step to listen for any sound, and ever and anon carefully scanning the wall that surrounded him.

For some time he continued thus to advance, and seeing nothing but the narrow stone steps winding round a wall of solid masonry, black with age, and covered here and there with cobwebs. Presently, however, as he reached the lower storey of the house, he began to perceive a sensation of damp, and the wall grew gradually moister, while spots of green moss and many-coloured fungi appeared, while the steps became cold and slippery. Then, too, he

suddenly descried a glimmering of light immediately below him, and paused in hesitation whether to proceed or not; but hearing not the slightest sound, he cautiously continued his descent for a few steps, until he found himself at the foot of the staircase in front of a massive oaken door, strengthened with bars of iron, as though forbidding all further progress, and faintly illuminated by a ray of moonlight which shone in through a narrow loophole in the wall. On pressing against this door, however, Charles felt it move; and continuing the pressure, it swung suddenly backward against the wall behind, with a loud clang that echoed like thunder through the darkness that its opening revealed. Before, too, the reverberations had ceased, Charles felt sure he heard the sound of footsteps receding in the distance.

The clergyman's mind was cast in too firm a mould to be easily terrified; and though at that midnight hour, in that mysterious abode of gloom, and among those weird shadows which had of late so darkened his life, he might have well excused himself from further investigation; yet he flung aside all thought of retreat, and remained boldly on the threshold of the doorway, endeavouring to see what manner of place he had now reached. He could discern but little; and as far as he made out, he seemed to be looking into a lofty vault, the sides and roof of which were wholly in

visible, and in the centre of which was dimly discernible the outlines of a huge column supporting the superstructure. Two steps led down to the floor of this vault, and descending there, Charles stepped forward towards the opposite side of the chamber, whence had seemed to proceed the footsteps he had heard. A low arched passage here appeared, built of huge rough stones, and as the flickering lamplight fell upon the sides of the opening, some terrible overwhelming thought seemed to rush across the clergyman's brain, for he stopped abruptly : and while his face grew pale as the mists of midnight, and large drops of sweat started out from his brow, he glanced around him hurriedly from side to side with an expression of startled horror, as though recognising some fearful spectacle. For a few moments he remained breathless ; and then, with a convulsive grasp he ejaculated, in a husky voice—

"Surely my senses mock me ! And yet how like — how like ! — God !"

This latter exclamation was caused by his hearing a muffled sound at the extremity of the passage ; and as he bent forward eagerly to listen, a stern voice issued forth from the depths, exclaiming, in accents that resounded hollowly through the archway—

"Murderer, begone !"

The lamp fell from Charles's hand, and struck the floor with a clatter made more hideous and appalling by the light being at once extinguished. Frenzied with fear, the clergyman clasped his hands tightly to his ears, as though to shut out the tremendous greeting he had just heard, and rushed madly back towards the door through which he had entered the vault. Fortunately making straight to the place in spite of the darkness, he sprang up the steps, and ascending the staircase at his utmost speed, he scarce knew how he regained the precincts of his

study before he durst pause. Even then he stayed not, but hurriedly wheeling the statue back into its place, he rushed from the room, closing and locking the door behind him.

Littlemore's chamber was situated at the other side of the house, and on a lower floor, and thither Charles proceeded. He abruptly entered, and found his friend, who had not yet retired to rest, sitting in front of the fire, musing deeply. Littlemore looked up in surprise at this unexpected visit ; but his surprise was vastly increased when he observed Charles's agitated frame, the pallor of his countenance, and the wild expression of terror in his glance.

"Good heavens, Charlie ! what's the matter ?" he asked.

"Can I be mad ?" was the reply, as Charles seized Littlemore's arm tightly, as though to assure himself he was in human company.

"You look very much like it, old fellow," returned the barrister—"but come, tell me what has happened. Quick ! I may be of use."

"No ! No use ! — No use now !" said Charles, in a hoarse voice, and, as it were, through his friend, at something in the distance.

Littlemore was startled, but shaking the clergyman's shoulder he said—

"Recover your senses, man ! See, sit down here, and tell me what has startled you !"

Charles sat down in the chair which Littlemore offered him, and then passing his hand across his forehead, he seemed gradually to brace up his energies ; whereupon his friend poured out a glass of some cordial that stood on a side table, and made him swallow it.

"Tom," said he, after remaining silent for a minute, "what Millow said is true !"

"Eh ! What the deuce do you mean ?" replied Littlemore, fairly bewildered.

"There's something here more

than this world produces. The shoes pinch me, Tom—pinch me sorely!" said Charles, in a low, bitter tone.

"Tut, tut, man! Your're upset by what occurred at dinner. But what matters it? everybody will think your father mad."

"It's what has occurred since that which troubles me, Tom!" rejoined the clergyman, in solemn and almost despairing accents.

"Tell me, then, what it is, and let me assist you!"

Charles rose to his feet, and laying his hand on Littlemore's arm, he looked steadfastly into his eyes, and said, in a whisper that thrilled strangely through his hearer—"Tom, I have seen—nay, that I could not have borne—I have heard—" Here he paused a few seconds, and then suddenly adding—"the Dead!" he buried his face in his hands.

Littlemore started and glanced sharply and quickly at his friend for a moment, as though to satisfy some doubt that had flashed across his mind. Almost immediately, however, an incredulous smile flitted over his features, and he said to himself, in abrupt, low tones—

"Pooh! Nonsense! the young fellow's sound enough on that score, I warrant!" Then, addressing Charles he added—

"I can't for the life of me understand you!"

"Accompany me to my room, Tom, if you please," was the only reply; and Charles at once quitted the chamber, and proceeded to his own bedroom, without saying a word more.

Littlemore shrugged his shoulders, and did as he had been requested; then bidding Charles "Good-night," he returned to his fireside, and, full of strange fancies, retired to rest.

CHAPTER XI.

RUE AND JASMINE.

CLARA had risen betimes, and was slowly pacing the garden walks, breathing the soft fragrance of the early morning, and listening to the musical matins of the sylvan choir. The golden glories of the eastern sky had barely given place to the still brighter effulgence of the full-orbed sun; the flowers were busily shaking off the last sparkling gems with which the zephyrs of the night had decked them; the fast-ripening fruits upon the trees were coyly hanging down their heads and blushing, as they encountered the ardent glances of the King of the Day; and here and there, peeping playfully through the trees, danced the merry wavelets of the brook. The lovely autumn morning was evidently a determined wooer of beauty and happiness.

A little bouquet was placed in the bosom of Clara's dress. It had been

given her on the previous evening, and the flowers were drooping. Perhaps they were sad at the thought of dying, when all was so beautiful around them. Perhaps they were merely bending down to listen to the tuneful throbbing of the gentle heart on whose soft threshold they reposed.

What music did that heart discourse! Sweet melodies of olden days mingled, at times, with wild, discordant strains of later birth. Exquisitely pathetic snatches of sorrow-laden harmonies rose and fell amidst the solemn chords of the heaven-born souls' refrain. Now majestic, now fitful and irregular, now supremely soft, now impetuous as the storm-swayed wave, well might those sounds subdue all who listened!

Tears were in Clara's eyes as she paused by a sundial that stood at

the edge of the lawn skirting the brook. And yet her cheeks were flushed, and she impatiently tapped the stone upon which her arm rested, as though she were vexed that her thoughts should lead to sadness. Presently she took the bouquet from her bosom and gazed fixedly upon it for a while; and then slowly holding up her hand, after a moment's hesitation, she, as it were, reluctantly unclosed her fingers and allowed the flowers to fall to the ground.

"Clara!" said a low, soft voice behind her.

With a cry of affright she turned round, and found herself face to face with Mr. Littlemore.

They looked at each other for a moment, and then Clara's eyes sank, while her face became suffused with blushes, and her hands toyed timidly with her dress. Littlemore noticed her agitation, and smiled in a peculiar manner, as, with the slightest shrug of the shoulders, he took one of her hands, and said almost in a whisper,

"Look!"

Clara glanced up, and saw that he was pointing at the bouquet that lay on the ground. Again the colour came and went in her cheeks, but she replied very quietly and calmly,

"Well?"

"Why have you thrown those harmless flowers from you?"

"I was not sure that they were harmless."

It was now Littlemore's turn to look up at Clara. She was speaking with her face a little averted, but he could see, from her tightly compressed lips, from the rapid rising and falling of her bosom, and by the nervous trembling of her hand, that she was painfully agitated.

"But I gave them to you," he said, sadly.

Still was her face averted, and she nothing answered.

"May I replace them?"—he leant forward and whispered this softly in her ear, so close that his breath played upon her neck.

Clara trembled very much and half turned towards him; but as he stooped to pick up the bouquet, she with a sudden gesture raised her head proudly, and placed her foot upon the flowers.

"Stay, Mr. Littlemore," she said, in a voice which she strove to render firm. "Why do you ask me this?"

"I am sorry you should have crushed those unoffending flowers," was Littlemore's only reply.

"They offended me," said Clara.

"How so?"

"They were dying."

"A little care might have preserved them for some time longer."

A passing flash in Clara's eye was the only indication she gave of having heard this remark.

"Did you not care to preserve them?" continued Littlemore; "They were your companions last night, when you looked supremely beautiful. Is it not natural that I should wish them to see your loveliness this morning?"

It had never come within the bounds of Clara's nature to resist a compliment. She was still unable to analyse her feelings, and to know whether to be vexed or pleased at Littlemore's addresses; but when he so flatteringly alluded to her beauty, she found him a decidedly agreeable man.

"You hardly speak as you think, Mr. Littlemore," she replied, blushing.

"I am afraid you will not allow me to do so," rejoined he.

"On the contrary. Candour is delightful."

"Well, then, let me tell you what I think of you," said he, again taking her hand: "I think you deserve to be happy, because I feel sure you would promote the happiness of another if such were in your power. But your eyes are suffused with tears, and you gently shake your head as though such could not be the case. Now, my happiness is in your hands. Will you promote that?"

Clara faintly whispered something which sounded like, "How can I do so?"

"By letting me promote yours; by letting me take both your hands; by letting my arm support you—thus; by letting me say I love you!" As Mr. Littlemore said all this in the most gentle yet fervent tones at his command, he gradually suited the action to the word, and as he concluded, he pressed Clara fondly to his heart, and imprinted a passionate kiss upon her lips.

For a minute or two Clara's head rested on Littlemore's shoulder, and during that time the autumn morning wooed not in vain. Then she slowly looked up into his eyes, softly and tenderly, and said, with a world of music sweetening the accents of her voice,—

"You won't leave me, will you?"

The broadside of a seventy-four would not have taken Mr. Littlemore more aback. He started from Clara's side, turned scarlet to the roots of his hair, looked everywhere except straight before him, and for the first time in his life felt thoroughly nonplussed. This, however, lasted but a moment, and then regaining his self-possession as rapidly as he had lost it, he seized Clara's hands and looked full into her amazed face. A single glance was sufficient to show him that whatever made her say what she had done, she had no suspicion of his dealings with Elsie; and feeling re-assured on that score, he exclaimed in tones, the surprise and frankness of which might by a cynic have been thought somewhat forced,—

"Leave you, Clara? Never while I have breath to repeat the tale of my love," saying which he again clasped her to his breast, and again showered a soft rain of kisses on the roses of her lips and cheeks.

But the spell had been broken. The transient glamour which had effaced from Clara's heart the memory of the past, had vanished, and

though, poor girl, she knew nought of her present lover's inconstancy, yet she felt that something other than love had underlain the agitation aroused by her remark. Littlemore, too, felt embarrassed, and considered it prudent to create a diversion.

"Breakfast will be ready, Clara," he said; "let us go in, for I wish to communicate to your brother the tidings of my happiness."

They accordingly proceeded towards the Hall, and as they approached they descried Charles pacing up and down the terrace. Clara at once went in-doors, and Littlemore approached Charles, who as soon as he saw him seemed to become a little less moody.

"Charlie," said the barrister, "I have some news for you."

"For Heaven's sake, no more stories of the other world!" exclaimed Charles.

"I'm sorry to see you still so occupied with what I suppose was your nightmare last night."

"Tom, I leave this house at once," said the clergyman, slowly and gravely, with his face paler even than of late. "I shall accept the Canonry at Leighbury, and reside there. I am a little perplexed, though, as to Clara, and my father and mother."

"The very point about which I wished to speak to you," returned Littlemore. "You need be under no uneasiness as regards Clara: we are engaged. I have proposed to her this morning, and she has accepted me."

"I am heartily glad to hear of it," said Charles.

Littlemore took his friend's arm, and with an unusual gravity in his manner, he said,—

"Just walk along the terrace with me, Charlie; I want you to do me a service. You know Elsie Dawes. Well, it was I who ran off with her. Nay, don't start—hear me out. I say, I ran off with her; but she fell

ill when we had proceeded only a few hours, and I was obliged to leave her in the care of a good lady whose house we were passing on the road to Leighbury. Now, there's no harm done ; and I have since been thinking what an idiot I should have made of myself if I had formed any *liaison* at all with this barber's daughter."

Littlemore paused here, and looked at Charles to ascertain the effect his remarks were producing. The latter wore a stern expression on his countenance, but there was also a soured, bitter look, which seemed to please Littlemore. He continued—

"I want, therefore, to break the whole matter off. I don't think it would be wise, or, at any rate, it isn't worth while for me to go to— to see Elsie ; and so I fancied you would be kind enough to undertake the task for me."

Charles stopped, and turning round so as to confront Littlemore, he said, with a cynical smile, but with a suppressed fire in his eye—

"Tom, I should call you a villain if you were not a benefactor to mankind. 'Tis an accursed sex. I'll carry your message."

The two gentlemen walked arm-in-arm in to breakfast.

CHAPTER XII.

A MAIDEN'S SOUL.

THE house to which Elsie had been taken was the country seat of my friend Mr. Morton, and the housekeeper was none other than good Mrs. Bolster. It may therefore be easily conceived that nothing was wanting to promote the recovery, either in the shape of comforts and delicacies, or in that of careful nursing.

On the fourth morning after Elsie's arrival a carriage drew up to the door ; and on Mrs. Bolster hastening to ascertain who the visitor might be, she was astonished to see Mr. Morton handing out a young lady, whose simple dress and graceful bearing were such that none could fail to be struck with them. Greater, however, was the worthy matron's astonishment when, on seeing the sweet expression and beauty of the young lady's face, she recognised it as that of Miss Lily Trevor, whom she remembered as having visited Rickerston the preceding Christmas.

It was, indeed, my lost love. Hardly had she descended from the stage coach outside Leighbury, and hardly had she found herself

alone in the vast world, separated alike from friend or foe, from lover or relation, and utterly ignorant of what was best to do, than aid arrived from a totally unexpected quarter. Mr. Morton, who had been forced to visit Leighbury to arrange some matters connected with his property, had determined to spend a day at Morton Manor, as his country seat was called. Accordingly, he started from Leighbury in his travelling carriage early in the morning, and when about a mile from the city, he met a young lady carrying a valise and perfectly unprotected. Mr. Morton immediately stopped the carriage to ascertain who the fair pedestrian might be, and there was something in his manner which Lily's good sense told her was genuine and kind hearted, and she at once explained her position. The excellent little gentleman finding that she came from Merringham, asked her if she knew me ; and this naturally led to a full disclosure of everything, and resulted in Mr. Morton's insisting upon Lily's taking up her abode at his house until he could succeed in finding me, a task

to which he vowed he would devote himself.

The opportuneness of this encounter became doubly intensified when Lily discovered that she had also fallen in with Mrs. Bolster ; and when, upon Lily going upstairs to see the heroine of the previous night's adventure, she recognised in the delirious girl, poor Elsie Dawes, the delight of Mr. Morton knew no bounds. Indeed, he was so pleased that nothing would satisfy him, after having given strict injunctions that nought should be wanting to ensure the comfort of Elsie and Lily, but to start off that very evening for London to prosecute his search for me.

Under two such nurses as Lily and Mrs. Bolster, and with the advice of the first physician in Leighbury, Elsie could hardly fail to improve. The attack of fever, however, from which she suffered was extremely severe, and the physician pronounced an opinion that something must have occurred to prey upon the mind of the patient, and so to retard the progress. This opinion Lily and Mrs. Bolster knew only too well was a correct one ; for poor Elsie, in the transports of her delirium, gave many a clue to the circumstances that had happened, repeating many of the love passages between Littlemore and herself, explaining how they had eloped together, and faintly evincing a knowledge of his desertion. Still she strove even in her delirium to attach no blame to him ; she repeated

constantly to herself that he would return, that she was sure he had been forced to go away, that it was only a temporary absence, and so forth ; and at times it was pitiful to see the way in which she would lie for an hour together listening for the slightest noise, and imagining that every vehicle she heard on the distant high road was the welcome means of uniting once more her lover's heart to hers.

At length the violence of the disease abated, and one day, while Lily was watching by her bedside, Elsie opened her eyes, and from their lustrous depths shone forth her soul in all its undimmed beauty.

Alas ! when shall man consciously plumb those lustrous depths whose very brilliancy becomes a measure of their profundity. I who narrate this simple history am now well stricken in years, have seen much, and have reflected much, but all to no avail in philosophy of the soul. I see in minerals and in flowers the marvellous forms of grace, the wonderful combinations of all that is beautiful in shape, in structure, in colour ; but whence comes the magic of a glance, the fire of anger, the sweetness of pity, the ineffable tenderness of the lovelight ? Have they existed, and shall they exist, from eternity to eternity ?

Elsie opened her eyes, and was greeted with the smile of an angel.

"Miss Trevor !" she said faintly.



SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO has come to be the dividing-ridge between the Old World and the New—the point which separates the Past from the Present—the pivot upon which the world's trade and exchanges now turn ; and yet this remarkable city is but twenty years old—a child ; but what a child !

Already over a hundred thousand live people call themselves Franciscans, and are proud of it ; already her foreign commerce is next to that of New York and Boston ; already her exports of gold and silver reach nigh a hundred millions a-year ; and now (1871) she has stretched her hand across and grasped the commerce of the whole continent of Asia. She dares any thing, and she attempts every thing—the most audacious city in the world !

For an extent of two thousand miles the blue waters of the broad Pacific washes the shores of the continent, and in that whole distance there is but one safe harbour for ships to shelter. There, in latitude 37° 48' north, the ocean breaks through the white hills of sand, and within the *Golden Gate* spreads out the spacious and beautiful Bay of San Francisco—eight miles in average width, and fifty in length.

How much of the history of this world is accident, or what seems such !

For thousands of years this fine harbour has waited with open gates for the commerce of man—it did not come ; but in January, of the year 1848, the race-diggers at Captain Sutter's mill, in Comola Valley, threw out, with the earth, golden grains ; then, thousands of strong men poured into California, and spread themselves over the barren sand-hills of San Francisco ; then,

ships of all nations came flocking in with their white sails ; then, houses rose out of the sand by magic, and churches and palaces, until now we see there a great city, the *third in its foreign commerce* in America.

Whence the name, and why a Spanish and a Catholic name for an American and a Protestant city ? Because, in the year of the nation's birth (1776), two of those wonderful, self-sacrificing, earnest souls which the Roman Catholic Church has sent out over the world, came to this barren coast and established a "Mission ;" built monasteries and schools, and planted vineyards, and raised sheep and cattle, and did what they might to civilise and Christianise the Indians who then occupied the country. These two men were Spaniards and Franciscan monks, and they called their Mission, San Francisco de Assisi. Less than three miles south of the present City Hall, the old "Mission," built of adobe bricks, still stands ; but the good monks have departed, and, with their virtues, have gone to heaven.

What has come in their place ? Six miles from the blue Pacific, which flows in through the Golden Gate, an adventurous settler built a house in the year 1835. On that spot now stands the St. Francis Hotel, in the vicinity of the spacious and elegant City Hall ; in front of the latter spreads out Portsmouth Square, the Plaza of the city ; not far from this are the Mint, the United States Hospital, and the Custom House—which last has cost 800,000 dols. Montgomery-street, with its superb shops, invites and tempts every mortal man, and fascinates every mortal woman. Front-street and its vicinity contain in great ware-

houses the products of every nation and clime; Stockton, Powell, Taylor, and their companion streets, are lined with comfortable—some costly—houses, surrounded with gardens, in which bloom throughout the year the most luxuriant fuchsias, geraniums, salvias, &c., &c.; thousands of Chinese congregate in and about Dupont and Sacramento streets, and with patient, tireless industry, add to the wealth of the region, and refuse to be made into Americans and Christians. In fine, a city covering nine square miles now lies within and upon the white sand-hills, called Telegraph, Rincon, and Russian; a city with decent streets, excellent churches, ample schoolhouses, plenty of water, and one of the finest of harbours. Behind her are the richest gold and silver mines of the world, and a breadth of two and a half million acres of improved farming lands, which in 1860 produced six million bushels of wheat, potatoes which weighed six pounds, beets that measured eight inches in diameter, and cattle and horses innumerable; and besides all, as has been said, she now reaches out to take tribute from the continent of Asia. How long will it be before the commerce of that world finds its markets through San Francisco?—how long before the belles of the Flowery Kingdom make their way to the halls of Saratogo and Newport?—before the daughters of the Begum of Oude and the Tycoon of Japan sport their finery in Montgomery-street and Broadway?—how long before fascinating Daimios seek brides in the careful houses of Boston, or rich Buddhists among the lovely Quakeresses of Philadelphia? Who can, who dare predict the coming time? Let us deal with the present and leave the future. What has converted these desolate sand-hills into this great city?

A shovelful of clay, in which were seen a few grains of glittering gold!

It went from tongue to tongue, from soul to soul, quick as the lightning's flash, and spread itself far and wide—along the waters of the Mississippi, up the Ohio, along the great lakes, and over the whole extent of the Atlantic slope; and its powerful fascination infected every heart, excited every hope. Wealth—gold—could be got by every man who would work for it, in this New California. Gold was discovered in the month of January, 1848; and by the year 1849 thirty thousand people had left the old States, had crossed arid deserts, scaled two ranges of snowy mountains, and had left more than four thousand of their number dead on the way—such fearful sacrifices they made to reach the land of gold.¹

At this period San Francisco was a strange place. A large portion of the population lived in tents and slept on the ground. Men of elegant cultivation wore red shirts and did their own cooking. "Every man was his own porter," and no man was ashamed to do the most menial work. Washing cost 8 dols. the dozen. A bowling alley rented for 5000 dols. per month in gold. The Parker House rented for 110,000 dols. a year, 60,000 dols. of which was derived from the gambling houses. The wages of servants was 100 dols. to 200 dols. per month; and a good dray horse could earn 100 dols. per day. Gambling, drinking, and reckless adventure were then the rule, not the exception.

But no Anglo-Saxon race *continues* a gambling, drinking, and reckless people; gambling is now illegal: and to-day every woman in the city shapes herself after the Parisian fashion plates, and every man arrays himself in "store clothes" and "boiled shirts,"² and goes about his

¹ Taylor's Eldorado.

² Native term for "broadcloth" and "white linen."

business as circumspectly as if he were anxious for a discount at the Bank of England. The best people decided, and the whole body quickly determined, that San Francisco should be no scorn and by-word among men; they determined that the metropolis of the western coast should be the peer of older cities, and have taken matters in hand boldly and vigorously. A few details will best express what they have attempted, what they have done.

Merchants, of course, are the leading profession; but while they are bold, often reckless, they are not as a class mean or dishonourable. Yet mean and deeply dishonourable things are perpetrated among them, and the secrets of the stock-brokers and the forestallers will not bear the light of day; they are shrewd enough to keep them in the dark. These merchants, by projecting and daring, have produced surprising results. Besides the great business houses, are some striking business organisations. The California Steam Navigation Company plies its boats into all waters of the State that can be cut by keel, and thus it centres all the productions and all the trade at this city. The Wells-Fargo Express Company has its agents at every village, every mine, and every ranch; it carries all letters and all money, all gold dust and all postages, faithfully and swiftly, and makes enormous profits for its stockholders. In the year 1864 it purchased some two and a quarter millions of United States stamped envelopes, which in some degree shows the extent of its business. It acts as a private post-office, a banker, and a carrier, throughout the mining districts of California, Idaho, Nevada, and Washoe, and by this time, no doubt, it has an office under one of the "big trees" of the Yosemite Valley.

The Pacific Mail Company owns one of the grandest of steam navies, and controls the passenger and

freight carriage of two oceans. Its new line to Asia is a success from the start, and it is impossible to estimate its effect upon the trade, the manners, and even the religions of the East. The exports to China in 1870 reached nearly 8,000,000 dols.

Manufactures are starting, and we have a premonition that the same energy, daring, and success, will mark their inception and development, that have characterised the brief history of this city. Already Mr. Donald McClellan, who combines Scotch blood and Massachusetts training, has established an extensive woollen mill, where he consumes yearly over a million pounds of California-grown wool, and produces blankets, &c., second to none. Machine shops and other branches of industry are already extensive, and are growing, and cotton mills are started. It will not be long before San Francisco presents the same great variety of occupation as marks other cities.

A journal of this city says:

"We have ten grist mills, one salt mill, twenty-one breweries, two sugar refineries. We grind 1500 tons of salt a year; 130 men brew 61,825 barrels of beer; 180 men manufacture 25,000,000 pounds of refined sugar. We have a match factory, two glass factories, a wire rope factory, and a hemp rope factory employing fifty men. We have thirteen soap factories employing thirty-nine men, consuming 750,000 pounds of tallow in making 1,000,000 pounds of soap annually. We have five saw mills, cutting 6,250,000 feet of lumber a year; and thirty-eight machine shops and foundries, employing 1200 men."

"The San Francisco *Bulletin* states that the catch of codfish on the banks on the north-west coast this season 'has not only demonstrated that we can supply our own market, but that we can become exporters of the article to less favoured localities.' The amount already

received was equal to six hundred and forty-four tons, or one million two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds of dried fish, while some vessels were still to come in."

Schools.—It may amaze older and more cautious towns to note the energy with which, in a purely mercantile community, the subject of schools has been taken hold of. This people has not hesitated to build some thirty-one schoolhouses of different grades, rising to Latin schools and high schools; and the last, the Lincoln school building, is, perhaps, the most superb house for this purpose in America. It is described as being of brick, the architecture that of Renaissance, surmounted with a Mansard roof. It is thoroughly ventilated and provided with water, has wide staircases, a large play-room, is one hundred and forty-one feet in length, and can accommodate with ease over nine hundred scholars. Some eight thousand pupils attend these schools, and are taught by a corps of one hundred and seventy-eight of the most accomplished teachers that can be had, whose pay varies from six hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars a year. The whole expenditure for the year 1865 was 349,813 dols.

Besides these public means for obtaining a book-education, there are some eighty private schools in San Francisco of every degree of excellence, of which the Roman Catholics have twelve of the largest and most adequately endowed; but others, like the Union College, the University School, and the California Institute for Young Ladies, cannot be surpassed anywhere. The California College is in a fair way to be adequately endowed and sustained. Fourteen years it has struggled onward, until at last the people have determined it *shall* succeed; and to secure this they have set to work in their vigorous way to raise a fund of at least 100,000 dols.

It is evident from these things, that these citizens do not mean to send their children away to Eastern or European towns to get an education which they can as well get at home.

Libraries are well represented. The Mercantile Library has a collection of over twenty thousand volumes; and the Odd Fellows, Mechanics, Christian Association, California Pioneers, and the Turnverein, have large and valuable collections. But what shall we say to this? That some of the principal hotels also furnish ample reading for their guests, and that the "What Cheer" House not only has a library of over five thousand volumes for the free use of the guests, but has also a natural history cabinet, a picture-gallery, and several fine pieces of statuary. Well done, "What Cheer!"

We need not be surprised to find that a city which has grown out of adventurers and gold-diggers should scorn and despise literature and books; but we certainly are surprised to find what she has done and is doing in this way. At this time, two bookstores—Bancroft's and Roman's—are hardly surpassed anywhere. Twenty years ago there were not probably five hundred volumes in all California; now every town and village has its library, its news-room, and its bookstore; and it is estimated that over two millions of books are sown broadcast through the land. Bancroft and Roman started their now magnificent establishments without a penny—the first in 1856, the last in 1859—without a penny, but with a great fund of industry, intelligence, pluck, and faith in the future of the new city. They knew that good books would create a love for good books; that they would save many a young man from perdition; that they would supply amusement and feed thought; and that, above all, the women of California would bless

those who brought the whole world of intellect and genius to their firesides. They do; and these fine shops are thronged with the wisest, and loveliest, and best.

The sales of these two houses alone reach about half a million a year, and are constantly on the increase. School-books, of course, are first in numbers and amount; then come novels and light literature; then histories and library books. Children's books are also largely sold. Bancroft and Co. are obliged, in their immense establishment, to keep on hand a most varied stock, in amount equal to some 200,000 dols., gathered from the East and from Europe.

But besides the great consumption of books through these houses, the sale of magazines, periodicals, and papers through the newsdealers, such as Strattman, Sullivan, White, and Bauer, and others, is estimated to reach half a million in value. We have no means of knowing the numbers sold of such magazines as *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, the *Galaxy*, &c., but it is reported that they devoured there at the start near two thousand copies of "*Putnam*."

Both Bancroft and Roman have engaged to some extent in publishing; and the works issued have been of great value to their section; such as law-books, Tuthill's "History of California," Hittell's "Resources," &c., &c. Bancroft and Co. published a *Monthly Medical Journal*, and the *Occident*, a weekly religious paper, both of which are well patronised, and is still increasing in circulation.

Religion. — On the 8th of May, 1849, a public meeting was called for the purpose of ascertaining "the prevailing sentiment in relation to the establishment of a church in the town of San Francisco." The prevailing sentiment has built up fifty-three churches, which now point their spires to heaven. Of these, the most elegant and most expen-

sive are Grace Cathedral, St. Mary's (R. C.) Cathedral, the Cavalry Presbyterian, and the Jewish Emmanuel. The leading sects are the Catholics and the Methodists; these touch the souls of the largest numbers. The prosperity of some others is surprising, and among them the church of the lamented and gifted Starr King; its rental now reaches the sum of twenty-seven thousand dollars.

A single mission church attempts the almost hopeless task of converting the Chinese who flock to California; with what success we have no report.

Assuming the same number of members as in the leading denominations of New York (three hundred and twenty to each church), San Francisco would seem to be one of the most religious cities of the world. But as the Methodist societies report an average of but one hundred and twenty-one, we may suppose that the average of all does not exceed two hundred to each church. But this estimate shows a result of about one quarter of the population who may be recognised as belonging to the religious world.

The Young Men's Christian Association numbers near four hundred members, and works vigorously as usual to resist the baser influences which in new countries are apt to corrupt the unwary.

The attendance at the various Sunday-schools of eleven thousand children is surprising, and exhibits the interest which attaches to the question of man's relations to the Deity.

The Jews seem to be growing in wealth and numbers, and the German and the Polish Jews of San Francisco each have their own Synagogue, Benevolent Society, and Cemetery. The former are infected by the progressive spirit of the age, and use a reformed ritual; whilst the latter adhere to the ancient

rites and forms of the chosen people.

Sunday is observed decorously, and is marked by a cessation of business, except among the Jewish merchants, who on that day ply a thriving trade. The Chinese, too, are willing to work on that day, and every day. They might be called the "Devotees of Labour;" and they spare nothing to achieve that measure of success which will permit them to return to lay their bones with their ancestors in their beloved China.

Benevolent Institutions. — While the city has run a race for wealth and material good, it has not neglected to provide liberally for the destitute and the afflicted. Orphan asylums, relief societies, prisoners' aids, industrial schools, &c., &c., are no way behind in numbers and efficiency; and public and private charity is desirous to do its utmost in all that marks a Christian civilization. Not only so, Jews and Chinese join in the good work. But there are as yet no paupers there, and one rarely meets a beggar. Money and work dominate population.

The people not only desire to live well and in good compass, but they mean to die and be buried in a fit and tasteful manner. *Cemeteries* are therefore laid out and planted so as to secure this; and Lone Mountain and Calvary will attract the stranger as they do the inhabitants on the fine Sunday afternoons. Some of the monuments are tasteful, some expensive; but the place and the situation, overlooking the broad, blue Pacific, cannot fail to impress the visitor agreeably, and to satisfy him that it is good to lie down in peace with one's fathers—if there were any such patriarchs—in San Francisco.

Hotels such as the "Occidental," the "Cosmopolitan," the "Lick House," and the "Russ," approach in character the best hotels of other

cities, and some say they are equal to any. But the "What Cheer" hotel is a Yankee shoot grafted upon a California stock, and proves a most profitable growth. All is done for cash, and your bed is paid for before you get into it. A large restaurant supplies four thousand meals a-day, at prices from fifteen cents upward, and consumes daily as follows: eggs, 100 dozen; sugar, 1 barrel; butter, 100 pounds; flour, 3 barrels; potatoes, 500 pounds; beef, pork, mutton, lamb, and fish, 700 pounds; raisins, 2 boxes; pies, 150; turkeys and chickens, 400 pounds; milk, 400 quarts. Ample means are provided for you to black your own boots free; and the library of 5000 volumes is open to all. There is no bar. The house has one more peculiarity—*no woman is allowed within it*; the servants are all men, and no man's wife can sleep with him at this house. It pays at the rate of 30,000 to 40,000 dols. per year.

Another element comes into society here. It secures *amusements*. Besides theatres, which flourish, is to be found almost every other entertainment useful for man. "Avonites," "Concordia Societies," "Baseball Clubs," "Saengerbunds," "Crick-et Clubs," "Rifle Clubs," "Turnvereins," "Philharmonics," and whatever other delightful thing is discovered by man, this people has adopted and made its own; and what is more, it enjoys all with a gusto and *abandon* which more "conservative" people know little of. This people is neither afraid nor ashamed to express enthusiasm. Dancing and billiards may be said to be almost universal.

The *Press* is well represented by some forty-seven daily and weekly papers, which as a whole aim high. Some of them are second to none, and they have not fallen into the fashion of pandering to the baser propensities, nor made themselves the champions of the lower classes.

French, Italians, Germans, and Spaniards, read the news in their own languages. There are, however, some despicable sheets in San Francisco, too; and the editor of the *Varieties* lately took his "time" in prison for a libel, while a suit against another one who attempted the black-mailing of a banker's wife was pressed to judgment.

The leading papers, such as the *Evening Bulletin*, the *Alta Californian*, and the *Times*, rank high, and justly. They are sold at ten cents each, which enables them to give a first-class journal. The *Morning Call* is a two-cent newspaper, having an immense circulation and a great influence.

The climate is peculiar, but not disagreeable. During the summer and autumn the prevailing winds are north-westerly, coming in from the ocean, and it is usual for a warm morning to be succeeded by a cold afternoon, as then the wind begins to blow; in the afternoon, therefore, woollen is the universal wear. Sometimes, however, these winds raise the sand from the surrounding hills, and send it sweeping through the streets. At evening the wind subsides, and then the temperature is charming. The autumn and winter months have a prevailing south-west wind, which brings rain. The thermometer during the summer rarely rises above 90°, or sinks in the winter below 50°.

Productiveness. — During all the first years, San Francisco was built and sustained and fed by the capital of the East, and its food was sent out from Boston and New York. But now California produces yearly some twelve million bushels wheat, some nineteen million bushels barley, and in 1864 she shipped some seven million pounds of wool.¹ Between the years 1856 and 1865 she sent away one thousand millions of

gold and silver. To-day she is shipping flour—ten thousand barrels by each steamer—to New York, and wines in quantities; provisions, too, to the Sandwich Islands; and the first return steamer from China brought an order for ten thousand dollars' worth of California leather for the Kingdom of Japan.

Fruits and garden vegetables are most luxuriant; and the San Franciscans now eat the best of grapes, cherries, and pears, almost the year round. The "Bartlett" continues in market for a period of five months; and a Dr. Adams, of San José, has perfected his secret, so that he preserves the Easter Beurré and Doyenné d'Alençon through the winter up to May, in all their perfection, and supplies the market.

Californians say that, while money has been easily made and lavishly spent in San Francisco, it is not, or need not be, an expensive place to live in. A gentleman who has lived there several years assures me that two thousand (gold) there will insure him as good a living—better, indeed—as three thousand currency can in New York. He maintains that beef and mutton bear about the same prices as there, while poultry is thirty-five to forty cents a pound. But flour is *much* cheaper, and cannot be surpassed in quality; and a very nice frame dwelling-house on one of the best streets of the city costs him but 600 dols. a-year. Wages of servants, however, is an important item, amounting to twenty and twenty-five dollars per month. And yet it is doubtful if servants there *save* as much as they do elsewhere. Velvet cloaks and elegant hats cannot be resisted, and the average Irish girl makes as good a display in the streets, and on Sundays, as the average married woman. I understand that the *Irish girls* like it, but the mistresses are in some perplexity. The opening of

¹ Dr. Holden's Address.

free communication between China and Japan and San Francisco, may work amazing changes, and may yet cause some perplexities to the average Irish girl: for it is well known that no house-girls in the world are equal to the ordinary Chinaman. We shall not then be surprised if, in five years, this whole household business of San Francisco is carried on by *men* from China and Japan; and we shall not be surprised if the Irish woman shall come to hate and fear these Chinese as much as the Irishman already does. Poor Chinamen!

The Result.—It may be said that San Francisco has not made itself, and that it has cost much: it remains briefly to touch upon the influences which mould her people.

The first emigration of 1849 cost more than four thousand lives of active, stalwart men; subsequent exposures and excesses, we may conclude, have destroyed ten times that number, at least; so that the bones of men have been the foundation-walls of the new city. Pen cannot write nor imagination conceive the sacrifice of comfort, the untold tale of hardship and sickness and suffering, that these hoping thousands endured before Eldorado became a fit habitation for man. Years on years saw thousands, accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of older societies, digging deep into the bowels of the earth, damming rivers, changing water-courses, blasting mountains, in search of the yellow gold: their food coarse and scant, their bed a blanket and the soft earth, their companions men, and rough ones: no bright hearth welcomed them when weary, no woman's smile greeted their coming, no kind hand softened the sufferings of fever. Many, too many, found their only solace in drink and in gambling, and many a one laid down his life and "left no sign."

This was not all. At the news of

gold, the loose, floating elements of society flowed thither not only from the United States, but from Mexico, Europe, Asia. The city early became filled with rude, desperate men, and crimes of every kind were perpetrated. Indeed, it seems possible for men, who at home, and surrounded by humanising influences, are good citizens, when loosed from those influences, to become wild, reckless, criminal—almost devils! There were three crises in the history of San Francisco when men seemed about to possess the city and to ruin it with a swift destruction—the first in 1849, the second in 1850, the third, and last, in 1856. Thieves, robbers, incendiaries, ballot-box stuffers, gamblers, murderers, walked the streets openly and defied the law. No life, no property was safe; no regard was shown to honour, to morality, to decency. If apprehended, the trials dragged; criminals could not be convicted, or if convicted, they escaped to again prey upon their kind. The better classes shuddered with dread; they doubted the power of law, they suspected the honour of the judges.

This state of fear and distrust could not last; virtue or vice must triumph. A few men decided to act, and combined themselves into a "Vigilance Committee." They professed to be asserting the law; but they took the law into their own hands, took the prisoners from the county-jail, tried them, and, if guilty of high crimes, hanged them on the spot. This Committee increased in numbers,¹ was thoroughly organised with officers and bye-laws, and a certain number were always on duty. They examined the resorts of thieves and scoundrels; apprehended some, hanged some, banished others. For a time there was a reign of terror, but it was a terror to desperadoes and scoundrels only. The end may have justified the

¹ In 1856, 9000 out of 12,000 citizens enrolled themselves in the committee.

means ; it is certain they cleared San Francisco for the time of the dangerous class, purified the elections, and gave a healthy tone to society.

Within a few years the American newspapers contained a terrible account of the death of a notorious bully and gambler, named Billy Mulligan, then recently released from the Sing-Sing State prison. Law, honour, decency, life, he held in contempt, and his hands were red with the blood of men he had killed. The people then rose against him, and he fled to his own room in the St. Francis Hotel for safety. A boon companion attempted to ascend the stairs, and was instantly killed by the desperado. They surrounded the house, and watched and waited ; they filled the opposite houses and windows with policemen. Through his own windows they could see his motions, but dimly ; at last the desperate, hunted man approached the window, perhaps to see if his enemies had gone, perhaps tired of his wretched life : then he was shot dead.

Five most destructive fires, too, swept over the city between 1849 and 1851, destroying houses and property to an enormous extent. This loss had to be overcome, and it was a heavy load added to the getting under way.

One of the peculiarities of the earlier population was the absence of females. As far along as 1852 the number of white males was 29,165 to 5,154 females. Add to these the transient people, it would increase the male population to nigh 35,000. This, of course, in a degree explains the early social condition, and it cures itself. In 1860 the disproportion was 33,990 males to 21,636 females ; now it is much less.

But the facts of its early history have in a degree given character to the people. It is no longer gross, reckless, immoral ; but it is a mate-

rial people, bent upon gold, and the things which gold buys ; and it grasps at these with an energy and daring that we see nowhere else. What it gets it spends, and not niggardly ; it spends it not only upon houses and horses and clothes and pictures, but upon schoolhouses and churches and hospitals, and upon every recognised good thing. During the war it sent its silver and gold by shiploads to succour the wounded, suffering soldiers ; it could not do enough to satisfy itself. One evening while Dr. Bellows was there (and he was well known as the President of the United States Sanitary Commission) some dashing fellow cried out, "Whoever wishes to shake hands with Dr. Bellows must pay a dollar to the Sanitary fund." The suggestion took, and so long as the Doctor's arm lasted, so long these free, open-handed people shook it, and shook their dollars into the treasury. The soldiers can never forget the people of California.

This free, lavish, fascinating way shows itself among all classes ; and the retailer likes to heap up, not strike off, your measure. It shows itself in the dress of the ladies, which is richer, more costly than elsewhere. Jewellery abounds, and is worn to such an extent as to excite the surprise of strangers. The carriage and manners of both men and women are affected by this ; all tends toward a free, fast way, which in older places would not do. Prudence is not one of the striking virtues of San Francisco ; and yet it is a virtue, and one which exists in that city, where may be found some of the most high-minded of men, the most charming of women.

But the bachelor element prevails largely, more than in most cities, and produces results. Restaurant, club, and hotel life tempt married men, and the "home" does not yet rule society. Mr. Bowles, in his admirable book, says : "There is

a want of femininity, of spirituality, in the current tone of the place ; more lack of reverence for women than our eastern towns are accustomed to. You hear more than is pleasant of private scandals ; of the vanity and weakness of women ; of the infidelity of wives." "It is the cursedest place for women," said an observant Yankee citizen, some two or three years from home, and not forgetful yet of mother, sister, and cousin—"a town of men and taverns and boarding-houses and billiard-saloons."

On the other hand, a sagacious woman who lived here many years says : "The respect universally shown to women in America, is greater in California than elsewhere, and there is no part of the world in which "fast women" (I do not mean those who are out of the pale of society, but those whose dress or bearing may be considered questionable) are so much disliked. The license of former times has the effect of enforcing strict rules of decorum now. Nowhere have I found people so hospitable, so charitable, and—what is more remarkable—so willing to help those who come among them as workers. There is no mean spirit of jealousy, no dread of rivalry, as we so often find elsewhere, no desire to mislead or throw cold water on enterprise ; and nowhere are people so willing to pay a good price for the best of everything."

A word must be said about the Chinese, who already number in California some 80,000. They are smaller than the whites, but are the most patient, laborious, and peaceful class of all, and do a vast amount of work at a small cost. Among them are some large merchants and some very intelligent men ; but as a class they are "far down." Among their leading businesses, next to supplying food, are the importation of prostitutes, and the exportation of dead Chinese ;

for every one desires to be buried in his own land.

There are no Chinese beggars, for nearly all who come over belong to one of the five great "Companies." Each of these has a building, and acts in all respects as a benevolent institution. The word of their merchants is perfectly reliable.

The meanest thing in all Californian civilisation, is and has been the treatment of the Chinese there ; perpetrated by the bad, permitted by the good.

Mr. Bowles tells a good story from Ross Browne, which shows how this brown race is crowded by both Christians and Indians, and which may well enough come in here :

"A vagabond Indian comes upon a solitary Chinaman, working over the sands of a deserted gulch for gold. 'Dish is my land,' says he ; 'you pay me fifty dollar.' The poor Celestial turns deprecatingly, saying, 'Melican man(American) been here, took all—no bit left.' Indian irate and fierce : 'Damn Melican man ! you pay me fifty dollar, or I killee you.'"

It appears, therefore, that it is quite unsafe to be weak in California, and that Christian white men are more brutal there than heathen Asiatics.

To show how men may and do accumulate wealth when they set themselves about it, look at this abstract of the taxable property of San Francisco, for the year 1866-7 :

The annual tax-roll for this year aggregates the value of taxable real estate in San Francisco city and county at 57,880,468 dols. ; of personal property, 28,556,806 dols.—total so far, 86,437,274 dols. The figures from 1865-66 were : Real estate, 49,137,812 dols. ; personal property, 39,129,145 dols.—total 88,266,457 dols. This shows an apparent falling off of 1,823,823 dols., but there is a supplemental assess-

ment-roll of personal property yet to be handed in by the Assessor. This will contain, principally, a list of mortgagees, and the gross amount of the enumeration will very nearly equal 17,000,000 dols. This sum, added to the personal property already listed, gives a total under that head of 45,556,806 dols., being an increase in the amount of personal property for 1865-66 of 6,427,661 dols., while in real estate the increased valuation of last year is 8,743,156 dols. Assuming that the amount of the supplemental roll is not over-estimated—and the figures are given on the authority of a gentleman intimately connected with the municipal finances—there will be an aggregate increase in the valuation of real and personal property and improvements for 1866-7 of 15,170,817 dols.

Among these owners of real estate are *crowned heads*, some living and some dead, as is shown by the following:—A gentleman who was examining the Records of the City and County, to his surprise, while making his search, accidentally stumbled upon a recorded document in vol. vi., p. 225 (there is nothing like accuracy in these statements), *Lis Pendens*, in which no less than three Emperors were named as having interest in real estate in San Francisco County. This lien was a notification to all the world that the Yerba Buena (Goat) Island, and the Oakland Railway Company, have commenced a suit at law in the District Court in the city and county of San Francisco, on application to condemn the interests of Emperor Napoleon III., Emperor Norton, and Emperor Maximilian I., now deceased, to certain portions of the said island, as a terminus of a railway to the City of San Francisco.

The investigator was equally astonished, on further examining the said *Lis Pendens*, to discover that he and his two brothers, now residing in Vancouver Island, were also impleaded in the said suit. Who could not afford to be robbed of real estate which he never pretended to own, in company with such illustrious defendants?

If one evidence of high civilisation in these days is *high taxation*, it becomes interesting to learn how San Francisco stands in this particular, and the following figures compiled by the managers of the "San Francisco Directory," will help us:

Assessments 1866-97, Real...	Dollars.	53,485,421
Personal		43,214,976
		<hr/>
		96,700,397
Taxes for city for 1866-67 ...		1,841,753,96
Do. State		987,105,77
		<hr/>
		2,828,859,73
Municipal Expenditure for 1866-67, amounted to		1,766,565,34
Population, July 1, 1867, estimated:		
White males over 21 in the column		45,000
Females over 18, estimated		27,000
Males and Females under age, estimated ..		40,000
Males, names refused, &c.		4,000
Chinese		3,600
Coloured		2,500
		<hr/>
Total		122,100

It appears, then, that San Francisco raises taxes to the amount of over 23 dols. to each individual, which places her next to the city of New York in this most questionable scale of civilisation.

Still, as the property of the city shows that each individual in the city is worth, by the tax-valuation, about 800 dols., and as this is not probably over one-half of the real value, these people certainly are not poor, nor likely to be.

CLEOPATRA.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY DR. H. A. DICK.

PART I.

IT has long been an admitted principle of criticism in the philosophy of history, that the characters of the actors in history must be judged according to the ideas of their own times. More recently another critical rule has been proclaimed,¹ and begins to gain ground,—that whenever we find a character so delineated as to be worse or better than accords with the acknowledged principle of human nature, the excess on either side is to be considered as a proof of historic falsehood. Historical criticism has thus been gradually discarding the portraits of faultless monsters on one hand, and of immoral and unnatural miscreants on the other, from the galleries of the actual past, into the reign of poetry and fiction; where the recorded facts are such as cannot be doubted, and yet seem monstrous, it would have us look upon them as extreme cases of the action of principles common to all mankind. The story of Cleopatra affords such an extreme case to the philosophic historian. What we know of her has come to us only from writers of the nation that hated and feared her. We have from them at best but the picture of the splendid courtesan. The picture equally, perhaps more true, which might have been drawn of her, as the sovereign struggling to maintain intact the throne and kingdom of her fathers—as the defender of her

country from Roman conquest and annexation—as the patriot, giving up life and worldly fame for that object,—was one which they could not draw. The combination of ideas necessary for such a picture was one which a Roman,—believing that all other countries were made only to be plundered by Roman proconsuls, or to furnish tribute that Roman citizens might live untaxed—could not even understand. Dion Cassius and Plutarch are the two chief authorities for her life. Dion has a Quilp-like pleasure in painting every human action, as done from the worst motives. Plutarch can see nothing good out of Greece and Rome, and always takes that view of things which will make a story tell best. Ancient history has but few love-stories; for neither Plutarch, nor any other ancient writer, seems to have dreamt of the intense human interest that may be called forth by a tale of love. Shakspeare first saw the part that love played in the life of Cleopatra, and, taking account of it, has come nearer to what seems to be the truth respecting her than professed historians have come. Her history, while it shocks our modern notions of morality, attracts us by its splendour, and by the world-wide importance of the events connected with it. Its scene is the cradle of human civilisation. There, grouped around her, are the claimants for the throne of the world;

¹ Comte : "Philosophé Positive."

under the shadow of the Pyramids, with the waters of the Nile gliding past, Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Augustus, close or begin their career of fame.

Egypt's long course of greatness had brought the interest of the chief nations of the world to centre on her shores. The Pharaohs had long since disappeared before the conquering sword of Cambyses, and after centuries of Persian rule the land had succumbed to the Greeks, under Alexander. At Alexander's death, and the partition of his empire among his generals, Egypt fell to Ptolemy, perhaps the wisest and the best of them. The son of one Lagos, a common Macedonian soldier, his good sense repudiated the flattery which sought to make him an illegitimate son of Philip of Macedon. The people of Rhodes, grateful for timely relief, gave him the name of Ptolemy Soter, or the Saviour; but he rejoiced most in being called Ptolemy Lagos. He finished the building of Alexandria, begun by the Macedonian hero, and contrived that Alexander should be buried there, in one of its most splendid temples. He left the Copts, or ancient Egyptians, free to follow their old absurd worship of animals, and to preserve their habits of caste; and governed the country as a Macedonian King by means of Macedonian garrisons. Alexandria, under him, became the next city to Rome in splendour and extent. Settlers from all lands were encouraged; especially Jews, the great traders of the ancient world. He founded the celebrated Academy of Alexandria; its library was unequalled in the number and variety of books, its museum was the lounge or study, and its revenues the support, of the learned. Under Ptolemy's successors the city grew, the library increased, and learning became fat. The Copts remained submissive; and

a mixed band of Jews, Macedonians, and other European adventurers, formed a populace for Alexandria, which ruled at its unsettled will the dreamy animal worshippers of the Nile basin. The country was without political institutions. As the Copts lay, without acknowledged rights, at the mercy of their Macedonian conquerors, so these conquerors lay at the mercy of their kings. Every now and then they had recourse to the grand cure for the tyranny of absolute monarchs, rebellion. If a prime minister displeased them, they tore him in pieces; even critics they served in the same way—or roasted alive, a freedom which perhaps some authors would relish even now. Occasionally they varied these political or literary recreations by driving their kings into exile, or whimsically setting up a younger brother in the place of an older. But withal, so much more favourable is freedom unrestrained, than despotism unrestrained, to human advancement, that the trade of the country grew, the wealth of its kings increased, and their power seemed to have no limit but the patience of the Macedonian oligarchy of Alexandrian citizens; for the sleepy Copts yielded tribute in silence, content to preserve their God-bulls, and bury undisturbed their cat and crocodile mummies.

As wealth and luxury increased, the kings of the Lagidean family adopted the custom of Eastern despots, and among them that of intermarrying within their own families—"a barbarous device for unity of possible claimants to the succession."¹ In Egyptian history, sister and queen became almost synonymous terms descriptive of the royal consort, and are used together in proclamations and on coins. Notwithstanding the endurance of this custom for centuries, one king sometimes in succession marrying two of

¹ Merivale: "The Romans under the Empire."

his own sisters, we find, contrary to what we should expect on ordinary physiological theory, no lack of energy in the generations so bred. Instead, we find an altogether terrible activity and skill in planning and intriguing—in conducting invasions of, and repelling invasions from Syria—in crushing Coptic insurrections, or legislating for Alexandrian commerce; and, in the midst of it all, a constant and persevering encouragement of science and literature, such as no other royal family that history can name has ever shown.

But neither precautions of intermarriage, nor any other precautions, could save Egypt and Egypt's royal family from the fate which had befallen all the other nations and royal families of the known Western world. Rome was advancing to universal dominion, and, in the year 57 before Christ, of all between the Euphrates and the Atlantic, from the Rhine mouth to Mount Atlas and the Red Sea, there remained only Egypt as yet unannexed. The greedy eyes of Roman senators had, however, long been directed to that land. More than a century before the date just mentioned, they had begun to interfere in Egyptian affairs—at first under the pretence of promoting peace between rivals for the crown of the Lagides, then by occasional embassies, and at last by giving military aid to Ptolemy Alexander against his two nephews, the sons of Ptolemy Lathyrus. Alexander purchased that aid from Sylla, the Roman dictator, by promising to leave his kingdom to the Roman Senate when he died. He kept his promise, but the Senate dared not, at the time, accept the legacy. The mighty Republic was tottering to its fall. The senators feared to trust any of their generals with a commission to seize Egypt, lest the wealth thus put into his hands should be turned against them-

selves. Cicero opposed his most powerful oratory to the seizure;¹ not daring, however, to mention the real ground of objection, but skilfully arguing that it would raise agrarian disputes between the Senate and the Roman people—it would involve Rome in endless wars—and, more than all, it was unjust, since Alexander had no right to dispossess by will the true heir, Ptolemy Auletes, the elder of the two sons of Lathyrus.

Ptolemy Auletes, or Ptolemy the Piper, Cleopatra's father, was therefore allowed to keep his throne. That is, he held it on Roman sufferance, by dint of bribing Roman senators with money got from Roman money-lenders, especially the Roman knight, Rabirius Postumus. The Piper's brother was also allowed, on similar conditions, to govern the kingdom of Cyprus, then an appanage, or younger brother's share of the Egyptian kingdom. Auletes governed so as to acquire the hatred and contempt of his subjects. By-and-bye a change was brought about in Roman policy by the tribuneship of the demagogue Clodius. Cicero was sent into exile. Cyprus was annexed as a Roman province. Its king poisoned himself, and the Alexandrians, indignant, urged the Piper to defend his brother's rights. He dared not. The turbulent and irritated citizens then drove him from his throne, and proclaimed his two eldest daughters joint Queens of Egypt. Cleopatra was about ten years old when her sisters were thus elevated. The eldest sister, Cleopatra Tryphæna, soon died. The remaining Queen, Berenice, married her cousin, one of the Syrian Seleucidæ. The young Syrian began his reign as king-consort by seizing the golden sarcophagus in which Alexander the Great was laid. The Alexandrians and their queen strangled him for his impiety and avarice,

¹ Cicero in Rullum.

Berenice finding another husband in Archelaus, son of Mithridates, king of Pontus.

In the meantime the dethroned Piper had gone to Rome. He spent his time there pleading with the Roman Senate to restore him by force of arms, borrowing immense sums from Rabirius, and bribing senators and generals. But the Senate hesitated to decree his restoration, pretending to fear an ancient prophecy; really not daring to put such a source of wealth into the hands of any of the already too-powerful imperators. Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus each desired the commission, but each was also resolved that neither of the others should have it. At last, after about three years' delay, the Piper, by an enormous bribe, borrowed from Rabirius, induced Gabinius, the Roman proconsul of Syria, to lead an army into Egypt without, and even contrary to, the orders of the Senate. The undisciplined and unruly Alexandrians were easily defeated by the veteran troops of Gabinius, under his lieutenant, Marc Antony, then a young and rising soldier of the Republic. Archelaus and Berenice were speedily put to death, and the Piper was once more king. Gabinius and Rabirius were both prosecuted at Rome for their share in the restoration of the Piper, and their degradation of the Roman name by service under a foreign king. Cicero had by this time returned. His advocacy of the cause of Rabirius secured an acquittal¹—but even Cicero's oratory, backed by wholesale bribery, failed to save Gabinius from banishment.

The Piper kept his place as king about four years after his restoration, upheld by Roman soldiers whom Gabinius had left in his pay. When he died, B.C. 51, Cleopatra, his eldest surviving daughter, was seventeen. She had a younger brother, named

Ptolemy, and a sister still younger, Arsinoë. To the two first the Piper left his crown, commending them to the care of the Roman Senate. The brother and sister were to marry, so said the judicious father's will, and the Roman people were adjured by all the gods to see it executed. The Senate accepted the fatherly commission, and appointed Pompey guardian to the youthful king and queen.

Thus, exactly half a century before our era, the affianced bride of her brother, young, beautiful, and accomplished, with all that the philosophers and literati of Alexandria could instil into the heiress of their munificent patrons, Cleopatra found herself called to rule. It would be difficult to imagine a harder task for a woman of her tender years. We have but to look to the events of colonies, to judge how hard it is to restrain a race of conquering colonists dwelling among a servile but discontented population. Nor had the Greeks, who lorded it over the Copts in Egypt, the motives for moderation which the modern English planter has. In Jamaica, family honour, and the fear of the home government, act as checks. But there was no distant home government to check the Alexandrian settlers, much less any sense of family honour. Their numbers were kept up, not by births among themselves, but by a continual influx of strangers. Alexandria was the asylum of the world. Runaway slaves and ruined debtors poured in continually from Rome; with these came robbers from Syria, and pirates from Cilicia, as well as broken-down masters of rhetoric from Athens; forming a trading, brawling, stealing, studying, seething mass of city population, such as no other city has ever paralleled. The army, gathered out of such a population, was one which had served the queen's forefathers, as the spirits

¹ Cicero pro Rabirio Postumo.

in story-books serve the magicians that raise them, at one time obeying their most extravagant behests, at another rending them to pieces. And over all this heterogeneous mass of citizens, soldiers, and Coptic peasants, hovered all-grasping Rome, ready to swoop down upon the distracted kingdom as soon as her own intestine quarrels left her free to do so safely.

All this Cleopatra could not but see. She shrank not from the task that lay before her. The daughter of the Ptolemies resolved that the throne of her fathers—the last of the thrones of Alexander—should be maintained. Her early life had been such as to call forth every element of decision of character. Of the debauchery and tyranny of her father during her infancy she could remember only little ; but she had seen, in later years, his palace broken into by enraged citizens, and himself driven from the throne, to haunt the doors of Roman senators. She had seen her sisters raised to power, and again, the murder of her brother-in-law ;—finally, the return of her father at the head of the legions of Gabinus, the streets of Alexandria strewn with corpses, and the execution of her sister Berenice. Marc Antony, as he brought back the vindictive piper king, may have noticed, crouching in a corner of the palace, expecting every instant to share her sister's fate, the beautiful girl of thirteen, who was afterwards to influence so much his own life and the history of the world.

She began her reign determined that the Romans should find in her government no excuse to interfere in the affairs of Egypt. Two of the soldiers left by Gabinus had slain in a brawl the two sons of Bibulus, the new proconsul of Asia. Cleopatra, at one sent the murderers to the father. But her first difficulties as queen did not come from Rome. The senators had trouble enough of their own upon their hands. The

government of the mighty Republic was now the disputed prey of her two mightiest imperators ; and the very year after Cleopatra's accession, the armies of Cæsar and Pompey were facing each other on the plains of Pharsalia. The first danger which assailed the throne of the young queen arose nearer home. Ptolemy, her brother and husband, being a minor, was under the influence of an eunuch tutor, named Pothinus. The Egyptian royal army was commanded by an old favourite of her father, named Achillas. This pair of dignitaries conspired to get the kingdom wholly into their own hands. Ptolemy, but fourteen and a weakling, was a serviceable tool ; but Cleopatra, with her shrewd wit and proud spirit, must be put out of the way. To effect this, a populace ever ready for insurrection was stirred into riot against a female government. The Piper's will was set aside, Ptolemy declared sole king, and Cleopatra compelled to flee. The spirit which the intriguers feared, shewed itself in this extremity. She at once raised an army in Syria, led it back to Egypt, and faced the Egyptian army under her weak brother and his two counsellors, near Pelusium, on the north-eastern border of the country.

A strange event arrested the civil strife for a moment. Pompey, beaten at Pharsalia, fled before his rival ; and, hoping that the gratitude of the Piper's children might yet aid in restoring the affairs of the Piper's patron, he sought Egypt. His small flotilla stood off the shore, in the sight of both armies. He sent off a boat with a message to the young king. The two ministers, with a colleague, Theodotus the sophist, held a consultation. To admit Pompey would offend Cæsar, to reject him was to incur his displeasure should he ever again rise to power. To pretend to receive him and to kill him (so reasoned Theodotus) would please Cæsar, and

prevent future harm from Pompey. "The dead don't bite," said he. The proverbial argument was adopted. The broken-hearted Roman general trusted himself eagerly to the miserable cobble in which Achilles and one or two Egyptian Romans went out to bring him on shore. Cornelia, Pompey's wife, and his friends who remained in the vessel, watched anxiously his progress to the landing-place. A sudden crowding round him as he stepped on shore—the gleaming of a sword above his head—a short scuffle—and finally the moving off of the crowd, leaving a headless trunk among the shingle, told the watchers that Rome had now but one master. Pompey was no more. But there was no time for mourning or indignation. The galleys of the treacherous king and his ministers were making out to intercept them. The widowed Cornelia and her friends fled, without attempting to recover the body. Out at sea, while tacking towards the land, they may possibly have observed, against the night sky, the red glare of the funeral pyre, kindled by an old servant of Pompey, with the timbers of a fishing wreck; but they could not know its meaning.

So dread an interruption made the armies of Cleopatra and Pothinus suspend their mutual strife to see what next. The next was the arrival of Cæsar himself, pursuing Pompey in hot haste. He landed at Alexandria, with but a small force, having left orders for his army to follow. Theodotus presented to him Pompey's head. One hopes that his look of abhorrence and the tears which he shed were sincere.¹ The murderers were confounded and alarmed. Still more so were they, when Cæsar, pressed by want of money, demanded immediate payment of a sum which the Piper had

promised him for his interest in Rome, and entered Alexandria in Consular state. The Alexandrian mob, ever easily roused, felt the insult to their nation's independence. The chagrined ministers were not slow to strengthen the irritation. A riot ensued; some of Cæsar's soldiers were killed, and the victor of Pharsalia was fain to shut himself up in the royal palace of Alexandria. But he maintained all his Roman haughtiness and self-possession, and summoned the rival claimants of the throne of Egypt before him, in the name of the Roman Senate, their guardian.

From their respective camps at Pelusium these claimants watched with mingled hope and fear the strange turn of affairs, by which their own comparatively petty strife had become merged in that for the mastery of Rome. When the summons of Cæsar came, Ptolemy at once went to him. Meanwhile, Cleopatra was left to consider. The danger, which from her earliest days she had seen coming upon Egypt and the royal house of Ptolemy was now at hand. A Roman general was in her father's palace; her foolish brother in his hands, a prisoner and hostage. The tool of designing wretches, who still headed his army, he had driven her from her throne and native land. Should she join her army with his, to free him and drive the invader out? To what purpose? Only to be herself again driven off by Pothinus and Achilles. What did it matter, if the house of Ptolemy were ruined, whether its spoil fell to the Romans or to intriguing eunuchs? And was not her brother even now with Cæsar, endeavouring to get the Roman to declare him sole king despite their father's will; to earn a kingdom for himself at the expense of one-half of

¹ Cæsar post tertium diem insecutus, quum ei Theodotus caput Pompeii et annulum obtulisset, er offensus est, et illa crimavit."—*Livy*, Epitome 112.

Egypt to Rome, the other half to be squandered on his ministers? Was there no way in which Egypt might be saved both from Roman and self-spoliation? Was it utterly impossible to induce Cæsar to declare herself sole queen, unencumbered by the partnership of the silly tool of Pothinus and Achilles? She doubtless knew that the fame of her beauty had been carried to Rome by grave ambassadors, as well as by the rough soldiers of Gabinius. It was no mere whispering of vanity that told her she was accomplished as no other young woman of twenty then was. Had she not frequently witnessed the astonishment of Trogloditan, Ethiopian, Hebrew, Arab, Syrian, Median, and Parthian ambassadors, as she gave them audience without the aid of an interpreter?¹ The poets who wrote shortly after her death, compared her to Helen in beauty and accomplishments, as in the fatal consequences of her beauty.² Is it likely that the poet courtiers of splendid and licentious Alexandria failed to make the comparison while her own ears could drink in the compliments, her own smiles reward them? Why should she not seek to make this beauty the instrument of her country's redemption, of preservation for the throne of her fathers? This Cæsar—the world already rang with the stories of his gallantry and amours. He was the acknowledged darling of Roman matrons; husbands hated him; lovers feared him; his very soldiers sang scandalous songs about him to his face.³ What were all the arts and graces of the rude patriciennes of Rome compared with hers? If Cæsar were susceptible to the charms of

the coarse Servilias, the insipid Pompeias, the haughty Clodias, would he be less susceptible to hers? Was not beauty the legitimate instrument of defence for women? Anacreon's "song divine," in the language of her father's land, had long since taught that nature gave beauty to women instead of all shields, instead of all spears; and that she who has beauty can vanquish both steel and fire.⁴ What the sword of Hannibal had failed to do—what the fire of Pyrrhus—what the skill of Mithridates—what the bravery of Perseus—that she, by her beauty, would try to do. She would roll back the tide of Roman conquest. Historical justice renders it necessary to be borne in mind that this woman was reared where chastity was set at nought, incest an every-day instrument of political usage; and that the events now spoken of took place forty-eight years before the coming of Christ, in a land where religion bore its most degraded form of animal worship; and where, among the Macedonian inhabitants, the once glorious intellectual morality of Greece had at last dwindled into mere imbecility and word-splitting. Trusting, then, not in a God she had never heard of, not in a morality whose foundations were denied or ignored by her teachers, but in her beauty and her skill, Cleopatra determined to make a venture for her throne and patrimony.

She would go to Cæsar, and win him to her cause. But how? Achilles and Pothinus well knew that any reconciliation between her and her brother would be the signal for their disgrace and fall. Their guards beset every path to prevent her from

Plutarch: Marc Antony.

² Quantum impulit Argos,
Iliacasque domos, facie Spartana nocenti,
Hesperios auxit tantum Cleopatra furores.

LUCAN: *Pharsalia*, x. 60.

³ Napoleon: *Vie de César*, vol. i., p. 263.

⁴ Anacreon: *Ode II*.

communicating either with Cæsar or Ptolemy. For Cleopatra to leave her army, openly enter Alexandria, and seek admission to the palace, would be to go to certain death at the hands of an Alexandrian mob. In the dusk of an Egyptian summer eve, along with one friend, Apollodorus of Sicily, she entered a small boat. They rowed unnoticed to the palace entrance. Near the landing-place Apollodorus and the boatman rolled her up in a carpet; and Apollodorus, lifting the precious bundle in his arms, carried her, unsuspected, inside the gates. The stratagem and its contriver alike charmed Cæsar. She pleaded not in vain for her rights. Lucan is, perhaps, not far from the truth, when he makes her say that it is to save the throne of the Ptolemies she pleads; and that she would give willingly her own rights up, were her brother installed as really king, and the upstarts who governed in his name deposed.

“Nil ipsa paterni

Juris inire peto : culpa tantoque pudore,
Solve domum : remove funesta satellitis
arma

Et regnum regnare jube.”¹

He is, perhaps, still less wrong when he says that her words would have fallen in vain upon the Roman general's ear, had they not been aided by her beauty.

“Nequidquam duras tentasset Cæsaris
aures ;

Vultus adest precibus, faciesque incesta
perorat.”²

But if the favours of beauty, and the romance of aiding that beauty in distress, induced Cæsar to adopt her cause, not the less did policy prescribe the same line of conduct. Shut up in Alexandria, with only a small army, awaiting reinforcements, it was necessary for him to play off the one competitor against the other—Cleopatra against Ptolemy, and both against Pothinus and Achilles. The army which the

latter headed in the name of Ptolemy, was 20,000 strong, composed for the most part of renegade Romans, or old soldiers of Gabinus, who had by this time learnt to share all the passions of the Alexandrian populace. Roused by their leaders, that populace made head against the foreign invader. The situation of Cæsar in Alexandria, was now much like that of Cortes, long afterwards, in Mexico. Fanatic priests inveighed against the desecrators of their gods and temples. At the instigation of Pothinus and Achilles, both Cleopatra and Ptolemy, who had given themselves up to the Romans, were deposed, and Arsinoë proclaimed queen by the mob. Cæsar found himself compelled to negotiate. He proposed that Ptolemy and Cleopatra should reign jointly in Egypt, and that Arsinoë should receive the province of Cyprus. The two Egyptian ministers saw that their power was at an end if this were carried out. They pretended to negotiate; a fight, doubtless provoked by their own measures, broke off the negotiations. It broke too early for Pothinus, who happened to be in the palace at the time. Cæsar seized him at once; sent troops to occupy the isle of Pharos, and the causeway which connected it with the city, thus gaining complete command of the harbour of Alexandria—and, at the same time he set fire to the Egyptian royal fleet in the harbour, securing thus a free entrance for his reinforcements when they should arrive. Half of the far-famed Alexandrian library was burnt in the *mêlée*. Cæsar next fortified that part of the palace which opened on the Pharos causeway, and withdrew into it with his army and his two royal prisoners. The Egyptians, on their part, barricaded the streets around the palace, and completely blockaded it. But the arrival of a small fleet with provisions put Cæsar and his garrison

¹ Lucan: Pharsalia x. 96.

² Ibid. 104.

above immediate want. The Alexandrians then cut the connection of the Nile waters with the cellarcisterns of the palace, and sent in sea-water instead. Cæsar found fresh water for his soldiers, by ordering them to dig on the sands of the beach. Pothinus, detected intriguing with the besiegers, was put to death at once; and, at the same time, Achilles was poisoned by the new queen, Arsinoë. She had become sick of his making her a mere instrument of his own power, as he had before made her brother Ptolemy. She selected another minister, Ganymede by name, and pressed the blockade, hoping yet to get into her hands the Roman general, as well as her brother and sister. At last the fickle Alexandrians became tired of Arsinoë and her Ganymede, and offered to obey Ptolemy as the ally of Cæsar. Cæsar sent the young king out to them. Whatever pretences he had made while leaving the palace, as soon as he was clear of it, Ptolemy headed the Alexandrians, and pressed the blockade harder than ever. Cæsar then sailed out with his small provision ships, and attacked the vessels of Ptolemy, which were hovering about the mouth of the harbour. The Romans were driven back, and Cæsar had to swim for his life. At length, some detachments of the army of Pharsalia appeared off Pelusium. In concert with these, Cæsar attacked Ptolemy and the Alexandrians, and completely routed them. Ptolemy was slain or drowned in the Nile mud, and Arsinoë taken prisoner.

Thus one by one Cleopatra's competitors for the government of Egypt were cut off. Could she but acquire sufficient influence over Cæsar to prevent the annexation of the

country as a Roman province, her own rule was now secure. The busy general sought in her arms release from the cares which his hardihood and ambition, were hourly heaping on him.¹ On neither side can the romance of love be permitted to colour their connexion. The daring candidate for the throne of the world had other thoughts than those of love. The thoughts of the wily princess were bent on securing her father's kingdom from home competition and foreign conquest. The one means of doing this was Cæsar's favour. She could not delude herself into the belief that Cæsar loved her. He, ever calculating, hardly even made such a pretence. In the intervals of fight, he spent more time among Egyptian philosophers than in dalliance with her. He was more anxious to gain the favourable opinion of the Egyptian people, by a pretended interest in their antiquities, their Nile and its source, and their religion, than to find time for her society.² But she sought not his love—she sought his interest. For this she exercised all her skill to please; this must secure her place upon the throne. Of old, the Alexandrians had always refused to be governed by a woman alone. Different attempts at female government in the Lagidæ family had proved miserable failures. If she should succeed, it must be by Roman help; and this success she hoped to obtain without yielding any part of Egypt to Rome. She knew too well that the annexation of Egypt was what Rome wanted. She would, if she could, get Roman help, yet not pay Roman tribute.

From his victory at Palusium, Cæsar returned in triumph to Alexandria, levelled the barricades, and

¹ "Sanguine Thessalicæ cladis perfusus adulter
Admisit Venerem curis et miscuit armis."

LUCAN, *Phar.* x. 74.

² See Lucan's description of his discussions with the Egyptian priests in *Pharsalia* x. 181 et seq.

proclaimed, to the now trembling multitudes, Cleopatra as their queen. But in deference to their prejudice against a sole female rule, a younger brother, then almost an infant, another Ptolemy, was named joint ruler, and husband to the queen. Arisonoë, the usurper, was sent to Rome, to grace Cæsar's triumph there. Cleopatra and her charms had saved Egypt. Livy, to hide the fact, asserts that Cæsar did not now declare Egypt a Roman province, because he feared that whatever proconsul he might appoint would be likely to cause a new outbreak among the unruly Alexandrians.¹ But there was no more danger of this in Egypt than in any other of the provinces which Rome had recently annexed. It was the arts of the woman which prevented the annexation, and saved for a time her country's independence. Instead of all spears, instead of all shields, beauty had won, where bravery would have been useless against the victor of Pharsalia.

After this Cæsar spent about a year in Egypt, by which time Cleopatra had borne him a son, named Cæsarion. Some of the Asiatic provinces, in the hope of regaining their freedom, had broken out into rebellion. The son of Mithridates had tried to assert the independence of Pontus. Cæsar marched against him, crushed him in a single battle, and then, though six months had elapsed since he last wrote to Rome, he forwarded his famous and pompous piece of laconism, "*Veni, vidi, vici!*" That letter told a tale. The master of the world—he who had become its master by his pliancy to all parties, began to feel that he could dispense with management. Heretofore he had stooped and courted partizans on every side; now that he had risen

above them all, he might indulge in the luxury of command. A change had come over him, the change which makes the natural difference between the man whose fortunes are as yet doubtful, and him who has risen so that he can rise no higher. It has been asserted that a year of commerce with Cleopatra had spoiled him.² He, whose freedom from display had so long charmed the world, was now intoxicated with the cup of the Egyptian Circe. But Cæsar's was not the character to be so changed; it was the circumstances of the man that had changed. He had been compelled to bend before turbulent tribunes—now he could give away crowns. Cleopatra had, indeed, for her own purposes, displayed before him the wealth of the Ptolemies, paling the splendour of the Capitol and Circus Maximus; but Cæsar had dreamt of the times when he should indulge in more than Oriental power and magnificence long years before he saw the Sorceress of the Nile.

And yet, when back to Rome with plaudits ever ringing in his ears, and honours previously unheard of heaped upon his head, her influence abode by him. His ambition was too strong, indeed, for love to grow up beside it; yet his pride as well as his love of pleasure, could receive gratification from parading beside him the loveliest of women, queen of the richest free nation, as the partner of his honours and his pleasures. Cleopatra was sent for to Rome. The realisation of her wildest dreams seemed now at hand. She had thought but to gain her country's independence by her beauty and her sacrifice of womanly honour; might she not now become partner of the throne of the world? For freedom and independence she had become

¹ Livy: *Epitome*, cxxii.

² Merivale: "*The Romans under the Empire*," III. 333, Ed., 1865.

Cæsar's mistress ; she would now gain the half of universal empire by becoming his wife. Doubtless such dreams floated before her on her journey to the capital of the world.

But could Cæsar marry her? Would he dare? Marriage, a holy thing in the eyes of all wise men and civilised nations, was holy enough in Rome in a way. But its holiness lay not in its being a special and sacred union between man and woman as such ; it was only vested with any kind of sacredness when it took place between Roman and Roman. It was chiefly binding as a civil rite—a contract arranged for by sacred Roman law, and therefore a thing in which strangers could have no share. In early Roman times, the woman in marriage was treated as a thing, a property, conveyed by the rite absolutely into the power of her husband, who had over her the power of life and death. She was in the household no better than the sister of her own children. But by the aid of Prætorian legislation, the slavery of the wife had gradually been abolished ; the remedy, freedom of divorce became, however, as bad as the disease, and by the time the Republic fell, was showing itself in the shameless and dissolute lives of the free-born Roman ladies.

This state of things Cleopatra could not but know ; and she might justifiably think that Cæsar, who had brought about so many innovations, would probably also attempt to make a change in the Roman customs as to marriage with foreigners. Clearly the Roman people had lost all very strict notions about marriage, even when confined to those of their own nation ; but it by no means followed that they should therefore be ready to give up their old notions about it as regards foreigners. The loosest

of the old crusaders never considered the marriage of a brother knight with a fair Jewess or Saracen lady as anything but a degrading connexion ; and the West Indian planters of to-day, men accustomed to lives not unlicentious, almost scout the Englishman who marries a negress or mulatto. Still Cleopatra knew that Cæsar was far above all such national prejudices. She knew that he had admitted whole nations of strangers to the rights of Roman citizenship, and might hope that, in her person, he would seek another opportunity of trampling on the haughty bigotry and senseless pride of his fellow-countrymen. But the state of opinion in Rome favoured no such step. The people who, shortly before, had looked on applaudingly when Cato lent his wife Marcia to Hortensius, and took her back after Hortensius died—the people who, shortly afterwards, beheld without remark Augustus put away his wife Scribonia, in order to carry off from Tiberius Claudius Nero his wife, at the moment in an unfit state,—this people would have considered itself outraged had Cæsar seriously proposed to marry the Egyptian Cleopatra. He dared not give her the name of wife.¹ The evidence that he ever thought of doing so is uncertain. It is tolerably certain, however, that Cleopatra thought of sharing the empire with him under one name or another. Her dreams were not now of merely securing Egypt—she would extend her empire beyond what any of her ancestors had ever held. She might at least hope that he would acknowledge Cæsarion, since he had no other son—perhaps leave to him the mighty empire he had won, and thus Rome fall to Egypt and the Lagides, not Egypt to Rome.

Cæsarion, her son, and her youthful husband-brother accompanied her to

¹ Virgil speaks of her as the *wife* of Antony ; but it is when he enumerates her among the monsters on the shield of Æneas, and with a cry of horror,—

"Sequitur, nefas ! *Ægyptia* conjux."

Rome. She was well received by the Emperor. She dwelt in his palace in the gardens stretching down to the Tiber, which Cæsar afterwards bequeathed as a public possession to the Roman people—where the palace of the Pamphili now stands. Her statue was erected in the temple of Venus. Calpurnia, Cæsar's lawful wife, bore quietly the favour heaped upon her rival. Men said that a new law was about to be proposed, by which the Emperor might be enabled to marry more wives than one, and should not be required to marry Roman ladies. She held open court in the Capital of the world. All who sought place or favour from Cæsar attended her levees. The moralist and orator, Cicero, was there, fawning before her face, and abusing her afterwards in his letters to his friends. He sought her presence, under the pretence of begging for certain manuscripts, which the queen of the capital of literature, Alexandria, readily promised to procure for him. At the time, he writes to his friend Atticus, complaining bitterly of her pride, and assuring him that anything he had to do with her was only in the interests of science, and not at all degrading to his self-respect. He had heard, he says in another letter, that she was again in an interesting state. He hoped she would miscarry, as it would have been well had she miscarried when Cæsarion was born. All this scorn of Cicero, and many others, the Queen of Egypt saw well enough, and repaid scorn with scorn, looking not to favour with the Romans, but to her personal influence

with the Dictator, for the accomplishment of her purpose.

Thus she stayed till suddenly the murder of Cæsar fell like a thunderbolt upon her. Then came those terrible days of confusion—of republican hopes dashed down by Antony's promptitude—of strife and slaughter in the streets of Rome—of Cæsar's burial and the reading of his will. What could the foreign queen do but shrink from the public eye, and wait with patience to see what that will had done for her or for her child?

Alas, nothing! The Dictator had had no thought of the cruel treachery by which he fell. Even some of his murderers were on the list of those to whom he made liberal bequests. His gardens, as we have said, and a sum of 74 drachmas per man, were left to the Roman people; his other immense possessions were divided among the grandsons of his sisters, the bulk of them being given to Octavius, the grandson of his younger and favourite sister. For Cleopatra and her child he perhaps thought that time enough lay before him to provide. She was thus alone, with her hopes all blasted, in a city of foes. The senators who so recently had crowded round her, were all too busy now, with their excited hopes and fears, to mind her. And well for her that in these terrible days she was forgotten! It left her time for flight. Crushed and fearful, she left the city secretly, and made the best of her way back to Alexandria. Picture, who can, her thoughts on that dreary homeward voyage!



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DANIEL MACLISE.

AN Italian who happened to be a humourist as well as a poet, had for debtor another humourist, the sum claimed being only three *livé* (about 2s.). The creditor at stated times demanded his money, but many applications were vainly made, and at each disappointment he uttered his complaint in a piece of most witty and amusing verse. These pieces were the delight of the whimsical debtor, who read them in every company where he happened to be, and the recitations continued to extend the fame of the poet, and put some incidental zecchini's in his purse. This happy order of things endured for years, till one unlucky day, when the debtor, through mere absence of mind, put the three unlucky *livé* into the poet's hand. It was a most unfortunate occurrence for both parties. The poet being now without a grievance, was dismayed by the desertion of the divine afflatus at the same time. In vain he invoked the muse; he felt himself still master of rhyme and rhythm—the mere shell of the art; but the inward life, the spirit, was not to be found. Some versions of the tale assert that he died from the visitation of the three *livé*, but this is a piling of the agony not to our taste.

Whether death, or a moping condition of existence ensued, the tale inspires us with bitter anticipations of the state of our country when all

her wrongs are redressed by her big sister, and she is robbed of her last grievance. Our only comfort is the great lapse of time that must first intervene, and the certainty that then, as well as now, or even in the days of Horace, some bitter bubbles will continue to arise to the surface. Sir Hyacinth Muldoon, whose existence and well-being depends on the solvability of his Irish tenants, cannot afford to live among them, and do them those good offices which the old chiefs were so ready to extend to their agricultural dependents. He lingers out a lazy and useless existence in London or Paris, and employs a blood relation of Mr. Hopkins (see Miss Edgeworth's *Rosanna*) "to screw Farmer O'Shaughnessy's rent up to the starving place." Lady Morgan, after holding up "Sir Muldoon's" absenteeism to public hatred and contempt, quits her bower in Kildare Street and ends her days in Piccadilly or its neighbourhood. Donoch O'Brien, of Lower Ormond, writes a book or two on Irish country life, its ups and downs and amenities, its local traditions and legendary lore, and exerts himself to remove ill-feelings between the two religious sections of the country. He visits farmers' houses, the parlours of provincial shopkeepers, the book-stalls of the railway-stations, the book-sellers' shops in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork; finds everywhere copies of

the "Lawyer's Disloyal Wife," "The Licentious Robber," "The Deeds of Dick Turpin," "The Soiled Dove," and many another unedifying work; but of "Happy Days by the Bann," scarcely a copy. A native sculptor or painter of undoubted ability, exhibits for a few seasons in Lower Abbey Street. His works are in much esteem, but he cannot attain the honourable position to which he is entitled. He removes to London, and when Irish noblemen and gentlemen find his productions in demand among the English Upper Ten Thousand, they become liberal in their orders. His picture or his bust in Somerset House does not exceed in merit what he exhibited in the Royal Hibernian Academy; but it has been impressed with the London stamp—*atalisman* of mighty power.

Are we to blame "Perfidious Albion" for these national annoyances? By no means. Neither does the Queen nor Mr. Gladstone, recommend these books or forbid those. Neither is "Sir Muldoon" ordered, or even requested, to show his face daily at the window of a West-End Club House, nor did Mr. Foley nor Sir M. A. Shee receive the royal command to emigrate. It is all the result of too close proinquity between the castle and the cabin. Æsop's iron pot had not the slightest ill-feeling (the reverse rather) to his earthen neighbour as they floated down stream. Oliver Goldsmith's giant cherished the dwarf who accompanied him to the wars, but we know well enough how it fared with the little body of flesh and blood, and we also know how it would have fared with the little body of baked earth, if the force of the stream had brought its iron brother into close contact with it.

A valuable work,¹ lately published, confirms and illustrates the correct-

ness of these observations. Had Daniel Maclise not passed over to London in his youth, he would not have stood while living, in the front rank of British painters, and enjoyed a world-wide celebrity. In his provincial position, he would have attained a respectable name as portrait or historical painter, but he would have lacked the encouragement or inclination to execute those noble works which have secured him so high a rank in the history of British art. Had his lot been cast in Cork or Dublin, his existing fame would never have been attained; but perhaps he would, at this present moment, be enjoying a reputation sufficient for the self-complacency of any reasonable mind, and in addition, the comforts arising from the friendly regard of his co-citizens, the admiration and esteem of his countrymen in general, and that chiefest of worldly possessions—domestic happiness. The sacrifices exacted from one in Maclise's position were too great and too exacting. He satisfied the demands made on him, but he thereby abridged his span of life.

The biography of the great Irish artist could not have fallen into better hands. Mr. O'Driscoll was his school intimate, his boyish companion, and has remained his devoted friend through life. In the course of the narrative his sound æsthetic taste, his judgment, and the qualities which distinguish a good biographer, are evidenced.

Mr. O'Driscoll gives as introduction to his work, a sketch of the Fine Arts in England from the commencement of the last century; but limited space prevents any reference to that portion of the work, with the exception of a glance at the doings of some Irish artists.

Barry, a townsman of our artist, travelled on foot all the way from

¹ A Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A. By W. Justin O'Driscoll, M.R.S.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Cork to Dublin with his "Baptism of Aongus, King of Munster, by St. Patrick." The Royal Dublin Society held its school at the time in Hawkins' Street, on the site of the present Theatre Royal, and in an obscure corner was the picture hung. Our legends say that when the saint was administering the rite, he inadvertently struck his pointed staff (as he thought) into the ground, but the stroke was given with such good will that it pierced the poor postulant's foot through the instep. He, considering this as an essential part of the sacramental rite, gave no outward sign of his suffering; but the saint, drawing up his staff at the conclusion, and giving a glance downwards, was horror-struck at the sight of the gushing blood. Of course, when he heard from the king the cause of his silence, he lost no time, till by urgent prayer he obtained the healing of the wound.

Edmund Burke, happening in one of his visits to catch sight of the picture, "inquired of the secretary (we quote the text) the name of the painter. 'I don't know,' said that gentleman, 'but it was brought here by that little boy,' pointing to Barry, who was modestly standing near his work. 'Where did you get this picture, my boy?' said Burke. 'Who painted it?' 'It is mine,' said the proud boy: 'I painted it.' 'Oh, that is impossible,' said Burke, glancing at the poorly-clad youth. Barry burst into tears, and rushed from the room. Burke instantly followed him, soothed him with kind and encouraging words, and was ever after his friend.

In his twenty-third year, 1764, he visited London, at the instance of his patron, who procured for him, the year after, the means of going to Rome to study. Returning in 1770, he painted the fine picture of "Venus Rising from the Sea;" and in 1772, he was one of the four who completed the magic number (40) of the Royal Academy. Between the

years 1777 and 1783, he was employed at the now celebrated series of pictures in the Adelphi, illustrating the Progress of Civilisation, and the Rewards and Punishments of the Future, a stronger or weaker pagan animus pervading the whole. For the National Exhibition, held in Cork in 1852, the managers could only procure one of the great painter's pictures, and that by no means among his best, viz., King George IV., when Prince of Wales, invested with the insignia of the saint whose name he bore, exulting over the defeat of the Dragon. We have often stood in wrapt admiration in the entrance-hall of the drawing schools of the Royal Dublin Society, before his bed-chamber scene from *Cymbeline*, the bright warm spots of colour, so nicely set in relief by the general greenish-grey hues of the large chamber, and the representatives of truthful innocence and deceptive guilt presenting so powerful a contrast.

Sir Martin Archer Shee, who presided over the Royal Academy for some years, had received his art-education in the school of the Royal Dublin Society. Along with being an able portrait painter, Sir Martin was a man of letters. He wrote "Rhymes on Art," "Elements of Art" (poems), "Alasco," a tragedy, which the Lord Chamberlain of the day would not permit to be acted, "Old Court, a Novel," and other novels, now, alas, not sought for in the libraries, yet well worthy of perusal, especially the first-named, the scene of which is laid in Connaught.

Danby, with whose sublime conceptions and able execution every print-shop visitor is familiar, was a native of the county of Wexford. Mr. O'Driscoll relates the following circumstances connected with his first visit to England, in company with Mr. O'Connor, the landscape painter, and the late Dr. Petrie, the last-named gentleman being the authority for the facts:—

"Putting together all their earthly

possessions, *i.e.*, their sketches and drawings, they proceeded to Bristol, *en route*. When they arrived there the state of their finances presented serious difficulties to an extension of their journey, and their necessities forced them to adopt the expedient of offering some of their drawings for sale. One of the party went to the shop of an eminent print-seller with a few drawings. The gentleman looked at them, and was so impressed with their merit that he directly purchased them at a liberal price, and intimated his desire to buy any more that might be brought to him. This circumstance generated an acquaintance with the young artists, and procured for Danby a commission to paint an oil picture for a nobleman living near Bristol. In the meantime the three companions painted a joint-stock picture on a pretty large scale, each taking the part for which he felt himself best qualified. O'Connor did the landscape and background; Petrie finished some architectural ruins; and to Danby was allotted the figures and foreground. The picture was sold in Bristol, and the proceeds divided. O'Connor and Petrie returned to Dublin; Danby held to his original resolution, and proceeded to London, where he speedily distinguished himself. Many years after this, Petrie again visited Bristol, and was asked to dine with a gentleman who possessed some excellent pictures. He showed his collection to Petrie, and remarked as to one, that though it was considered the best work in his gallery, no one could tell the name of the artist. The moment Petrie saw the picture he recognised it as the joint-stock performance, and told its history to his host, who was rather disappointed at learning its hybrid origin."

Mulready and Roberts, as well as the painters just mentioned, have upheld the character of their country for the production of artists of the highest rank.

Cork, the birth-place of Maclise, though long unable to make it worth the while of a great native artist to set up a permanent atelier within its river bounds, had at times made strenuous, though unsuccessful, efforts to foster native talent by the establishment of schools of design. What the patriotic Corcagians, with all their energy and patriotism had been unable to effect, was unintentionally accomplished by the gratitude of Pope Pius to the English Crown, and the want of appreciation by the Prince Regent of the magnificent present sent him by His Holiness. This was no less than casts of the world-renowned marbles made under the eyes of the great Canova. The Prince appears to have been more annoyed than gratified by the valuable gift. The casts were allowed to do a long quarantine in their cases at the Custom-house, and when they made a lodgment at Carlton House, were considered rather in the way. To no purpose did his Royal Highness offer them to the Royal Academy; no room could be spared for them. But while the embarrassed Prince was sorely perplexed about their disposal, the late Earl of Listowel relieved his mind, and made Ireland his debtor, by asking them to form a nucleus for models of a fine-art school in Cork. He was not more eager to get than the Prince to give, and thus by a side-wind was an impetus given to the study of the beautiful in form by the Munster students.

"The gift of this splendid collection (we quote our biographer), like the myrtle which Minerva presented to the Athenians, induced a love of the art to revive and strike deep root among the people of Cork. By their exertions, and, very much more, by their liberal subscriptions, a theatre was fitted up for the reception of the casts and the admission of students, and it was placed under the superintendence of a competent master."

Mr. O'Driscoll dwells on the abilities of some of these early students, among others, Forde and Hogan. Our limits will not admit of more than the mere mention of these artists, one of whom died just as he had given proofs of the highest genius and ability in his unfinished cartoon of the overthrow of the Rebel Angels. A black statue was erected some years since in a public thoroughfare in Dublin, apparently to the genius of heaviness and stupidity, and idle tongues have said that the end of poor Hogan was hastened by certain pestilent leaden emanations escaping from it into his system, as he incautiously gazed on it when passing by. He was endeavouring, at the unfortunate moment, to solve the problem,—how the essence of lightness, gaiety, and joyous fancy, could, by passing through the brain-chambers of a man of undoubted talent, have assumed the plodding, stupid form which daily saddens the souls of the wayfarers by the College wall.

Daniel Maclise was born in Cork in the year 1811. Two of his brothers, Alexander and Joseph, are still living. His two sisters were beautiful women: their portraits add to the charm of some of his finest pieces, *e.g.*, "All-Hallow Eve," the "Installation of Captain Rock," "Malvolio and the Countess," &c.

"Anna, the younger sister, married Mr. Percival Weldon Banks, a member of the English Bar, and well known in the literary world as a distinguished contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* and other periodicals. Isabella was never married; she loved her brother so intensely that nothing would induce her to separate from him. She died in the early part of 1865, and her death had a most depressing effect on his health and spirits."

The future artist's school days

were spent under a teacher of ability. He varied and relieved his studies by pen-and-ink sketches, among which caricatures of everybody, not neglecting the master, were frequent. Leaving school at fourteen years of age, he spent some time in a banking house; but finding his vocation to art irresistible, he entered the Cork Academy as pupil, and devoted his entire attention to drawing and the study of useful and improving books in the library of the late Mr. Sainthill, a lover of the fine arts, and a distinguished antiquary. At Mr. Sainthill's house he made the acquaintance of the amiable chronicler of the "Southern Fairies," Crofton Croker, Esq., who continued his steady friend through life.

"The late Dr. Woodroffe, one of the most famous surgeons of his time, had a school of anatomy in Cork, to which Maclise and other students of the Academy were gratuitously admitted. He attended the lectures there, and occasionally dissected; and this early discipline of his hand and eye in the science of anatomy contributed very much to produce that marvellous facility and accuracy in delineating the human figure, which imparts such a charm and grace to all his works. While pursuing unremittingly his studies from the models in the Academy, and attending the lectures of Dr. Woodroffe, his pencil was exercised in every imaginable way. Whenever he saw a grotesque face or figure, a picturesque tree or a beautiful landscape, it was at once transferred to his portfolio, and scores of his sketches were distributed with a profuse hand to his friends."¹

A favourable circumstance seized on, and turned to account on the instant, established his reputation, and brought him more orders than he was able to accomplish. Mr. O'Driscoll thus relates the fortunate

¹ Our readers will please to consider all passages between inverted commas as literal quotations from Mr. O'Driscoll's text.

occurrence connected with the visit of Sir Walter Scott and his party to the shop of the eminent bookseller, Mr. Bolster, during their stay in Cork, in the autumn of 1825.

"Maclise, then a mere boy, conceived the idea of making a sketch of Sir Walter; and having placed himself unobserved in a part of the shop which afforded him an admirable opportunity, he made in a few minutes three outline sketches, each in a different position. Having selected that one which he considered the best, he worked at it all night, and next morning brought to Bolster a highly-finished pen-and-ink drawing, handled with all the elaborate minuteness of a line engraving. Bolster placed it in a conspicuous part of his shop; and Sir Walter and his friends having again called during the day, it attracted his attention when he entered. He was struck with the exquisite finish and fidelity of the drawing, and at once inquired the name of the artist who had executed it. Maclise, who was standing in a remote part of the shop, was at once brought forward, and introduced to Sir Walter. The great author took him kindly by the hand, and expressed his astonishment that a mere boy could have achieved such a work, and predicated that he would yet distinguish himself. Sir Walter then asked for a pen, and wrote with his own hand, "Walter Scott" at the foot of the sketch. Maclise was advised by Bolster to have it lithographed; but there was no lithographic press in Cork, and but one in Dublin. Maclise himself prepared the tracings for transferring the drawing to the slate. Five hundred copies were struck off, and sold as rapidly as they were printed. One of the original sketches, with the study in oils, for the 'Spirit of Justice,' and some early drawings of the artist, were to be seen in the National Exhibition at Cork in 1852."

Never did a youth of talent un-

dergo such fatigue for a time as the "praised one" of Sir Walter Scott. He charged but a guinea and a-half for portraits in pencil—the size, say, nine inches by seven, backgrounds and accessories worked in as carefully as face, hands, and hair.

"The system involved such an amount of mere mechanical labour, each lady or gentleman-sitter being anxious to have her or his own selection of a background, that when his time became of more consequence, and the number of his sitters increased, he wholly discarded the elaborate backgrounds, which had become as tedious and distasteful to him as the straw yards to George Morland. He thenceforth adopted the vignette style of finishing his portraits: the effect was infinitely better, and the manual labour vastly lessened."

An increase of pay accompanied this lessening of labour. So the years 1825 and 1826 were passed painting portraits, and making sketches of scenery and ruins when he could escape from the studio. He was gifted with an incredible facility and correctness in conveying outlines of objects to his sketch-book, grotesque and ludicrous groups being as acceptable as picturesque or sublime ones. Indeed, on one occasion his love of the ludicrous seems to have made him lose sight of that "eternal fitness of things" so lauded by philosopher SQUARE. Accompanied by his biographer on a sketching excursion, they came in sight of their provision-bearing youth, up to his arm-pits in the river, the provant basket on his head, and his distended eyes taking in the figure of a furious bull on the bank, with eyes, horns, hoofs, and tail suggestive of an impending charge, averted only by his dislike to the depth of the pool. The artist's friend would have hastened at once to the animal's owner, in order to shift the disagreeable scene; but the artist would not agree till he had fixed the

situation on paper. He introduced the group at a later day among illustrations on a pack of playing-cards, and a most laughable group it was.

His influential friends, Sainthill, Croker, Sir Thomas Deane, &c., began to think that the best course to be adopted by him, was to proceed to London, and enter himself as pupil at the Royal Academy. They were ready to provide funds for the purpose; but the artist possessing an independent spirit, would not hear of receiving pecuniary assistance. He worked on, and added these five guineas to those, until he had put together a sum sufficient to guarantee his support in a strange place for a reasonable time.

In the spring of 1827, having sent a pencil drawing to Somerset House, with the object of getting admission as a pupil, and being furnished with an earnest recommendation to Mr. Croker from Mr. Sainthill, he arrived in London, and took up his residence in Newman Street, Oxford Street. Though he neither would nor did accept of any assistance in money from Mr. Croker, his friendship was of material advantage. He was a frequent guest at his table, and there made profitable acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Landon, Rogers, Miss Edgeworth, Barham (*Thomas Ingoldsby*), Planché, Rev. Mr. Mahony (*Father Prout*), and other literary notabilities whom it was pleasant and profitable to know.

The following curious circumstance, connected with his departure from Ireland, is given in Mr. O'Driscoll's words:—

"He had made a very fine full-length drawing of a lady, to which he had devoted an extraordinary amount of his time. It was one of his most finished efforts. For some reason never explained, it never was paid for, and it remained in his studio until the eve of his departure from Cork. The husband of the lady was communicated with, but he declined to receive it. Maclise

was too proud to insist on payment, as he might have done; but he resolved to render it a medium for the display of his peculiar powers over the pencil. Slightly obliterating the prominent parts of the face, but preserving the exquisite outline, he contrived to envelope the face and bust in a delicately-wrought veil. It was a marvel of art. The fine figure and face were discernible through the folds of the veil, but every feature of resemblance was wholly destroyed. This 'Veiled Lady' was for some time in his studio in London. It was afterwards sold at a considerable price."

Patrons of Hawkins' Street Theatre, when its manager, the late Mr. W. Cole (Calcraft)—good performer, good writer, and perfect Irish Gentleman,—was in his prime, remember the first appearance of the younger Kean on its boards (end of 1827). Some of the surviving playgoers at least enjoyed the performance of father and son in the "New Way to Pay Old Debts," a couple of years later. The general feeling of the Dublin folk at that time was, that the young man was a careful and judicious performer; but a mere copyist of his father's style, and thoroughly devoid of originality. With every succeeding visit he arose some degrees in their favour. A striking and rapidly-executed portrait of Charles as "Young Norval" brought the youthful Cork artist into as much favour with the London folk, as did his sketch of Scott with the inhabitants of the "Beautiful City." The actor was obliged perforce to suspend speech and action under a torrent of applause, and—

"Whilst he stood for a few moments, as it were, transfixed with feelings of pride and graceful embarrassment, Maclise made the sketch: he executed a finished drawing from it that night. Mr. Croker had it lithographed, and published next day, and the sale of

the copies at ten shillings each was very large. . . . It was an interesting episode in the lives of these distinguished men, each struggling forward at the same moment, but by different paths to the goal of fame. Commissions for portraits in pencil and water-colours now flowed in on him, and he began to be known as a rising young artist."

Meantime his progress in his academical studies and exercises "was rapid and successful beyond all precedent. Every honour which the Academy could confer was gained by Maclise, *inter alia* its highest prize. . . . 'This was the gold medal with which he was presented, in the year 1829, for the best historical composition, the subject selected being 'The Choice of Hercules.'"

Great was his ecstasy, as may be imagined, at this attainment of his dearest wishes; but alas! every temporal triumph has its shadow. Crowding of friends, a *little* indulgence in champagne, a wetting, a consequent cold, pills, basins of gruel, &c., considerably tempered his exultation. He acknowledges in a letter that on the next Sunday he was wretchedly dull, and yawned fearfully all day, "not feeling the triumph half as much as he would have felt the failure."

Lovers of pictures and prints have long been familiar with the appearance of *Malvolio*, as possessed with fatuitous conceit, he kisses his hand, and displays his yellow, cross-gartered hose to the astonished and indignant eyes of *Olivia*. This was his first exhibited picture, 1829. We had the gratification of seeing it in the Dublin Society's Exhibition some years since, but it had then lost some of its original freshness. It belongs to the Vernon Gallery Collection. The archness in the countenance of Maria, the dignity in Olivia's, and the sweetness and gentleness in both, possess great

attraction for every one blessed with good taste. Mr. O'Driscoll says of the painting, "It would be difficult to discover in his later efforts, anything more graceful and pleasing or more beautiful in point of colouring than this picture."

In 1830 he exhibited seven pictures, including portraits of Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Landon (L.E.L.), and Thomas Campbell; and in 1832, "Puck disenchanting Bottom," and "Oberon and Titania reconciled," and in the same year he revisited his native city.

After transferring to his sketch-books many an outline of the enchanting scenery round Killarney, and generally in the "Kingdom of Kerry," he had the good fortune to fall in with Rev. Matthew Hogan, of Blarney, and a visit paid to him, on October 31st, originated the national picture of "All-Hallow Eve," of which all our readers have seen copies in some style of reproduction; and thus it came about:—

"The good old priest held a social gathering on All-Hallow Eve, when persons of superior position in society were to be found unaffectedly mingling with the poorest peasantry of the parish. Crofton Croker and Maclise were invited to this entertainment; and whilst the young artist, charmed with the novelty of the scene, surrendered himself heart and soul to the enjoyment of the night, and joined in the harmless hilarity that prevailed, he contrived to sketch every group in the barn."

Commencing his picture on his return, he had it ready for the exhibition of 1833. It was the largest painting in oil produced by him up to that time. We trust that there are but few of our readers who have not by heart the various joyous and earnest groups, striving to secure the apple, or get a glimpse of the future, or tire their partners in the dance.

"The principal characters are

portraits of Sir W. Scott, Crofton Croker, the sisters of the artist, Percival Banks, who was married to the younger sister, and the old clergyman who appears in the background, compelling two of 'his boys,' who had been trying their shillelahs on each other's heads, to shake hands and be friends."

"Mokanna revealing his hideous countenance to Zelica," exhibited in 1833, ought not to have been painted. The horrible or disgusting should never be presented in play, poem, or picture. In the poem of the "Veiled Prophet," the effect alone is touched on; the ghastly object is left undescribed.

"The Installation of Captain Rock," 1834, presented a felicitous subject for description. It is thus particularised in the biography:—

"The scene is a country churchyard by moonlight. In the foreground is the corpse of the dead man lying on a tomb. The body is bared from the waist upwards, and the blood which has oozed from the bullet-wound is seen congealed round it. Standing beside the tomb, with his right hand placed on the body of the slain captain, is the newly-elected chief, opposite is the Nestor of the band, administering the oath of fidelity and vengeance. . . . The felicitous arrangement of the several groups, the drinking party, the village orator, the excited crowd round the tomb, the stately ruins of the old abbey, the exquisite disposition of light and shade, the moonbeams struggling through the groined arches and carved mullions, and falling on the pallid features of the dead man, form a combination of extraordinary power and expression."

On November 2nd, 1836, the young Irish artist, then only twenty-four years old, had the honour of becoming an Associate of the Royal Academy. The same year he introduced his friend Macready, in the guise of *Macbeth*, into the Witches' cavern.

We would gladly be possessors of "Olivia and Sophia fitting out Moses for the Fair," 1837, with his thunder-and-lightning coat, much too short for the boy, his gosling-green waistcoat, cocking his hat with pins, and tying his hair with a black ribbon. Dickens must have enjoyed this picture greatly, as Moses, degraded into *Bozey* and *Boz*, was a household word in his family. While the picture was exhibited, at all events in the same year, Mr. Forster, the "mutual friend" of the two men introduced them to each other, and for a run of thirty years a cordial intimacy prevailed between them. Mr. O'Driscoll gives a specimen of their humorous correspondence:—

"Mr. John Forster of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Mr. Charles Dickens, of universal popularity, request the favour of Mr. Maclise's company at the Parthenon Club to-night, at half-past ten exactly.

"Thinking it possible that Mr. Maclise may have gone to Court at an early hour this morning, they address this letter both to his private house and the Athenæum; and but for the veneration due to their youthful sovereign, they would have forwarded a duplicate to the Palace at Pimlico."

What acquaintance of "Newman Nogs," "Mr. Squeers," and "The Cheeryble Brothers," can forget the portrait of the youthful Boz, which served as a frontispiece to their history? It was painted by his fast friend, who, on receiving a cheque for a considerable amount, by way of recompence for his pleasant labour, returned it with the following:

"My dear Dickens,—How could you think of sending me a cheque for what was to me a matter of gratification? I am almost inclined to be offended with you. May I not be permitted to give some proof of the value I attach to your friendship? I return the cheque, and regret that you should have thought it necessary to send it."

Dickens, however, was not to be overcome without some trouble. He thus replied :—

“Do not be offended. I quite appreciate the feeling which induced you to return what I sent you. Notwithstanding, I must ask you to take it back again. If I could have contemplated for so much of your time and extraordinary powers, I should have had no need (knowing you, I knew that well) to resort to the little device I played off. I will take anything else from you, at any time that you will give any scrap from your hand, but I entreat you not to disturb this matter. I am willing to be your debtor for anything else in the whole wide range of your art, as you shall very readily find when you put me to the proof.”

Mr. O'Driscoll remarks : “It does not appear how this friendly controversy terminated.”

Maclise's descriptions to friends at home of what he saw and did in Paris are most graphic and amusing. Thirty years ago the Parisians expressed their contempt for their island neighbours much more openly and heartily than they do now. Latterly, if they enjoy a hearty laugh at the Briton's tall, rough-napped hat, weak eyes, solemn look, and extensive flaming whiskers, and *Mees's* antiquated dress and manly stride, they invest them with a halo of good nature and generosity, which changes the laugh into a smile of approbation. Here is Maclise's experience, in 1839, at the Hippodrome.

“Figured to the life was a comic group of English jockeys, subjected to all sorts of indignant and vulgar treatment. There was *Lord Chesterfield his very self*, with enormous whiskers of red hair standing out from his cheeks, *à l'Anglaise*, with white cords and tops. And, oh, how they knocked him about ! He was thrown, he was dragged along the arena through the mud, until he was covered with one mass of dirt.

He was ignominiously beaten in the boxing match, and this was received by the laughing shrieks of thousands in these vast circles. I can assure you I was terribly annoyed, and the more because my neighbours, right and left, before and behind, kept looking to see whether we liked it. Isabella seemed to excite great attention as we walked along, and we heard everywhere the word *Anglaise* as we passed, and we said to ourselves, ‘How mistaken you are !’”

Like a true *Anglaise*, Maclise rejoiced to see how prostrated the poor Frenchmen were, *viz maladie of sea*, in their visits to perfidious Albion, but expressed a ludicrous indignation that he and other islanders were not in a bit better case.

It would be a treat to have witnessed the following scene between himself and a moneyed *Mecenas*, whose pockets were better furnished than his brain-pan, the subjects being his fine picture from “Hamlet,” and the “Sea Maid changed to a Harp.” He tells his grievance in a note to Forster :—

“My dear Forster,—Let me pour my woes into your friendly ‘buzzum.’ You saw two men come in here as you went out. One of them is a Mr. K——, a *nouveau riche*, who has lately begun to buzz about artists. He bought that large picture of——. Well, sir, can you believe it ? *That man knew nothing of the play of ‘Hamlet,’ neither did his pal.* I felt myself a very spoon, even in explaining to them the plot and the meaning of the picture ; and my soul fell down into my slippers, to think that that man is the representative of a thousand such. Oh, were you to see the puzzled, unintelligent look he used now to throw at me, and then on the picture, and then at his pal, who only looked at the tip of my nose. I swear to you he never took his eyes off me, and I believe never saw the picture at all. As for the ‘Nymph,’ I took up Moore, to read them a line in ex-

planation; but I could not, and fairly laid the book down again, and held my tongue. They asked me what the subject of the other was. So I said, 'Oh, nothing more than you see.'

We must not overlook the outline portraits furnished to *Fraser's Magazine* by our artist, under the pseudonym of *Alfred Croquis*. What humour, what power of characterising in the artist, and what striking resemblances were achieved! charged with a little banter or grotesqueness, but still genuine portraits. We recall, with the melancholy pleasure which hangs round the objects of interest of our youth, the self-complacency with which Lady Morgan was adjusting her bonnet (not the wretched fly-away article of our days) at the glass; the dignified and gentle-looking Mrs. Norton, occupied with the tea urn; the handsome, dashing, W. H. Ainsworth, on the look-out for a footpad, and ready to send a bullet in his direction; and the young Disraeli, as if looking down on Europe and its pigmies from the flat roof of Sidoniass Kiosk, on Mount Horeb. But why did Alfred imagine such a mean and acquisitive face for nice Mr. Alaric Attila Watts (such a name!) as he furtively glides down stairs with a picture under each arm? We have the plate of "The Fraserians," Jan. 1835, before us, and delightedly gaze on the faces of Dr. Maginn, Rev. Edward Irving (all harshness of countenance softened away), Father Mahony, Sir Egerton Brooke Brydges, Carlyle (not the present hirsute face), Moir, Hook, Croker, Lockhart, the thoughtful, handsome, and benevolent face of Galt; the poor, ghastly looking countenance of the "Ancient Mariner;" Michael Angelo, Titmarsh, and his spectacles, such as he afterwards delighted to represent them and himself; Mr. Proctor, Mr. Southey, the artist, and others. Father Mahony, or Dr. Maginn, put this speech, referring to

Maclise, in the mouth of Mr. Croker:—

"We literary folk are always thinking we are the finest fellows in the world, and have therefore a right to look down on all the rest of mankind; whereas, if the truth were known, all the rest of the world look down most contemptuously on us. Never mind! What I was about to remark was this,—While we were all chattering and gabbling about the affairs of all kinds of writing people, we were forgetting that there was sitting amongst us a decent man who has the art of making faces never beat yet. I do not like mentioning names, for it is dangerous in these cross times, but there he is, Dan,—I beg pardon, for I was uncommon near making a slip of the tongue—there he is—Mr. Alfred Croquis, sitting cheek-by-jowl to Mr. Barry Cornwall (Bryan Procter), and a neat article he is,—I mean Croquis equally as well as I mean Cornwall. Here he is, as demure and prim as a young lady at a christening, and good luck to him,—only he is caricaturing us all the time he is sitting there, as quiet as if he was a mouse in a cheese. Nevertheless I give you his health, and long may he live to sketch and—etch! Here's your health, Dan, my boy—Alfred, I mean, only it's the same thing."

"Croquis, who is an uncommonly modest man, blushed up to the ears at the flattering address, and his confusion was not diminished by the enthusiastic reception with which his name was greeted. A more tumultuous scene was hardly ever witnessed, and it would require all the graphic abilities of the painter of 'The Swearing-in of Captain Rock,' to do it justice."

Maclise's illustrations to the "National Melodies," were charmingly conceived and executed. He was at home wherever imagination entered into the treatment of a national subject, and such was the case with

"The Origin of the Harp." Moore in his youth found the design sketched with charcoal on a wall in Kilmainham prison, by Edward Hudson, as he relates in his "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald." Mr. O'Driscoll thus describes our artist's treatment of it :—"The sea maiden is seen standing at the entrance of a cave irradiated by the setting sun, the shining stalactites hanging from the roof and forming a brilliant and picturesque framework round the figure. The dark-blue sea waves are seen behind, and the sky above, the sunbeams stealing over and lighting up a part of it. The form of the siren is a beautiful conception : the limbs exhibit all the roundness and proportions of a statue, and the face is the incarnation of loveliness. A coronet of sea-flowers is wreathed through the dark shining tresses of the maiden, and imparts a picturesque and poetical character to the figure. This picture is at present in the possession of Allan Potter, Esq., of Liverpool."

"The Actors' reception of the Author"—subject found in "Gil Blas"—was exhibited in 1843. We had the pleasure of studying it in the Royal Hibernian Academy, we cannot say how short or long afterwards. But the spirit of cringing humility on the part of the poor writer, and of insolent contempt on the parts of the actress and her company, and even the page, made a lasting impression on us. The usual power over facial character, the same attention to the costumes and all the accessories, were unmistakeable, but a want of mellowness in the carnation colours was felt. Between the warm shadows of the flesh and the higher lights, the introduction of a slightly coolish tint has a pleasing and harmonious effect ; but in our artist's pieces the presence of a foxy or bricky tint in that position seriously marred the effect.

Mr. Wardell, a Dublin merchant, possesses at his country house,

Thorncliffe, Rathgar, the oil painting of "The Spirit of Chivalry," a copy of which in fresco, executed in 1847, adorns the House of Lords. The female figure embodying the principal character is mentioned in the text as clothed in white. In Mr. Wardell's copy she stands in red and blue, her sweet countenance and position expressive of high and noble aspirations. She is supported by Religion and Valour, in the persons of a bishop and a fully-armed king, and below the platform on which they stand, are disposed a young knight about to make his vows, ladies assisting at his equipment, a troubadour, a page, a pilgrim—representatives of History, Poetry, and the Arts, the whole composition breathing a heroic and ennobling spirit. In this, as in all Maclise's pictures, we find just care paid to every portion of the composition, truth of colour and form being lovingly attended to, without any lapse into the undesirable processes of Pre-Raphaelitism. In the same gallery is preserved the fine piece of "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid," (to be noticed further on), along with many other ancient and modern pieces of great merit.

In 1849, his uninterrupted labours began to tell against him, and he became seriously ill. Still, in his communications to Forster and Dickens, he jested on his sufferings, made pen-and-ink portraits of himself with a fortnight's beard and long tangled hair, in the style of Macready in the first act of *Werner*. Anon he presented himself intently painting at arm's length, with a poultice on his nose, secured by a bag and band. These, and other numerous sketches, are secured in the memoir by wood engravings, very cleverly executed by Mrs. Millard, of Dublin.

In 1850, he exhibited "The Spirit of Justice," an oil painting the original of the large fresco in the House of Lords. His biographer describes the painting in detail, but

we can only afford room to a few sentences.

"The principal figures are Justice, Retribution, and Mercy. The face of Justice, sternly beautiful, seems illumined by the light of heaven itself, and the eyes are lustrous with celestial intelligence. The Angel of Retribution stands near, austere and inexorable; while Mercy, whose features beam with benignity and gentleness, seems pleading for the guilty one. The splendour of the accessories, and the exquisite finish and minuteness of the details, are wonderful. The drawing is perfectly faultless, and all the figures disclose a profound knowledge of the structure of the human body. It is impossible not to feel impressed with something like awe, as one looks on this great work. It elevates the mind into a region of thought, at once grand and sublime."

The same year was presented poor "Moses," exhibiting to his family his gross of green spectacles, the only thing he had to show out of the sale of the colt. It would not be easy to fix on the relative proportion of the wisdom exhibited by Moses, and that exhibited by his simple parents on the occasion. Our Oliver had not listened without profit to the household tales told at the fireside of the Meath parsonage-house. One of them, entitled, "I'll be wiser next time," furnished the original of Moses' adventure.

In 1850, through the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Percival Weldon Banks, the care for the well-being of his sister and her family devolved on him, and lovingly did he discharge his duty. In 1852 he sent to the Academy, "Alfred in the Danish Camp," and in 1854, "The Marriage of Strongbow and Eva." The Commissioners of Fine Arts entered on a negotiation with him for the reproduction of this fine historical picture, in fresco, on one of the walls of the Painted Chamber; but after a world of parley the thing fell through.

Being appointed a Fine-Art Juror for the Parisian Exhibition of 1855, he crossed the Strait; but his office happening to demand little trouble and less time, he made the Italian tour in company with his brother Joseph. He evidently did not possess the stuff which enters into the composition of travellers by choice. He thus speaks of Carrara:—

"The whole town, the hotel, the street, one blaze of light, a very *Koh-i-Noor* of a town, reflected from glaring white marble everywhere, and up to the knees in burning lime-dust. My eyes!—an appropriate exclamation—will never again recover their well-known power. We walked up into the quarries, and slaked the lime-dust into mortar all the way by rills running off from our distilling bodies. . . . We got off from our guide with the never-failing fleecing."

The Southern Italians consider that life is not worth enduring after the sight of their famous city. Hence their direction, "See Naples and die!" Maclise nearly obeyed the order when he slid down from Vesuvius.

"We made the ascent—one to me, who have had some experience of Ben Nevis, Cruachan, and Lomond, as a pedestrian,—of the most wretched distress over burning cinders, and clinkers, and boulders of pumice-stone, that rolled away from beneath the feet at every step. I rejected all offers of assistance in my pride, and would not hear for a moment of laying hold of a leathern kind of girdle strapped round a meagre old Italian, who offered the assistance. At last the top was gained, and I grovelled amid hot ashes,—hot from without and within; tried to eat the boiled egg—boiled in a hot hole from which, as well as from all the four craters about, issued clouds of sulphurous smoke, that made us both cough and sneeze, and drank a bottle of ordinary wine. I rejected the refreshment the moment I took it,

and began to fear I must give in. However, after resting an hour, I felt able to propose the descent, and plunged down through ashes—every step knee deep (no exaggeration)—which came rolling with us like a river, and filled my boots so closely, that if it only cohered, it would have taken a complete mould of my foot and shin. I fell twice, splitting my check trousers at the knee, and cutting the same over the bone very severely.”

In 1857 he exhibited forty sketches of subjects connected with the Norman conquest. His biographer says of them :—

“Were it possible to interweave with the fascinating fabric of Lord Lytton’s *Harold*, the stern realities of the same period described by Dr. Lingard, these splendid drawings would form an attractive set of illustrations to the work. In this story, which the artist tells with his pencil, there is a beautiful blending of history and romance, and he has sustained his high reputation for grandeur of conception, inventive genius, masterly and effective grouping, and unrivalled dexterity of hand.”

The next pieces to be noticed are “The Nymph of the Waterfall” (an Irish girl crossing a river on stepping-stones), painted for Charles Dickens, and “Salvator Rosa offering one of his Works for sale to a Jew Dealer.” The first of these was purchased at Mr. Dickens’s sale, by Mr. Forster, for six hundred and ten guineas, a price not too high, taking its beauties into account. “The features of the nymph are inexpressibly sweet; her dress—that of a peasant girl—is simply but tastefully arranged, falling in graceful folds, and disclosing the beautiful symmetry and proportions of the figure.” In the other an additional interest is given to the incident of the poor young artist being obliged to part cheaply with his work, by the earnest gaze bent on him by the Jew’s daughter, as she hands down

the money-box from the inner penetralia of the booth.

The great cartoon of “The Meeting of the Field-marshal, Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo,” was commenced in March, 1858, and finished in July, 1859. It measured forty-five feet some inches in length, and the fresco-painting executed from it in the palace of Westminster, was completed December, 1861. The damp and uncertain climate of Britain, as is well known, is far from being as favourable to the preservation of pictures painted in fresco on walls, as the climate of Italy or Greece, and the difficulties of execution in fresco much exceed those experienced in oil. The painter gets fresh plaster laid on as much of the wall as he supposes he can cover at one *seance*, has the subject well before him, and executes what he has to do at once, for there can be no retouching. His colours are all of the mineral class, his vehicle water, and when the work is dry the hues are different from the appearance the materials presented when laid on. The lime in the plaster, combining with them and the carbonic-acid gas, affects the tone, and imparts a certain adhesive character to them. As has been already remarked, ordinary frescoes in the central and northern countries of Europe are liable to injury from damp, and exposed to the inconvenience of scaling off. But the patient and persevering Germans have succeeded, by means of what is called the water-glass (*i.e.*, pure silica dissolved by an alkali), in fixing the materials and preserving them from all the injuries to which they are obnoxious in the climates of Germany and England.

Under the old regime, as already mentioned, the artist having covered the fresh plaster with his colours, could not retouch any part of his work, and next day another coat of this plaster had to be carefully joined

to that of yesterday, and another limited portion of painting applied till the artist came to the edge. And, ah! the trouble and worry attending the continuation of yesterday's work by colours of the same depth of hue, those to be laid on not corresponding by any means in appearance with those of which they were expected to be continuations. In the new or stereochromic process, the artist having had any extent of surface prepared with plaster, tempered or not with the water-glass, lays his colours freely and broadly, as he may go over the surface again and again, merely moistening the portion to be freshly covered from a particular kind of sprinkler. By a scientific use of the dissolved silicate, he is enabled to fix his colours, and give the whole composition permanence. Mr. Maclise having covered a portion of the wall by the old process was inspired by some good genius to lay aside colour, lime, and sand, and travel to Berlin. There he was enabled to make experiments, and see the German artists make them, and communicate with them through Lady Eastlake, as he neither could speak High Dutch, nor understand it when spoken by others.

The great fresco was painted with the utmost attention to truth of costume, and of every adjunct properly belonging to the subject. Portfolios were filled with sketches of every variety of Prussian and English uniform, the portrait of Copenhagen, the Duke's charger copied, buttons, swords, belts, and every conceivable arm carefully noted; and when it was discovered that Blucher, during these days of danger despised the foppery of a hat and feather, that head-dress was erased from the cartoon, and a plain peaked forage cap substituted. In the book a woodcut of this, and the stern face under it is given.

In March, 1862, the great fresco was made visible to the public, a

year and a quarter after the last sprinkle of water-glass had been given to it, and this is what met the said public's eyes:—

"In front of the house, 'La Belle Alliance,' shown in the centre of the picture, Wellington and Blucher are in the act of shaking hands. The Duke is mounted on his favourite charger, 'Copenhagen.' There is an expression of savage and vengeful triumph in the face of the Prussian General. The features of the great Duke indicate calm and stern resolution with mingled emotions of sadness and sorrow, as he regards the masses of his devoted and gallant soldiers lying around him, dead and dying."

We have not left ourselves space to particularise the details of the great piece, the portraits of the English and Prussian Generals, and all the peculiar features of battle just won. "The Young Gallant Howard," of Lord Byron's muse, is seen borne off the field by a Highlander of the Foot-guards, and a Fusilier. A Hanoverian soldier mortally wounded is aided by Belgian priests, a Sister of Charity, and a Vivandiere; the dying and dead fill appropriate portions, and in the rear British cavalry are pressing on the retreating French.

"This picture is pre-eminently the largest and most finished composition ever achieved by an English artist, and no continental painter has approached it in magnitude or grandeur of conception. The work is one of which any nation may be proud. It is an imperishable record of the great battle which consummated the destiny of Napoleon. The picture tells with silent eloquence its own tale of triumph. . . . It is the first wall-painting of such enormous dimensions that has been produced in England, or any where else, according to the water-glass or stereochromic method. Congratulatory communications reached the artist from France and other parts of the

Continent, as well as from America, on the appearance of this marvellous production."

But our *Imperator* in the field of art was obliged for a while to endure the sight of a slave in his chariot while enjoying his triumph. The report had got abroad, and the impression was strong, that no interview at all had taken place on the battle-field between the two generals. The Commissioners of Fine Arts were troubled—the great people of the land were troubled. It would not be consistent with national honour that a public lie should be asserted on a wall in the Palace of Westminster. A missive penned by royal hands went to Berlin, and "the result was a letter from General Nostitz, stating that having been a personal aide-de-camp to Prince Blucher throughout the campaigns of 1813, 1814, and 1815, and by his side at every important movement, he was able to assert positively that this meeting really took place; that the two generals congratulated each other there on the brilliant victory achieved by them, and concerted measures for the pursuit of the enemy during the night."

Our artist, as well as English art in general, lost a good friend by the death of Prince Albert. When expressing, on one occasion, his bitter regret for the loss of the amiable and accomplished Prince, "He remarked that whenever difficulties presented themselves, which only an adept could understand, the assistance and co-operation of the Prince were ever graciously and efficiently accorded in removing them. The suggestions of the artist were never coldly or reluctantly received, but, on the contrary, in all his personal intercourse with Maclise, there was an open and cheerful affability of manner on the part of the Prince peculiarly fascinating." In the artist's annoying "configurations" with the Commissioners of Fine Arts, the Prince was his friendly and judicious ally.

The other great stereocrome executed by Maclise for the Palace wall, viz., "The Death of Nelson," was completed in the beginning of 1865. It exhibited a still more exciting tableau of action, energy, and suffering, than the Waterloo painting, and was distinguished by the same attention to local colour. Every portion of the furniture of a man-of-war's deck which meets the eye was most carefully and truthfully represented, and all the stirring bustle of the fray came out most life-like from under the pencil, which was as vigorous and energetic as it was truthful.

"The figure of the fallen hero is in the centre of the picture. He is supported by mournful attendants, and propped up in the arms of Hardy, his favourite and faithful captain. There is a mingled expression of ineffable suffering and unshaken fortitude delineated in his features. A brawny tar bringing a tricolour flag to the Admiral forgets for a moment that he holds the glorious trophy, and falls on his knees in an agony of grief. A sailor on the poop-deck is attracting the attention of two midshipmen to the mizen-top of the "Redoubtable." One of them (Lieutenant Pollard, a living pensioner (1871) at Greenwich Hospital) fires and brings down the sharpshooter, who had just given Nelson his death-wound. A large group of figures, life-size, are distributed along the sides of the "Victory," engaged in the dreadful work of death, while grouped around the guns lie the dead and dying, shot down at their posts. Many of the able seamen who are working the guns are bared to the waist, and in every imaginable position, calculated to exhibit the peculiar skill of Maclise in delineating the human figure. The accessories of this portion of the picture, and, indeed, of every part of it, are painted with extraordinary power and minuteness of finish. The decks exhibit all the accompaniments of a dreadful

action,—broken gun-carriages, ram and sponging-rods, marline spikes, cutlasses, &c. &c. The profusion and scrupulous accuracy of these minutiae are very wonderful ; blocks and cables, pulleys and rigging, guns and gun-carriages, are all pictures, with a precision perfectly astonishing, having regard to the short period within which the picture was completed."

During his labour, he visited Lieutenant Pollard, at Greenwich Hospital, and heard his narrative, on the 9th of June, 1862. He also saw Drummond, Nelson's valet, Captain Parker, and Admiral Seymour,—all Trafalgar men.

Several eminent painters were fixed on to execute various subjects from Bible history and English history on the walls of St. Stephen's Palace or Chapel ; but in many cases they either did not execute the work at all, or took years along with those covenanted before the last touch was put to the piece. The Commissioners were displeased, and very naturally, too, for the shortcomings of the men of genius ; and Maclise, though his diligence and rectitude were much lauded by his employers, was punished for this neglect. For some modern philosophers assert that every man is chastised for some other man's faults. He was promised an additional reward in money for his Waterloo picture ; but it was not given to himself during his life, and it has not been given to his legatee since his death.

To the annoyance arising from unpleasant relations with the Commissioners must be added the discomfort experienced during eight years in his execution of his wall-paintings. During that long period,—

"He almost constantly lived in that gloomy hall (as he termed it) at Westminster Palace, inhaling an atmosphere tainted to some extent with the poisonous pigments used in fresco-painting, and enduring the alternations of oppressive heat in sum-

mer, and the fogs and damps of winter. He was accustomed to leave Chelsea every morning about ten o'clock, and remain in the Royal Gallery until the fading daylight brought him a respite from his labours."

And when the great work was at last exposed to public gaze, how mortifying to witness the effect of the sun's rays streaming on it from the great stained windows opposite, and investing it with all the raw, bright hues flung on it from the painted glass ! Prince Albert, had he lived, would have averted this inconvenience ; but the Commissioners warmed their hands in the hot hues, and did not disturb themselves. Hear the poor artist's grievance :—

"I am mortified in the last degree to see the effect I aimed at utterly falsified by the actual garish heraldic hues of 'gules,' and 'or,' and azure bespewed over this poor work of mine. There never was such an effect as I see it under sometimes, when the sun is in full blaze at four o'clock. . . . Then there are the shadows of the architectural forms of the windows and the chandeliers exquisitely traced on it. It is then a mere thing of emblazonry, of stains, of kings and queens, of boars and griffins, and what not. . . . But the architect of the building never intended the hall for the exhibition of anything but a gorgeous enrichment of matter more allied to the college of arms than of arts."

To this heavy mortification was added, in the early part of 1865, the loss of his unmarried sister, who had devoted her life to make his domestic existence happy. Never were brother and sister more attached than they had been to each other.

The languor and discouragement which succeeded these visitations did not unnerve his hand. The progress of his amiable niece, Miss Banks, in pictorial art, furnished him with a new subject of interest.

He never touched any of her productions ; but through his hints, and her inherent powers and fine taste, she acquired a well-deserved reputation. She is, we believe, the model of the " Beggar Maid," who charmed " King Cophetua," as she passed by his tent, with her modest and delicate countenance screened from the sun by the profusion of her flowing hair. We have been charmed by the study of this beautiful picture among the superior collection made by Mr. Wardell, at his country seat of Thorncliffe, Rathgar. As the fortunate maid goes by she attracts the attention of the rather *faincant*-looking king, reclining in the shade of his tent, and holding out his drinking-horn to his grinning attendant. He, nothing loth, is spilling the red wine into it from his beaker ; and warriors fully armed, and variously employed, are interested by the quiet action going forward. While the personages and their costume are treated as they should be, the accessories are not neglected. The texture and hue of the tent, the clusters of oak leaves which overshadow it, the fern and sowthistles and pebbles before it, through which the delicate feet of the beauty will have to pass, would give delight to a pre-Raphaëlist. The figure of the king is most artistically disposed, head and body in the shade of the canvas, and the sunlight warming up one hand, and the drapery of one arm and one leg. It is a gratifying circumstance to the lovers of native art that two of Maclise's finest productions are in the possession of a Dublin citizen. " King Cophetua " was painted in the end of the year 1868.

The last piece executed by Maclise was the Earl of Desmond borne off prisoner on a litter by the partisans of the Earl of Ormond. Had we the privilege of drawing up a list of our national grievances, we should include the hindrance of our artist from decorating a wall of the Westminster Palace with the " Fight of

Clontarff." It was at one time the intention of the Commissioners and himself that the thing should be done. In addition to his exhibited works, Maclise painted, between the years 1830 and 1870, more than sixty pictures, with " not less than than three thousand studies and sketches." His was not a fitful and indolent genius.

It is certain that if Daniel Maclise had devoted himself to literature he would have met with success : an agreeable, racy, and attractive spirit animates all his descriptions. We quote a portion of a letter written to the *Times*, from Chelsea, during that time of debility and inaction which preceded his last illness.

" To the right, to the left, far as the eye can reach, I see that wholesome recommendation carried into effect, that you should wash your dirty linen at home. Every bit of background . . . has its various lines suspended from old pear-tree to older brick wall, and flaunts and flutters in whatever sun there happens to be, its secret draperies of flannel and of cotton. These teguments, inflated by the river breeze, in some degree personify the wearer, but do not give me correct ideas of the human form in its most ideal proportions. . . .

" A bantam on my right hand is sufficient in his small treble to wake up and irritate all the hoarser cadences of full-sized cocks who defy him ; . . and there is ever to be endured the cackling proclamation of some hen, varied by an interjectional scream, and celebrating some event which no one cares to understand but themselves.

" Mr. Carlyle lives near, and I suppose suffering somewhat in his studies from the same kind of annoyances that I have enumerated, is said to have remarked, with regard to this last peculiar nuisance,—' I have no objection to their hatching, if they would only do it in peace, and let me do the same.' "

After all, a sound mind in a healthy body, would be far from being disturbed by such sights and sounds. They are *indicia* of interesting and active forms of life, and much to be preferred to an oppressive stillness.

But we are approaching the term of life allotted this great artist and amiable man. He had been troubled with a cough for some years, but it generally quitted him at the approach of fine weather. However, it held fast to him during the spring of last year, and being attacked by a severe visitation of pneumonia, he was released from worldly ills on 25th April, 1870. His brother Academicians would have attended his funeral in a body, but for the annual meeting and dinner having been long fixed for the day on which he was interred. A few, however, preferred that melancholy duty to a good dinner, and among them were Messrs. Hart, Frith, Redgrave, Herbert, and Horsely.

We cannot better conclude this paper, than in the words of the artist's schoolfellow, life-long friend and admirer, and loving and judicious biographer:

"In person Maclise had the advantage of a tall and commanding figure. He was above six feet in height, and his manly presence well represented his mental powers. In the prime of life he was an eminently handsome man. He had then a profusion of dark hair, which fell in glossy curls round a high and intellectual forehead. His eyes were large, and expressive of great intelligence. In disposition he was ever generous and amiable. His talent was unobtrusive, and his tolerance of the faults of young students was very remarkable. Those seeking admission to the schools of the Royal Academy, anxiously watched for his turn as visiting Academician. He never forgot that the time had been, when he himself had no friend but his pencil, and no fortune but genius. . . . His conversational

powers and extensive reading made him a most agreeable companion, and he gathered round him the most distinguished literary men of the age.

"All true lovers of art will mourn his premature death—in the very vigour of life, when his genius had scarcely filled the circle of its capacities, and when all that he had achieved, presented a golden augury of the success of his future career."

From the last edition of the "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," Tegg, 1862, we extract an interesting bit of information concerning our artist's earlier efforts. Our attention has been drawn to it by the kindness of P. T. Dillon Croker, Esq., to whom we hereby express our gratitude for this and other obliging acts.

"The second edition of the 'Legends' was illustrated with engravings. Among other persons to whom it had given delight was a young and talented artist, who has risen to a high rank in the modern English school of painters—Maclise. The origin of his illustrations is thus told by the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The artist, who had not then quitted his native city of Cork, was a frequent visitor to Mr. Sainthill (the author of "Olla Podrida") at the time that the first edition of the book appeared. Mr. Sainthill read the tales aloud from time to time in the evening, and Maclise would frequently produce on the next morning, a drawing of what he had heard. These were not seen by Mr. Croker until his next visit to Cork; but when he did see them, he was so much pleased with them, that he prevailed on Mr. Sainthill to allow them to be copied for his forthcoming edition. This was done by Maclise, and the drawings were engraved by W. H. Brooke, who made some variations and additions to the drawings. Maclise's name was not attached to them, but merely mentioned by Mr. Croker in his preface.

LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(III.) A.D. 1830.—LORD PLUNKET (William Conyngham Plunket).—The name of Plunket is one of high antiquity, and is to be found amongst the Danish chieftans who intermingled with the Norman invaders of this country at the close of the twelfth century. This name is to be met with in the early chronicles of the Pale, and in the border battles of Clancolla; we find it, too, amongst the fathers of the Church, and among the lights of the bar.¹ There was an Alexander Plunket, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in 1492. There were chief-justices, too, of this name.² There were the Plunkets, Earls of Fingal, and there were the Lords of Killeen; the families of Dunsany and of Louth; and there was the martyred Oliver Plunket, Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, who died for his faith in the reign of Charles II.³

There was one branch of this family established in the county Monaghan; this branch had, for reasons long since forgotten, abandoned the faith of their fathers, and had embraced that species of Protestant Dissent, which denies the very divinity of Christ, as professed in the Churches of England and Ireland. They had become Unitarians, and their names are to be found in the early part of the last century amongst the ministers and the ladies of that Socinian sect. The Reverend Patrick Plunket then officiated as a Unitarian Minister in Monaghan; and he had an only son, Thomas, born in 1725, who was educated at

Glasgow for the same profession, and was, in 1748, appointed minister to this dissenting body in Enniskillen. Here he selected for his future partner in life the young and accomplished daughter of a gentleman of good social position, named Redmund Conyngham. A numerous family of sons and daughters grew up about him. The youngest of these, born in 1764, was William Conyngham Plunket. From Enniskillen the Rev. Mr. Plunket was removed to Dublin, there to undertake the charge of the Unitarian chapel in Strand Street. Highly gifted as an orator, the Rev. Dr. Plunket, as he was now called, soon drew admiring crowds around his pulpit. His congregation was both influential and wealthy; and on his death, in 1778, they took charge of his widow and orphan children. A subscription was set on foot, and great exertions made to obtain some provision for the family of their beloved and departed minister. His little debts were paid, and a house (No. 32, Jervis Street) was taken, where Mrs. Plunket opened a shop for the sale of tea. By degrees she got on; her establishment—or tea warehouse, as it was called—was patronised by the kindly and charitable elders and matrons of Strand Street Chapel.⁴

In the following year her younger son, William Conyngham Plunket, who must then have conformed to the Established Church, entered the University of Dublin, where he obtained a scholarship in his third

¹ Supra, 71st Chancellor. ² Vide Carew Manuscripts. Index word "Plunket."

³ Dr. Moran's Memoirs of Archbishop Plunket.

⁴ Hoey's Memoirs of Lord Plunket, p. iv.

year, and about the same time joined the College Historical Society.¹

It was in that society, rather than in the lecture-rooms of the halls, that he won that imperishable fame, which, like a halo of glory, surrounds his name within the walls of Trinity College. While the speeches in debating societies of other students are forgotten his still remain.²

Twice elected president, Plunket had been rewarded with gold medals, for oratory, for history, and for composition, and with a prize for his essay on "A Defence of the Age." The brightest ornament of the College Historical Society, he passed from the University to Lincoln's Inn; from thence, after "eating his dinners," he returned to Dublin, and was admitted, in 1787, to the degree of Barrister-at-Law. He was then poor—very poor; so poor that he was constrained to part even with his gold medal.³ But brighter days were dawning upon him. His fame went before him to the bar, and he soon rose into high professional practice, and in the course of a few years his income had so increased that he found himself, before he completed his eight-and-twentieth year, in a position to marry her to whom he had been long and deeply attached—Katharine, the lovely and accomplished daughter of John McCausland, a Northern solicitor of great eminence in his profession.

From his "call" to 1829, Plunket's exertions were ever enlisted on the sick of the long and much-oppressed Catholic fellow-countrymen. He had grown up amongst them, and he had seen them trodden down by those cruel laws denounced by Protestant clergymen, and by Protestant bishops in those days—laws of which Montesquieu observed, "that they are so vigorous, though not pro-

fessedly of the sanguinary kind, that they do all the hurt that can possibly be done in cold blood."⁴ Nor did Plunket stand alone at his profession as the champion of the Irish Catholics. The Protestant leaders of the bar were ranged under the banner of religious liberty. A committee was organised to force the Government to pass a measure of legislative relief for the Roman Catholics. It was, in truth, the then Protestants that wrung from Government the Catholic Relief Act of 1793. "Wonderful," writes Theobald Wolfe Tone, on the 9th November, 1792, "to see the rapid change in the minds of the bar on the Catholic question—almost every body favourable. Some for an immediate abolition of all penal laws; certainly the most magnanimous mode, and certainly the wisest." In 1797 Plunket was called to the inner bar, and in the following year was employed, with Curran, to defend Henry Shears, whose unhappy fate we have already placed before our readers.⁵ From the time he got his silk gown he sat under Chancellor Clare as regularly as his register; and among the innumerable titles, mortgages, jointures, attainders, remainders, and reversions, with which five or six generations of good old Irish gentlemen had encumbered their rights of property, made much money and a great name in equity. When the rebellion of '98 broke out, he subscribed to the Patriotic Fund; and on that famous night, when the rebels were to have taken Dublin, and General Craig packed all the lawyers and attorneys in Smithfield to meet the first rush of the Kildare pikes, Plunket was out in battle array, like the rest of Captain Saurin's lawyers' corps.

In 1798, Mr. Plunket was returned for the borough of Charle-

¹ Vide Life of Lord Plunket, by his grandson, the Hon. David Plunket, p. 31.

² Vide his Eulogium on Dr. Cleghorn. Life of Lord Plunket, by the Hon. David Plunket, vol. ii., Ap. ii., p. 369.

³ Hoey's Life of Plunket.

⁴ *Esprit des Loix*, L. B. 19, c. 27. Blackstone's Commentaries, book iv., c. 4.

⁵ Life of Lord Clare, supra *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. lxxviii. p. 408.

mont, and took his seat in the last Parliament that met in College Green. His first great effort was in behalf of the liberty of the press, when the Government sought to suppress the *Press* newspaper, the organ of the United Irishmen. This was to be accomplished by passing an Act which would make it compulsory on every publisher to find security for £2000 before he could publish a newspaper. Plunket denounced the Bill as curtailing the liberties of the press. Mr. Toler (afterwards Lord Norbury) declared that all the Government wanted was security. "Let," he continues, "the journalist print treason, sedition, or scandal, if he pleased, but let him be properly responsible for it. What, he would ask, was satisfaction to that society which might be injured by the promulgation of sedition or slanders, to the individuals whose good fame should be blasted by the publication of the most foul and unfounded calumnies."

Plunket followed; he insisted that the liberty of the press should be unshackled. He called on the Government "to reform the abuses which polluted every department. Let them reform the Parliament; let them mitigate their system of coercion; let them conciliate the people. Then may they laugh at the slanders of a licentious press. They will have a better defence against its malice than this unconstitutional measure can afford them. If they want proof of the efficacy of this remedy, let them look to what has occurred on the case of that unfortunate man, William Orr,¹ of which so much has been said. The falsest calumnies have been thrown on the judges who presided at that trial. Do the public believe those calumnies? Are the names of Yelverton

or Chamberlaine less loved and revered because they have been thus calumniated? No! The shafts of malice have been blunted by the virtue, the integrity, the humanity of those learned and upright men; so will they ever fall innoxious from the seven-fold shield of public and private virtue! The constitution of these countries rests on two great pillars—the liberty of the press and the trial by jury. The imperious necessity of the times (a necessity of which the existence cannot be denied, but into the causes of which it is not now time to inquire) has made it necessary to suspend for a time the trial by jury. If the liberty of the press is also to be given up, in what situation will this country be? What security any longer remains to the people to guard them against the encroachments of power? what vestige of constitution or liberty?"

So great was the impression made on the House by Plunket's speech that the Government consented to reduce the amount of security from £2000 to £500.

It was on the 22nd January, 1797, that the first of the Union debates was opened on the occasion of the Vice-Regal speech. The Chief Secretary, Lord Castlereagh, then invited the Irish Senate to destroy their very existence² by a Union with Great Britain.

Plunket, who had apparently been waiting for an opportunity of reply to the Secretary, followed in a speech, of which Sir Jonah Barrington speaks in terms that are hardly an exaggeration:—"At length Mr. Plunket arose, and in the ablest speech ever heard by any member in that Parliament, went at once to the grand and decisive point, the incompetence of Parliament: he could go no further on principle than Mr. Ponsonby,

¹ William Orr was tried at Carrickfergus, in 1797, for administering the United Irishmen's oath to a soldier named Whateley. Vide Haverly's *History of Ireland*, p. 735.

² *Supra*, Life of Lord Clare.

but his language was irresistible, and he left nothing to be urged. It was perfect in eloquence, and unanswerable in reasoning. Its effect was indescribable; and Lord Castlereagh, whom he personally assailed, seemed to shrink from the encounter. That speech was of great weight, and it proved the eloquence, the sincerity, and the fortitude of the speaker."¹

To repeat the arguments which took place in the Irish House of Lords and Commons during the debates that preceded the Union would be wearisome to our readers, remembering that we have given them at great length in other places.² But neither the eloquence of Plunket nor of Ponsonby had any force to prevent the most mistaken assembly that had ever sat in Europe from passing the suicidal act which they had then passed for their own extinction.

The Parliament (we speak of 1803) was now gone from Ireland; Dublin was deserted by her own sons; her lawyers, with few exceptions, had accepted, like others, the English gold; thirty-two chairmanships had been scattered amongst the bar by Lord Castlereagh, but there were men amongst them that money could not buy. These were George Ponsonby and Curran, and William Conyngham Plunket, and some others whose names are canonised in the pages of history.

In 1803, Plunket assisted at the prosecution of Robert Emmet for high-treason,³ and at the close of the same year was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland. In Trinity term, 1804, he was elected Bencher of the King's Inns. In 1805, he accepted the office of Attorney-General, under the conciliating Lord Hardwicke, and his unconciliating Chancellor, Lord Redesdale. In 1806, he was continued in office by the Duke of Bedford, acting

under the advice of his patriotic Chancellor, George Ponsonby. In 1807, Plunket retired from office and from Parliament, and did not return to either until 1812. In the interval he applied himself exclusively to his professional practice, which soon became confined almost exclusively to the Court of Chancery. His powers as an advocate were unsurpassed. "Never was there in any court," writes Lord Brougham, "an advocate who worked more constantly by close reasoning, and the plain unadorned statement of facts skilfully selected and placed in cold relief, and woven into the argument; nor was there ever an advocate who more strictly performed his highest duty of keeping the interests of the cause alone in view, and sacrificing to that cause every personal consideration."

In 1812 Plunket was returned to Parliament as Member for Trinity College. The following notice of the election is from a Dublin morning paper of the 12th October, 1812:—

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—The election for the college took place this day. Dr. Magee proposed the Right Hon. W. C. Plunket, and was seconded by Mr. Boston, the senior scholar. There being no opposition, Mr. Plunket was unanimously elected. Mr. Plunket then returned thanks to the electors, for their unanimous support, in a very handsome speech, replete with that candour and emphatic manner for which he is so remarkable. He made no professions, but referred to his past public conduct as a test for the future. He expressed a wish always to hear from his constituents, and concluded with the following manly and patriotic declaration:—So help me, God, I shall never betray your rights, or barter the trust imparted to me by this respectable body.—We sincerely hope that every representative may honestly make use of the same expression.

The parliamentary progress of the Catholic question was slow, but irresistible. The Catholics who, according to Dean Swift, were of

¹ Life and Speeches of Lord Plunket, vol. i.

² Supra Lives of Lords Chancellors Clare and Ponsonby.

³ Vide supra Life of Lord Redesdale, 107th Chancellor.

no weight whatever, "no more than women or children," in the first half of the eighteenth century, had now become a formidable political power. The brilliant victories, too, of the Emperor Napoleon had so alarmed the English nation that legislation on the subject of Catholic Emancipation was without much difficulty forced by Plunket on an unwilling government.

On the 22nd of June, 1812, Mr. Canning moved that the House would, early in the next session, take into its consideration the state of the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, with a view to a final and conciliatory adjustment compatible with the Protestant constitution in Church and State. A brilliant debate ensued, and the motion was carried by a majority of 235 to 106 votes.

Accordingly, in the following February, Grattan proposed a committee of the whole House in the terms of Canning's motion. Before he rose, Mr. Yorke called on the clerk to read from the Bill of Rights the passages guaranteeing a Protestant constitution in Church and State. Grattan began by declaring his opinion that these very passages might and ought to be contained in the preamble of any bill for the relief of the Catholics. His speech throughout was a singularly clear, simple, and earnest argument. Exception was taken to the fact that he seemed to speak of Ireland as a distinct and independent country—a lapse that might well happen to any man who had once made Ireland a nation. Plunket spoke early in the debate—after Mr. Bankes, who had taken Grattan to task for the use of such terms in an imperial parliament, and had referred to the recent controversy between the Pope and Napoleon, as a proof that the Papacy was still inspired by a spirit of utter intolerance.

A generation of Irish Catholics has grown to manhood since eman-

cipation, and lost the memory of the old bondage; so, many readers may find it difficult to understand the exact bearings of the masterly argument in which Plunket pleaded the rights of our fathers. I may therefore state, in a few sentences, the condition of the then existing penal laws. In many particulars, the laws against Catholics differed in the three kingdoms; in Scotland they were most severe, even touching freedom of worship. In Ireland they had been relaxed so as to recognise full freedom of worship, the right to practise professions, to act under the royal commission in peace and war, to serve on juries, and to exercise the parliamentary franchise. But the acts of real grievance affecting the general body of the Catholics throughout the three kingdoms, and especially in England, were:—1. The 13th Charles II., commonly called the Corporation Act, by which they were excluded from offices in cities and corporations. 2. The 25th Charles II., commonly called the Test Act, by which they were excluded from all civil and military offices—unless in the cases in which the test was abolished by the Irish act of 1793. 3. The 30th Charles II., by which Catholics were interdicted from sitting in either House of Parliament. An act of William and Mary, operative in England, prevented the use of the parliamentary franchise. The Mutiny and Admiralty laws enabled officers to compel Catholic soldiers and sailors to attend Protestant worship. There were many other statutes, especially in England and Scotland, unrepealed, but practically inoperative. The machinery of exclusion was either the oath of supremacy, declaring the king's civil and ecclesiastical pre-eminence within the realm, or the sacramental test of taking the Protestant communion before the acceptance of office, or a declaration denying transubstantiation, and denouncing the invocation of saints.

and the sacrifice of the mass as idolatrous. In parliament, the oath and declaration were both taken. Whenever Catholics were admitted to office, they disclaimed upon oath the temporal authority of the Pope outside his own states, and the doctrine that the infallibility of his Holiness was an article of faith.

Mr. Plunket spoke with more than usual warmth in favour of the Catholic claims. "I repeat," he said, "that the Irish Catholics have not been fairly dealt with; the government has not, in any instance, come into amicable contact with them; it has not consulted, nor soothed, nor directed them; it has addressed them only in the stern voice of the law, in state prosecution; and it is most unjust to charge against them the anger which has been kindled by such treatment. But, sir, I ask what have the Catholics done? Look to their actions for the last century, and do not judge them by a few intemperate expressions or absurd publications—these are not the views of statesmen; you are considering the policy of centuries and the fate of a people, and will you condescend to argue, on such a subject, the merits of a pamphlet, or to scan the indiscretions of an angry speaker at a public meeting? Of this I am sure, that if the violence with which the demand has been urged by some of its advocates is to create a prejudice against it, the virulence with which it has been rejected by some of its opponents ought to be allowed to have some operation in its favour; perhaps under these opposite impulses of passion a chance may be afforded of reason having fair play, and a hearing may be procured for the merits of the case. This, too, should not be lost sight of: that the Catholics are seeking their rights; that they are opposed by an adverse government, many of whom declare that no concession on their part could be effectual, but that their doom is interminable exclusion.

May I ask, whether it is fair to require, or reasonable to expect, that the Catholics should, under such circumstances, exercise a fastidious delicacy in the selection of their friends; and say to those who profess themselves their advocates, 'We refuse your aid; your language is not sufficiently measured; you urge our demands in too warm and too unqualified a tone, and we prefer the chances which may arise from throwing ourselves on the mercy of our enemies.'"

Having spoken at great length in favour of the Catholic claims, he resumed his seat amid cheers from all sides of the house. This grand effort was regarded as his maiden speech in the British Commons, and had a success beyond parallel. Almost every speaker who followed him upon either side of the question referred to it in terms of unmeasured admiration. "A speech," said Peel, "which has called forth many compliments; but none which the eloquence and abilities which he has displayed do not fully justify." "A speech," said Whitbread, "the excellence of which, with painful regret, recalls to my recollection the golden days when this house contained a Pitt, a Fox, a Sheridan, and a Windham." "A speech," said Sir William Scott, "not more to be admired as an exhibition of talents than for the honourable and manly candour by which it was still dignified and adorned." "A speech" said Canning, "to whose merits it is superfluous to add my feeble testimony: a speech displaying not only the talents of an accomplished orator, but the large views and comprehensive mind of a statesman; but still more commendable for a still greater excellence—that of manfully disclaiming all meretricious popularity, and courageously rebuking the excesses of those whose cause he came forward to plead." But the most remarkable tribute of all was that of Castlereagh, when we remember the ferocious

collisions between him and Plunket in the Irish house. In answering Plunket's attack upon the Government, he said he hoped whatever he said would be "imputed to the sincere respect which he thought due to everything which fell from so distinguished a character as the right honourable and learned gentleman, whose talents excited the highest admiration, and whose convincing speech could never be forgotten."

The house went into committee on the 9th of March, and produced, after various sittings, extending to the 20th of May, a Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which afterwards formed the basis of the Emancipation Act—hampered, however, with securities on the subject of episcopal nomination, which were exceedingly obnoxious to the Catholics of Ireland. Plunket did not speak in committee, and was obliged to return to Ireland before the final debate. This was on the 24th of May, when, on considering the bill in detail, the Speaker moved an amendment to the effect of excluding Catholics from parliament. After a long debate, in which Canning spoke with signal earnestness and eloquence, the committee divided, and the amendment was carried by a majority of four. Instantly on the division being declared, Mr. Ponsonby, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, rose and said that as the bill without this clause was worthless to the Catholics, it would now be abandoned.

Amongst the many speeches delivered by Mr. Plunket, in the House of Commons, during the interval that elapsed between 1813 and 1821, not the least remarkable was his speech on Napoleon's escape from the island of Elba, in 1815. The horrors of the French revolution, which had swept like a torrent over Europe, carrying away altars and thrones, and destroying ancient landmarks, were repugnant to the mind of Plunket. The Emperor Napoleon he regarded as the

personification of those principles. Louis XVIII. had, after the abdication of Napoleon, ascended the throne of his ancestors; he was then the reigning sovereign of France, and the white flag waved once more over the palace of the Tuileries. Napoleon, however, leaving his island home, suddenly appeared on the French soil; multitudes thronged to his standard, and in less than a month from his landing, the tricolour was floating over the domes of the French capital. Immediately the Prince Regent communicated to Parliament by a message that he had resumed action with the allies to redress this violation of the treaty of Paris. A large section of the Whigs, affected by the universal enthusiasm with which the Emperor had been received in France, were averse to a war that had merely for its purpose the proscription of one man. Accordingly an amendment was moved to the address, expressly condemning the principle and policy of a war undertaken for the purpose "of personally proscribing the present rulers of France." Grattan led the debate, and his voice was still for war, in a speech the most celebrated of all his efforts in the British House of Commons; he was followed by the ex-Chancellor of Ireland, George Ponsonby, by Lord Castlereagh, and by Plunket, who thus spoke, not alone in terms of admiration of Louis XVIII., but for a declaration of war against France. "How does it happen that the just and legitimate sovereign of France has been driven from his throne? It is because his unambitious virtue made him appear to the soldiery not to be a proper instrument to wield the unsocial and unnatural energies of the French empire. If it be said that personal character has nothing to do with the question, then I ask, why was the treaty of Paris ever entered into? That treaty turned entirely on personal character, and stipulations were con-

sidered satisfactory when made with the lawful sovereign of France that would never have been entered into with Bonaparte. If we are to take the common feeling of mankind upon this subject, we must recollect how universally the abdication of Bonaparte was hailed in this country as an event more important than the most brilliant victories. But the question now is not merely with Bonaparte,—it is with France. She has purchased the benefits of the treaty of Paris by giving up Bonaparte, and taking her lawful sovereign, in whom Europe has confidence. If we are now to declare that we are ready to treat with Bonaparte, it will at once put an end to the coalition. If we are to tell the French people that we are ready to negotiate with Bonaparte as their ruler, it will at once destroy all the hopes that might now fairly be entertained of the co-operation of a considerable portion of that nation. When, however, we see the situation in which Bonaparte now stands; when we see him reduced to make professions contrary to his very nature; when we see the vessel in which his fortunes are embarked labouring with the storm, and its masts bowed down to the water's edge, it would be the height of impolicy and absurdity to hesitate on the course that we ought to pursue. We have now a most powerful combination of allies, not fomented by us, but acting from the moral feeling which pervades all Europe. If we are foolish enough to throw away those means, we can never hope to recal them. Such of my friends as have talked the most about husbanding the resources of the country, have confessed that when an occasion should arrive, when some important blow might be struck against the enemy, that system should no longer be persevered in. The important crisis has now arrived. It is vain to expect that a more favourable opportunity will ever arise.

All the great powers of Europe are now with us, and a considerable portion of the population of France.

"It has been said that invading France would be the way to unite the population of that country. The fact, however, is directly the reverse. The not invading France would be the sure means of reducing the whole population under the power of the present ruler. I consider that we have, in fact, no option between peace and war. As for peace, we can have no more than a feverish, unrefreshing dream of peace, still haunted by the spectre of war. In point of finances, we would find a peace with a war establishment an evil much greater than war itself. If we do not now go to war in conjunction with all the great powers of Europe, we shall soon be reduced to a war single-handed against France. If we do not now invade France, and carry on the war upon her territories, the time may arrive when our country may become the seat of war, and we shall fall unpitied and despised. If we now turn our back upon the great powers that are our allies, we shall deserve that all nations should turn their backs upon us when we begin to feel the consequences of our impolicy."

The result of that debate is well-remembered. War was declared against France, and in less than a month the Battle of Waterloo was fought and the principles advocated by Plunket prevailed.

The narrow limits allowed in the pages of a magazine prevent us from giving at any great length the speeches of this great orator. To give them *in extenso* would be here an impossibility. Should some future writer of the life of Lord Plunket undertake to publish all his speeches and judgments, he will find but little difficulty in collecting them, reported, as the parliamentary ones are, in the pages of Hansard, while those delivered in other places may be found in the public news-

papers of the early part of this century, as well as in "Hoey's Speeches of Lord Plunket;" also, in his *Life, Letters and Speeches* by his grandson; in the *Law Recorder*; in the first three volumes of the *Irish Equity Reports*; and, though last not least, he will find much and valuable information in the history of his lordship by the learned and accomplished Roderick J. O'Flanagan, Barrister-at-Law. To refer our readers for his speeches to other books, carries with it the appearance of negligence; but it must be remembered that those speeches would fill many volumes. We hope to see one day his letters, speeches, and judgments collected together, so that a future generation may have an exact knowledge of what manner of man the orator and patriot was. Reference to other books is now a work of little difficulty; but the day will come when those books should have been entirely lost. Who is there amongst us that is not tempted to deplore that the sacred Books do not give *in extenso* the history of the days of Israel's early kings. How little is now known of him, the great Solomon, whose authority extended from the Euphrates to the borders of Egypt? And yet all his acts, "and all that he did," were written by writers whose works have been long since destroyed—works referred to over and over again by the inspired historian. "Now *the rest* of the acts of Solomon, first and last, are written in the words of Nathan the Prophet, and in the books of Ahias the Silonite, and in the vision of Addo the Seer."¹ But let us return to the subject of our memoir.

On the death of Mr. Grattan, on the 7th of June, 1820, the conduct of the Catholic cause in Parliament came into the hands of Plunket. In the following February he introduced a bill into Parliament for

Catholic emancipation. But that bill was as unacceptable to the great majority of the Catholic party, inasmuch as it sought to legislate on the mode of the election of bishops, and purported to give a power to the Protestant sovereign of Great Britain to interfere in the appointment of the Catholic Episcopacy. The following passages from the speech of Mr. Plunket on that occasion will demonstrate that his desire was, first to emancipate, and next make the Roman Catholic Church subvenient to a Protestant Government. That the Church would have suffered much by this enthraldom there can be as little doubt, as their now exists that the lately established Church of Ireland has shown more signs of active vitality since her disenchantment than she did during the long years of her bondage. Look at her cathedrals, her churches renovating, her endowments accumulating, and the sustentation funds increasing. Mr. Plunket's plan of rivetting the Catholic Church to the State is pretty clearly expressed in the following extract from his speech:—

"I propose to regulate and legalise within the proper limits the intercourse with the See at Rome, so as to satisfy the state that the communication for spiritual purposes shall not be perverted to become an instrument of political intrigue.

"Next, I propose to *regulate* the appointment of the Roman Catholic bishops, so as to assure the Government of the country, that they, and through them all the Roman Catholic clergy, shall be well affected to the state.

"But my next proposition, and that to which all others must be secondary and subordinate, is to incorporate the Roman Catholics with the state—so to bind them to the present order of things that their interest shall be our security. To

¹ Vide Second Book of Chronicles (called in the Donay Version II. Paralipomenon), chapter ix., verse 29.

give to the well-affected the reward of his loyalty; to take away from the revolutionist the pretext and the instrument of his treason. To rivet the honest Roman Catholic to the state by every good affection of his nature, by every motive that can affect his heart, by every argument than can convince his reason, by every obligation that can bind his conscience; *not by adding the weight of a feather to his power*, but by relieving his feeling from everything that is contumelious, insolent, and personal, by abolishing every odious distinction, every affrontful suspicion, every degrading exclusion. What is the remedy of the right honourable gentleman? To leave them as they are. Gracious heaven! To leave the great body of the Irish people bound by the law of their nature to plot the subversion of the state! I say of the state, because I trust that every man who hears me will say, that to subvert the Protestant establishment is to subvert the state."

This speech gave great offence to every Catholic who loved his faith. O'Connell thus denounced Mr. Plunket for presuming to interfere or to regulate the appointment of the bishops: "As to the several clauses of the Catholic bills, they were more penal clauses and persecuting than any or all the statutes passed in the darkest and most bigoted periods of Queen Anne and of the first two Georges." The Catholic Relief Bill was accompanied by another Bill, framed for the regulation of the appointments of Catholic prelates and deans, and entitled, "An Act to Regulate the Intercourse of Persons in Holy Orders professing the Roman Catholic religion, with the See of Rome." By one of the clauses it was stipulated that every candidate for holy orders should take the following oath:—

"I, A. B., do swear that I will never concur in or consent to the appointment or consecration of any

Roman Catholic bishop, or dean, or vicar apostolic, in the Roman Catholic church in the United Kingdom, but such as I shall conscientiously deem to be of unimpeachable loyalty and peaceable conduct; and I do swear that I have not and will not have any *correspondence or communication with the Pope or See of Rome*, or with any court or tribunal established or to be established by the Pope or See of Rome, or by the authority of the same, or with any person or persons authorised or pretending to be authorised by the Pope or See of Rome, tending directly or indirectly to overthrow or disturb the Protestant Government, or the Protestant Church of Great Britain and Ireland, or the Protestant Church of Scotland, as by law established; and that I will not correspond or communicate with the Pope or See of Rome, or with any tribunal established or to be established by the Pope or See of Rome, or by the authority of the same, or with any person or persons authorised or pretending to be authorised by the Pope or See of Rome, or with any other foreign ecclesiastical authority, on any matter or thing which may interfere with or affect the civil duty and allegiance which is due to his majesty, his heirs, and successors, from all his subjects."

The bills of Mr. Plunket passed the Lower House, but ever, fortunately, defeated in the Upper on the second reading. A considerable degree of division and angry discussion had arisen amongst the Catholic party with relation to them; but the majority of the country, headed by the prelates, repudiated them altogether, and hailed their defeat with undisguised satisfaction. On the 20th March, 1821, Daniel O'Connell expressed his opinion of Mr. Plunket's bills in the following letter¹:—

¹ Life and Speeches of O'Connell, by his Son, vol. ii. p. 318.

"TO THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

" *Limerick (on Circuit),*

" 17th March, 1821.

" FELLOW - COUNTRYMEN, — Mr. Plunket's two bills are at length before you. The first act is really an Emanicipation or Relief Bill. . . . The second act gives no relief, and is simply a penal and restrictive law of the worst description. It is called an act 'to regulate the intercourse between persons in holy orders professing the Roman Catholic religion with the See of Rome.' This title is not only broken English and bad grammar, but it is infinitely worse. It has all the characteristics of complete falsehood—the *suppressio veri*, the *suggestio falsi*. TRUTH is suppressed, because the principal object of the bill does not relate to such intercourse at all, but is to give the Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant the absolute appointment of all the bishops and all the deans of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Falsehood is suggested because this is not a bill to regulate the intercourse (for *regulate* means '*to order by rule*'), but it is a bill to control according to caprice that intercourse, and to control it according to the caprice of a Protestant Secretary of State. It is in this respect a bill to suppress the necessary intercourse upon matters of faith and discipline between that part of the Catholic or Universal Church of Christ which is in Ireland and the Pope, or visible head upon earth of that Church.

"From the falsehood of the title, I proceed to the mischiefs of the proposed enactments.

"The Act contains two recitals and twenty-two sections. Any person desirous of obtaining with accuracy the minutest details of this important Act would do well to procure a copy of it.

"The first recital is in substance this—'Whereas, it is expedient that such precautions be taken with re-

spect to persons to be appointed to exercise the functions of bishop or dean in the Catholic Church of Ireland, as that no person shall assume any part of such functions *whose loyalty and peaceable conduct* shall not have been previously ascertained to the satisfaction of his Majesty, his heirs and successors.' The second recital, a thing very unusual, repeats the first, as above, with the addition of saying, 'That it is fit, as well as expedient, to ascertain the loyalty and peaceable conduct of our bishops, as well as deans.' I defy a single one to be named as even suspected of disloyalty, either now or in times passed, and you may take the dead as well as the living.

"There certainly was one Irish Catholic bishop tried and executed for treason, and he bore the unsuspecting name of Plunket. But his case forms no exception. He was certainly innocent. The accusation against him was ridiculous. His trial and his death only reflect disgrace on the more infamous judges and juries of his day. His fate casts no shade on the loyalty of the Catholic bishops.

"The next thing to be ascertained after the loyalty is 'THE PEACEABLE CONDUCT.' Sacred God! the peaceable conduct of our deans and bishops! There are upwards of 3000 priests in Ireland, and whoever hears, or has heard, of any of them engaging in riots or fights, or shewing anything but peaceable conduct?

"Come forward, Mr. Plunket—you who presume, with your double recital, to impute to at least some, if not to all, the priests of Ireland a tendency to break the peace—come forward and state whether you ever knew, or ever heard, of any other than peaceable conduct. You cannot allege that you have, and therefore allow me, in the sorrow of

my heart, to ask you how you could have the heart to put upon perpetual record those horrid imputations on a priesthood who never offended you? It was scarcely decent of you, *the apparent* advocate of Catholics, to inflict ridicule, and even ribaldry, on our doctrine of the real presence, more especially when you appear not to understand the doctrine."

The portion of Mr. Plunket's speech which O'Connell thus denounced, is as follows:—"We all declare solemnly that we consider the sacrifice of the Mass as superstitious and idolatrous. Now, I entreat each member of this House to suppose that I am asking him individually, and as a private gentleman, does he know what is said, or meant, or done in the sacrifice of the Mass; or how it differs from our own mode of celebrating the communion, so as to render it superstitious and idolatrous? If I could count upon the vote of every member, who must answer me that upon his honour he does not know, I should be sure of carrying, by an overwhelming majority, this or any other question I might think it proper to propose. Were I now to enter on a discussion of the nature of these doctrines, every member would complain that I was occupying the time of the statesmen with subjects utterly unconnected with the business of the House or the policy of the country. Can there be a more decisive proof of its unsuitableness as a test?

"Still, even at the hazard of being censured for my irrelevancy, I must venture one or two observations on the point denounced. It is important that I should do so, because the truth is that at the Reformation the difference between the two Churches on this point was considered so slight and so capable of adjustment, that it was purposely left open. Our communion service was so framed as to admit the Roman

Catholics, and they, accordingly, for the first twelve years of Elizabeth's reign, partook of our communion, and there is nothing to prevent a conscientious Roman Catholic doing so at this day. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is, by all Christians, held to be a solemn rite of the Church, ordained by its Divine Founder as a commemoration of His sacrifice, and most efficacious to those who worthily receive it with proper sentiments of gratitude and contrition; so far, all Christians agree, and we are on the grounds of Scripture and of common sense; but beyond this, the Roman Catholic is said to assert that the body of our Lord is actually present in the sacrifice. Now this, in the only sense in which I can affix a meaning to it, I must disbelieve. It is contrary to the evidence of my senses and to the first principles of my reason. But the Roman Catholic states that he does not believe the body of our Lord to be present in the Eucharist, in the same sense in which it is said to be in heaven; for he admits that the same body cannot be in two places at the same time, but it is present in a sense; the council of Lateran says sacramentally present. Now, what this sense is, I own, baffles my faculties. The proposition which states it I can neither affirm nor deny, because I cannot understand it any more than if it was laid down as a dogma, that it was of a blue colour, or six feet high. I feel satisfied, as a sincere Christian, resting on Scripture and reason, that it is not necessary for me to involve myself in those mysteries; and of this I am sure, that I would act a very unchristian part if I were to join in giving foul names to the professors of this, to me, incomprehensible dogma."

Mr. O'Connell, in reference to the foregoing, thus proceeds: "Now, Catholics of Ireland, who, in spite of the ribaldry of Mr. Plunket, believe

in the real presence, in that tenet of the sweetest and tenderest charity, in that consolatory tenet which, thank God, is sanctioned, not only by the most clear and unequivocal texts, and repeated passages of the written Word, as well as by the authority of that Church, which being founded on a rock, defies force as well as fraud, Mr. Plunket."

Speaking of the new oath which Mr. Plunket introduced into his bill, Mr. O'Connell says: "The priest must hold perpetual intercourse with persons acting under the authority of the See of Rome. If he takes this oath he must disclaim all communications with that see, and he will thereby cease to belong to the religion which has been clung to with affectionate tenacity through many an age of darkness and storm by the people of Ireland. Their priests never deserted the people, and the people will never forsake their priesthood. The present attempt will be as abortive as all the former assaults, and Mr. Plunket's new-fangled oath will be treated with quiet contempt, by a patient, long-suffering, and insulted people." He then denounced both Mr. Plunket and his bill: "I have long known that Mr. Plunket was a man of great and powerful ingenuity, but I did not think he had acuteness enough to frame so complete a snare for the Catholic religion. I still cannot give Mr. Plunket credit for the extreme fitness of his *infernal machine* as the French would call it."

Mr. O'Connell thus analyses the several sections of the bill, which he says, on the authority of Cardinal Litta, would be rejected by the see of Rome. A court of control, composed of Catholics and Protestants, it was provided by the sixth section, should be constituted, whose duties were, "to crush the Catholic Church in all its branches." "I therefore say, the Catholic clergy cannot possibly submit to the proposed board. Mr. Plunket, it is true, may make

martyrs of them, but let him rest assured he will not be able to make traitors of them to their religion and to their God.

"There remains much of this abominable bill still to be considered. There remains all its details of the new veto. We never before heard, or had any, the slightest, information of a design to extend *the veto* to our deans. The merit of this extension is the exclusive property of Mr. Plunket. This out-Heroding of Herod belongs to Mr. Plunket. Let him have the sole and exclusive honour of it, especially as he has invented it in his capacity of our advocate.

"Fellow-countrymen, I place great confidence in the sincerity of your attachment to the faith of the uninterrupted Church of Christ; but my great and most firm reliance is upon that God who protected our fathers amidst the flames of persecution, and may He, in His mercy, guard their children from the true pestilence of *pretended friendship*.—I am, my beloved countrymen, your ever faithful and devoted servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The defeat of the Catholic bills was well received all over England, and for other and widely different reasons was also well received in Ireland. The struggle then ceased for a season; for when it became known that the King was about to visit Ireland, it was resolved that all animosities should be laid aside, and it was determined that Catholics should not obtrude their grievances on their sovereign. A national festivity took place in Dublin, and from the vehement protestations on both sides, it was believed by many that a lasting reconciliation had been effected. Martin Ellis, whose hatred of Popery was of the deepest dye; and O'Connell almost embraced each other. The King arrived, and the Catholics determined not to obtrude their grievances upon him. Accordingly his Majesty passed

rather an agreeable time in Dublin. He was hailed with tumultuous applause wherever he passed, and in return for the enthusiastic reception which he had found, he directed Lord Sidmouth to write a letter, recommending it "to the people *to be united*." The King shortly afterwards set sail, with tears in his eyes, from Kingstown. For a little while, the Catholics continued under the miserable deception under which they had laboured during the royal sojourn; but when they found that no intention existed to introduce a change of system into Ireland—that the King's visit seemed an artifice, and Lord Sidmouth's epistle meant nothing—they began to perceive that some course more effective than a loyal solicitude not to disturb the repose of his Majesty should be adopted.

At the close of the year 1821 the Marquis of Wellesley was sent over to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, and Mr. Plunket immediately resumed his office of Attorney-general. His elevation was far from diminishing his zeal in the Catholic cause. We have seen how his "Catholic bills" were fraught with evil, and how he, too, "came in remembrance" before O'Connell, "to give him the cup of the wine of the indignation of his wrath." But O'Connell soon understood that the bills were framed through Plunket's ignorance of Catholic doctrines and of Catholic laws, rather than through the force of intolerant bigotry. He accordingly made him the best atonement he could make, by publicly acknowledging his error, which he did in his letter "to the Irish people," dated the 16th January, 1822:—

"I waited," O'Connell writes, "on Mr. Plunket to submit to him my ideas on the subject of Catholic emancipation. He received me with great kindness,¹ and with the most perfect attention. I cannot speak too highly of the temper and disposition which Mr. Plunket evinced in the interviews I had with him.

"He has convinced me that he is desirous of carrying our emancipation, making as little sacrifices to English prejudices as he possibly can. I wish to be the more distinct in expressing this opinion of Mr. Plunket's candour, that it may serve as a REFUTATION of the sentiments which I formerly entertained and published on this topic.

"A communication has been opened between Mr. Plunket and the Catholic bishops. He is ready, I believe, to receive their sentiments with deference, and I am sure that he will respect their conscientious scruples. He perceives that their objections to the *veto* had nothing of faction in them, and that they are purely conscientious."

The fact was that Plunket saw and understood how great were the prejudices of the English people against the Church of Rome, and those prejudices he sought to lessen by giving to the Crown the nomination of the bishops. Never before had the Church been so threatened with danger as in those times, and well was the indignation of O'Connell enkindled against him, who, like another "Oza, put forth his hand to hold the ark."² In the next Number we shall, if possible, conclude the life of Lord Plunket.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

¹ O'Connell's Life and Speeches, by His Son, vol. ii. p. 347

² 2 Kings, vi., 6.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

CHAPTER XVI.

MINNIE AND ERNEST.

DURING the month which elapsed between the wedding at St. Flora's and the visit to Pont-y-Praed, Minnie had been schooling herself with all her might. She had gone about actively amongst all the old and the sick around the vicarage, and had proved herself a most successful doctor to the latter. She had determined not to suffer herself in the least degree to brood over tender thoughts of Ernest.

Of course, the most prim and staid amongst our lady readers, will be horrified at the bare idea of a tender thought about Ernest presenting itself to her mind, even for an instant; but human nature is human nature, full of frailty and full of inherent weakness. As, however, we do not for a moment desire to scandalise the moral minds of our readers, we shall present an apology for Minnie's self-insinuating inclinations, not in our own words, but in those of a great student of human nature. In the intense distress which she felt, when she had realised to herself that she was really far more fond of Ernest than she, as a married woman, had any right to be, she found great comfort in a passage in Bishop Butler's Works, upon which she fell casually one day in her study, when, waiting for him there, she had begun to turn idly over the leaves of the first book that came to her hand.

"We have in our inward frame," (thus writes the sage divine) "various affections towards particular external objects. These affections the principle of virtue can neither excite, nor prevent being excited.

On the contrary, they are naturally felt when the objects of them are present to the mind, not only before all consideration whether they can be obtained by lawful means, but after it has been found they cannot.

. . . . Now, what is the general security against this danger, against our actually deviating from right? As the danger is, so almost must the security be—from within—from the *practical* principle of virtue. And this moral principle is capable of improvement by proper discipline and exercise; by recollecting the practical impressions which example and experience have made upon us; and instead of following humour and mere inclination, by continually attending to the equity and right of the case in which we are engaged, be it in greater or less matters; and accustoming ourselves always to act upon it, as being itself the just and natural motive of action."

Even this philosophic and excellent divine, then, would not have condemned poor Minnie for the feelings which, in spite of herself, kept forcing themselves upon her heart and her thoughts, so long as she strove bravely to shut them out. And she did so; following, as well as she could, the rules laid down for her guidance.

"I will not be foolish," she said to herself. "I shall not turn round, all of a sudden, and keep the dear old fellow at arm's length; but I shall endeavour to be to him no more than to any one else of the party; and above all, avoid *tete à tete*."

Ernest, with the quick perception of a lover (for such, in truth, he was

—although he, too, was striving to the utmost of his power against the temptation), saw in a moment, and with a pang, the change that was in her manner when they again met at Pont-y-Praed.

No less than herself had he been making resolves in the interval, "to be good;" but, somehow, it had not entered into his calculations that one part of "being good," was to commence operations with a comparatively nonchalant meeting after a month's separation. His idea had been—rather let us say, his constant dream had been—to meet her again with fervour of hand and eye; and then, having established his own constancy, and ascertained hers, he was to go through a daily course of self-denial, which was to consist in an avoidance of her company throughout all those hours of those pleasant and idle days in the which it would be easy enough, if he were so minded, to frame some excuse for seeking her out. But this avoidance, according to his idea, was always to be in part made up for by one or two little tender moments in the course of each day; just to show her that it was not indifference on his part which kept him aloof from her, but only a sense of duty, and of the necessity for practising self-command.

The cool, unimpassioned reception, however, which she had given him, when he had been counting the hours till their meeting, and was prepared to weigh to the twentieth part of a grain, the amount of warmth in her voice and look, and in the pressure of her hand—had quite disconcerted him, and greatly upset all his good resolves. Little did he know what effort it had cost *her* thus to control herself and act a semblance of indifference. He merely thought—with some little pique—"Oh, I need be in no fear about *her*! She, if she ever cared for me at all, throughout that happy time that we were together, has quite got over it now. She is heart whole;

and so, if I indulge my own feelings a little, it will be to the detriment of my own heart's ease only!" So he actually went so far as to lay himself out, in spite of all his resolves, to win her back to the warm and sentimental intimacy in which they had lived together on board the P. and O. steamer and in London. This was too much for poor Minnie. Had he helped her in her good resolves, and backed her efforts, she might have succeeded in keeping her own feelings in entire control. But with *his* heart as well as her own to contend against, what was she, a poor weak woman, to do? We do not mean to say that Ernest lived all day "in her pocket." Far from it. To do him justice, he did deny himself many and many a time when he longed to go, on some pretence or another, and seek her company. And it was just because he denied himself so often—when half the day out of her presence seemed a tremendous amount of separation—that he used to think he might reasonably and pardonably console himself by being very tender to her whenever they did meet. But one thing he particularly took heed to. He was conscious enough of the perilous nature of the ground on which he was walking, to be very careful in avoiding the risk of remark from outsiders. He took every pains not to arouse the Baronet's suspicions, nor those of his sister's, when they arrived, nor those of the parson and his wife, who were staying in the house. As for the Major and Mrs. Gooderich, it did not matter about them; had it not all grown in their company? and they thought nothing of it. Let them remain in their unconsciousness, nor even know that:

While the face it was tinged with a warm sunny smile,
The torn heart to ruin ran darkly the while!

"What are you going to do this morning, Fitzgerald?" asked the Baronet, one day after breakfast.

"The Major and I am going off to look at some farm improvements which I am making; but, perhaps, you would rather form one of the party at croquet. I know Mrs. Seymour and you are inveterate rivals at that game."

"Indeed," replied Ernest, "I should be very sorry to miss the opportunity of seeing how you manage your English farms. I'm very anxious to compare your way of estate management with ours in Ireland, and your people with our people. I fear that *we* shall suffer desperately by the comparison."

Now, in his heart he longed to be of the party on the croquet-ground—silly, infatuated boy! Yet how manfully he resisted the allurements, which he could not help feeling very strongly in his soft, passionate nature! Of course, some people will laugh at him, for his constant craving to be "at Minnie's apron-strings;" but this was his natural weakness; the resistance to the craving cost him a pretty effort, sincere as was his wish to see the farms. We need always to judge people by the measure of the nature which they brought into the world along with them, and for which they are not entirely accountable. Then, perhaps, we shall be able, in something like a spirit of charity, to give them their due share of credit, even for slender, or for only partially successful efforts to resist the weaknesses of that nature. There is many a one who makes a dozen or more strong and successful efforts at resistance, and succeeds each time, and the world is not a whit the wiser, and believes the struggler to have been as cold and phlegmatic as itself all the while. Then comes one more effort—perhaps even a stronger and more determined one than all the rest; but it is against

still weightier odds—it is not strong enough for the occasion, stout though it be: and the poor struggler falls upon his knee, hard stricken. Then how all those who trust in themselves that they are righteous begin, with faces of sanctimonious horror, to upbraid and to revile, to mock and to jeer at him! Oh, the currish crew! Mongrels, yelping round a fallen lion!

Now, let us not be misunderstood. We do not wish to make light of errors or faults on the plea that those who commit them have, after all, tried against them very hard, though, in the case in point, unsuccessfully. We only wish to point out that those who are clamorous in their condemnations may, possibly, be all the while committing as great a sin—the sin of uncharitableness, and of creating themselves judges when they have no right to be so.

Surely we have a Grand Example of how we ought to act towards those who have fallen—not from deliberate vice, but from being overtaken by the weaknesses of their poor human nature—a Grand Example in the great Book of Examples.

"Woman, where are those thine accusers?" asked One who was very good indeed, upon a memorable occasion. But they had all slunk away—self-convicted, when they were bid to look within, not for that particular sin, perhaps, but for some other! And then He, who had never sinned—He, who had an abhorrence of all sin—who could not have thought lightly of the disgraceful act she had committed, or considered it venial on any other grounds but those of the most sincere and radical repentance—what did He say to the trembling, cowering, convicted culprit before Him? "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

AFTER the first pang caused by the struggle with himself, when it had been put to him, whether he would not prefer a morning at croquet with Minnie, from whom he was so soon to be separated, perhaps for ever—Ernest, enjoyed his walk with the jolly Baronet and the Major intensely. They passed across some fields where a gang of labourers were stubbing out some great straggling, crooked fences, and setting down a neat, straight quickset, with a row of posts and rails on either side.

"What luxurious fences you make!" said Ernest. "They must be very costly, taking up so much timber."

"Oh, they are not so really," said the Baronet, "when you take all things into account. Consider the amount of ground taken up by those struggling masses of brushwood, to say nothing of the quantity of vermin they harbour. And then it is impossible to plough a field straight, on account of them, without having all sorts of odd corners here and there. I supply the timber from my own woods, cut up in my own saw-mills, and the tiles for the ditches from my own tilery. I also give them the quicks from my own nursery, and the farmers, under my own man's directions, find the labour. This sort of work is usually done at a slack time of the year, and these farm-servants, who are hired by the year, must be kept in employ somehow. So you see the actual outlay is not so much, after all.

"And do the farmers never object?" asked Ernest.

"Object to what?"

"Why, if the fence happens to be a boundary-fence between two, have you no difficulty in getting them to agree?"

"I can't understand you. What difficulty could arise? The land is

my land, and, of course, I take care to propose the improvement to them at a time when no crop can be injured."

"Well, really," said Ernest, laughing, "I think it would do some of our Irish farmers good to come over to England for a while. Why, down in the south where I live, they would nearly shoot you if you attempted to alter their mearings. In the first places, they would tell you that they needed no alteration—that the broad straggling *shoughs* (as they call the ditches) were invaluable to them, on account of the shearing grass they contained; and in the second place, the men on either side of the fence would maintain, each of them, that an inch of his land was as good as a foot of the others, and each would say that he was losing something to the other by the straightening. Finally, if you disregarded their arguments, they would politely inform you that no man should put a spade into the ground on peril of his life. In short, an Irish landlord can scarcely be called the owner of his own property. It is owned for him by the much-persecuted farmers of whom agitators draw such pious pictures. And now and then the 'persecuted farmer,' under the rose, without ever troubling himself with asking the landlord's consent, will partition his farm between himself and one or more of his sons, and more big banks of fences will arise, cutting up fields already much too small, and a *bay* or two will be added on to the dwelling-house—and then an indignant and patriot press will some fine day declaim against the 'grasping landlord,' who will not admit that all these adjuncts to his property are improvements to it! Why, the real improvement, in his eyes, if he were a man of sense,

would be, to take them all away again. And if, owing to over-sub-division, these tenants should so far weaken themselves as to be forced, some of them, to go out some day to America (the course the surplus of them ought to have taken at the outset, for there is plenty of land there), look what an expense it will be to him, or to the remaining farmers, to obliterate all the so-called improvements, and restore fields and houses to their original dimensions!"

"I always hear," said the Baronet, "that your Irish farmers are desperate fellows for letting their weeds grow."

"It is too true," replied Ernest. "And the way of it is this. Their ideas about rotation of crops are most original. They will go on with one crop of oats after another in the same ground until the poverty of the field shows that they have overdone the thing. Then the land must needs have a *rest*, as they call it, and so it is set out for a few years, not with a regular sowing of clover and grass seed, to be top dressed with compost at the proper season, but with any weeds and grass which may choose to grow there among the stubbles of the last crop of oats. During the *rest*, the weeds get so thoroughly rooted down into the ground, that it is very hard afterwards to eradicate them; and as an Irish farmer has not the same abhorrence of a weed in his drills as an English farmer, they just don't eradicate them. They have a fashion, too, of planting potatoes in what are termed lazy beds; that is to say, they lay the manure on the green sod of their 'rested' ground, with its weeds and all, on that they set the potatoes, and then cover them over with soil, shovelled out of trenches on either side of the rigs. Of course, the grass and weeds work their way through at the sides, if not over the surface of the rigs; and there are no means of cleaning, as with drill harrows, and so forth;

and the result of all this slovenly farming is an indifferent yield, and the Irish farmer, accordingly, is not so well off as he might be. And then, again, the 'exacting landlord' is blamed; and there are loud outcries about the 'rights of tenants.'"

"But do you think there is really no occasion for such a Land Bill as is being constantly agitated for?"

"Undoubtedly, there is need for a Land Bill: for though I have given you an idea of some of the farmers' shortcomings, it is undeniable that there are multitudes of them who really do improve—do so mainly at their own expense—and yet have no legal security for their outlay."

"But why don't the landlords make the improvements?"

"Well, one reason is, that many of them do not live on their own properties, as English landlords do—nay, have not even houses thereon—and so have no eyes for their tenants' needs. Rather than wait indefinitely for what they require to be done, the tenants are generally driven, in these cases, to doing the thing themselves; and many of them do it very badly, being very small farmers, and possessed of a very slender modicum of modern skill. Accordingly, that which, if done by landlord and tenant combined, might have been a decided improvement, is a very questionable one, if it is one at all, when done by the tenant alone. Yet he naturally considers his work as valuable as if it had been done in the best possible manner. It costs but little more to do a thing well than to do it badly. And there is another circumstance which militates against the making of improvements in the building line by the landlords. The farms, by repeated sub-divisions, have become so small, that it would pay no man to rear artistic edifices upon them. It would make far too great a hole in your rental, which, in Ireland, gives at best but a poor

return of interest for the gross value of landed property. Accordingly, the tenants have to be left to run up cheap edifices after their own fashion, the landlord sometimes contributing to the outlay and advising as to the design; but, I fear, far oftener not doing either."

"Now, come and have a look at one of my building improvements," said the Baronet.

They had just reached a farmhouse upon a farm of some sixty statute acres, where a capacious barn was on the point of completion. At each side of the barn was a tall pair of oak doors, so that the waggons laden with sheaves could go right in with their freight through one pair and out again through the other.

"Did you build this entirely at your own cost?" asked Ernest.

"Yes. This man's lease expired a short time ago. I renewed it at a re-valuation, in which I included the interest of the outlay on this barn. The house and remaining offices are in a fair condition. Throughout the duration of the new lease, which is for twenty-one years, the tenant will have to keep them in the same condition, receiving timber from me gratis whenever he needs it."

"What a delightful garden that is before the door! and what a profusion of fruit trees and herbs, as well as flowers!" said Ernest. "In Ireland we too often have, instead of a garden such as this, a dunghill, or a great green pool; and in place of those clean, tidy children I see there playing with the sheep dog, we should have dirty-faced, dirty-headed little urchins, tripped up by the pig, as it was being driven out of the kitchen by the approach of the 'quality.'"

"You might as soon expect to see a pig in my drawing-room as in one of their kitchens here," said the Baronet. "Why, it would be contrary to the nature of things. Their beautifully-sanded floors would not

retain their neatness long if there was an influx of pigs and poultry. —Good morning, Mrs. Rylands."

This was to the farmer's wife, a cheery, buxom woman, clad in the cleanest of pink bedgowns, with a striped petticoat of purple and black.

"Good morning, kindly, Sir Roger, and Mr. Charles—Major Goode-rich, I should say—I'm glad to see you here amongst us again, and to hear that you're married. God bless you and the lady! Won't you and the other gentleman do me the favour of stepping in, and tasting a glass of cider?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Rylands; we will come in gladly. I want you to show this Irish gentleman what our Irish farmhouses are like."

"Oh, indeed, it's not very tidy to-day, I'm afraid; for it's washing-up day. But you're very welcome to come in."

All the "untidiness" consisted of a steaming tub in the scullery, and a line hung over with the newly-washed linen, all beautifully white, stretched across the kitchen. There was no slop or mess upon the flagged floor, which was nicely sanded over a coating of pipeclay. The walls and ceilings were brilliantly white. There were several flower-pots in the long latticed windows; and the fire-range was a sight to behold, so well was it blackleaded, and so brightly shone all the brass knobs of ovens and dampers. The table was scoured as clean as scrubbing could make it; and the plain wooden chairs were cushioned with a pretty chintz. The sitting-room, dairy, and sleeping apartments were all of a piece. Everything was bright and fresh and clean.

Ernest, when they left this comfortable abode, tried to apologise, in a manner, for the shortcomings of his own countrymen, which in honesty he was obliged to admit. "Perhaps," said he "your *smaller* farm-houses, or your labourers' cottages, are not so neat as this."

"Every one of them, down to the very poorest," said the Baronet. "The poorest labourer we have is scrupulous in the matter of cleanliness and neatness."

"Dear, oh dear! My poor country is a puzzle," half-soliloquised Ernest. "The pig in the kitchen, with its nose in the potato-pot, from which the family have just been feeding on the floor. Fowls roosting on the rafters overhead, and a calf in the corner, penned up by a byre door, taken off its hinges, 'just that the poor *baste* may have the *hate* of the kitchen fire.' Three or four panes of glass, broken, generally, by the fowls aforesaid, in some wild

flutter of retreat from an entering stranger. A wisp of straw, or an old hat thrust in, or, in the more advanced houses, a board nailed on to make up the deficiency! Dirty, ragged children; and a dirty, ragged, untidy mother; and ditto father. And all this just as bad, maybe, when the aforesaid father has fifty or a hundred pounds hoarded up at one-and-a-half per cent. in the bank! So that it's not a case of poverty by any means. This is a picture of too many an Irish interior; and it often puzzles me how one is to cure the evil. A Land Bill will not contribute an atom to the solution of *this* part of the Irish difficulty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TEMPTER.

HAD Ernest been in a philosophic vein, he might have drawn a not unprofitable parallel between his own case and that of the proverbial Irish small farmer upon whom had he been descanting. Perhaps the parallel might have proved rather to his own disadvantage. For the Irish small farmer was a negligent sloven because he knew no better. Dirt and untidiness have been, unfortunately, prescriptive in Erin's isle for generations; and the departures from such a routine are indicative of a something advanced, and enlightened, and quite different to ancient usage there. Now, Ernest, in continuing to dangle after Minnie Seymour, could not plead that he knew no better. He had his own experiences to warn him—he had, all throughout his youth, been trained to a resistance to the ordinary temptations of his age; and in this respect he could have showed an example to most of his compeers. And yet here he was, belying all his former steady career, and flitting, mothlike, around a light which bid fair to burn him grievously. But was he not, all the while, struggling

against the temptation? Have we not actually been defending him against the censors who, "trust in themselves that they are righteous." Yes,—against them, because they are people who have little or no consideration for human frailty. But, we should be promulgating a dangerous doctrine if, while shielding him from the darts of such as these, we were not, at the same time to speak a kindly, but solemn word of warning to such as him, and to say, Beware, lest you content yourself with the assurance—"I have tried very hard, but the temptation is very great. If I have been knocked down upon one knee, some folks would have been sent flat on their backs by the same blow; therefore, I'm not so very bad, after all."

Such a self-laudatory, self-excusing process, we repeat, is a most perilous one. It should be the earnest endeavour of all of us to strive to the utmost to *know ourselves*, and, having acquired that knowledge, to keep special watch and ward over those failings which we are, individually, most prone to. The slovenly farmer is slovenly because he knows

no better—he has no higher model before his eyes to cause him to open them to the fact that, although he *is* “as other men are” around him, he is *not* “as other men are” in the more advanced countries of the world. But the young man who, knowing his own susceptibility, does not energetically exert himself when he finds himself sinking under its lotus-like influences, what are we to say of him? Shall we say that the effects of love, whether it be lawful or unlawful love, are like the effects of liquor, every additional draught lessening the power of resistance, until the man, who, at the outset, would have shrunk with repugnance from the idea of intoxication, is at last found a victim thereto, by his own apparently willing act? And is it not so with every temptation, in like manner? A repetition of slight failings at last produces habits which render a once sensitive mind more or less callous, so that it gradually views with lessening repugnance evils which would have excited feelings of revulsion at the outset.

And what is the remedy in all this? To keep watch and ward over ourselves, even in the most apparently trivial matters; remembering that, as in some great Trunk Railway, we are constantly passing over points which, slight as their divergence may at first be, lead away in completely different directions, so in our daily journey through life, many a circumstance, which at the moment seems scarce worthy of remark, may be the first link in a chain of other circumstances of which no human foresight can see the end, or estimate the importance, so far as our welfare, temporal and spiritual, is concerned.

The stream which a child's spade could dam across at its source, may form at length a channel which a thousand men could not turn in a month.

At dinner on the evening of the day that Ernest had walked with the Baronet and the Major to see the farm improvements, Minnie sat opposite to him, instead of, as she usually did, beside him—for there were some strange guests that night, and Minnie had fallen to the lot of one of the new-comers to be handed in by him. Her companion was a bore, and she grudged excessively this loss of one of her last chats with Ernest, who was obliged to go over to Ireland within a day or two. She had been well satisfied that Ernest should go out with the gentlemen, and not join the croquet party, for two reasons—first, because she felt it was better for both of them that they should not spend the morning together; and secondly, because, from the consciousness which she had of late begun to feel, she dreaded the risk of observation. How strangely inconsistent is human nature! In the evening that dread entirely forsook her. She had been unable throughout the day to overcome the craving which she felt for Ernest's presence, and now, when she had hoped that at dinner he might be at her side to tell her of his ramble, she was doomed to be bored to extinction. The contrast was too overpowering. Once or twice, when her eyes met Ernest's across the table, there was a longing love in them, which was reflected back with interest from his own. She felt flushed, excited—she lost herself in a reverie, and entirely neglected her “bore,” to whom she occasionally made incoherent replies, as he kept up an unwearied flow of the dullest twaddle.

When the gentlemen joined the ladies after dinner, Ernest sought her side, as she sat upon a sofa alone, looking at a photograph book, and he never left her till the usual inroad of wine and water and flat candlesticks warned everybody that the time had come for retiring to rest.

The gentlemen, *i.e.*, the two brothers, the Vicar and Ernest (for the dinner guests had departed) retired, as usual, to the smoking-room. The Vicar smoked one pipe, and Ernest a single cigarette; then the former rose to go, for he had to finish his sermon; and Ernest, who had been chatting with him, finding that his host and the Major were deep in family "shop," rose with him, and turned towards his own room, by a little separate staircase, which connected it with what was called the "justice-room;" a room in which magisterial cases were wont to be heard, and out of which the smoking-room opened.

"You are quite a hermit up there," said the Vicar; "how come you to be thus cut off from the rest of the house?"

"I believe my room was once the dressing-room of the lairds of Ponty-Praed, so it was but natural that their "bolt-hole" should be in the direction of the justice-room and the smoking-room—a country squire's two special *sanctums*."

"Oh, and do you sleep *there*? Then I suppose you are next door to the Lady Barbara's room, which has not been entered this many's the year?"

"I should think I must be; and yet there is no door of communication that I know of between the two. In fact, the door by which I enter the room, at the head of this little staircase, is the only one into it, unless there chances to be one behind my little canopy bed, which I don't think is likely."

"Well, I shall not offer to aid you now in a search for one, as I must be at work for an hour before I go to bed."

And so they wished each other good night.

When Ernest reached his room, he threw himself down in his arm-chair, and began to think, not of Lady Barbara, nor of hidden doors, but of Minnie. How unnatural it

seemed that he should be thus leaving her, perhaps for ever, as he would be in a day or two; and that she in course of time, should return to a husband who, from all he had heard, could not possibly love her one-hundredth part as much as he did! How would she think of him when she returned to her husband again,—when she was neglected by him, or found herself lacking in sympathy with or from him—utterly, in short, out of accord with him? He knew that she was so good a wife that she would give to Captain Seymour all the heart she possibly could give; but when that was done, would there be no corner left for him? As for himself, his whole heart was hers, and hers it should remain. Marry he never would. He would be faithful and constant to his love for her, and live and die a bachelor. Was an heir needed for the house of Fitzgerald? His cousin would be most happy to enter into the succession.

Then, as he ran over in sweet reverie the evening that he had just passed by her side, he suddenly bethought him once more of the way in which he had given rein to his feelings. "It was wrong of me to go and sit by her all the evening," he said to himself, "after all my good resolutions. Being secretly devoted to her, and cherishing her image in in my own free heart, is one thing; proclaiming to her that devotion, by word, and eye, and manner, is another; and when her heart is not free; when her love is not her own to give; and when, by striving to induce her to love me more than I fear she already does, I am leading her into temptation!"

"Than I *fear*!" he again thought to himself. Oh, do I *fear* it? do I not rather hope it—know it? For loving her as I do, to distraction, I am sure that after all our intimacy together—aye, and if more certain proofs were needful, after her looks across the table this evening—I am

more than a mere *friend* to her! More than a friend! She loves me! Yes, I know she does. *Loves me!*" —again and again he repeated the sweet thought in his reverie. As he thus mused, his eye fell upon a knob of iron, which seemed to act as a support under an old portrait which hung on the oak-panelled wall in front of him; and, after a while, thinking it somewhat large for this purpose, he began to wonder to himself what it might be. By-and-bye, he went up to it with a candle, touched it—it rattled a little—pressed it inwards, it yielded to the pressure—pressed it a little harder, and there was a sound as if a lock yielded stiffly; a little harder still, and the whole panel yielded and swayed before him. The panel was a door, and it disclosed, on opening, the Lady Barbara's chamber. Ernest entered, and peered about him curiously. There was a floor of polished oak, with a faded French tapestry carpet around the bed, which was of carved black ebony, with an embroidered satin coverlid upon it. It looked far too much like a state bed, in some old palace or castle, to be anything like comfortable. The chairs had gilt backs and long legs, and stiff arms, and flowered satin seats, the ground-work of which was once white, though now it was yellow with age. On the dressing-table was a magnificent mirror, with a Dresden china frame—all Cupids and flowers innumerable. Although, for opening the door from his side there was but the half-concealed knob under the picture, which hung upon the door itself, on the inside there was a handle of embossed brass. And there was a similar door opposite, with a similar handle, but neither lock nor bolt beside. There was another door, apparently leading to the staircase (so far as he could judge from the position of the window relatively to his own). To this there was a key-hole, but this door was locked. Without trying the other

one, Ernest, observing the moonbeams on the floor, as his candle's light burned dim in his passage across the room, went to the window to look out. The moon was shining brightly on the upper portion of the rocks on one side of the amphitheatric garden, throwing into a deeper shade the whole of the rocks opposite. He had already placed his candlestick on the dressing-table behind him, and now, that he might see the effect more distinctly, he opened the window. A sudden gust of air blew out the candle, and caused the door by which he had entered to slam with no little noise.

"Hullo! here's a pretty fix!" said he to himself, as, closing the window again, he went to the door to reopen it quietly. But quietly or not quietly, open the door would not; and here was he apparently boxed up for the night in the dark, save for the moonbeams which played upon the floor, and in what was almost, if not quite, a haunted chamber!

We must now return for a while to Minnie. Poor child! when she reached her room, she, too, fell into a reverie, as Ernest had done. But hers was one of remorse and anguish. After all her good resolves at the wedding, here, she was just as bad as ever again. Ere she knew where she was she had again given way! But she did not indulge in her reverie for long. She soon fell upon her knees, and earnestly, with streaming eyes, she prayed for help to Him who alone could save her from her own weakness! "Lead us not into temptation—lead us not into temptation!" she prayed again and again, sobbing it out aloud in her agony; and then, after a while, feeling comforted, she put on her dressing-gown, loosened down her hair, and sat down to read that excellent little book by Thomas à Kempis — *De Imitatione Christi*. And, ever and anon, she looked up

at a print above the chimney-piece, of the Saviour and Peter—the former rescuing the latter, as, losing faith and courage, he was sinking in the waves of the sea of Galilee! And then she thought of how, time after time, that same Peter, though one of the favourite disciples of his Lord, had fallen away. In the Garden of Gethsemane he was one of those who could not watch, even for one hour, without giving way to slumber—and, ah! how soon after that had he shown a far greater lack of self-control when he denied his Lord and Master, after all his protestations that he would die with him rather! And yet, much as he had erred—yes, even though he had to be, on one occasion, rebuked, as “Satan”—a tempter—still all was ultimately forgiven, and he became a specially-chosen vessel in the spreading of that truth, to the Author of which he himself had been so untrue! Was there not comfort in this for the stumbling sinner?

A sound, like the slamming of a door, here interrupted her reflections. The slam was followed by a rattling sound in the room next her own—knowing that room to be the closed one which had belonged to the Lady Barbara, she felt a little alarmed. She was no believer in ghosts; and yet it was very strange to hear such undoubted sounds proceeding from such a quarter. Determined to find out the cause, if possible, she went up close to the panelled wall, and listened. She clearly heard the sound of footsteps within. This caused her heart to palpitate a little; but summoning up courage, she called out, “Who’s there?” The reply came immediately in Ernest’s voice—“Oh, is that you? I’m so glad! I’m locked in here!”

“In where?”

“In the Lady Barbara’s room.”

“And how did you get into the Lady Barbara’s room?”

“I wish I knew how ever I could

get out! There is a door in the direction of your room, which seems to be the only available mode of egress. That by which I entered from my own room, in a fit of inquisitiveness, has slammed upon me, and will not open again.”

“But there is no door in these panels.”

“There is one here, though; I wish you would let me try it. I’m all in the dark.”

“Do so,” said Minnie, after a little pause. Would it not be prudish to say “No,” if, as appeared to be the case, he had no other mode of egress; and she knew that Ernest’s word was to be trusted.

Ernest turned the handle on his side, which, though it worked a little stiffly, opened a door into Minnie’s room, similar to that by which he had entered from his own.

Minnie had made a hasty, but rather ineffectual, endeavour to put her hair up again, and stood a little shyly at a short distance from the secret door.

“Would you, please, give me a light,” said he; “perhaps, with its aid, I can open the door on my side again.”

And she handed him one of her candlesticks, and stood within, with the door ajar. But all his efforts proved unavailing.

“I fear I must ask leave to go through your room, and so get back again down to my own particular staircase.”

“That cannot be, Ernest. The housemaids have been washing the flags in the hall for this half-hour past, and they would wonder what brought you up into these regions.”

“Does not that queer old gallery lead from one of your windows to the terrace?”

“Yes. You may try that, if you like.

And she opened the glass door which led to it; and saying, “Excuse my dishabille, Ernest,” let him through.

Presently Ernest reappeared. “I

can get out, sure enough; but I can't get in again! There's not a door or a window through which I can enter into the house below. What a comical situation! Perhaps the housemaids will soon have finished their washing performances?"

"Perhaps they will. They cannot be long," said Minnie. And they stood chatting, both a little shyly, and in whispers, at the entrance to the garden gallery.

Had Ernest not come into her room to pass through to the gallery, Minnie would probably have left him to wait in the Lady Barbara's room, with a book and a candle. But now that he was there, she did not like to turn him out; so when she began to feel a little chilly in the night-air, she said, "I must ask you to come in and sit down, Ernest, till the house is still. I feel rather cold here." And when he had done so—"Tell me some more about your home in Ireland," she said. And so they sat on and on, talking in low tones about his home, and about their coming parting; till at last he suddenly threw himself at her feet, and said "Oh, Minnie, Minnie! my own heart's darling, and only love! you must accompany me thither; for what would home be without you?"

"Ernest! you must not speak to me so," said Minnie, rising, and starting back, "How can you so forget yourself? I thought the very friendly footing on which we stand was in itself a sufficient warrant against such words from you! Have you not, yourself, said that friendship stood on such a pure and lofty level, as to soar above love? And

these are words of love—unlawful love—which you are uttering to me—words which it dishonours you to speak, and me to hearken to!"

"Oh, darling of my life, I feel that I have been deceiving myself and you—it is not friendship only—it *is* love—ardent love, a passion which consumes me, and which"—

"Ernest! leave me! you shock me more than I can say! This from you, above all others in the world—you whom I have trusted so; else would you never have reached such a pitch of intimacy with me as to speak thus! This is a base advantage which you have taken—leave me directly!"

"Minnie! I cannot leave you!"

"Oh Ernest! you are not yourself to-night; in forgetting your friendship for me, and being false to that, you have likewise forgotten that even love—if it is not a base love, unworthy of the name, would cause you to treat me better! Ernest! your wild looks alarm me! On your knees, Ernest! kneel down with me, and pray to God Almighty to save you from yourself! Look there!" And kneeling, she pointed to the picture of the sinking Peter and his sustaining Saviour. Then she buried her face in her hands; and kneeling, sobbed out as if her heart would break—"Deliver us from evil! Deliver us from evil, O, Lord!"

She knew that Ernest had knelt by her side—that he was sobbing too—that he murmured an "Amen"—that he had taken her hair in his hand and kissed it, and, after a moment, that he was gone! gone, she knew not whither! He had left by the garden gallery.

CHAPTER XIX.

“AS WE FORGIVE THEM.”

WILDLY, recklessly, heeding not whither he went, Ernest hurried onwards, through the amphitheatre—up the steep pathway which led to the summit of the rocks, away through the brushwood above, and through the grove of firs which lay beyond that again: he clambered over the park wall on to the heathery hill; and never stopped or turned to look back till he had reached the summit, which he did not for a good half-hour.

He felt as if the brand of Cain was upon him. If he had not the actual guilt of a great crime upon his conscience, it was through no forbearance of his own. He seemed to himself to be one of those evil spirits of old, of which the legends used to say that they were exorcised by the making of the sign of the Cross in their presence. He—brought up as he had been—dared not to think wickedly any longer, when Minnie had conjured him to pray to Heaven for help: and when, by pointing to the figure of the Saviour whom he, though such a vilely erring servant, yet owned for his Master still, she had reminded him of the Presence in which he stood—a Presence in which (though oftentimes we heed it not) we are all of us for ever standing!

So long as he was merely loving Minnie, as he considered, harmlessly—(notwithstanding that he had no right thus to love the wife of another)—he had justified himself by the false plea that being married to Captain Seymour, was but one of those mischances which befall many people in life—that she could not be expected to give all her heart to one whose nature was not in harmony with her own, and that he, Ernest, was fully entitled to a Platonic share of her affections. But was *this* Platonism?—this fearful

temptation into which he had been led—and from which he had been delivered only by God's grace, and by her integrity—not by any forbearance or self-control on his part? And while he had been going on in a fool's paradise, forming to himself theories of how love might be purified and purged from all earthly dross, it needed but that fortuitous concurrence of circumstances which threw temptation right across his path, to scatter his theories to the winds, and to shew him that, although the arch-fiend may choose one bait to tempt one of his victims, and another to tempt others, still the trap was ever the same; and though some may, from accident, or through a saving grace, be turned from the downward path on which they have entered, ere the brink of the precipice be reached, still all are journeying in the same direction, who hearken to his blandishments when he cunningly assures them that the fruit of the forbidden tree is “good for food,” and besides being “pleasant to the eyes,” is “to be desired to make one wise!”

It is just possible, that some readers may find fault with us for having written as freely as we have done. It may be urged that the conclusion of the last chapter should have been more delicately veiled.

But in these days, when the details of shameful trials are in the hands of every young person who can read a newspaper—when French literature of an evil tendency is so popular, not only with men, but with some of the purer sex also—when some of our own authors have commenced to ape that prurient style of writing, and to clothe vice with the soft halo of sentimentalism, until they make it look like virtue,—we deem it is high time for those who fain would set youth upon its truest guard

against dangerous allurements, to speak with equal plainness.

And it is for this end that we have devised this imaginary tale of temptation in one of its most dangerous forms — temptation assailing those who conceive that they, at least, are safe, and that if this be wrong, there is at least something, (their own particular style of temptation, of course), which, though similar in kind, is yet excusable.

Ah, false, deceitful human nature ! How often does it flatter us that whatever may be said against the actions of *others*, there is at least an excuse and a justification for our own ! For "the way of a man is right in his own eyes"—else, how many a one would walk in a very different path to that which he has chosen to follow !

If, as we suspect is the case, the world, though not now so openly licentious, is not less full of vice than it has been at other times, we believe that this is merely owing to the prevalence of a sentimentalism excited by the literature of which we have been speaking, which leads warm young hearts to place natural impulses on a level above those apparently unnatural restraints which the bygone experiences of morality have pronounced to be needful to avert the danger of a covertly creeping—we had almost termed it a *sneaking*—form of temptation to vice.

Now, as we have proclaimed the style of evil against which we write, we would fain point out, as well, the remedy which we have striven to pourtray.

There was a talisman which protected Minnie, and which brought Ernest to his senses again. And that talisman was the faith they possessed in common. But, we shall be asked—are we not all of the Christian Faith? We affect to be ; but the faith of many of us is rotten at the core. Too often it is a matter

of Sunday bonnets and Sunday coats ; of going to church, merely for respectability's sake, without any heartfelt love for the memory of our great Guide and Example. The only true and sterling Christianity—the only form of it which is of the least practical value in directing our course through life—is that which sets the pure, the self-denying Christ always before the eyes of His followers, as One who, though we thankfully hail Him as a Redeemer, making up for our wretched shortcomings, is not only that, but also an Example, teaching us how we ought to live, so that we may reap—and hereafter be able to appreciate—the benefits of His mediation !

A pious dignitary of the English Church has said—"Let us strive to live in the continual feeling of the nearness of Christ to us. It will be the best help to growth in grace—for we must grow like Him of whom we are ever thinking, and whose presence is felt to be our greatest blessing."¹

Ernest, when he had reached the summit of the hill, sat himself down upon a boulder, and buried his face in his hands. He heeded not the splendid prospect before him—miles of country bathed in the silvery lustre of the bright moonlight. The hoarse challenge of the grouse he had disturbed in his onward progress, filled with no pleasure his sportsman ear. He felt a degraded man—doubly degraded, because he had thought himself above the reach of a temptation. And what must Minnie think of him now, she whose good opinion he had valued more than all in the world beside? When he entered the Lady Barbara's chamber not a thought was in his mind which could fairly be said to foreshadow such a termination to the adventure of the secret door. When he proposed to Minnie that she should allow him to re-seek his room

¹ Archbishop Tait's "Dangers and Safeguards."

through hers, it was in perfect innocence that he did so. Yet, would she believe that now? Would she not impute to him a settled design in thus entering the Lady Barbara's room, as if to frame an excuse for admission to hers? Bad as he had shown himself, he was not so bad as this. The devil had laid his snare for him in a skilful train, but no part of it had been laid by his own hands.

When we say that not a thought was in his mind which could be fairly said to foreshadow such a termination, we mean that he was conscious of no evil pre-disposition; but we would beg to call our reader's attention to two apparently trifling facts which showed, on the one hand, how the Tempter was forming his plot, and how the guardian angels of the pair were at the same time foiling it.

The *last* thought of Ernest, before the moment at which he accidentally perceived the knob which opened the secret door (although his previous reflections had been of a better tendency), were such as to leave him in readiness to yield under another and a stronger attack from the Evil One. The *last* thoughts of Minnie before she heard Ernest in the Lady Barbara's room, although, throughout the evening she had lost her self-command, were such as to fortify her against the next attack. At the moment of danger *he* had been at his weakest, *she* at her strongest; and the moment of danger came perfectly unexpectedly upon both of them. We should be paying but a poor compliment to the reader's discernment were we to undertake to point out more clearly the obvious moral of this situation.

When Ernest had brooded for some time in his wretchedness, he began to turn his thoughts to the dilemma in which he was at the moment placed. Things were bad enough with him already, most

assuredly; but they would become still worse if he proceeded in his purposeless onward career over the hills throughout the night in a white tie, crimson smoking jacket, and evening boots. The first early ploughboy whom he met would raise a hue-and-cry after him, deeming, not unreasonably, that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum, or was in a fit state to be immediately consigned to one. And then, too, what would everybody say to his sudden disappearance from Port-y-Praed. Still he dreaded the idea of standing face to face again with Minnie after what had occurred. Fancy his having to sit next her at breakfast, or, worse still, opposite to her, before there had been a word of penitence on his part, or forgiveness, if he dare hope for it, on hers!

But the thing must be done. Were it only for the surmises and suspicions which might arise, he must not "raise a story." What, if coupled with his disappearance, she were to be very ill, after the trying scene to which he had subjected her? What if she had fainted after he had left her?

Fainted! horror flashed across his mind at this thought. He had once heard it said that sometimes faints terminated fatally if no one was by to bring the sufferer too again! He rushed wildly back, without waiting for further reflection, bounding through the heather, stumbling over knobs of rock, sometimes almost measuring his length upon the ground. But recovering himself with the utmost effort, the descent of the hill was accomplished in a third of the time which he had taken to ascend it, and he had soon made his way through the brushwood and young larch to the summit of the precipitous rocks which overhung the garden. There was still a light in the window next the garden gallery, and at the window there was a figure. The moment that his own form appeared, clear in the moon-

light, at the verge of the precipice, there was a suppressed scream from below. He listened. Of course, the figure at the window was Minnie's; but why stood she there, and wherefore the scream? By-the-bye, in the still night-air he just heard his name articulated. He rushed down the rocky path, scarce knowing why, nor halted till he had reached the second terrace.

"Ernest, thank God, you are safe!"

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie! how dare I again appear before you?"

"Speak no more of that horrible time now. It is enough that you are safe. I knew not what had become of you—dared not think of what you might do in the frenzy of remorse I knew you must be feeling. In the still night-air I heard your steps just now as you descended the hill—I heard the grouse whirring away from your path; I saw you appear after you had come crashing through the brushwood, at the brink of the precipice, and I knew not what you might have a mind to do!"

"Minnie! I thought my villany might have caused you to faint. I came back to assure myself that you needed no assistance, though how I could have found it out if you did I know not, had your window and the gallery-door been closed. But for that, I know not whither I should have gone throughout this fearful night! Oh, Minnie, Minnie! do I dare to speak to you once more?"

"Ernest! you are already forgiven! It was not my strength which saved us both—it was an Almighty Providence! Ernest, it is all over now, this wickedness, I heartily hope and trust—for ever. But if you consider yourself vile, I deem myself scarcely less so."

"Oh, Minnie, do not speak thus!"

"Ernest, I must! I, a married woman, ought never to have been so intimate with you as I was. I trusted

too much to our old friendship—to your known good principle, and to my own; and I forgot that we were both of us no more than mortal. Aye, both of us! I cannot, as I say, acquit myself of blame. Perhaps, if I had felt less warmth, and shown less in my demeanour towards you, you might never have been led on to the scene of to-night. Let us both be sincerely thankful to Him who has delivered us. It is best for us both that you should leave this house as soon as possible. But your plans already meet that urgency. And let me make of you just one request: never allude again to what has passed?"

"I will obey. And am I, then, entirely forgiven?"

"Completely! May God forgive us both, as I now forgive you Ernest! Now go to your room; I fear you no longer. You are my own true friend again, and your true self. You may pass through."

Ernest felt sincerely grateful for this mark of confidence. Had he supplied his mind with every distraction which it would have been possible to give it for a twelvemonth, he could not have been so far restored to his former self as he was by this single act of Minnie's. Heartily penitent he was, towards her and towards God; but intolerable would have been his remorse had not his self-respect been thus, to so large an extent, been magnanimously restored to him.

"It is more than I have shown myself deserving of—a very great deal more—this trust on your part," said he, bursting into tears, as he entered the room.

"No, dear friend, I esteem you at this moment as highly as ever I did. Good night, and God bless you!" And she held out her hand, which he pressed, almost reverently, to his lips; then fervently returning her blessing, he departed.

WHAT FOREIGNERS THINK OF US.

MOST of us have probably laughed at the clever caricatures of those who have attained fame or notoriety, which have met our eyes in that amusing periodical, *Vanity Fair*. There we recognise the unmistakable likenesses of our lawgivers, our statesmen, our judges, our authors, our preachers, our men of the day of every description. The portraits are, generally speaking, excellent, only the ludicrous portions of their mental types are stamped, with some exaggeration, on their outward features, so that their whole appearance becomes a burlesque, and yet a not unfaithful representation of the original. Of a similar nature, though in another form, is the production of a countryman of the designer of *Vanity Fair*. That gentleman, also an Italian artist, and, moreover, a keen-witted, shrewd, observant man, and a smart epigrammatic writer, not destitute withal of good sound common-sense, has lately published the results of his impressions during a three months' stay in London in 1870.¹ We have recently read the masterly letters of M. Taine, on England and the English, and, naturally, the short, sketchy volume of the Italian can no more be compared to them than a picture of Hogarth can be compared to a cartoon of Raffaele, or a series of *Punch* to "Macaulay's History." M. Taine's profound knowledge of English literature, and English social life, has enabled him to describe with an almost unrivalled accuracy—of course, from a Frenchmen's point of view—our manners and customs, our habits of thoughts, our prejudices, our insular peculiarities, our

virtues, our faults. He, doubtless, falls occasionally into error. He generalises too much, and at times he is apt to misapprehend individual for national eccentricities. But his analysis of the English mind is, unquestionably, drawn with great power and subtlety; and if his conclusions may not always appear correct to us, we must admit that they contain a great deal of truth, and are discussed in a fair and friendly spirit.

The Italian eccentric, who endeavours to describe English eccentricities, writes under very different circumstances. He professes no previous acquaintance with Great Britain, or the Britons. He was a complete stranger to our institutions when he came, he saw, he recorded. Of our literature he possesses no knowledge, and, what is more, he does not pretend to have any; and that he learnt by the use of his eyes and his ears, he repeats to his countrymen. His blunders are numerous enough; but through his humorous exaggerations, through his satirical vein, through his facetious strains, there runs a fund of philosophical truth, and a sound perception of important facts.

It is not always pleasant to know what our friends think of us. Their opinion as to our merits, personal and mental, is seldom as exalted as our own; and the late Mr. Thackeray once remarked, that did we but imagine what our nearest and dearest relatives thought of us, we should all live singly in caves. But, at all events, a little wholesome truth, like bitter medicine, often does good,

¹ Originalità di Londra. Visibili ed Invisibili, descritte da un Originale d'Italia Napoli: Fratelli de Angelis, 1871.

and let us now try and swallow a small dose.

The first objects that strike our anonymous author are the fair sex. Their numerical and moral preponderance are startling to him. In a country whose King is a Queen, he finds woman is master; she does everything; she appears everywhere. In the streets there are thirty women to ten men. In the shops women sell and women purchase. The theatres, omnibuses, railways, steamers, are crowded with them. In the museums, in the public galleries, at the Crystal Palace, in the parks, at church, they swarm. Women on foot in Hyde Park follow women in carriages to look at women on horseback. They are more numerous than the sands of the sea, the stars of heaven, or the flies of Naples. They are useful, they are ornamental, they are independent, and have wills of their own. But how about the homes and the children,—are they well cared-for? And where is the quiet modesty of Italian women—the angelic innocence of the Italian maidens, who are brought up in simple seclusion, and to whom the very existence of evil is unknown?

Those who know aught of the life led by Italian ladies, cannot wonder at the surprise manifested by our author at the difference existing in this respect between them and their English sisters. There, all is quiet and retirement; the married women go out but little, and then only to church, the theatre, or a visit. Few are to be seen in the streets, and probably, if there are three women to one man in London, the proportion may be safely reversed in Naples, Rome, or Florence. And as for the girls there, they are educated in strict retirement; they are never allowed to go from beyond their mother's wings, and they seldom leave their father's roof until they finally quit it for a husband's. With us all is bustle, activity, and restlessness—in the above-mentioned cities

all is calm, indolence, and repose. Englishwomen are more useful, industrious, and enterprising than Romans or Neapolitans. Are they happier or purer? This is a question we should not like to undertake to solve.

According to our writer, the maidens of London are gadding about all day staring at shop-windows, and walking along with as much composure and nonchalance as an Italian damsel who proceeds from the dining-room to the bedchamber.

Ladies of the aristocracy, if young, ride on horseback, attended by a *jockey*, or a friend of the family; if old, they are drawn in a carriage driven and accompanied by powdered and bewigged coachman and lackeys. Ladies of the middle classes spend their mornings in warehouses, examining, turning over, choosing goods, and worrying shopmen; their days in promenading in the parks, frequenting the Crystal Palace, and paying visits; their evenings at theatres or concerts. What a happy state of things, by the way—all play and no work, and nothing to do but to spend money! We should like to inquire of a few thousands of the wives of our merchants, our doctors, our lawyers, our clergymen, whether this is the life they lead.

In the lower grades, women keep their own or other people's shops; they open and close them; they understand their business, and are agreeable in their manners. Finally, going down lower still, they are domestic servants. Clean themselves, they clean all. The consumption of soap daily is frightful. The servant washes the household linen, goes out marketing, cooks the dinner, makes love to the baker's man, takes the children for a walk, is honest and virtuous, works hard, rises early, and goes to bed late. We must, however, refer to our housekeepers to know whether their maids are usually of this type, or whether the author met with a phoenix.

The occupation of an Englishman's life, we are told, is solely business. Business in the morning, business in the afternoon, business in the evening, business in the night. In London, a man, generally speaking, is only a man of business. The hundreds of omnibuses, of railway trains, full of scores of thousands of men rushing to the City, their noses dipped in their newspapers, are a source of wonder, not unmixed with amusement, to our foreign friend. The narrow streets of the City are crowded with cabs, carts, carriages, and every description of vehicles. Countless hosts of men rush about, push against one another, with an anxious, hurried look, as if the world were coming to an end. They do not stop; they do not speak—we are in business hours. One well-dressed man drives a hired carriage; another, more elegantly attired, an omnibus; a third carries a bag on his shoulders. These are not coachmen or porters: they are merely men of business.

According to our author, if you enter into an office, though there may be twenty clerks, not one notices you, or asks you to sit down. You may cough, or look, or speak to them politely, and your existence still continues to be ignored. At last, if you succeed in inducing one of them to listen to your words, he answers you briefly without looking at you, without raising his eyes from his books or his letters. In vain you beg for more explanations; he is too busy to waste any more breath with you, and leaves you where you are, until, convinced of the utter hopelessness of your undertaking, you withdraw crestfallen. If you are a foreigner, and have come to London solely on account of one important matter, and request an appointment, the inexorable diary is produced, and you are shown that every hour from morning till night on the following day, the next, the one after, &c., are fully engaged,

and you may consider yourself lucky if you succeed in obtaining half an hour, say, for Thursday week; and so on for every day, every week, every year, on the same monotonous round, until the last bell is rung, when business shall cease for ever after.

Justice to the English is done by the writer with reference to the simple elegance of their dress, and to their general good looks; but he cannot understand how Englishmen can see the prettiest women pass them by without turning to glance at them. The only exception seems to be in the case of fair equestrians; but then the object scrutinised is the horse, and not the lady. So much for our gallantry. Many of our damsels, we think, however, are very likely to challenge the statement of our author on this point.

The characteristic of each class is depicted in a few sharp words. There is great genius and patriotism among the aristocracy. A lord is an intelligent and agreeable traveller abroad; he lives apart from ordinary mortals, reposing under the shade of divine right, at home. His existence is spent in three prison houses, from which he seldom emerges—the inside of his mansion, the inside of his carriage, the inside of Parliament.

The middle classes are long-headed in business, and very intelligent and enterprising. In Italy, the honeymoon of two partners ends in a civil court, and of four partners in a criminal court. In England everything is done by association, and the public wealth increases.

The class of small proprietors, innumerable in Italy, does not exist in England, where nobody is idle. Neither do we see there the *genus* of dandies without occupation. Query? we presume the writer has never been inside a club-house in St. James's?

The priests possess good sense, and dress like fallible men. They

look to their shop, like others, but they don't sell sanctity to the public.

The physicians are skilful, but dear. The lawyers honest, but expensive : for the law is a noble profession, and must be nobly paid. The only wrong perpetrated by judges is, that of wearing a wig, without which adjunct, it appears, justice cannot be fairly administered.

Artists are worthy as men, indifferent as artists. Workmen work, and drink rum when they can get it, if not, gin. They prefer dying of hard drink, rather than of hard work. They are not lazy, but they would rather see the whole world perish before them than hammer a nail on Sunday.

The mob is mob ; tolerably decent, not too rough, and never brutal.

Drunkards are numerous, and two or three days spent in a drinking bout are followed by two or three days spent in a lock-up. Then they are compelled to work, for board and lodging are not gratuitous. Nothing is given for nothing in England — no work no dinner, even in prison. Beggars are scarce. A few old men and women, with a broom in their hands, lean against a wall, waiting to receive the charity of the soft-hearted. If it is not given, they do not send curses after the wayfarers, neither do they send more striking arguments in the shape of stones, as has been witnessed in Calabria.

Rogues are not fools, and their operations are carried on with prudence ; for there are stringent laws, and there are vigorous administrators of them. Those who are caught breaking them are carried away without ceremony, and subjected to ignominious punishment.

The institution of the Police attracts the unqualified admiration of our author ; who depicts the members of "the force," in, we fear, somewhat too glowing colours. He sees in them, not only the many admirable qualities they really do

possess, but even those they ought, but do not possess.

As for the smoke of London, he cannot easily forget it ; and he descants eloquently on its well-known qualities. He dwells on its denseness ; its everlasting nature ; its weight ; its smell ; its viscous greasiness which causes it to stripe the human countenance with beautiful black lines ; contrary to atmospheric air, it is both ponderable and visible, and its unique virtues should be celebrated by a poet. It is like a thick veil which disguises the face of nature, but it does not heighten its charms like those of a veiled beauty. The only advantage of it is, that a man may wear a drab hat in summer, which by the time winter comes round, becomes so extensively black as to save the cost of a new purchase for the season.

Any individual who does not wish to appear a coalheaver, is bound to change linen twice daily in London. Nevertheless, thanks to the laundresses and to soap and lime, nowhere is there such a personal display of clean linen as in London.

Our author admires the streets of London : they are not disproportionately wide as those of Vienna, nor are they country roads spoilt, like the Paris Boulevards. Some of the principal London thoroughfares have a grand character similar to that of the best streets of Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Palermo. There is, however, too much family resemblance between them, and when we have seen one we have seen all. The footpaths are wide and well paved, and by dint of appealing to policemen, a foreigner can manage not to lose himself. There are no porticoes in London under which to take refuge when it rains. As for the sun, one need not run away from it, for for two hundred days in the year, it sleeps under its blankets ; for a hundred more it is sick, and for the remaining sixty-five it is in a state of convalescence, being pale and weak

and constrained to rise late and to retire betimes.

In order to cross the streets one—unless able to take a flying leap across the pavement—must make up his mind to wade in mire up to the knees. The Londoners appear to possess a special liking for mud; when by chance it does not rain, tons of water are poured into the highways, rendering them all but impassable.

In Italy it is said, "Tell me with whom you associate, and I will tell you what you are." In England, the first question you are asked is where you live, and from the name of the locality depends the opinion formed of you, and your reputation. If you reside in certain regions you are fashionable, and you may be invited to good houses; if you reside in any of the remaining others, however respectable you may be, your existence must be ignored. These distinctions may appear arbitrary to foreigners, but it is their own fault if they do not conform with them.

Our author seems to have made a special study of the streets of London. He was struck at the, to him, unaccountably strange habit of the late opening and early closing of the shops. From his chamber at the Langham Hotel, he walked, at seven o'clock in the morning, on the 1st July, towards the Victoria Station, vainly seeking for a cab. He met four drunken men and two women, but at eight o'clock he could not procure a cup of coffee for love or money; and even at a large foreign establishment just opening, he was answered by a surprised countryman of his, "What! coffee at this hour." On the other hand, like Charles Lamb, who made up for his late arrivals at the East India House by his early departures, so the London shops are in a hurry to close at night, leaving the principal thoroughfares gloomy and deserted. Anyone who knows the Continent must contrast Regent or Oxford Streets

with the Boulevards in Paris, the Toledo at Naples, the Corso at Milan, the Via di Po at Turin, or the Via Calzajuoli at Florence. Our foreign friend did not know of the early-closing movement, nor did he pause to inquire into its causes. He described effects with more or less accuracy, and that was all he intended.

The sights of the milkman's cans left at the doors; of men rushing frantically with black bags in their hands towards the City; of others running after omnibuses and then climbing on the roofs, by a feat of gymnastics requiring considerable practice; the curious habit of coachmen driving to the left instead of the right, as is done everywhere else excepting Rome, where everything was done the wrong way; the number of children drawn about in the footpaths singly or in couples, in diminutive carriages by nursery maids; the plurality of ladies gaily dressed, with artificial smiles, dealing doubtfully enticing looks, and words, and pinches, to wondering strangers—all these strange spectacles afforded him amusement, or at least food for much reflection.

At all events, he did not contemplate what he had often contemplated in his own country. He did not see heaps of filth, or newly-washed linen, hanging from the windows; or ragged and tattered tramps sleeping over the footpaths; or lazy and insolent beggars importuning wayfarers for alms; or bold flower-girls forcing their stale commodity on strangers; or dirty coachmen driving dirtier vehicles than themselves, and torturing poor starving horses; or lottery-ticket offices, encouraging the worst spirit of gambling in the multitude.

After giving a lively account of our shops and our gin-palaces, the author makes his comments on our public gardens and squares, which he most unfavourably contrasts with those in his own land. The squares

are wildernesses with grass and trees; the gardens and parks are larger squares with a vast expanse of grass and gigantic trees. As for ornamental gardens with marble fountain, cascades, grottoes, basins of water, fish ponds, groves, mazes, hot houses, flower-walks, belvederes, vineries, alleys rendered delightful to the ear by the melodious song of birds, to the nostrils by the sweet fragrance of luxurious flowers, and to the eye by their lovely variegated forms,—they are only conspicuous for their absence in London. Kew, evidently he did not know; the Crystal Palace was the nearest approach to his ideas, and on this subject more will be said anon.

Let us hear his opinions on public buildings. They are so numerous in London, that could only one half of them be gathered in one spot, they would suffice to form by themselves an entire city of monuments. But they are utterly lost, for they are scattered and disposed among miles of dingy, mean, and utterly tasteless houses, and they are moreover spoilt by the effects of the smoke which darkens their exterior, and gives them a gloomy and forbidding appearance. Further, most of the splendid edifices of London are so hemmed in, and surrounded by paltry constructions, that their effect is quite marred. It is a wonder that so intelligent and enterprising a nation as the English, should not have invented some plan for counteracting the ill effects of smoke, and thus changing London from an oppressively dismal and dreary city, into one lively and gay.

As for the architecture, it is very much like the coat of Harlequin, being made up of patches, and it is by no means infrequent to observe Corinthian columns with Tuscan bases, Egyptian capitals, Doric cornices; the whole surmounted by a roof in the Renaissance Greek style. Thus, at least, London can show specimens of every style of

architecture; and, anyhow, it is always better to imitate good examples than to originate bad ones.

The churches of London are really fine temples, and, blasphemy though it may seem, the exterior of St. Paul's—the exterior only be it understood—is more architecturally perfect in its proportions and general outlines than St. Peter's of Rome; whilst Westminster Abbey is superior in beauty, both externally and internally, to the Church of Notre Dame of Paris. The church steeples are remarkably curious, being frequently like inverted cones ending in a point; and it must be noticed that there are churches that have the appearance of private residences, and private residences that have the appearance of churches. The royal palaces are not fairy habitations, like that whence the Bourbons of Naples were expelled, still they are worthy of being the seats of a great monarch. The Houses of Parliament are a handsome and immense Gothic edifice, having an imposing appearance from the river; but it contains many faults of detail. The salient parts throw the rest out of proportion; the towers are too lofty; the gilding on their top resemble so many looking-glass frames, and has an ineffective and meretricious look; whilst the cropped grass and balloon lights on the frontage, give that space the aspect of a rural churchyard. The clubs are sumptuous mansions,—and the Athenæum—which was frequented by the writer—contains among its vast saloons, an excellent restaurant, a choice library, and a luxurious smoking-room. The hotels are small cities—witness the Langham, where you are carried up to your chamber in a travelling apartment, where you wander among grand halls, magnificent staircases, and wide galleries; where you have a post-office and a telegraph-station, and where every traveller is mulcted pretty heavily, to contribute, it may be supposed,

towards a sinking fund for the enormous outlay incurred.

As for the theatres, the English are the best-tempered audiences on the face of the earth. A visitor is expected to wear a ball dress: he must hire a carriage, and he must pay for leaving his overcoat; for the use of an opera-glass; for a programme; for a libretto; for being admitted into his seat, and, of course, for any refreshment he may need; therefore the performance costs him about 50 francs—£2, which is forty-seven francs more than in Italy; and whatever he sees he applauds. If the impresario stretches or cuts down the operas according to his requirements; if the tenor or prima-donna fails, and a gentleman or lady in black is summoned, and, with music in hand, he or she makes love to, or upbraids a hero or heroine attired in Roman robes; if a Mario at sixty-six takes it into his head to court Lucia di Lammamoor with no more voice than a statue; or if Adelina Patti thinks fit to improve upon Rossini, and invent a new Rosina, who leads astray Almaviva, who drags with him Figaro, who is followed by Don Bartolo, and Don Basilio, until confusion worse confounded arises, and the shade of Rossini looks on with sorrow and dismay,—if any or all these events occur, the audience is satisfied, and whatever happens is greeted by the same monotonous applause.

Drury Lane is a pale reflection of Covent Garden. There are many English theatres mostly named after Queens, Princes, and Princesses; and the Alhambra, with its intoxicating sights and sensuous dances, transport one into . . . a harem.

Our author considers that, according to Pliny, the chief desiderata in human habitations are solidity, convenience, and beauty. In describing London dwellings, he finds them, according to his standard, entirely deficient in all these qualifications. In order to shelter five families with-

in a given area there are two ways. The one is to build a large house, with five horizontal divisions or flats, each intended to harbour one family, and complete in itself in all domestic offices; the other is, to divide the space into five vertical compartments, giving to each home, a long slit all to itself. The former system is adopted in most continental cities, Paris, Milan, Vienna, &c. The latter is followed in London and Venice. Our writer does not pretend to decide which of the two plans is in the abstract superior, but he certainly does not admire our residences. The basements remind him of caverns, and the area railings of cages for wild beasts. Air, light, and space are mostly wanting. The rooms are narrow and cramped, and being built of wood and covered with carpets and ornamented with curtains, there is every facility given for fire to consume them, a facility of which that element frequently avails itself. Everything is Lilliputian in these houses; doors, staircases, apartments, gardens; the only objects worthy of imitation are the pretty porcelain boxes full of flowers on the window sills.

Due admiration is expressed for the British and Kensington Museums, whose only faults are that they are too rich and too vast to be duly appreciated. The Turner drawings form a curious study, and ought to be preserved, but not in an institution that should be devoted to the teaching of real art to those who are desirous of learning. Nature one day placed all its gifts in an urn, which it shook well, and then proceeded to open it and to distribute them at random. To England fell the love of labour, steadiness, perseverance, respect to the laws, and earnestness in business pursuits. This is enough to satisfy any nation. But as to seeking supremacy in the Fine Arts, it is really looking for the impossible; it is endeavouring to struggle against nature and circum-

stances. True it is that industry, study, and perseverance, do much towards expunging the term *impossible* from the vocabulary of man, but they cannot infuse the divine spark of genius. Sculptors are more promising than painters, and the time may soon be expected when the great men who in bronze and marble adorn the squares of London, would no longer feel compelled, if they came to life again, to spur their horses and flee, to hide their hideousness far from the rest of mankind.

The description given by our author of the Crystal Palace is so vivid and graphic, that we cannot forbear giving some extracts from it in his own terms :

"Picture yourself as the possessor, in the midst of your garden—if you do possess a house and a garden—of a certain number of rare plants, which bloom in the bright summer sun, and perish in the cold winter winds. To preserve exotics without removing them, you summon to your assistance an architect whom we will call Paxton. He measures the space occupied by your plants ; he places in the four corners, as many cast-iron columns ; he connects them with cast-iron frames, which are filled up with glass ; he covers the four transparent walls with a small cupola of iron and glass ; he paints the iron-work blue, and behold there is a miniature Crystal Palace. If you say, 'Now that I am about it, I may as well have it made larger, so that I may enclose more plants or have a sheltered promenade where I may lounge safe from wind or rain,' you have only to order your architect to add more glass and more iron, and to make the building larger and loftier. . . . With this system you may cover a space as long as the Corso of Rome, as wide as the Piazza San Pietro, as lofty as the cupola of that church, and call it the Crystal Palace—precisely like that of Sydenham.

"But those rows of glass win-

dows, are they a fine sight ? I will tell you. If to plan that edifice required the daring of genius ; if to construct it required special knowledge, to beautify it required the highest ingenuity, and its monotony was broken by judicious expedients And what was the original use of that curious and gigantic construction ?

"If you wish to preserve a valuable object from dust, what do you do ? You place it under a glass case, and desiring to be able to observe it from every side, you move it to a small table close to the window. Have you never remarked in galleries how many pictures are under a false light, and how many objects in museums are against the light ? Therefore, having many pictures, works of art, and numerous varied articles, large and small, to display, to protect from dust and rain, and to be examined before ample and well-diffused light, what better could be devised than a Crystal Palace ? . . .

"But when the Exhibition was concluded, what could be done with that immense transparent edifice ?"

After relating how the palace was transplanted to the slopes of Sydenham, our author proceeds in lively strains thus :

"And what was done with the Palace at Sydenham ?

"I will tell you. The great nave was embellished with magnificent fountains, and basins, and aquatic plants, and statues, and vases, and monuments, and life-size models of ancient races and distinct types of man, and it was converted into a beautiful promenade, unique in the world. Laterally to the right and to the left were created so many courts, with porticos and saloons, each serving as an example of all the different orders of architecture and styles of decoration, that were followed by different nations at the different periods in which they flourished. Moreover, a succession of different halls connected toge-

gether, furnished copies of the respective masterpieces in statuary, groups, and reliefs, and became thus a most instructive and agreeable lounge.

"To render the resort still more delightful, the extensive grounds surrounding the building were converted into a park, with great fountains, and with all the accessories requisite to render it a park worthy of a monarch.

"Nevertheless, any one having at command one shilling, may spend a whole day there, and of these fortunate individuals there are daily five and six thousand, and sometimes twenty and thirty, and a hundred thousand.

"And how are they attracted thither? Well, the concern belongs to the Crystal Palace Company, and the shareholders were not merely satisfied with having preserved Paxton's handiwork. In England, nobody spends money for the pleasure of spending it; everybody has an eye to business, and the shareholders began seeking a return for the capital invested. Then the company commenced letting every inch of available space inside the building. And then arose shops of every description, bazaars of every kind, depôts of numberless articles; and then were established restaurants, pastry-cooks, cafés, and taverns; and then sprang up theatres, amphitheatres, and concert rooms; and then appeared galleries, so called, of fine arts, and reading-rooms, and schools for children, and an equestrian circus, and a billiard room, and a rifle-ground, and a fishing-pond, and a typographic establishment, and a post-office, and a telegraph-station, and a police station-house. And the company opened three railways to the capital, and called to the people to come and cast their shillings into its hands. And when the company found the shillings pouring in, it rejoiced. But the spirit of evil suggested that the work was imperfect; and the

company completed it by adding monkeys and parrots—those delights of the fair sex—to other specimens of animal nature in the tropical department.

"When the old ways began to attract less, new ways had to be sought, and the arms of Briareus were busily at work in providing exciting amusements for the people. An orchestra of three thousand first-rate performers was collected—every one of them really first-rate. Then followed a monster concert of two thousand voices—a gathering of five thousand children—a melodramatic reception to Garibaldi, and a high comedy ovation to M. de Lesseps, to whose scheme the British public had refused to subscribe a single penny. The exhibition of two thousand dogs came next, and afterwards that of thirty thousand roses without plants, and plants without roses. Then there were a display of tables exquisitely arrayed for dinner, the only thing wanting being the dinner; and balloon ascents, and pyrotechnic displays, and performances of wild animals; and, finally, the whole city of Pompeii was dug from the neighbourhood of Naples, conveyed to London, and shown the size of life through the process of photo-sculpture.

"It is a pity that the able men at the head of the company should have condescended to all the tricks of mere showmen in order to draw large audiences."

The author wished to try English dinners, and he accepted three several invitations; one from a duke, one from a man of science, and one from a carpenter.

At his grace the Duke of W——'s, who is a perfect gentleman, and the heir of a great name, he found great cordiality, under-done meat, Strasbourg pie, real champagne, fine pine-apples and no napkin.

At Sir ——'s, a most worthy person, distinguished in literature and in science, he found great cor-

diality, under-done meat, good wine, and no napkin.

At W——'s, an honest workman, he found free cordiality, under-done meat, sparkling beer . . and no napkin.

However, the want of that useful piece of linen is not felt by the English, for they are scrupulously neat in their mode of eating, and their table-cloths are always remarkably clean. In all households, to dinner invariably succeeds tea. The first-named repast concluded, the Duke led the writer to inspect his gallery, which contained many masterpieces of the Italian school, including a statue by Canova. At the corresponding period, the literary and scientific man took him into his library, to examine his choice collection of books; and the carpenter left him in company with his daughter, an attractive girl of twenty, who brought him an elegantly-bound album, containing some sketches and autographs, and begged him to leave a few lines in memory of his visit. He willingly complied with her request; and not being a young man, he assumed a father's privilege, and imprinted a kiss on her forehead.

London Sundays seemed to have been a great grievance with our author, and we repeat his opinions in his own words:—

“If you meet with an accident, where will you find an apothecary to sell you a restorative? If you are hungry, where will you find bread? Postmen and newsvendors' boys, I presume, have assisted in creating the world, and must also rest. All is silence; everything is hermetically sealed; and if a tradesman opens his door for a few minutes, he must be prepared to open also his purse, for he is liable to be fined. With all due deference to the British Government, this condemning a whole population to enforced rest fifty-two times a-year, is a flagrant contradiction to all principles of liberty. . . .

“Sundays, in London, commence at two o'clock on Saturday after-

noon, and end on Monday morning at ten. At two o'clock on Saturdays, then, the shops are hastily closed, excepting those of eatables and public-houses; but many thoroughfares are converted into markets until twelve o'clock at night, when the lights are suddenly extinguished, and profound darkness ensues.

“On Sunday morning the whole city sleeps profoundly until eleven, and only then awakes to go to church. The majority of churches are small, and possess one altar and one minister, who is never old, but who is usually accompanied by his wife and an unlimited number of daughters. There is always an inevitable sermon, but the minister is generally a man of learning, and sometimes of eloquence, and one might do worse than spend an hour in listening to him. If during the day even the innocent Crystal Palace is closed, you will find that in the evening the chess-board is carefully put away. As for theatres, exhibitions, concert-halls, of course they are out of the question. The silence of death reigns around; and the only resource left is to go to bed, where the greater part of the day has already been spent.”

The horrors of a British winter are described to surpass the horrors of a British Sunday. Let us again quote the text:—

“Whole months without light; whole days without being able to go out without incurring unknown dangers of various descriptions: fog so dense as to render you unable to distinguish your own hand; fog that you can cut with the knife. If half-asphyxiated and poisoned by a large coal fire, in a small room, you feel half-faint, you long for some fresh air, never mind how cold and damp, and you open the window to breathe freely, you are compelled to close it hastily, unless you wish to be smothered by the smoke from the chimney, which rushes in and soon fills your little room.

“And such horrible winters last eight and nine months; during the other three or four months one must work doubly and trebly, like ants, to make a store for the winter, during which period it would be vain to expect anything else than to spend money on physic and physicians.”

Our author warmly praises, and does justice to many of our institutions. He greatly admires the excellent organisation and speed of our railways, the skill and ingenuity manifested in their construction; the efficiency and bravery of the fire-brigade; the energy, enterprise, and talent employed in the management and editing our newspapers; the orderly behaviour of the crowds, and their respect for moral force, and the total absence of the means of material coercion; the regularity

and punctuality of postal and telegraphic communication, and, generally speaking, the cordiality and hospitality of the English.

In conclusion, he exhorts his countrymen to send their children to be brought up in England—whether are going his two sons—where they will become earnest men, who are greatly needed in Italy, a country which is constituted but not organised, and where they will learn trade and manufacturing pursuits. But he recommends that they be not sent to England to seek their fortunes, for wealth is not acquired suddenly, now-a-days, by honest means in any country; but activity, perseverance, and fair abilities lead to competence everywhere: a maxim not always remembered in the British Islands.

J. P.



THE BANKER OF BROADHURST.

CHAPTER I.

"You are sure that Herbert intends coming this evening?" asked Sir Percy Derville of his daughter, as they were seated in the drawing-room, at Derville Court, on an evening in July.

"Oh, yes!" was the answer; "he wrote yesterday to that effect."

"How does he purpose to get here? will he drive over from the Park?"

"I scarcely think so. He is in London, and I expect he will come straight to us."

"He can scarcely do that; he must have gone to Lee Park."

"Why?" asked Alice, innocently.

"The last train must have arrived some time ago. If he does not come shortly, I shall despair of seeing him this evening. I am sorry, Alice, that he has been detained. However, there is little to arrange; after all it will be a mere matter of form. I can trust everything to Herbert's honour; had it not been so, indeed, I should never have given my consent to your union. As it is, I feel the greatest pleasure in the contemplation of your coming happiness."

Alice looked gratefully at the Baronet. "You have spoken truly, papa; it will, indeed, be happiness. You will be quite safe in leaving everything to Herbert. I have no doubt he has been detained this evening on some business, otherwise he would have been here before this."

"Yes; he cannot be here to-night."

At that instant there was heard in the distance the sound of a horseman approaching at a rapid pace. The sounds grew louder and louder, and Alice's heart beat faster and

faster, as she listened to the quick tramp of the horse's feet.

"Here is Herbert, papa!" she exclaimed, joyfully.

"He is coming at a tremendous pace," observed Sir Percy.

"He is afraid of detaining you, papa."

"Perhaps, also, there is another reason for his haste. What say you, Alice?"

She smiled at his words. At the same moment there was a loud and hurried peal at the gate.

From the room in which the Baronet and his daughter were sitting they could not see the person who was approaching, but they could distinctly hear the hasty tones in which he addressed the servant, as he halted at the door.

Sir Percy started uneasily as he caught the sound of the voice, for it was not that of Herbert Lee.

While they were both expecting the announcement of the visitor, the door was thrown suddenly and violently open, and a man, booted and spurred, and covered with dust, abruptly entered the room. Scarcely regarding the presence of Alice Derville, he laid his hand somewhat familiarly on the Baronet's arm.

"Sir Percy," said the stranger, "I must speak with you instantly—
instantly!"

The man who had burst with such lack of ceremony upon the Baronet's presence was above the middle height, with grey eyes, and expression of countenance that betokened much resolution and firmness of purpose. A glance at his face told but too plainly that he was hot-tempered and vindictive, dangerous to

be thwarted in any scheme upon which he had set his heart. He turned quickly to Alice, and apologised for his unceremonious entrance.

"Alice, my dear," said Sir Percy, "may I ask you to leave us for a few moments?"

No sooner had his daughter complied with his wish than he asked, in an eager tone, "What brings you here, Wilde? Where have you come from?"

"I have just arrived from London."

"Not by the train?"

"Yes, by the train. There has been a terrible accident; hence the delay in putting in my appearance."

"An accident!" exclaimed the Baronet, in consternation, for he thought of Alice, how great her alarm would be should the news reach her ears.

"There was a collision about twenty miles from here. Our train ran into an excursion, or something of the sort; at any rate, it was thrown off the line, and, as you may imagine, there is great commotion at the station."

"Are there many injured?"

"Two killed, and, I am sorry to say, very many seriously wounded; but we must not waste time over the discussion of such a thing as this even. I have news for you which far transcends everything else in importance."

"What news, Wilde?"

"I had better not disguise the matter. I have the very worst tidings for you."

Sir Percy Derville turned very pale as he listened; he felt intuitively that this Alfred Wilde was the bearer of calamitous news—the herald of disaster and ruin. With an effort he partially recovered his self-possession, and, walking up to the spot where his visitor stood, he placed his hand on his shoulder and said,—

"Speak Wilde; tell me what you have to say; I am prepared for the worst."

"Then I will speak plainly: Sir Percy Derville, you are a ruined man."

"Ah! how?" he asked in a tone of calmness wonderful to hear. The desperate effort which he had made to control himself was at first so successful that Wilde was positively startled; but it lasted only for a few minutes. He then said somewhat impatiently, "Tell me further?"

"I will. The Weatherby affair has all come to nothing."

"And so the whole sum of money that I embarked in that business is gone?"

"Positively and absolutely gone."

"Is there no hope?"

"None whatever. There is rumour in London—and to the best of my belief well founded—that John Weatherby has absconded, and has carried with him every penny that he could lay hands on; consequently there will be absolutely no dividend."

Sir Percy pressed his hand to his forehead, and, for a moment, seemed lost in the contemplation of the overwhelming calamity that threatened him. His companion surveyed him with a calm and keen eye, carefully noting every change in the expression of his countenance.

"If what you have told me be true," said the Baronet, suddenly, "I am a beggar—a ruined man, indeed; there will again be a run on the Broadhurst bank, for the affair must soon get wind—"

"The affair has already got wind," said Wilde, in a cold-blooded tone; "uneasiness already prevails respecting your resources, and unless you adopt prompt measures you will be lost."

"Prompt measures!" exclaimed Sir Percy, somewhat angrily; "what do you mean, Wilde? You know it is entirely out of my power to adopt any measures at all. If there is a run on the bank, I must stop payment."

"Stop payment!" repeated the other, slowly; "will you do this?"

Will Sir Percy Derville, of Derville Court, Baronet and Banker, proclaim to the world that he is a ruined man? Will the leader of the county abdicate his high position, and confess his further impotence for good or evil? Will the haughty scion of the Dervilles forego his claim to be considered the first man in Broadhurst, and face his neighbours as a penniless beggar? Will he do this without a struggle?"

"Wilde, you are taunting me; you know that it will cost me a bitter pang. But where is my alternative."

"There is an alternative."

"Where?"

"Do you remember the last run upon the Bank?"

"Too well."

"Do you remember who came to the rescue then, at the last moment, when everything appeared to be lost?"

"I do."

"Might not events repeat themselves?"

"No!" answered the Baronet, with a sternness that surprised his companion.

"Why not?"

"Because, Mr. Alfred Wilde, I know your terms, and reject them."

"Eh! indeed?" said the other.

"Wilde, do not tempt me. I must reject them. I love power much; I pride myself highly upon my position; I shall forfeit with a bitter regret the lead which I have held in the county society. But there is something which I value still, beside all these."

"And that is?"

"My daughter's happiness. I may sacrifice much—anything almost; but Alice—No! I can never doom her to a life of misery. Besides, the Lees will help. I refrained from appealing to them on the last occasion, but this time I will not scruple. They will keep my secret. A double object will then be achieved. I shall be saved, and my daughter's happiness will be ensured."

A sinister smile crossed the face of the hearer.

"You are leaning on a broken reed," he replied, incisively. "What if I tell you that it is not in the power of the Lees to save you?"

"I should pronounce it false."

"'False!'—'false!' Sir Percy Derville, these are hard words; but I will pass that over. No help can come from that quarter."

"Wilde, for Heaven's sake, speak; keep me not in this suspense. The Lees are reputed to be nearly the wealthiest people in the county."

"Perhaps so; but you must not forget that the Banker of Broadhurst has a similar reputation—with what justice you know, as well as I can tell you."

"On your honour, have the affairs of Lee Park suffered any change?"

"On my honour, Sir Percy. You must have been aware that a considerable portion of the revenues of Herbert Lee's father was derived from property in which he had only a life interest."

"Has he not still these resources?"

"No! An event has just occurred which has materially changed the situation."

"What is that?" asked Sir Percy, anxiously.

"Moreton Lee is dead."

"Dead!" echoed the other, startling.

"Even so! Both the Lees came down by the same train as myself. Young Lee escaped unhurt, but his father was killed on the spot."

Sir Percy Derville remained speechless for some minutes, deeply moved by this intelligence; but Wilde soon interrupted his reverie.

"Sir Percy," he said, in stern tones, fixing his eyes full upon the Baronet's face, "take these papers; read them; they will show you the desperate state of the finances of Lee Park. You must form your decision speedily. Time is precious. To-morrow, or the next day, will bring the first symptoms of the coming storm."

"Are there no other terms?"

"None. You must decide quickly if you wish to save yourself."

Sir Percy's lip curled for an instant, but Wilde heeded it not. He kept his eye fixed upon the main chance. He cared not for the scorn of the banker so long as his terms were accepted.

"I must think, Alfred Wilde. I will answer you to-morrow evening."

"I will wait till then," was the cool reply; "but, mark me, it will not answer my purpose to wait longer." And he abruptly quitted the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE Lees, of Lee Park, were an old family, who had resided upon their estates, in the county of Broadshire, for many generations. They had taken but little part in public affairs. No Lee, within the memory of living men, had ever represented a constituency in Parliament, or aspired to do so. They confined themselves rather to the peculiar sphere in which they lived, and occupied, willingly and cheerfully, the position of country gentlemen. The tenants upon their estate were well cared for and leniently treated: nor was a Lee ever known to press a farmer who had been unfortunate in his crops, and so was unable to pay his rent. The Squire, as he was called, had been deservedly popular and respected; and though the Banker of Broadhurst had always occupied the most prominent position in the county society, still most people knew that, had the owner of Lee Park been inclined to dispute this pre-eminence, the issue of the contest would have been doubtful.

But the Lees and Dervilles had been always the closest friends, and were so at the present period; and when Sir Percy received the intelligence of the sudden death of the Squire, he was much grieved at the loss of so good a friend and neighbour, and was still more startled when he perused the papers which Wilde had delivered into his hands. They convinced him beyond all doubt that the family were not only powerless to assist him, but were themselves irreparably ruined. He saw that there was but one method of

escape for him—if he meant to stand he must close with Wilde's terms.

Meanwhile, Alice Derville had heard many and wild reports concerning the accident on the railway, and as Wilde was quitting the house she saw by the expression of his countenance that something unusual had happened. She met him at the hall-door. He raised his hat to her; but she walked up to him, and said:—

"Mr. Wilde, what is this that I hear?—is it true?"

"What do you speak of, Miss Derville?" he replied, thoroughly taken aback; and he began to consider whether she could have heard of the catastrophe that was awaiting her father. But she soon relieved him from his suspense.

"The collision on the railway, Mr. Wilde?"

"I regret to inform you that the London train has met with an accident."

"Tell me: do you know whether Mr. Lee and his son came down by this train?"

"They did."

"And —," said Alice, and she held her breath as if not daring to put the question that was fraught with so fearful an interest to her; but she was in a perfect fever of suspense.

"I regret to say," replied Wilde, "that Mr. Lee's life is despaired off; but Mr. Herbert Lee has escaped unhurt as myself."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Alice, fervently: for though, by the tone of the speaker's voice, she saw but too well that the Squire was really

dead, she almost overlooked that calamity in the thought that Herbert had escaped.

When he had made this communication, Alfred felt that, much as he might wish, this was scarcely the fitting time to press his suit. As, however, he was on the point of leaving, Alice extended her hand to him, and he, apparently unable to resist the temptation, not only pressed it warmly, but raised it to his lips.

This the banker's daughter instantly resented! hastily withdrawing her hand she left him, without a word, merely bowing coldly.

"Confusion!" muttered Wilde, as he clapped spurs to his horse and rode off; "but the day will come when she will no longer refuse my attentions: when she will, perhaps, welcome them eagerly. I can bide my time; but I must make sure of my prize. This haughty Baronet must see that I hold his fortunes in the palm of my hand—that it is in my power to crush or save him. I must strike the iron while it is hot."

No sooner had Wilde departed than Alice hastened to seek her father. She went quickly from room to room, but her search was unsuccessful, and she was somewhat perplexed. Suddenly, she bethought herself of the library, which she had as yet omitted to visit, knowing well that her father seldom frequented it. She turned the handle of the door; it was locked. She knocked for some minutes without obtaining any answer, till, at length, when alarms were beginning to rise, and vague fears were flitting across her mind, the banker exclaimed, in hoarse and unnatural tones—

"Who is there?"

"It is I, father—Alice."

After a few moments of apparent hesitation, the door was opened; Sir Percy Derville was standing, with a wild and haggard look upon his face, gazing at a table which was covered with papers.

"Father," she said, "is not this terrible news?"

"What terrible news?" he asked, in startled tones. He was thinking of his conversation with Wilde.

"This accident on the railway."

"Yes, my child." And then he said, in a tone of unnatural excitement, "Alice, you must leave me, I have much to do."

He closed the door again, and locked it; a thing which puzzled and alarmed his daughter, so opposed was this conduct to the natural disposition of the baronet.

Alice listened for some time outside. She could hear the heavy step of Sir Percy, as he paced slowly and heavily up and down the room. Once or twice she heard him speaking aloud, and then his voice rolled and swelled till it reached a pitch of anger and resentment that terrified the listener.

"Never! never!" he was heard to exclaim; and then for a few minutes there was quiet.

But Alice grew faint and sick at heart, and crept trembling to her chamber, hoping to drown her thoughts and dispel her cares in placid sleep. But neither slumber nor rest came to her. She tossed from side to side; she thought on the untimely death of Moreton Lee; on Herbert himself, and on his escape; and even as she lay and pondered, a vague fear oppressed her lest Wilde's information should have been incorrect; lest Herbert should have shared his father's fate. And then she remembered the strange change in her father's demeanour. Ease, happiness, and peace had fled; terror, suspense, and vague alarm had settled upon her mind, and tormented her brain.

In the morning she found her father apparently restored to his natural state of calmness and equanimity. Once or twice she ventured to allude to his agitation on the preceding night, but the Baronet abruptly and instantly shifted the

subject. She therefore avoided further mention of it, seeing it kindled feelings of displeasure within his breast. But she little knew either the real perplexities of her father, or the sad trials which awaited her; had she possessed the least insight into the future, she would have quailed at the prospect, and trembled at the alternative which was about to be presented to her.

As soon as they had finished breakfast, Sir Percy Derville retired to the library. After a few minutes he rang the bell; a servant immediately answered the summons.

"Ask Miss Derville to come to me for a few minutes," said the baronet, and then he paced uneasily up and down the room, until at length the door opened, and Alice entered. She was pale, and trembled exceedingly; even as if she were possessed instinctively of a dread of what was coming.

"Alice," her father said, taking her hand in his, "I wish to speak a few words to you on a subject of the highest importance to both of us. Will you give me your earnest attention?"

Alice looked up into the Baronet's face, somewhat startled by his serious air.

"I will, papa," she answered.

Sir Percy scarcely knew how to begin. He had thoroughly perused the papers which Wilde had given him on the previous evening; and the more he read, the more did he become convinced of the truth of the news that had been communicated to him.

"Alice, my dear child, I hope you did not think me harsh or unkind last night!"

"Not unkind, papa; but I was somewhat surprised at your demeanour."

"Alice, I have met with a great misfortune."

"A great misfortune?" she exclaimed. "How! What!"

"With the bank."

"What is wrong with the bank?"

"We have been unfortunate in our speculations."

"Not so as to impair your position."

"I fear so."

Alice trembled from head to foot. Whatever thoughts had hitherto passed through her mind, the idea of the great bank failing had never even for a moment occurred to her. She fixed her eyes mournfully on her father's face, grasped his hand tightly, and said in a tone of anguish, "My father, you terrify me."

"Alice, my own, my only child, let me implore you to bear up against this trial. But I will disguise nothing from you, I am a ruined man."

She started as she listened.

"Ruined! impossible! with all your wealth with the great bank. You must have overrated the extent of your losses."

"It would be impossible to overrate them. Ruin—irreparable ruin stares me in the face. To-morrow the storm will burst, and I shall be swept away. The long line of Dervilles of Derville Court will end in disgrace and disaster. Our name will be lost—no more spoken of with respect among men. The finger of scorn will point at me as a greedy and unsuccessful speculator. Strangers will take possession of these old walls, and we—the representatives of the oldest family in Broadshire—shall be outcasts on the face of the earth."

"Papa! hush! pray do not speak—do not think of so terrible a consummation. Things cannot be so desperate."

The Baronet manifested a slight sign of impatience.

"They are desperate. I have not exaggerated in the least the hopeless state of affairs."

"The Lees!" said Alice feebly.

"The Lees will do nothing."

"I will write to Herbert. I will tell him all. I know he will stand by us in this our hour of need."

The baronet gazed mournfully into her face, shook his head, and answered: "You must not suffer yourself to be led away by a false hope. Herbert Lee will never aid us."

"Papa!" she cried indignantly, "do you doubt him? Do you question his willingness?"

"No; I doubt his ability."

"I am sure of both," she replied warmly; "he will be delighted to do anything; and the Lees, of Lee Park, are known as wealthy people."

"Alice, you are mistaken. You remember that Moreton Lee is dead; great part of the money has passed away with him; perhaps you did not know that he had alienated a great part of the property; for the rest, Herbert Lee, though not absolutely beggared like myself, is nevertheless now but a poor man."

"Papa! evil follows evil. How know you this?"

"I had the proofs of it last night."

Alice was most agitated, both for her own misfortune, and for that of Herbert Lee. Calamities seemed to have poured down on the heads of these county families. The Lees and the Dervilles both ruined! The lord of Lee Park brought to an untimely end! Heavy misfortunes awaiting his son!

"Alice," said Sir Percy, after a short pause; "I have made a confidante of you. I have told you all. You see now with fatal clearness that we are on the brink of a precipice; on the verge of ruin. I tell you that it is in your power—and yours only—to save our house from destruction."

"In *my* power?"

"Aye, indeed."

"How?" she asked, in a tone of bewilderment.

Sir Percy Derville drew close to his daughter's side:

"Alice," he said, "you are the last of the Dervilles. You must save our honour. Will you do it?"

She did not answer. He whispered in her ear: "Will you give up Herbert Lee?"

Alice started as if she had been shot—pierced to the very heart.

"Give up Herbert?" she cried, breaking away from her father. "Because he is ruined?"

"Nay, my daughter, but because we are beggars."

There was a bitterness in his tones, especially at the last word, that brought the blood to her face. "Nevertheless," she answered, "I will share his poverty."

"And the Dervilles—their honour and position!"

"They may perish," she said impetuously, almost angrily.

"And your poor father—"

At this she broke down. The tears coursed rapidly down her cheeks. She put her arms about the baronet's neck.

"Forgive me?" she said; "I was hasty. I was carried away by the feelings of the moment. But it is a hard thing which you have asked at my hands."

"It is with much reluctance I ask it, my child; but think of the proud house of Derville being dragged through the mud, humbled to the ground. Think of the alternative: beggary, ruin, shame, and degradation."

"I do not understand you," she said, in a thick, hoarse voice; "even should I consent to sacrifice Herbert Lee, I cannot save you."

"Yes."

"But how can this happen?"

"Alice, a helper is at hand to save. You must give your hand to him."

Never! I can never do it."

"Do you elect to see me rather fall?"

"Who is the helper?"

"Alfred Wilde."

"Ah, I feared so; hateful thought! And I must wed Alfred Wilde, and renounce Herbert?"

"Alice, you will not desert me in

this fearful hour. Will you refuse when it is in your power to save your father?"

She sobbed bitterly, and a feeling of deadly faintness came over her.

"My poor—poor heart! It will break. What can I do? Oh, Herbert, God knows how well I love you. My poor father, pray give me time to think?"

"Alas! there is no time; no delay is admissable. This very day will decide my fate. Unless you consent, we are lost beyond all earthly hope."

Alice Derville gave way before the terrible earnestness with which

her father pressed the subject upon her, his entreaties were so wild and urged in so agonising a tone, that she found it impossible to resist. She yielded and signified her assent.

"I will do it," she exclaimed, with desperate energy. "Heaven help me to perform this fearful task." And then she hurried away to the seclusion of her own chamber.

As soon as Sir Percy was left alone, he sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"God have mercy on me!" he murmured; "my poor Alice. This is indeed a bitter cup!"

CHAPTER III.

THE report, which Alfred Wilde brought to the Dervilles, concerning the accident on the railway, was perfectly correct. Both the Lees had come down by the train, and the elder had been killed on the spot; the son escaped only to mourn the untimely death of his father, and to find himself involved in difficulties, of the existence of which he had been as yet totally ignorant, and from which it would require his utmost energy and ingenuity to disengage himself. He knew, too, that the tidings of the mishap would reach Derville Court, and that the uneasiness of Alice would be greatly exaggerated if he allowed much time to elapse without presenting himself. He therefore seized the first opportunity of calling. Sir Percy received him with great courtesy; and expressed his sympathy and condolence for his loss, at the same time that he offered to lend any assistance to Herbert, that might be required, in the arrangements which the death of the Squire might necessitate. Young Lee naturally inquired after Alice, and was somewhat surprised that she did not in person welcome him, and sympathise with him in his misfortune.

The Baronet thanked him for his

kind inquiries; but there was a certain coldness and reserve in his tones that carried a chill to the heart of the listener. It seemed as if Sir Percy wished particularly to avoid all mention of his daughter, for his answers were of the most laconic and curt description, though veiled with a certain politeness, that was intended to take off the rough edge of the rebuke, while at the same time it conveyed distinct intimation that some other topic would be more agreeable.

Herbert Lee was perplexed, and considerably annoyed. He took his leave of the Baronet in anything but a satisfied mood; and as he walked away from Derville Court, and reflected that Sir Percy had treated him coldly, and that Alice had absented herself during his visit, his thoughts assumed a mournful, and somewhat angry form.

He did not, however, as yet deem the matter to be of any immediate urgency. He therefore resolved to postpone, as far as possible, the consideration of it till after his father's funeral.

No sooner, then, were the last rites paid to the dead, than Lee set himself to work to put things straight with the Dervilles, for he saw that

there must be something wrong. But he was destined to meet with difficulties which he little expected.

In the first place, no will of the late owner of Lee Park could be found. This somewhat startled Herbert, as he was perfectly well acquainted with the fact of his father having executed a will not many months since. He was still more astonished when the old butler, who had lived with the Squire, said that the document had been burnt but a few days ago, by the hands of the testator himself.

Herbert immediately consulted the family solicitor—a man of the name of Wrighton who resided on the outskirts of Gray's Inn. This man expressed not the least surprise at the destruction of the document in question; but stated, that it was only what he had anticipated, in consequence of events that had recently occurred. He then explained that the late Squire had embarked in some new speculation—almost to the full extent of his resources, having been led into it by the representation of certain persons, and against the advice and strong remonstrances of Wrighton. The affair had proved a miserable failure, and Weatherby, the manager, had absconded with a sum of money that was so large as to preclude the possibility of his having carried it away with him at one time. An inference was immediately drawn that the affair had been nothing more than an imposition from the beginning. The result, however, was, that the Lee estates were terribly encumbered, and Herbert would be left with a bare competence.

So overwhelmed was young Lee at this discovery, and the totally unexpected nature of his misfortunes, that he could scarcely realise the position in which he was placed by the blow which had fallen upon him. But a further investigation convinced him that Wrighton's statement was only too true. There

could no longer exist in his mind any doubt upon the point. The heir of Lee Park was almost a ruined man. The heir of this broad estate must in future be content to live upon a few paltry hundreds. For himself, perhaps, he might bravely have stood up against this stroke of ill-fortune; but what would the Dervilles say to it? In what way would this sudden change in his position and prospects act upon Sir Percy? About Alice he had not the least misgiving. He placed the most implicit faith in her truth and firmness: and felt confident that her love would but grow stronger in his misfortunes. Nor did he exactly doubt the Baronet. But he knew the world well, and almost feared the result of this sudden resolution upon the mind of the wealthiest man in Broadshire.

He was sitting in the library at Lee Park one morning—for he was not yet actually turned out of the house—when a servant entered with a letter.

It bore the Derville crest, and was in the handwriting of the Baronet.

Herbert Lee hastily tore it open, and read it through.

As he finished, a heavy frown settled on his brow. He looked up angrily, and said sharply to the servant—

"That will do; there is no answer."

And then, when he was left alone, he paced moodily up and down the room for some time. Presently he opened the letter, and read it through a second time. It was as follows:—

"MY DEAR LEE,—Circumstances which have recently transpired, have caused a considerable alteration in my affairs; and the difficulty in which I am now placed, is the more painful, that I feel myself compelled to ask a great sacrifice at your hands. I trust you will excuse the abruptness of this communication, but the delicacy of the affair must be my apology. Reasons, which it

would be unadvisable to place upon paper, and which we might discuss to more advantage at a private interview, convince me that it would be better that the alliance, projected between our families, should not be consummated. I fear this will be a sad blow to you ; but I can assure you it is an imperative necessity. Poor Alice is fearfully cut up. I shall be happy to see you at any time that you may like to name. With best wishes for your welfare,

"I am, yours very sincerely,
"PERCY DERVILLE."

"A curse upon his pride !" muttered Herbert, as he folded the offensive note. "I gave him credit for higher and nobler feelings ; my confidence was but ill-placed. But Alice ! surely Alice cannot endorse this cold-blooded conduct. I will never believe her capable of such weakness of purpose, till I have it under her own hand."

For the rest of the day he sat in the room, a prey to the most bitter reflections. Pondering on the uncertainty of human happiness, on the weakness of mind betrayed by this proud Baronet, and wondering whether he should hear from Alice, he tortured his mind with wild and angry thoughts on the falling away of his closest friends, and the unaccountable yielding of the Baronet's daughter.

In the evening he received intelligence which caused the cup of his misery to overflow. A short note came from Alice.

"DEAREST HERBERT,—You have had papa's letter. Do not think us unkind. It is a terrible misfortune, to which we must bow. I think we had better not see each other ; it would but sharpen the unhappiness of our parting. Papa will explain all. May God be with your for ever !"

It seemed now as if the finishing stroke had been given to the discomfort and unhappiness of Herbert Lee. He read and re-read the cruel mis-

sive of Alice till his eyes wearied at the sight of the hateful words, and his heart sickened at the thought of their fatal meaning.

For some time he continued a prey to the most bitter chagrin and despair, seeing everything in its worst aspect, and having but little hope of comfort from any quarter ; but at length he shook off the gloomy despondency that oppressed him, and resolved to fathom the mystery of late events. That some rival was at work he felt most thoroughly convinced ; that subtle weapons had been used for his discomfiture he could not for a moment doubt.

His first visit was to the lawyer, Wrighton, and from the information which he there received, he speedily came to the conclusion that Alfred Wilde had been his secret enemy, and that the same man had been mainly instrumental in the ruin of the Lee estates. By carefully sifting all the evidence that he could obtain, and placing facts together, he at length conceived an idea of importance and weighty issues. A suspicion arose in his mind, and gradually assumed consistent shape and form.

After an interval of some weeks he again sought the lawyer's chambers, and not only laid his suspicion before him, but announced his intention of acting upon it immediately. Wrighton listened quietly, and at first recommended caution : but on further conference he became more of a convert to Lee's views, and the matter ended by their both setting out to pay a visit to Wilde's rooms.

Fortunately for their object he was in, and expressed perfect willingness to see them. Alfred Wilde stepped forward as they entered, and extending his hand, said :

"Mr. Lee, I am glad to see you ; it is some time since I have had that pleasure."

Herbert bowed, and answered :

"I must ask your most serious

attention for a few minutes, Mr. Wilde. The last time we met was under different circumstances."

"For this change you bear me no grudge? We all experience the alternations of fortune at some time or other. You cannot blame me for seizing my opportunities."

"On the contrary, I blame you, not from malice, or envy, but from reasons of logical deduction. You have been too eager, too quick to seize the advantages which you fancied were within your grasp. You have over-reached yourself; your last blow has been fatal to all your hopes and plans."

"Upon my word I do not understand you. It seems to me that your bitterness proceeds, in spite of your words, from envy of my success."

"Think as you will. I repeat my remark—you have gone too far."

"If this be all that you have come to my own rooms to say, Mr. Herbert Lee, you must allow me to say that it would have been better had you stayed away."

"On that point we are at issue; moreover, I have something yet to say. I have come here to-day for the purpose of asking you, Alfred Wilde, to resign, formally and for ever, all pretensions to the hand of Alice Derville, and to renounce all claims upon the Broadhurst Bank. You will see Mr. Wrighton, of Gray's Inn; he will take care that everything be done in proper form. I shall also presently demand the title-deeds of the Lee Park estate?"

Alfred Wilde stared in blank amazement at the speaker, scarcely trusting his own senses.

"Herbert Lee," he replied at length, "I can come but to one conclusion after hearing you, and that is, that your reason must have left you; or, perhaps, there is some hidden meaning in your words—some jest."

"On the contrary, I am most thoroughly in earnest, and what is

more, I mean to force upon you the acceptance of my terms. I can take no refusal."

"I fear you will be disappointed."

"No."

"Come! this passes a jest. I must beg of you to bring this interview to a close?"

"In good time, I ask you for a definite answer; will you, Alfred Wilde, accede to my demands?"

"Never!"

"Then I must try to convince you that your interests prompt you to this. You have refused while addressed as Alfred Wilde, I now call upon you in another name, Edward Marten, will you yield?"

A deadly paleness overspread the features of Wilde, and he stood for some time silent, and gazing at his rival with a look of hate and fear commingled.

"What do mean?" he asked fiercely, and in hoarse tones.

"I mean that the adventurer who has so long imposed upon society as the man of integrity and station, is no other than the notorious Marten, the forger, who has hitherto baffled the vigilance of the police."

"It is false!" shouted Wilde—"false, sir!"

"On the contrary, your very words, and looks, and actions, prove the truth of my statements. I am convinced of your identity. I will leave no stone unturned to punish you for your crimes. You have played a dangerous game: you have lost. It is useless for you to struggle against the damning evidence which I will adduce. Again I ask you, Alfred Wilde—or Edward Marten—which you will, to agree to my demands? Should you consent, and make the reparation I have prescribed to you, I will rest. What say you?"

Wilde stood with his arms crossed upon his chest, and his thin lips tightly compressed. He had completely recovered his self-command,

and with a composed and determined tone of voice he answered :

" I have heard you, Herbert Lee, bring charges against me which are as monstrous as insulting. I refrain from chastising you, but you shall pay for it, sir. Mark me, you shall rue your insolent behaviour. As for this Edward Marten of whom you speak, I am in the most profound ignorance of his history. It concerns me not. Your threats I treat with the contempt which they merit. Fortu-

nately there has been a witness to your libellous accusations, and I will show you that a successful suitor is not to be insulted with impunity by his beggared and disappointed rival."

" Then you defy me ?"

" I defy you to do your worst."

" Be it so, then, even as you have chosen. The Weatherby affair alone will ruin you."

And with a bow of mock politeness, Herbert Lee left the rooms in company with the lawyer.

CHAPTER IV.

THE storm which had threatened the house of the Dervilles passed over, and Sir Percy was, in reality as well as in appearance, again a wealthy man. There had been no run upon the great bank. At first, there had been a whisper to the effect that the banker of Broadhurst was in some way involved in the catastrophe which had befallen the Lee estate, and people began to grow suspicious about their deposits; but Alfred Wilde, on the first intimation of the damaging rumour, hastened to the bank and paid in a large sum of money. This had the effect of at once crushing any feeling of distrust that existed: for Wilde had the reputation in the town of being a man of business, and of taking especial care as to the security of his property. Consequently, confidence, which had, indeed, been but little shaken, was speedily restored. Sir Percy Derville continued to lead Broadshire with his usual show of power. But he had to pay the price of his deliverance, and the price was a heavy one.

Bitterly as he regretted the harshness of the terms upon which he had secured the much-needed help in tiding over the crisis in his fortune, he, nevertheless, saw that a terrible necessity had driven him to this resort, and that it was useless to shrink from the fulfilment of his

compact. One only modification he had been enabled to effect, and this was, that a delay of three months should elapse before the destiny of his daughter should be decided for ever. This was done partly to give Alice time to prepare herself for the sacrifice which she was to make, and partly to ensure fair play at the hands of the man who had driven his hard bargain. Wilde, somewhat reluctantly, assented. He wished to annul the condition, but the Baronet had been peremptory, and threatened to close negotiations rather than yield the point. He would prefer ruin rather than hurry his daughter into the distasteful alliance, without giving her time for preparation.

Meanwhile, Alfred Wilde was unremitting in his attentions to Alice. In spite of the ungraciousness of his behaviour to Sir Percy on the evening when he announced the failure of his speculations, he nevertheless was master of a certain power of attraction in the presence of ladies. This power he combined with a courteous delicacy in the manner of paying his suit to the daughter of the Dervilles. Though he never allowed an opportunity to slip of pressing his cause, he carefully avoided everything which could remind her of the fatal compact with her father, and endeavoured to win her heart by tenderness and devotion.

One weapon, however, against his former rival he never scruple to use. It was well known to him that both Sir Percy and Alice resented the cold and haughty manner in which Herbert Lee had replied to their communications. These feelings he fostered and encouraged sedulously. By well-timed insinuations, he so played upon Constance, that he induced her to believe that the approaching ruin of her father had been known to Herbert, and that this knowledge had materially influenced him in his determination to hold no parley with the Baronet. He said not a word concerning the ruin of the Lees, and was especially careful that no whisper of their disaster should come to her ears. In this project he was aided by the disinclination of Sir Percy to increase his daughter's grief by communicating to her the news of the loss that had overtaken her discarded lover, and also by the strict seclusion in which Constance herself lived.

Alice struggled hard against the idea that her lover had abandoned her in misfortune. She had too much faith in his nobleness and generosity of spirit; but the poison had been forced into her mind. She began to think more of Herbert's refusal to see her father, though she did not actually ascribe it to the motives which Wilde had insinuated.

A woman does not easily discard the love which has settled and grown within her breast, and which has engrossed her whole thought and being. She cannot readily tear away from her heart the worship of him whom she has considered as the ideal of all that is honourable and true. The lover may be lost, but the love will remain imperishable and firm. The hope of happiness may depart, but the tender memory may linger for many a bitter day. It is hard to believe that the light of our life is extinguished, and that henceforth we must live and move in the darkness of solitary despair.

True love—pre-eminently the true love of a woman—will live on for ever, in defiance of everything that strives to quench and crush it. Even the shortcomings of the loved one serve sometimes to throw a deeper strength into the devotedness of her who has enshrined her idol in the inmost recesses of her heart.

So the time wore on, sadly and heavily for the Dervilles, each day bringing into more prominent relief the prospect of the fatal alliance. In spite of the insinuations of Wilde, in spite of the adverse appearances, Constance still clung with invincible firmness to her first and only love. She cherished a secret hope that, some day, all would be explained—Herbert's silence, and his calm acceptance of Sir Percy's terms. How this should come to pass—how it could possibly change her destiny, she knew not. It was but a vague, indefinite hope, fostered with careful determination. Whether it would ever be realised she did not dare to think. The contrast between her former happy lot and her present state of expectant misery, forced her to hope against all reason. It was impossible for her to resign, till the last moment, the fond delusion which had unfailingly persuaded her that deliverance would arrive.

Preparations had, meanwhile, been made for her marriage with Alfred Wilde, the millionaire, the man who rescued her father from utter ruin. It was on the eve of the appointed day, that Sir Percy and his daughter were seated in the drawing-room—the same room in which they had been awaiting the arrival of Herbert Lee on that summer's evening three months before.

It seemed to Alice as if not only the summer of the year, but the summer of her life had passed away for ever. Every bright and happy prospect had faded utterly away, and in the dreary expectation of the autumn, she seemed already to feel the piercing blasts and deadly chill

of the inevitable winter—the winter of her once happy but now miserable life.

Then, as she thought on the misfortunes that blighted her young hopes, she felt inclined to murmur against the decrees of Providence, that subjected her to so great trials—trials almost beyond her strength. But the wisdom of mortals is ever short-sighted, and oftentimes, in the midst of the bitterest despair, help comes from an unexpected quarter. How doubly grateful is that deliverance! How great the transition from almost hopeless misery to the first sensation of returning joy!

Sir Percy and his daughter, on this October evening, as before, at the brilliant sunset in July, were awaiting the arrival of a visitor. Before, Herbert Lee had been expected and Alfred Wilde had come; now, this expectant bridegroom was the one for whom they waited, and for whom they were destined to wait in vain.

A thrill of pleasure, vague and undefined, passed through the mind of Constance. Could it be that this man had found his resources impaired, and was unable to fulfil his compact with her father?

The shades of evening were already falling over the landscape, the fire burned fitfully in the grate, and the room, without other light than that afforded by the darting flame, seemed gloomy and still indeed. Neither father nor daughter spoke; each knew that the hour appointed for Alfred Wilde's arrival had passed by. Perhaps each indulged in some wild hope in connection with his absence.

Suddenly there came a loud peal at the bell—a peal that roused every echo of the place, and caused the tenants of the drawing-room at Derville Court to start simultaneously from their seats.

"He has come," they both said, in disappointed tones.

They heard the horseman dis-

mount: they heard the reins flung, noisily, to a servant. How strange Wilde's voice sounded! So thought the Baronet. But perhaps the stillness of the place had its effect on his imagination. Then there was a short, quick step in the hall. Something unusual must have happened to quicken Wilde's energy. The door opened, and the visitor presented himself unannounced.

The Baronet sprang from the chair, in which he had sat almost motionless. It was Herbert Lee who stood before him.

"Herbert Lee!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment.

"Sir Percy Derville!" was the only reply.

Alice did not speak or move, but a faint cry escaped from her lips.

"What—what is the meaning of this? Where is Wilde?" asked Sir Percy, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Sir Percy Derville, the importance of my mission must excuse the abruptness of my visit. I have come to save you—to save your daughter from the hands of an unscrupulous and dishonourable man."

The Baronet did not comprehend. Herbert Lee continued—

"Your daughter is to be married to-morrow morning to Alfred Wilde?"

"She is," was the sad reply.

"Then, Sir Percy, I say that it cannot be. This alliance must not take place."

"But," stammered the other, "I have passed my word."

"Yes! Sir Percy; but Alfred Wilde has his part also of the compact to perform. Suppose that he should not present himself to-night, or even to-morrow?"

"Alas! there is no fear of his failing to claim his bride."

"Nay; allow me to assure you most positively that Alfred Wilde will not, cannot come to claim his bride."

"How? What do you mean, Herbert Lee?"

"I mean this, that Alfred Wilde is a beggar, and is now in custody on a charge of felony."

Alice rose suddenly from the seat where she had hitherto remained a passive listener.

"Herbert," she said, "are you sure of this? Is it really true?"

"Upon my honour, every word that I have spoken is strictly and literally true."

"Alas! then," exclaimed her father, "we are ruined—ruined past recall."

"On the contrary, you are saved. I have learnt all. I confess that I have wronged you bitterly. I thought that you had cast me off because of my shattered fortunes. I little suspected that you had, yourself, been involved in the miserable wreck that the Weatherby affair caused, and that the Moretons and Lees had, at one fell swoop, been engulfed in this terrible ruin. But I know all. I know that the bank at Broadhurst was tottering to its fall, through the machinations of these scoundrels, at the same time that the Lee estate was impoverished by their villanous plans. I immediately infer that this man, Wilde, took advantage of the opportunity which his devices had created, to force his odious terms upon you. And he took good care at the same time to insinuate to me that you had heard of my misfortunes, and had decided that a beggar was no fit husband for the daughter of the Dervilles. I was a fool to listen to his suggestions; but I was in a bitter frame of mind, induced by the sudden disaster which had befallen me; and I was somewhat angered at the letter which I received from you at the time. I am sorry—deeply sorry now, that I gave way so much to the feelings of resentment which influenced my conduct; but the bitterness of spirit which the triple calamity had caused deprived me of my better reason, and urged me to act in a way that I have heartily regretted since. But that is past. We can now look to

the future. Will you forgive me for the bad feeling which swayed my mind and perverted my judgment? Will you forgive me the wrong which I did you, in charging you with so paltry a motive for breaking my engagement with your daughter? Will you receive me back again as your son-in-law? Will you let the happiness of the future wipe out the sad memory of the past, and the alliance of the Dervilles and the Lees defy the villanous plots and nefarious designs of these worthless cheats?"

Sir Percy Derville was much overcome by this appeal of his unexpected visitor; he saw at once the force of circumstances under which young Lee had declined the interview which he had suggested, and was only too glad to hear the candid avowal of the delusion which had so far alienated the two families.

"Herbert Lee," he said in a tone of much emotion, "there has indeed been a sad misunderstanding between us. Heaven only knows how reluctantly I yielded to this man's terms; but he had put such an irresistible pressure upon me that for the sake of the family honour I was compelled to give way. I have nothing to forgive. It is rather you who have been wronged. You have been wronged by a man who was only too eager to save the honour and position of his race; it cost me a bitter pang to ask this renunciation at your hands; but I fancied I was doing all for the best. But now that this man, Wilde, has placed himself beyond the pale of the law; now that he has rendered himself amenable to the penal measures of his crimes—I wash my hands of him. Nothing shall induce me to receive as my son-in-law one who has had the imputation of felony cast upon him. Will you return to us, Herbert? Will you blot out the recollection of this estrangement? Will you forget the past? We will welcome you most heartily. Alice, you will join with me in the renewal of the old

friendship—in the restoration of the happiness of other days—in the re-establishment of an early love.”

Alice Derville’s heart beat wildly and rapidly whilst her father spoke. When he had finished he took her hand, and gently placed it in that of Herbert Lee.

“May God bless your union!” he said, in choking tones; “may the blessing of Heaven attend you, and pour down happiness upon your future lives, in compensation for the terrible trial through which you have passed!—My Alice—my Alice, how deeply grateful we should feel that you have escaped from this base intriguer, who had so nearly wrought your life-long misery.”

The heart of Alice throbbed with an inexpressible joy. She fell upon her lover’s neck, and wept tears of heartfelt bliss. The long day of her trial seemed to have passed away, and she woke as from a dream, and found herself again by the side of him whom she had loved so truly and so well. The cloud was dispersed, and the sun shone down again upon her course in life. The memory of the bitterness of the past, of the anguish of their separation, served but to enhance the bright prospect of their future union,—the realisation of the hopes which at one time seemed almost desperate.

But the Baronet had still another question to ask—another difficulty to be solved. If this Wilde were really a beggar, a common felon, how would it fare with the bank at Broadhurst? Would not the withdrawal of his support materially damage its position?

“Fear not,” replied Lee, cheerfully; “my property is intact; I am again the master of Lee Park. The property of the Dervilles, also, is unimpaired. The company in which our fortunes were embarked will be enabled to repay almost in full the money which has been invested: the securities are good. The greater part of the loss will be re-

paired. The embezzlement which Weatherby—the tool of Wilde—had almost carried to a successful termination, has been defeated. Weatherby has been arrested, before he had time to remove his spoil. The complicity of Wilde is established beyond all doubt. We are saved, Sir Percy—*saved*, and at the very last moment. One day more, and the hour of this deliverance would have struck too late.”

The joy which pervaded the circle at Derville Court on the further confirmation of Herbert’s intelligence was proportioned to the misery from which they had been so suddenly and unexpectedly rescued. Their former happiness and prosperity returned, and the trial through which all had passed taught them to appreciate more justly the position of comfort and security to which they were restored.

Three weeks after the startling discovery on that October evening, Herbert Lee, of Lee Park, was united to Alice, only daughter and heiress of Sir Percy Derville, Baronet, of Derville Court.

As for Wilde, the proofs against him were so numerous and conclusive that he was convicted, and condemned to penal servitude for a period of twenty years. It appeared that great part of his wealth had been acquired in questionable transactions: this being but one of many instances in which he had brought misery and ruin upon a family, in order to gratify his lust of riches, and to satiate his eager thirst for power. The hope of an alliance with the heiress of the Dervilles, holding out to him an additional incentive to the prosecution of his plans, had urged him to further boldness and recklessness as to the means which he used.

But in this case his deeply-laid scheme was foiled: he fell the victim, and the happiness of Alice was ensured.

CLEOPATRA.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY DR. H. A. DICK.

PART II.

FOR the next three years after Cæsar's murder, Cleopatra devoted herself to the cares of good government at home. The struggle between Antony and the assassins of Cæsar, —the triumvirate of Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus—and the march of affairs till the division of the Roman Empire between Antony and Octavius—left her free from Roman interference in Egypt. Sosigenes, her astronomer-royal, pursued his researches in peace under her patronage; Photinus brought out his work on mathematics, naming it after her, the Canon of Cleopatra; Dioscorides, her physician, wrote a work, long celebrated, on herbs and poisons; and literature and learning flourished again in Alexandria. Temples were built, too, especially that pretty one of Hermonthis near Thebes, dedicated to the Sun, in the names of Cleopatra and Cæsarion. Her brother and nominal husband died during these years, and no one, even in name, shared her power. She was far, however, from being free from care. Her chief perplexity was the maintenance of neutrality in Roman affairs, so as to give no party an excuse for attacking her. She did, indeed, once fit out a fleet, apparently to help Mark Antony against Cassius. Sickness, or the pretence of it, availed to excuse her from going with it herself. Serapion, her general, instead of aiding Antony, sent the ships to Cassius. When, at length, Brutus and Cassius closed their career at Philippi, and the western part of

the empire fell to Octavius—the eastern to Antony—it was clear that, from one or other of these danger to Egypt was to be anticipated. Her sister Arsinoë, too, gave some cause of anxiety. She had returned, from imprisonment in Rome to Alexandria, and for a while dwelt safely there, having promised, probably, to disturb no more her sister's government. But suddenly, in the year 42 B.C., she fled from Alexandria, and took refuge in the Temple of Diana at Miletus. Clearly her movements required to be looked after. She might afford the very pretext these Roman generals wanted, and induce one of them to invade Egypt as if for her restoration.

The next year brought with it the close of Cleopatra's freedom from Roman interference. A messenger from Mark Antony, then in Cilicia, arrived, ordering her to appear before him, and answer for her lukewarmness in assisting the avengers of Cæsar. A most insolent message, indeed, from a republican general to an independent queen, but one not to be slighted. All Asia was at his beck. The messenger, Dellius, told her she had nothing to fear. She needed not such assurance. The armour with which she had bent Cæsar to her will, was it not still hers? Instead of all shields, instead of all spears, had not nature given it to her? She that has beauty conquers fire and sword; and at twenty-eight, with her charms matured, should a woman's beauty fail her, when, with the unripeness of

sixteen, she had won a Cæsar? Antony, besides, as report spoke of him, was worthy of conquest. It spoke of him as the most susceptible of men—as one so responding to all human emotions that his soldiers of every grade were ready to die for him. He was extravagant and luxurious, but equal to the greatest hardships, and ready to share them with his poorest comrades. She had probably noticed but little of him among the crowds who surrounded her in Cæsar's days ; but now, when his fortunes and position made a knowledge of him a necessity, there were materials enough at hand to lead to a judgment in his favour. She could probably remember her own first sight of him, as he headed the cavalry of Gabinius at the restoration of her father, and gallantly protected the citizens of Alexandria against the outrages of the Roman soldiers. He had then won a good name in the city, more especially by his pious care in burying the body of an old friend, who had fallen in the Alexandrian ranks fighting against Gabinius. Then too, there were numerous stories of his bravery in Cæsar's wars—of the extraordinary hardships he had endured—of his unflagging strength and spirits, and his unbounded generosity—and of his likeness to the favourite god of her fathers, Hercules, from whom he claimed to be descended. Add to these, her knowledge of his later doings—of his eloquence and address in stirring up the populace of Rome against Cæsar's murderers, in those days when she was fleeing sadly back to Egypt—of the skill with which he out-manœuvred the assassin oligarchy—how he had avenged the murder of her first lover on the contemptuous Cicero—and it is hardly to be doubted that, whilst the necessities of her throne and country made her now seek him as a

protector and instrument of safety, she was unconsciously prepared to give up to him her admiration and her love. Educated as she had been, she would be not the less so disposed, even though the grossly exaggerated stories of his licentiousness related in Cicero's *Phillipics*¹ were known to her. It might be true, that while acting as lieutenant for Cæsar (absent in Spain), he had been drawn through Italy by tame lions, amid courtezans with whom he scrupled not to associate his own mother and his wife ; but to her, as a foreigner dreading Roman conquest, even this might appear, as it has done to a modern Roman historian, a mode of triumph which “stands in luminous contrast with the devastating march of most of Italy's conquerors”² With this one purpose, at least, to save Egypt from the fate of the other countries which had fallen under the shadow of the Roman republic, if with no other, Cleopatra set sail for Cilicia. Tarsus, where Antony was encamped, stands by the river Cydnus, on the woody slopes of Mount Taurus. It was a busy trading-place then, and for some time after ; a learned place, too, sending out teachers to all parts of the world. The great apostle of Christianity went forth from it some eighty years later. In the meantime, its population gathered outside the town, upon the river-banks, viewing with astonishment the gaudy pageant with which the Canopic Circe meant to stay the attack of the Roman wolf upon her fatherland. Readers may turn up for themselves Shakespeare's³ paraphrase of Plutarch's description of the pageant.

The result of the meeting is well known to all lovers of romance. Cleopatra's triumph was complete. The dexterity which had worn out the eloquence of Cicero, and baffled

¹ Merivale : “Romans under the Empire,” ii. 222.

² *Ibid.*

³ “Antony and Cleopatra,” act ii. scene 4.

the united wisdom of Roman senators—the military skill which gave confidence to the bravest army in the world,—were laid at her feet. Antony became her slave. Egypt was safe—for the present at least. To secure it somewhat for the future, Sister Arsinoe must pay for her past treasons. Antony managed that matter for his mistress. Arsinoe was dragged from the altar of Diana and slain. Had any one, reasoning from a morality unknown to Cleopatra, told her that Arsinoe's fate was preferable to her own—that it was nobler for a woman to sacrifice her life than her purity—we may be sure that the Queen's answer would have been, "Both are due to our country in its hour of need."

All her efforts were now directed to retaining Antony near her till her influence over him was confirmed. She induced him to accompany her to Alexandria, where they spent the winter together (B.C. 39) in luxury and amusement. Every day fastened the Queen's toils more completely around him. The intrigues of Octavius at Rome, the rebellion of Labienus, his own lieutenant, in Asia, were calling for his attention. He forgot everything for Cleopatra. But the spring brought news that roused him as from a drunken sleep. Fulvia, his wedded wife, was stirring heaven and earth to detach him from her rival. Antony was Fulvia's third husband. She had been notoriously unfaithful to Clodius, her first, and to Curio, her second. Antony had fixed her roving passions on himself as intensely as his own were now fixed on Cleopatra. Blind to everything but the recovery of her husband, and trusting that a new civil war would bring him back, Fulvia had induced Lucius Antony, Mark's brother, and others, to join her in a conspiracy against Octavius. The conspiracy was crushed, with fearful suffering to the partisans of Antony.

He heard of it, and shook himself once more for the fray. Breaking from his charmer, he started for Italy. On the way he learnt how Fulvia had brought about the disaster to his cause—doubtless, too, he knew why. She was then at Sycion, on her way to meet him. He sent her letters from Athens, full of reproach. Worn out by fatigue, despair, and jealousy, death came to her relief. To hers, but not to Cleopatra's; for the messenger that brought the joyful news of Fulvia's death to Alexandria was quickly followed by another, with tidings that Antony had gone on to Italy—had patched up a peace with Octavius, and as a cement to the peace, had married Octavia, the sister of Octavius. The blow fell heavily upon the Egyptian queen; for with whatever feelings she had first sought Antony's presence, she had by this time learned to love him dearly. If she had laid a trap for him, she had fallen into it herself. If she had sought him as an enemy, to be soothed and wiled, and had taxed her intellect to lead him to her purposes, her heart now sought its only satisfaction in being near him. Historians have not unfrequently presented Antony as a gay, reckless, and bitterly revengeful fool; but the facts of history tell another tale. The man whom Cæsar most trusted as his agent, the man who could gather round him such a host of friends as Cicero accused Antony of having;¹ the man who could fix the roving affections of such a woman as Fulvia; the man for whom two such different women as Cleopatra and Octavia could be brought to strive, was evidently anything but a fool. And herein lies the true interest of Cleopatra's story, that it was no meretricious purpose which swayed her later relations with Antony, but a passion, deep, and strong, and true. So far she

¹ Cic. : Philipp. ii.

had "contended gallantly for the throne of her ancestors with the weapons which nature had given her;"¹ these weapons had, at last, recoiled upon herself. To love Antony was to expose herself to misery, when his policy led him to form other connexions, as now in his marriage with Octavia; to love him was to endanger Egypt, and risk the success of the one purpose of her former life, in case of his defeat by Octavius. And yet she did love him. From this, too, the perplexities as well as the charm of her story spring. The singleness of purpose which marked her heretofore disappears. Her determination to preserve Egypt is modified by an equally strong determination to cling to Antony. To this double motive we must have regard in judging of her future actions.

The Romans hoped that a new civil war was averted by the marriage of Antony with the gentle sister of Octavius. Nor were they disappointed for awhile, Antony undertook and carried out a successful campaign in Asia, Octavia having accompanied him on the way as far as Athens. The grave and pretty matron, though somewhat astonished at the freaks of her husband, his showy dress, his parading, here and there, like Bacchus, varying his strange orgies with discussions among the Athenian literati, and his sudden outbursts of rage at some new provocation from her brother, did faithfully her duty by her brother, her husband, and her country. On her mediation and loving wisdom hung the peace of the Roman empire; and all men, weary of political convulsion, prayed heartily that her influence might long endure. Cleopatra, in the meantime, reigned disconsolate in Alexandria. Egypt, indeed, was hers, but Antony was Octavia's. At length a definite treaty was drawn between the brothers-in-

law, at Tarentum, through the unwearied mediation of Octavia, and instead of watching each other, they set out to arrange the entangled affairs of their respective divisions of the empire,—Octavius, to put down Sextus Pompey, who was ravaging the coasts of the Mediterranean—Antony to Asia, to punish the Parthians. Octavia, this time remained, at Rome, guarding her own children by her first husband, and those of Antony by Fulvia.

She never saw Antony again. For as he neared Syria the image of Cleopatra, dimmed of late by political exigency, arose in all its former brightness before his ill-regulated imagination: or as Plutarch puts it, the "unruly steed broke loose once more." He sent for her to meet him in Lycaonia. She hastened thither at once. His power was greater than ever now, his love no less. He lavished kingdoms upon her as gifts: Phœnicia, Cœlo-Syria, Cyprus, part of Cilicia and of Palestine, were all annexed to Egypt. Her empire was wider than that of any Ptolemy had been; her ambition and love were both gratified. She began henceforth to count the years of her reign anew, this (39 B.C.) being the first. Like a true daughter of the Ptolemies she added to the library of Alexandria that of Pergamus, which Antony gave her—two hundred thousand volumes. It was something towards repairing the damage done by the fire during the blockade of Cæsar in the palace. Her two children born to Antony were publicly adopted by him; and parents and children held court together in all the style of Eastern potentates. Thus the winter passed. In Spring Antony must march for Parthia. Cleopatra accompanied him eastward as far as the Euphrates, fearful to leave him till he was far enough from Italy and Octavia. After a disastrous campaign he again met her in Syria, whither she had

¹ Merivale: "Romans under the Empire," ii. 349.

once more come to prevent his approach to Italy without her. Another winter was spent in the palace of the Ptolemies, another Parthian campaign undertaken in the spring, and again Cleopatra was by his side as far as as Syria.

Meanwhile, Octavia, as earnestly as Fulvia before her, and more wisely, sought to detach her husband from the sorceress of the Nile. His cause at Rome was suffering. Men began to speak of him with mingled hate and pity—hate, that he should make the foreigner powerful,—pity, for the unpatriotic madness which could prefer a dark Egyptian to the gentle Roman lady. The country and the love of Octavia both called upon her; nothing tended more to disturb the peace of Rome than Antony's connection with Cleopatra—only she, if any one, could prevent an outbreak between her brother and her husband. She equipped a splendid corps of two thousand men-at-arms as a body-guard for Antony, raised also a large sum of money, and went with them to Athens, hoping to meet him on his way eastward, perhaps to recal him to his duty by this proof of her love and care. Now, if ever, charmer, charm! If Octavia meet him and recal him to a sense of his true interest, you are undone! The Canopic Circe won the day. Antony accepted the gifts and spurned the giver, sending word to her not to advance beyond Athens, but to return at once to Rome. With calm and dignified submission, Octavia obeyed, returning to Rome amid universal pity for herself, and execration of the Egyptian.

The Eastern campaign was abandoned for a year. Next year (B.C. 34) it was resumed, and Artavasdes, king of Armenia, with a long train of nobles, was brought prisoner to Alexandria. Now came news to Rome that spread fear, as well as hatred, of Cleopatra and her influence. Antony had celebrated a triumph in Alexandria. A Roman

triumph out of Rome! Think of that, ye dregs of Romulus! Others, besides yourselves are to have the sport of dragging captive kings in chains along their streets, and strangling them when it is over. Artavasdes, and a train of chained chiefs, with music, pictures, and eagles, have been made to march in procession, amid shouting Copts and Macedonians, and to halt before a golden throne on which sat the Canopic Circe. One circumstance it may please you to hear of. On being ordered to prostrate themselves before the queen, the sturdy mountaineers refused. They would die, but Antony might threaten as he pleased, they would not bow down before this woman. Antony, touched by their boldness, as one hopes, waived the ceremony. Then the astonished Romans hear that on the same evening Antony regales the citizens of Alexandria. An assembly is held. Antony and Cleopatra sit on thrones of equal height—Antony with scimitar and royal diadem—Cleopatra in the sacred robe of the goddess Isis—the foreign woman equal to the Roman Emperor—his wife and queen, practically, if not with proper religious or prætorian ceremony. Then, on lower chairs sit the children of Antony and Cleopatra, and that base-born son of the great Cæsar, all in royal array. Antony makes a speech to the gaping mob of Macedonians and Copts, Greek slaves and negroes, as if they had been so many Roman citizens. He declares Cæsarion's legitimacy, and thus makes Cleopatra to have been the wife of Cæsar. He proclaims all Cleopatra's children, whether by himself or Cæsar, not kings merely, but kings of kings. Alexander, the eldest of his own is to rule Armenia, Parthia, and Media; Ptolemy, his second, Assyria, Cilicia, Syria, and Phœnicia; Cleopatra, his daughter, —as pretty as her mother,—they say, she is to be queen of Cyrene.

Well might the Copts and Macedonians shout, for here were kingdoms given away in their sanctioning presence, as if Alexandria had been Rome, and they been Romans.

One may imagine the feelings of patrician and plebeian alike, on hearing of all this.¹ Rome, then, was not to have the monopoly of plundering the provinces of the world. Alexandria was to become another Rome, and, possibly, annihilate that one on the Tiber. Had the work of one woman, cajoling her lovers for mere national existence, come to this?² Were Apis, Isis, and Anubis, to outroot the worship of Neptune, Venus, and Minerva?³ Could Antony mean that that woman should yet, as she threatened,⁴ dictate laws from the Roman Capitol? Such thoughts and fears as these filled every Roman heart with hatred of Cleopatra, a hatred, the cries of which reverberate still through the wide field of Roman literature.

But while the queen triumphed, the woman was in misery. She could command others, but was herself

Commanded

By such poor passions as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.

She could defy the Roman State, but one Roman woman was more dreaded by her than all Rome: Octavia was Antony's wife, and might yet resume her influence. In the midst of all display, that worm gnawed at her heart. She feared a return of Roman feeling in her lover. Hence she plied all her in-

genuity to invite amusements and excitements for him; all her archness and wit to help him to forget. She sang and played as perhaps only she could sing and play in those days; she led him to the Museum, and made him preside at philosophical conversaziones. She acted in Court masques; even strolled the streets with him in disguise, and bandied rough jokes with the passers-by. Doubtless, she sought, when it was safe, to lead him to higher amusements, and to interest him in the arts, literature, and wondrous antiquities of her dominions. Her task was no easy one, for Antony's fits of gloom and despondency were far from unfrequent. He could not shut out all thought of Rome, or of old friends judging now so hardly of him, as he knew well. Nor was he without a conscience; and grim sights, such as that of Cicero's bleeding head and mangled hands, may often have risen before him in periods of reaction from debauch. Hateful to himself at times, he fancied that every one was leagued against him, and intriguing with Octavia. Even she was his enemy at these times, and had to bear his rude, unmanly taunts. In his disordered imagination, she was going to poison him, and seek favour with Octavius. He would taste no food in her palace unless she first tasted it. It was difficult to laugh away these whims—to reason them away, impossible. Pliny tells us that at one time, to prove the absurdity of his suspicions she steeped the garland he was to wear at dinner in poison. Her own

¹ Compare Horace: Odes, i. 37.

² "Interque maritos
Discurrrens, Ægypton habet, Romamque meretur."
LUCAN: Pharsalia x. 358..

³ "Deum monstra, et latrator Anubis
Contra Neptunum et Venerem, contraque Minervam,
Tela tenant."

VIRGIL: Æn. viii. 698.

⁴ Foedaque Tarpeio conopia tendere saxo;
Jura dare et statuas inter et arma Mari."

Propertius: II. ii. 45.

garland was fresh. At the table she dipped hers in the wine to flavour it. Antony did the same with his. As he raised the poisoned cup to his lips, she stopped him, and gave the wine he was about to sip to a condemned criminal. The man died on drinking it. The story is possibly false, yet it is emblematic. It suggests, at least, that Cleopatra, in the very moment of success, found it as difficult to retain her lover as to maintain the independence of her country.

All this time Octavius was making way at Rome to be the acknowledged head of the state. An astute youth—he was quite willing that his rival should sink himself lower and lower in public estimation, regardless of any suffering it might cause his sister Octavia. Doubtless, too, he made the most of her troubles, parading the meek sufferer, and leading the public mind to contrast the gentle woman Antony had deserted with the terrible Amazon by whom he abode. The hollow friendship of the two Roman leaders soon came to an open rupture. Mutual recriminations began to pass between Rome and Alexandria. At last Antony girt himself for the strife. Not too soon, for his allies were deserting one by one, bribed by Octavius. His very retainers in Alexandria were secretly going over. The Romans would fain have avoided a war; and a tax which Octavius imposed made Antony for a time even the favourite at Rome. With his own army of Roman soldiers, a splendid equipment of Asiatic allies, and a large fleet, furnished by Cleopatra, he reached Ephesus, accompanied by the queen. Fearing some compromise between the two generals, and a return of her lover to Octavia, Cleopatra would not leave him. His generals besought him to dismiss her: her presence was of evil omen. It was better, they urged, to sacrifice

the two hundred ships and twenty thousand talents she had contributed than retain one whose presence inflamed the hatred of the enemy, and diminished the confidence of his own soldiers in himself. Antony's answer, that besides sharing in the expense of the expedition, she governed her own kingdom better than any other of his royal allies, and even lightened his work in the administration of the Eastern world, silenced all remonstrance.

They spent the winter (32 B.C.) in the island of Samos, with flute, and tabor, and Bacchic festivals—"little Samos piping and dancing while almost the whole world beside was venting its anguish in groans and tears."¹ The Egyptian Circe was triumphant, while Octavia wept the strife between her husband and her brother. As they tarried at Samos, Octavius found an unexpected means of reviving his own popularity, and the Roman readiness for war. The treachery of deserters betrayed to to him the place where Antony's will was deposited. He tore it from the sacred keeping of the Vestal Virgins, and broke the seals which divine and human law alike made inviolable. At first, even the Romans were disgusted by such a base and impious act. But when the contents of the will became known, indignation against Antony swallowed up every other feeling. In it Cæsarion was acknowledged as Cæsar's legitimate son; the eastern part of the empire was, after Antony's death, to be divided between Cleopatra and her children; and it was directed that Antony's own body should be buried in Alexandria, in the mausoleum of Cleopatra.

This was not to be borne. War was instantly and solemnly declared; not, however, with Antony, but with Egypt. Antony was not yet declared a traitor, but left to declare himself one, should he draw sword for Cleo-

¹ Plutarch: Vit. Anton.

patra. He retorted by a declaration of war on his own part, and by a bill of divorce for Octavia. As for Cleopatra, the rapid march of events had more than fulfilled her wildest dreams. The opening of Antony's will had revealed to herself, as well as to the Romans, the extent of her success. Egypt and the East were secured to her and her children; a kingdom as wide as Alexander's—wider than that of any Ptolemy—was now her own. Perhaps more prized than even that was the divorce of Octavia and the open declaration of war. She had henceforth no need to fear a compromise; Antony was all her own for life, and even in the grave. If the queen's ambition might well be gratified, the woman's love could ask no more.

But in the very triumph lay imbedded the seeds which could not but grow into ruin. Antony's position, and that of every Roman in his army, was a false one. Reason as they might about this being a final and inevitable struggle between Octavius and Antony—one essentially of the same nature as the former struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, the soldiers of Antony and Cleopatra could not disguise it from themselves that they were fighting for Egypt against Rome; for the, to them, unsacred Nile, against the sacred Tiber, to which Horatius Cocles had prayed of old; for a foreign courtesan against their mothers, sisters, wives.¹ As they looked out from their tents, the very sunbeams glancing on the Egyptian canopy, reared alongside of the Ro-

man eagles, seemed to reproach them.² Coriolanus had at least some cause for seeking revenge on his native city, but his proud heart had broken under the thought of injuring it. Should they, uninjured by Rome, with every tie of kindred there, advance against it? All the glorious array of Roman traditions, all the beliefs of childhood rose up in their minds to damp enthusiasm for the cause in which they were engaged. Antony's ranks became daily thinner by desertion; his own mind began to be unnerved. But he had gone too far to recede; he would trust, however, more to his allies than to his Roman legions. In his countless squadrons of orientals, led by native chiefs—in his ships, and those of Cleopatra, manned by Africans and Asiatics chiefly, he saw that his main hope of victory lay.³ When, therefore, the fleets and armies of the contending generals were brought face to face, on the waves and along the shores of the Ambracian Gulf, Antony determined to risk the battle by sea, rather than by land. He knew, indeed, that his Romans could fight best by land if they fought willingly; but he knew that in the coming fight they were to be led against their country. There were those, indeed, among his legionaries, who would have fought to the last for him under any circumstances. They could not understand the resolution to fight by sea. "Imperator," said one of these, a centurion, "Imperator, why rest your hopes on rotten wood—why distrust us who have borne these scars for you? Let

¹ "Ausi Jovi nostro latrantem opponere Anubin,
Et Tyberim Nili cogere ferre minas;
Romanamque tubam crepitanti pellere sistro."

PROPERTIUS: III. 9, 41.

² "Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol adspicit conopium."

HORACE: Epod ix. 15.

³ "Hinc ope barbarica varusque Antonius armis
Victor, ab Auroræ populis et litore rubro
Ægyptum viresque Orientis, et ultima secum
Bactra vehit; sequiturque nefas! Ægyptia conjux."

VIRGIL, Æn., viii. 685.

Egyptians and Phœnicians fight at sea, but give us the land—the land on which we have learnt to conquer or to die.”

But every hour brought him proof of the unwillingness of his legionaries as a whole to fight against their country; for every hour brought him tidings of desertion by one or another of his oldest friends. To fight by sea, then, was but a natural resolution. The Roman historians have all attributed this resolution to the fatal influence of Cleopatra. She it was who urged it upon him, say they, for she intended flight and desertion of him, and her treachery could most easily be carried out at sea. They were unwilling to impute an intention of flight before a battle to any Roman general, even to one in arms against his and their country. That easiness of flight, as well as despair of success by land, was a motive for fighting by sea in the mind of Antony, we need not doubt—but Cleopatra's desire to flee from him is one of the many myths in Roman history. Should defeat occur in the approaching battle at Actium, in flight *with* him, not from him, lay her only hope of saving Egypt. The resources of her own country were undiminished, and Antony's military skill might yet with these retrieve the Empire of the East. Neither love nor hope were abated in her, as she joined in the council which decided to fight on the water. With Antony by her side, and the wealth of Egypt at her command, much might be done. Even if the worst came—should they be compelled to leave Egypt, still, she argued, there were lands far to the south, beyond the Red Sea, of which the Romans knew nothing—beyond Alexander's farthest conquest, along a sea which no Roman or Carthaginian ship had ever navigated. There they might found, or conquer a new empire. She would have all her vessels dragged over the narrow isthmus of Suez, and they would seek together

new fortunes across the Indian Ocean, in lands where no Octavius or Octavia could trouble them. Thus, as always woman's hope sought to cheer man's despondency—to give him energy for the present trial, and hope for the worst beyond. Thus, united, and with a definite common purpose, the two decided to meet Octavius on the waters of Actium. With such a purpose formed, Antony staved off, as he best could, all remonstrance. “Why should we put the sails on board?” said one of the pilots to him. “The oars alone are needed in action.” “Put them on board,” said Antony; “they will be useful in chasing the enemy.”

Five days off the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth, the two fleets watched each other. Five days the winds prevented their meeting. Five days from the heights on either side of the strait the two land armies waited, and signalled their respective ships. On the sixth, the numerous but small vessels of Octavius were able to approach the huge hulks of Antony. From the shore the legions watched every movement with interest unspeakable, and longed to join in the fray. Massive stones were hurled from Antony's vessels down upon the boats of Octavius—immense grappling irons were thrust out, and skilfully evaded—clouds of arrows flew, and death had a glorious feast. Heavily rolled Antony's monsters, keeping to one spot—lightly flew the skiffs of Octavius round and round them. Hours passed, and victory declared for neither side. Suddenly the wind changed to the north-east, the very wind for Egypt. Cleopatra saw in the change an omen favourable for the projected flight. Uprose from her gilded deck the purple sail—her galley threaded quickly the maze of battling boats, making off Egypt-wards. Antony, sick of shedding his country's blood, jumped into a five-oared galley, and followed. Then arose a cry of rage and shame from all who saw—a cry

that must have rung for ever after in the ears of Antony.

The feeling that sought vent in that cry has been more or less shared by the world ever since. Antony's act was, indeed, one of desertion, but one necessitated by circumstances. He was a Roman, and could not, any more than his soldiers, fight against his country. The sentiment thus common to himself with his soldiers made victory improbable even if he did fight. A new career might open to him in the east—a career of success against other lands than Rome, in following which he might again win power, retain the love of Cleopatra, and leave Rome at peace. And, besides, he was not leaving his army without a leader, to the mercy of a pitiless conqueror. He knew that the foe would be only too glad to receive their submission and allegiance, and that they, themselves, would, by their submission, be relieved from the conflict of duty to their old general and duty to their country. Some, indeed, of his vessels at once took flight after him, others only fought more stubbornly for a time. But ere night came three hundred of the lumbering hulks were totally deserted, and burning slowly to the water level. The flames told Antony's army on shore of the defeat of their master. They knew not of his flight. They waited seven days, expecting that he would come up to join them from some part of the coast, to which he might have escaped. Despair came at last. Canidius, their lieutenant, deserted them; they entered the service of Octavius, and Rome had again but one master, the heir of the murdered Julius.

When Antony, after some skirmishing with pursuing galleys, made up with that of Cleopatra, he went on board. But he could not bear to look her in the face. In spite of all reasonings, in spite of all that had been previously arranged, with that cry ringing yet in his ears, he felt himself a disgraced man; and

going forward to the prow, he sat down there, burying his face in his hands. He would speak to no one—listen to no one. The Queen and her women tried to recal him to his old manliness—with patience and gentleness she urged that all was not lost yet. Egypt might yet be held—or, along the shores of the Indian Ocean, safety and new power be found. They could carry her yet immense treasures with them thither. They landed at Taenarus, near Parætonium. In vain she urged him to come forward with her to Alexandria. The broken-spirited Roman—Roman no longer—had sunk into a state which made him false to his own schemes, and false to her whose energy, united with his skill, might yet have redeemed all, and given a different turn to the history of discovery and conquest in the east. She left him brooding and meditating suicide, on the border of the Lybian desert, in a retreat which he called his Timonium. He gave up all for lost, divided his remaining valuables with those who had followed him, and urged them to go and seek service with his fortunate rival. A change coming over his mood, he sailed after Cleopatra. The active Queen, in order to gain time, and concert her measures undisturbed, had sailed into Alexandria with all the paraphernalia of victory, streamers flaunting, and prows crowned with laurel. She called the chief citizens into her presence, arrested those whose disaffection she had most reason to fear, and ordered some to instant death. She sent off ambassadors to all the late allies of Antony, who were yet likely to adhere to him, made large promises to them, and then set about measures for the temporary defence of Egypt, and for the hauling of her ships across the Isthmus. The foe, she knew, would soon be near. Antony arrived in Alexandria as she was in the midst of her prepara-

tions. A gleam of his old spirit seems to have come back upon him. He would not listen to the plan of abandoning Egypt. Why should they flee into unknown seas? There were here in Egypt, under her sway, three hundred thousand men able to bear arms. Cleopatra hopefully, yet hesitatingly, gave up her dreams of an Arabian or Indian sovereignty; her lover's instances were backed by the news that the first detachment of ships carried across the isthmus had been burnt by the Arabs of Petra.

To avoid the evil effects of Egyptian prejudice against sole female rule, she proclaimed her sons joint kings with herself; and in every other way, since the enemy was to be met in Egypt, she endeavoured to prepare for him. But again the desponding fit seized Antony; again she was left to herself. She sent ambassadors, in her own name and that of Antony, to learn the intentions of Octavius. Octavius returned no answer. Deserted on all hands, even by him on whom she had most relied, she began to lose hope at last. Octavius, fearing that her despair might cheat him of his triumph over the living Queen, sent Thyrus, his freed-man, with a message that he hoped to be soon at her feet as an admirer. Even if the message had not been accompanied by a request that she would make away with Antony, or deliver him up, its hypocrisy was patent enough. In misery she sought once more to rouse Antony. She tried the old mode of revelry and excitement. Once more, surrounded by danger, the wassail-bowl went round. But the mirth was hollow, the orgies were forced. In former times, with boon companions, Antony and Cleopatra had formed a society for the cultivation of invention in luxury, called the "Club of the Inimitable Life;" now they formed another, with the name of the "Companions in Death." Like

that old group in the gardens near Florence, they were bound to amuse each other. As day after day elapsed, and all hope of Antony's return to his former self passed away, the amusements became more ghastly. Seeing that the end was near, Cleopatra began to inquire how one could most easily die. Experiments on convicts with different kinds of poison, on themselves with the same in small quantities, and on animals with different weapons, became then the chief source of amusement and instruction for the Brotherhood of Death. The problem how to die with least pain is said to have been solved among the learned members by the judgment that an asp-bite soonest brings forgetfulness upon the senses, and so painless death.

At last the conqueror approached Egypt. Pelusium, its main stronghold on the east side was surrendered without a blow. Antony was drowning care in wine when it fell. He roused himself, as is the wont of the besotted, to assail all round him with reproach. Cleopatra, he was sure, had betrayed the place, and him. The suspicions of his drink-bred delirium have passed into history as facts. In a rush of blind fury, with only a few retainers, he made for the gates of Alexandria, before which Octavius was encamped. The unexpected assault drove back for a time the Roman cavalry. The interval of energy, perhaps the short abstinence from wine which it involved, seemed for a moment to bring back the old Antony. Cleopatra met him on his return from the successful sally. He kissed her, and recommended to her notice a centurion who had done good service in the skirmish. The queen presented him with a helmet and breastplate. "That same night," says Plutarch, with brief irony, "the man went over to Cæsar." In the morning Antony sent his fleet out to attack the Roman ships. Like

the centurion, the fleet deserted its drunken master. Antony stood with his cavalry on a hillock outside the city, and instead of the attack which he expected, he witnessed the desertion; his cavalry witnessed it too, and suddenly striking spur, they rode off, whither all the world was going, to the camp of Octavius. Maddened, as he thus beheld the effects of his own ill-timed despondency, Antony sought to vent his rage on the unhappy queen. She it was who had betrayed him and encouraged the deserters: he would make his vengeance terrible. Cleopatra fled from the sight of his blood-shot eyes—from the hearing of his violent taunts. Egypt and Antony both lost—Roman captivity at hand, for herself and for her children, and exposure in a Roman triumph—she had every motive to die, and nothing to live for. Near the temple of Isis she had built a splendid mausoleum, in which she meant that herself and Antony should be buried together. Hither, for some time, she had been secretly conveying her chief treasures. With the calm purpose of despair she had filled the building with gold, silver, ivory, pearls, and cinnamon, as well as flax and other burning material. To this she now fled, and shut herself and her attendants in, as firmly as could be done by bolts and bars with female hands. She sought but to die and end her troubles. The application of a torch would end them all, and baulk Octavius of his treasure and his triumph.

But to die, having parted with Antony in anger that thought tortured her. He would know, of course, when her death was reported to him that his suspicions had been unmanly; that, so far from betraying, she had no hope but in him; and, when that hope was lost, she had sought only to die. Convinced, then, of her truth, his love would return. But might she not even yet, before the final fulfilment of

her purpose, bring back that love, and at least bid him more lovingly farewell? Suppose that he should hear of her death before it happened; suppose that in his revulsion of feeling he should seek to gaze upon her corpse; then, before she had closed her eyes for ever, she might once more see her lover at her feet, once more listen to his words of endearment. All beyond the grave was black and dark to her. What more natural then that she should desire, and even scheme, to have by her to the very last, all that earth held precious? In this hope, while preparing her funeral pyre, she gave orders to her maidens to spread the report of her actual death, so that Antony might hear it. Antony did hear it, and in his wild frenzy at the news, he upset all her calculations. Without doubting the report, without desiring to see her remains, with his reason dulled by despair and dissipation, he gave way at once to remorse and grief: she had died to convince him of her faith to him; he would die too, and not be outdone in courage by a woman. He besought his freed-man Eros, in fulfilment of a custom which the Stoic philosophy had made honourable, to kill him. The promise to do this when required had been one of the conditions of his freedom. Eros drew the sword, but instead of pointing it at his master's breast, he plunged it into his own, and fell dead. Antony, shocked and reproved, stabbed himself, but not so as to die at once. As he lay in mortal agony, Cleopatra, doubting the success of her false report, sent her secretary with a last message: would he not come and see her before she died? Hearing that she still lived, he ordered his attendants to carry him at once to the mausoleum. Afraid of being taken alive, the queen would not open the gate; cords were let down from the window, and Antony, with much tugging on the part of the women and

suffering to himself, was drawn up. The queen wiped the blood from his countenance, called him her lord and emperor, "and," says Plutarch, "seemed to forget in his sufferings that she had any misery of her own." Antony lingered awhile, then died in her arms, his last breath spent in advising her to live and try to make terms with Octavius.

By this time fate was closing in upon herself. The whole city was in the hands of Octavius. He feared to lose the treasures shut up in the mausoleum; he would fain, too, have the beauty of the world to grace the triumph, and to be a living proof that he had not merely shed Roman blood in civil war, but had, besides, won foreign territory and added a new province to the empire. He sent Proculeius to get possession of Cleopatra alive, if possible. Proculeius, at the gate, professed that she might safely surrender, and trust everything to the grand nephew of her first lover. Only on condition of remaining queen of Egypt and the East, would Cleopatra consent to give herself up. It was clear that she meant to die the death of Sardanapalus. Octavius had recourse to stratagem. Gallus was sent to the gate of the mausoleum, and professed to hold converse with her on the terms of her surrender. While her attention was thus engaged, Proculeius scaled the wall, got in by the window into which Antony had been drawn, and, descending the stairs, seized Cleopatra suddenly by the arm. He snatched from her the dagger which she drew to put herself beyond his power. She knew her fate now — to be carried to Rome, made a show of, and hooted by that mob which had lately quailed at the mention of her name. Her presence of mind did not forsake her. Pretended submission could alone avail her. She listened with apparent satisfaction to the assurances of Proculeius that Octavius meant kindly by her, suffered herself to be

taken to the palace, and begged that she might be permitted to bury Antony, her husband, as became a king of Egypt. She plunged into the depths of dissimulation to gain her purpose. Her one chance of obtaining the privilege of death was to make Octavius believe she wished to live. Dion Cassius tells us that when he visited her, she again tried her old arts of female enchantment on her former lover's grand nephew, receiving him in negligee mourning habit, picture and letters of the great Julius lying near her. Plutarch, more simply and probably, says that she gave up to him, on his visit, that which he most eagerly desired, an inventory of all her treasures. But, like a perfect actress, she got up a scene which could not but lead him to think that he had her all safe for Rome. Seleucus, one of her treasure-hunters, was present as she gave the inventory. Whether by previous contract, or of his own mean nature, he accused her of keeping back some articles of jewellery. She flew at him like a tigress, pulled his hair, and scratched his face. "I have indeed reserved a few things," she said, "Not for myself, but as gifts for Octavia and Livia at Rome. I may need the good offices of your sister and your wife when I get there." Octavius, little knowing with whom he had to deal, left her presence secure of the coveted addition to his coming triumph.

Yet once again, even in her low plight, Cupid aided her in her purposes. Cornelius Dolabella, a young Roman in Octavius' train, had seen, admired, and pitied her. His pity grew to love. He offered his services, and kept her informed of all that concerned her. She learnt from him that in three days she and her children were to be sent off to Rome. She then begged permission to pay a last visit to Antony's tomb. This was unsuspectingly granted. She and her waiting-maids, Charmion and

Iras, entered the splendid mausoleum, crowned Antony's tomb with flowers, and spent the day in mourning, uninterrupted by the sentinels waiting outside. She desired to sup once more under the same roof with Antony. This, too, was accorded. After supper a native peasant presented himself with a present of figs for his mistress. The guards, admiring their beauty, sent the basket in to her. She then wrote a note to Octavius, gave it to the guards, and desired to be left undisturbed for a while with only her female attendants. The letter contained an earnest request that she might be buried beside Antony. Octavius saw its purport at a glance, and sent immediately to the tomb. The door of the apartment in which they had supped was fast. It was soon broken open. Within, on a golden bed, in royal array, lay Cleopatra dead. Iras, too, lay dead at her feet; and Charmion, dying, was striving, with affection that would not die, to adjust the diadem on the head of her mistress. "Charmion, was this well done?" cried one of the astonished Romans. "Yes, well, and worthy of the daughter of Egyptian kings." said Charmion, and fell back dead.

Tradition says that in the Copt's basket of figs lay hid one or more asps. With these the three had contrived to escape Octavius's triumph. If tradition err, then no man knows how the death of Cleopatra was

effected. To such result the studies of the Companions in Death had led. Perhaps a guess may be allowed, that whatever the instrument of death, poison or asp, it was obtained as the last and only service of despairing love; that Dolabella, by previous concert, had sent it to her in the basket of figs. Octavius had to content himself, at his triumph, with a waxen female figure, reclining on a golden couch, an asp clinging to either arm.¹

Cleopatra's life struggle, whatever judgment we form of it, was in vain. The civilisation of the East was doomed to fall before that of the West; human progress necessitated that. Egypt, the last stronghold of freedom, in the long strife of the world, with republican Rome, was now annexed. A Roman prefect was appointed to govern it; and its writers dated from the battle of Actium as a new era. Cæsarion, hateful to Octavius, as the son and pretended heir of Julius, was put to death at once. A son of the daughter of Cleopatra and Mark Antony became afterwards king of Mauritania. Another grandchild of Antony and Cleopatra was that Drusilla, who with her husband Felix, listened to the teacher of a higher civilisation than that of Rome, and of an infinitely higher morality than that by which, in all fairness, the unhappy Cleopatra ought to be tried.

¹ Brachia spectavi sacris admorsa colubris
Et trahere occultum membra soporis iter.

PROPERTIUS: III. ix., 51.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY.¹

IN many of the earlier poems of Longfellow that earnest devout spirit which loves to linger in the light of Divine Revelation is plainly visible. Notably in the "Norman Baron," dying, penitent and sorrowful :—

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger !
King, like David ; priest, like Aaron ;
Christ is born to set us free !

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
" Miserere, Dominie ! "

Also in many of his admirable translations from the Swedish and German, and in "Blind Bartimeus," a poem which the reader will find embodied in the "Divine Tragedy." Gifted with that perfect religious faith, which sees in those mysteries and miracles which perplex and mystify the men who argue and reason upon them only sublime manifestations of that Omniscient Being to whom "all things are possible," the author of "Evangeline," is especially well qualified to fulfil the task which he has now undertaken. He has woven the gospel narrative into a beautiful poem, without in any way interfering with the sanctity and reverence due to his spiritual subject. The picture-galleries of Europe are crowded with the masterpieces of Flemish and Italian artists, the chief number of them embodying and illustrating the birth, acts, or death, of our Saviour ; but, hitherto, poets have rarely sought their inspiration in the pages of the New Testament. It is difficult, however, to understand, why

we should praise in a picture a subject which we should condemn in a poem. "The Divine Tragedy," is divided into three parts, each of them being a Passover, and respectively containing ten, eleven, and twelve chapters. The opening "Introitus" discloses an angel "bearing the Prophet Habbakuk through the air." As they journey towards the City of Gold, the Prophet exclaims :

Behold !
As if the stars had fallen from their places
Into the firmament below,
The streets, the gardens, and the vacant
spaces
With light are all aglow ;
And hark !
As we draw near,
What sound is it I hear
Ascending through the dark ?

ANGEL.

The tumultuous noise of the nations,
Their rejoicings and lamentations,
The pleadings of their prayer,
The groans of their despair,
The cry of their imprecations ;
Their wrath, their love, their hate !

PROPHET.

Surely the world doth wait
The coming of its Redeemer !

ANGEL.

Awake from thy sleep, O dreamer !
The hour is near, though late ;
Awake ! write the vision sublime,
The vision, that is for a time,
Though it tarry, wait ; it is nigh ;
In the end it will speak and not lie.

After this lyrical prelude, the poem opens with "Vox Clamantis" (a title which is to be found in a poem by Gower) the voice of John the Baptist, proclaiming the advent of the Divine figure foretold by the Prophets of old.

The Messiah, the Paraclete,
The Desire of the Nations.

A priest questions John, "Art

¹ "The Divine Tragedy, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." London : Routledge and Sons.

thou Elias?" and he makes answer in literally the language of Scripture,

I am the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness alone ;
Prepare ye the way of the Lord ;
Make his paths straight.

So thorough an example of severe simplicity it would be difficult to find, and such homely lines would only be employed by a man whose mind was saturated with a zealous love and devotion for his sublime theme. The second part of the First Passover "Mount Quarantania," has passages full of rare beauty, grace, and power ; Christus and Lucifer are in colloquy, but before disclosing himself the Evil Spirit communes apart, meditative and hypocritical :

Not as a terror and a desolation.
Not in my natural shape, inspiring fear
And dread, will I appear ;
But in soft tones of sweetness and persuasion,
A sound as of the fall of mountain streams,
Or voices heard in dreams.

From far-off Lebanon, with cedars crested,
To where the waters of the Asphalt Lake
On its white pebbles break,
And the vast desert, silent, sand-invested ;
These kingdoms all are mine, and thine shall be,

If thou wilt worship me !"

The calm, dignified, rebuke of Christus, follows, in reply to the harmonious speech of the Tempter,

Get thee behind me, Satan !

and the jubilant voices of ministering angels close the dialogue with music.

The sun goes down ; the evening shadows
lengthen,
The fever and the struggle of the day
Abate and pass away ;
Thine angels ministrant, we come to
strengthen,
And comfort thee, and crown thee with
the palm,
The silence and the calm.

In "The Marriage in Cana" the guests are Paranympus, Architrichinus, Manahem, Mary the Divine Mother

With eyes of olive tint
And skin as fair as wheat,

the Bridegroom and the Bride. The

miracle which gave rise to the world-renowned epigram (affected and unnatural although much belauded) "the conscious water saw its God and blushed," is related, and the Bridegroom, in the fulness of his joy, is eloquent and poetic :

Behold, in glad procession,
Crowding the threshold of the sky above us,
The stars come forth to meet thee with
their lamps ;
And the soft winds, the ambassadors of
flowers,
From neighbouring gardens and from fields
unseen,
Come laden with odours unto thee, my
queen !

"In the cornfields" Christus walks with his disciples, and the latter hearing the quail's pipe from the yellow grain, bidding them to the "Feast of Wheat-Sheaves," pluck and eat the ripened ears ; an act which offends the passing Pharisees, who declare that such a thing is unlawful on the Sabbath Day. "Have ye not read," says Christus

What David did when he an hungered was,
And all they that were with him ? How he
entered

Into the house of God, and ate the shewbread,

Which was not lawful saving for the
priests ?

Have ye not read, how on the Sabbath
days

The priests profane the Sabbath in the
Temple,

And yet are blameless ? But I say to you,
One in this place is greater than the
Temple !

And had ye known the meaning of the
words,

I will have mercy and not sacrifice,
The guiltless ye would not condemn. The
Sabbath

Was made for man, and not man for the
Sabbath.

Disbelieving the sacred lips which utter this doctrine, the self-righteous Pharisees pass on their way, denouncing to each other "the poor demoniac" who is leading deluded men astray, and uttering blasphemies to the common people

Who receive
As prophecies the words they comprehend
not !

There is none
So visionary, or so void of sense
But he will find a crowd to follow him !

When Christus appears reading in,
the synagogue, bearing good tidings
to the poor, the sorrowful in spirit,
widows and captives, comforting and
sustaining them with the certain
hope of a joyful hereafter, Priest
and Pharisee both stigmatise his
preaching, and blame him for vain
and "seditious words." They thrust
out Christus from the synagogue,
his balm and his medicaments are
unknown to them, and He, the
teacher—

A carpenter's apprentice ! a mechanic,
Whom we have seen at work here in the
town

Day after day ; a stripling without learning,
Shall he pretend to unfold the Word of God
To men grown old in study of the law ?

By the shores of the "Sea of
Galilee," Peter and Philip and An-
drew discourse on the ejection of
their Master by the Nazarenes, and
they relate the wondrous tale of the
widow's only son raised from the
dead. Instinct with the spirit of
faith they praise the marvellous
acts of which they have been wit-
nesses. But in their company comes
one whose presence they distrust—

Judas Iscariot ; he that cometh last,
Girt with a leathern apron. No one knoweth
His history ; but the rumour of him is
He had an unclean spirit in his youth.
It hath not left him yet.

In testimony of the power of
Christus to expel "unclean spirits"
the expulsion of one from the
"demoniac of Gadara" is narrated,
and the miracle whereby the
daughter of Jairus is restored to the
embrace of her mother when all
voices had pronounced her dead, is
the striking episode in "Tabitha
Cumi." The crowd of on-lookers
utter, in amazement and awe,

See, she obeys his voice ! she stirs ! she
lives !
Her mother holds her folded in her arms !
O miracle of miracles ! O marvel !

Thus, by the relation of distinct
events and incidents, the interest of

the reader is awakened in a diges-
sive and desultory way, inseparable
from the manner in which Longfellow
has divided the separate portions of
his fine poem. Chapter the Ninth
shows us the sorrowful figure of
Mary Magdalene in "The Tower
of Magdala."

Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn.

she is sick at heart, weary of gar-
ments redolent with perfumes, of
costly embroideries, of music, of
revels, of

Merchants of Tyre, and Princes of Damas-
cus ;

of silken robes, gold, and of

Rings thick set with pearls,
And emerald, and amethyst, and jasper.

She takes no longer any delight in
bedecking the body, "which men
call beautiful." The revelation of
a divine existence purifies and exalts
her.

This morning, when the first gleam of the
dawn

Made Lebanon a glory in the air,
And all below was darkness, I beheld

An angel, or a spirit glorified,
With wind-tossed garments walking on the
lake.

The face I could not see, but I distinguished
The attitude and gesture, and I knew
'Twas he that healed me.

Henceforth her whole heart is
bent on a mission of love, repentant
and hopeful. To bathe the conse-
crated feet. To go on a pilgrimage
bearing a

Box of alabaster, in whose walls
The souls of flowers lie pent, the precious
balm.

And spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits
Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures,
Nursed by the sun and dew.

This labour of love accomplished,
the weary spirit will be strengthened,
and the impure nature purified.

Vague and dreamy as the per-
sonification is in these passages, and
totally failing in that dramatic re-
presentation which the highest order
of genius would have created, the
reader cannot fail to be delighted
with the pathos and musical diction
of this and many other parts of

"The Divine Tragedy." No contemporary poet on either side of the Atlantic could produce poetry more musical and pathetic than this which Mr. Longfellow now presents us with, and for which we express unqualified admiration and gratitude.

The events of the Second Passover are distributed over eleven sections. In the first part, "Before the Gates of Machærus," Manahem, whom we have already seen in "The Marriage in Cana," and who is described as

Manahem,
The Essenian, he who dwells among the
palms
Near the Dead Sea,
soliloquises in language and thought
lofty and refined—

The Angels of the Wind
Hasten across the desert to receive me ;
And sweeter than men's voices are to me
The voices of these solitudes ; the sound
Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off cry
Of bitterns in the reeds of water-pools.

And as the "clamorous cranes" pursue their trackless way high overhead between the dreamer and the starlight, he addresses them—

O ye mysterious pilgrims of the air,
Would I had wings that I might follow
you !

Then rising to a rapturous strain of prophecy, he foretels that awful sacrifice which insures for penitent mortals rest and immortality :

I see beneath me
The desert stretching to the Dead Sea
shore,
And westward, faint and far away, the
glimmer
Of torches on Mount Olivet, announcing
The rising of the Moon of Passover.
Like a great cross it seems, on which sus-
pended,
With head bowed down in agony, I see
A human figure ! Hide, O merciful heaven,
The awful apparition from my sight !

Subsequently, Manahem appears in "Herod's banquet-hall," his raiment's torn and soiled ; but, as an Essenian, refuses the cup of wine which is to exhilarate and refresh him. To the sound of timbrel Miriam, the beautiful daughter of Herodias, dances before the de-

lighted king. He, enchanted, proffers her what she pleases, even the half of his kingdom :

Give me here the head
Of John the Baptist on this silver charger !
Good Manahem, loth to remain and
see the dreadful fulfilment of the
accursed oath, rushes wildly away
from "The Walls of Machærus,"
invoking maledictions and the wrath
of God on Herod and his "Palace
of Sin."

"Blind Bartimeus" is pleasantly portrayed, sitting beneath the palm-trees in the shadow of the walls of Jericho, hearing the hum of bees, murmur of many voices,
And drowsy bells of caravans on their way
To Sidon or Damascus.

He talks to Chilion, his fair daughter, of Rahab and Joshua, and the prophet Elijah, and then deplores his loss of vision, with a wistful desire to see the sweet face of his beautiful listener :

A young man clad in white
Is coming through the gateway, and a
crowd
Of people follow.
whispers Chilion, and Blind Bartimeus calls, with the energy of hope and faith, on "Jesus of Nazareth, son of David," to restore his eyesight.

The miracle is wrought. The blue sky, the green trees, the city walls, the old gateway, are seen by Bartimeus : all the old familiar sights come back to him, and the beloved face of his unseen daughter. "How beautiful thou art !" he exclaims,

I should have known thee ;
Thou hast her eyes whom we shall see
hereafter !

"At Bethany," reveals Martha busy about household affairs, and her sister Mary sitting at the feet of Christ. The former is the drudge of the house, makes ready the guest-chamber, and prepares the food ; the latter, when Christus comes to Bethany,

Cannot work ;
I must sit at thy feet ; must see thee, hear
thee !

I have a feeble, wayward, doubting heart,
Incapable of endurance or great thoughts,
Striving for something that it cannot reach,
Baffled and disappointed, wounded, hungry ;

And only when I hear thee am I happy.
And only when I see thee am at peace !

In the dialogue of "Simon Magus and Helen of Tyre," there is more dramatic personality than in any of the other sections of "The Divine Tragedy." Simon and Helen are seated by night on the house-top at Endor ; and the great magician, gazing on the beauty of the scenery before them, says to his beautiful companion,

Thou hast seen the land ;
Is it not fair to look on ?

HELEN.
It is fair,

Yet not so fair as Tyre.

SIMON.
Is not Mount Tabor
As beautiful as Carmel by the Sea ?

HELEN.
It is too silent and too solitary ;
I miss the tumult of the streets ; the sounds
Of traffic, and the going to and fro
Of people in gay attire, with cloaks of
purple,
And gold and silver jewelry !

SIMON.
Inventions

Of Ahriman, the spirit of the dark,
The evil spirit !

HELEN.
I regret the gossip
Of friends and neighbours at the open door
On summer nights.

SIMON.
An idle waste of time.

HELEN.
The singing and the dancing, the delight
Of music and of motion. Woe is me,
To give up all these pleasures, and to lead
The life we lead !

SIMON.
Thou canst not raise thyself
Up to the level of my higher thought ;
And though possessing thee, I still remain
Apart from thee, and with thee, am alone
In my high dreams.

HELEN.
Happier was I in Tyre !

In this brief conversation there is an individuality of character which places it in the region of true drama. The language is instinct with the

personality of the speaker. The woman's nature melts to the memory of the delights and pleasure of former days. The man rapt in the pursuit of scientific knowledge, studying

The divine Chaldean Oracles,
The Twelve Books of the Avesta,

ignores the pleasures of frivolous men as illusions, and nurses the belief of his own greatness in solitary pride. He loves Helen of Tyre, but not with that intensity of affection which he bestows on the precious things of his laboratory and study.

With a pardonable vanity Mr. Longfellow introduces his poem of "Blind Bartimeus" into the first part of "The Third Passover," "The Entry into Jerusalem." The daughter of the Syro-Phœnician woman, seated with her mother on a house-top at Jerusalem, to witness the meek entry of Jesus of Nazareth into the Holy City, sings it, and her mother, commenting upon it, tells her daughter how Christ came to Tyre and Sidon, and that, in answer to her prayer, cast an evil spirit from her :

O woman,
Great is thy faith ; then be it unto thee,
Even as thou wilt. And from that very
hour
Thou wast made whole, my darling ! my
delight !

The fatal figure which, by the shores of the sea of Galilee, awakened hatred and distrust in the hearts of Peter and Philip and Andrew, Judas Iscariot, is one of the speakers in "Lord is it I ?" His guilty heart betrays him, and he asks this question, when Christus says,

One of the Twelve it is
That dippeth with me in this dish his
hand ;
He shall betray me.

But Peter will follow his Master, he stoutly asserts, "To prison and to death :"

Ere the cock crow thou shalt deny me
thrice,

prophesies the Master ; and in reply the self-flattering disciple reiterates :

Though I should die, yet will I not deny thee.

Then follows the melancholy vigil in "The Garden of Gethsemane," when the eyes of the watchers are heavy, and the captors of our Saviour approach, their swords and armour glistening to

The glimmer of those torches
Among the olives.

In the "Palace of Caiaphas" Peter renounces his Master three times, and as the cock crows thrice at his third denial,

That sorrowful, pale face
Seeks for me in the crowd, and looks at me.

Weeping and regretting his faint-heartedness, the false-spoken disciple leaves the vestibule. Blindfolded and buffeted, Christ is led before "Pontius Pilate." He sees in the captive

A mild enthusiast, who hath preached
I know not what new doctrine, being King
Of some vague kingdom in the other world
That hath no more to do with Rome and
Caesar

Than I have with the patriarch Abraham !
and he transfers his prisoner to the sterner judgment of Herod. The repentance of Judas Iscariot in "Aceldama" is vigorously and pathetically told. He has tried to be generous and gentle, but has failed. His nature is bitter and cruel, but the thought of his Master's betrayal softens and subdues the ruggedness of that stern heart :

Too late ! Too late ! I shall not see him
more
Among the living. That sweet, patient
face
Will never more rebuke me, nor those lips
Repeat the words : One of you shall betray
me !

It stung me into madness. How I loved,
Yet hated him ! But in the other world !
I will be there before him, and will wait
Until he comes, and fall down on my knees
And kiss his feet, imploring pardon, pardon !

Simon Magus and Manahem, the

Essenian, are present at the sacred episode of "The Three Crosses," a name which clearly indicates the close of the greatest tragedy ever enacted in this world. Manahem is distressed and broken with sorrow ; Simon Magus learns a lesson of worldly wisdom,—

I will speak evil of no dignitaries.
This is my hour of triumph, Nazarene.

An epilogue of a most sacred character, being *verbatim et literatim* our Christian Creed, spoken in alternate lines by the apostles, concludes the poem of the Poet Laureate of America (if we may be allowed so to enthrone him).

We quote from an article in the *Morning Post* laudatory of "The Divine Tragedy" :—

"Longfellow does not stand on the highest peak of Parnassus, but he deserves and has attained a lofty one. His melancholy is not morbid, but evoked in a natural manner. The reader does not find in his pages the false sentimentality of Sterne, who, as Byron says, 'preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a live mother.' And if he tells us to weep, he also teaches lessons of sound wisdom, 'to suffer and be strong ;' to work uncomplainingly, and to find in wholesome work relief and comparative contentment. 'The Psalm of Life' is a sermon, and as sound and moral as one written by Blair."

We cordially endorse this opinion of the poems of the author of "Hyperion." And his new poem is worthy of his intellectual ability. It is full of devotional fervour, fancy, thought, and feeling. The musical expression in many parts being exquisite. Many critics find fault with the realistic treatment in "The Divine Tragedy," and hasty lips even frame the charge of impiety and profanity. These words are unwarrantable, and altogether foreign to the recognised spiritual nature of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

A NOVEL.

BOOK IV.

CROSS-HATCHING.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

A MAIDEN'S SOUL.

"It is indeed I," said Lily, bending over her, and softly touching her fevered brow with lips whose caress was gentler than the balmiest zephyr of Araby the Blest. "Poor Elsie! You little expected to see me here, did you?"

A troubled expression crossed Elsie's countenance, and for a moment she made no reply. She seemed as though striving to collect her thoughts, and to remember something that was almost too much for her powers of recollection. She looked from side to side, viewing with wonderment the details of the room in which she found herself, until, as her gaze fell on the window, which stood open and revealed the terrace and garden beyond, she started, and said, hurriedly:

"But where am I? Whose house is this? Is *he*—" Here she paused in embarrassment.

Lily affected not to perceive her confusion, and replied, quietly,

"You are in the house of a Mr. Morton, near Leighbury. You were brought here some weeks ago, suffering from a sudden attack of fever; and I, happening to come here shortly afterwards, recognised you, and was very pleased to help good Mrs. Bolster, the housekeeper, in nursing you."

"You were always so kind to me, Miss Trevor," responded Elsie; and then her eye suddenly gleamed brightly as she exclaimed, "Ah! I

remember now! But where—where is *he*? And my father—my good, loving father? Oh, Miss Trevor, I have been very ungrateful and unkind!" saying which, she placed her hands before her eyes, and feebly turned away to hide her face in the pillow.

"Poor Mr. Dawes has gone, none knows where, to seek you, Elsie," said Lily, evading the allusion to Mr. Littlemore. "But," she continued, "I cannot allow you to talk any more just now. You must rest and recover as much strength as possible to-day; and then to-morrow morning we will have a long conversation together."

All that day the glamour of beauty was present and around the mansion.

No hope fell from the blue sky overhead to brighten Lily's heart, as she paced the garden walks, or sat beneath the branches of some wide-spreading oak; but still the contemplation of the Infinite sustained her, and tempered her deep melancholy with tender imaginings, and with the majestic repose of true philosophy. She deemed me dead, and entertained no thought of Mr. Morton's researches resulting in aught else than a knowledge of the circumstances attendant on my decease. She had relinquished all prospect of again shedding on my soul those love-lit glances which had so often roused in both of our hearts ineffable

emotions of bliss. She no more looked forward to the holy rapture of walking beside me in the soft twilight, listening to discourse more tuneful than poet-born verse, and to accents sweeter far than seraph-music, and feeling the magic pressure of my arm around her waist, as with her head gently reclining on my shoulder she should meet my enraptured look, and should hear ever and anon the soul-subduing refrain, "I love." All these sweet joys she counted as gone for evermore, and yet she lost not entirely the sunbeams from her heart. She pictured my soul freed from the fetters which had bound it within such narrow limits, and wafted to happier spheres, where mighty store of power and vast realm of action awaited it, and where with each increase of capacity should firmer grow the affection that made me hers for aye. She fancied that, perhaps, it might be reserved for us to resolve the eternal mystery that separates the spheres of being, and that I should direct her how to hold communion with all that was bright and lovely in the world of Space. She imagined that in ecstatic vision she should soon be ever and anon rapt from the earth to join me in my spirit-wanderings, and to taste with me the bliss of love transcendent.

Within bounds of smaller compass, but with not less loveliness of thought, poor Elsie lay dreaming and hoping, and sorrowing and reflecting. The sad and terrible imaginations of her lover's faithlessness, which had at times afflicted her during her delirium, were changed by returning consciousness to the sweet assurance that she would soon hear again the voice that her ear most cherished, and see the sight that to her eyes was most dear. Her grief at the thought of her father's dismay and despair, also, was assuaged by the determination she formed to seek out her fond parent at the earliest period, and to insist upon his sharing the

happiness she felt sure she should enjoy in the company of her husband that was to be. Bright hues, and the softest of soft touches her vivid fancy employed in painting the future that should surely come. Days of bliss, scenes of beauty, tender companionship, and all-present Love, she saw filling the brilliant vista before her. The tears that fell now and then from her blue eyes were not all bitter. Amidst those that rose from the fountains of sorrow were mingled others that sparkled as they fell, and whose presence on her pale cheeks was that of pure dewdrops that should feed the growth of the exquisite roses there so soon to reappear.

Mrs. Bolster, too, was soothed by the sweet accompaniment that fate had vouchsafed to the mournful strains of her life-message. She had understood from Lily somewhat of our loves, and the dread shock that had happened, and she perceived how Elsie had similarly suffered; and in expressing her kindly sympathy for the griefs of others, she found her own to become less severe. Overwhelmed with wonderment concerning the cause of her husband's terror and flight, she felt sure he would seek her out at the first opportunity, and she resolved to bear her trouble patiently and uncomplainingly, and to devote herself to the tender offices of which both the lovely and sad maidens under her care stood so much in need. Truly, there was no lack of heart-culture, or of beauty in her soul.

The morning after Elsie's return to consciousness, Lily came to her bedside, as arranged, and taking a seat near her, she said, gently caressing one of Elsie's hands—

"Now, dear, you must let me hear the story of how you came here."

Elsie softly raised Lily's hand to her lips and kissing it, whispered, blushing, and with a quick, little look askance—

"Have you loved?"

At this unexpected question it was Lily's turn to blush, but the only reply she made was to press Elsie's hand, and to look upward to Heaven with eyes so exquisitely, tenderly lustrous, that the affection of the universe seemed to dwell therein. This, and the pitiful sigh that rose from her divine breast, told Elsie more than an eternity of words could have revealed.

"I see you have. You know all, then. What need to describe how, step by step, my loving heart surrendered itself to *him*—to him whose presence made the sun more bright, the air more fragrant, the song of the birds more musical, the colour of the flowers more beautiful? Oh, Miss Trevor, I knew little how sweet was life until *he* taught me to gather its choicest fruits."

"Shall I guess *his* name?" said Lily, with a sweet, sad smile, as Elsie's words summoned up the recollection of days past for ever.

"It is Mr. Littlemore," responded Elsie, in the simple, artless manner, so peculiarly her own, and then she continued—"We had long loved, and he wished to marry me, and to keep our marriage a secret until he had successfully accomplished some business engagements. I refused at first, but he pleaded so lovingly, and my weak heart so loudly echoed what he said, that I at length consented. He insisted that I should not tell my father anything about it, as he said he knew my father's notions were such as to render his consent to a secret marriage impossible. It was very hard to keep anything from father, and I had many a struggle about it in my own mind; but at last I agreed to follow Tom's advice, and a day was fixed for our—our—I suppose I must use the word—elopement."

Here Elsie covered her face with her hands for a little while, as though ashamed of Lily's presence.

"Poor child," said Lily, "I can

well understand your simple, trusting nature."

"Well," continued Elsie, in a broken voice, "the night arrived, and as the hour approached I felt bitterly how ungratefully I was acting to my dear father, who had devoted his life to me. To draw back, though, required more courage than I possessed; and praying earnestly that my love-directed step might lead to happiness for us all, I said, 'Good-bye' to the home where I dwelt so pleasantly surrounded by innocent enjoyment, and cared for by the most affectionate of parents. Tom had a carriage waiting for me, and we started to go to Leighbury. Hardly, however, had we past the first stage of our journey than some feverish symptoms, from which I had been suffering for a few days, suddenly increased to such an extent that I felt very ill. Beyond this, all I can recollect is a vague impression of our arriving here, and of Tom blessing me, after I had been carried to bed. That is all my story, Miss Trevor."

"I am glad that is all, Elsie, dear," said Lily, gravely. "You would have been obliged to have told your father of your marriage, and he would have insisted upon its being generally known, and thus dissensions might have been caused."

"Dissensions!—with Tom!" exclaimed Elsie. "No, Miss Trevor, that could never be! But, perhaps, it is well that my illness should have happened. How long have I been ill?"

"It is six weeks to-day since you arrived here."

"And Tom—when did he go away?"

"He left the same night that you arrived."

"How often does he come to see me? When is his next day of coming? To think that I have not been able to know his loving face and fond voice!"

Elsie said this in a voice trem-

bling with anxiety, though she strove to render it firm. She looked earnestly into Lily's eyes as she spoke, and seemed to seek for comfort and sympathy.

Lily felt at a loss what to say. Indignant as she was at Littlemore's heartless conduct, she yet was loth to wound Elsie's tender heart by explaining to her the real state of the case. She could see that Elsie was in a condition of painful suspense and uncertainty, but she hesitated to terminate this at the cost of a more agonising disclosure. At length, looking away through the window, she said—

"You must not expect to see much of Mr. Littlemore, dear. London is a long way off, and your lover has, doubtless, a number of important things to engage his attention."

"Yes, I know that," responded Elsie, sadly; "but he does come very often to see me, doesn't he?" she pursued, gazing wistfully at Lily.

"Dearest Elsie," replied the latter, "you must try not to think anything of it; but—of course, because he has been so much pressed by business—Mr. Littlemore has not come down here since the night when you were taken ill."

Scalding tears sprang to Elsie's eyes and coursed rapidly down her cheeks as she heard this cruel announcement. Suddenly, she said, but not looking at Lily this time—

"Yes—yes! He *must* have had important business. But where—where are his letters: for he has written every day to me—or—at least—to inquire about me?"

Lily was silent.

"Don't break my heart, Miss Trevor!" continued Elsie, speaking as quickly as her sobs would allow her. "Tell me, he has written? Show me the happy paper that he has touched, the loving words that he has traced. Let me press them to my heart. Let me imprint them upon my memory with a thousand kisses."

"Poor Elsie!" said Lily, whose eyes also were suffused with tears; and bending down she kissed the maiden's cheek.

Elsie's hands fell lifeless by her side, her sobs ceased, and for a moment she seemed as though she had fainted. Then opening her eyes, she looked almost vacantly about her, and passed her hand several times across her forehead, and said, faintly—

"Is my punishment commencing? My father is left alone—and I—I——"

"You, dear Elsie, shall go back to him, and to your lover, too," interposed Lily, endeavouring to speak cheerfully and hopefully. "Many causes may have prevented Mr. Littlemore from writing or coming. He may have had to go some long journey—to Scotland or Ireland, maybe—or his letters may have miscarried from his not knowing the proper address of this house—or he, too, may be ill—he may, perhaps, have caught the fever from you—or a thousand things may have happened. You must try and get well as soon as possible, Elsie, and then you can go to nurse him, perchance."

A bright look of gratitude overspread the fairy-like face of Elsie, and her expression of poignant anguish gave place to one of earnest, eager anticipation, as she replied:

"Dear Miss Trevor, how kind you are, and how wrong of me to allow a moment's doubt of my own, own lover to enter in my mind!"

At this moment the sound of wheels was heard leaving the high road, and approaching up the avenue that led to the house. Elsie raised herself a little to listen, and then continued in a tone of love and triumphant delight:

"Surely that is he! Go, Miss Trevor, and bring him to me. I shall soon be well now."

Lily at once rose, and, equally interested with Elsie, hastened from

the room to meet the approaching visitor. She reached the vestibule just in time to see the door opened, and to recognise a gentleman who was descending from the carriage that had drawn up in front of the house.

It was the Rev. Charles Viking.

The terror and dismay that filled Lily's mind at this discovery cannot be described. A thousand wild fears flashed through her brain, and a thousand desperate resolves rose in their train. Instant action, however, was necessary, and she at once fled from the hall to her room where, after carefully locking both the doors, she remained to await what fresh catastrophes might be impending.

Charles, meanwhile, had not noticed Lily, and was inquiring for the housekeeper. Upon Mrs. Bolster appearing, he mentioned that he was a clergyman and that he had come to make inquiries after Elsie, and to deliver a message on behalf of the gentleman who had been with her on the night of her arrival.

"I am indeed very happy to hear you say so," said Mrs. Bolster; "I did think it very cruel of the gentleman not so much as to write to the poor girl; but there—I dare say there's been something to prevent it. You must, however, see Miss Dawes yourself. She is still bad enough to keep her bed, but since yesterday she has vastly improved, and will soon be well enough to get about. Follow me, sir. How delighted the dear girl will be, to be sure?"

They proceeded together to Elsie's room.

On the door being opened a spectacle of surpassing pathos and loveliness presented itself. The snow-white curtains of the bed were drawn aside and looped up, and from the open window the fragrant morning breeze gently floated in to chase away all sorrow from the maiden's soul. Elsie was lying propped up

by soft pillows, over which her golden tresses spread themselves like some angelic halo, while her delicate face, rendered white and transparent by her illness, was at that moment decked with a roseate flush of excitement, and her eyes beamed radiantly with the happiness that she so surely presaged. She had taken some flowers from a table that stood at the bedside, and was holding them forth towards the door by which she expected her lover to enter, smiling meanwhile with such sweet witchery on her countenance that the very sunbeams falling on her hair and alabaster neck seemed to hover there entranced by her ravishing beauty.

A fell shadow spread itself over the scene as Charles entered. The sun outside continued to shine, but the flowers dropped from Elsie's outstretched hand, a despairing cry issued from her lips, and the pallor of death overspread her cheeks and dimmed the radiance of her glance.

"Leave us awhile," said Charles, turning to Mrs. Bolster, and speaking in a frigid, inflexible tone of voice.

Mrs. Bolster looked earnestly at Charles for a moment, and then, solemnly lifting her hands and eyes to heaven, she slowly quitted the room, gently closing the door after her.

Charles approached the bed where Elsie lay so still and pale. At first he thought she had fainted; but just as he was about to take some water to sprinkle on her face, she softly, and, as it were, painfully, unclosed her eyes, and looked up at him so piteously that he was fain to avert his glance, and a most unusual emotion sped through his heart.

"Why have you come here?" said Elsie, in tones so low that he could scarcely distinguish her words.

"I come from Mr. Littlemore," replied Charles, taking a seat, and slowly removing his gloves.

The flush reappeared on Elsie's face, and she said, almost eagerly—

"From Mr. Littlemore! Is he ill? What message does he send?"

"He is not ill, but he is unable to come himself to see you," said Charles.

"Then," said Elsie to herself, in the sweetest of whispers, and clasping her hands together as though thanking Providence, "he loves me still—he loves me still!"

"The message I bring from him," continued Charles, in a constrained voice, "is for your real happiness and good."

Actuated by one of the graceful impulses of her soft soul, Elsie turned to the clergyman, and rewarding him with a bright glance of gratitude, she picked up the flowers and offered them for his acceptance.



PAST AND PRESENT IRISH DISCONTENT.

SUPERFICIAL persons, who have not studied the Irish question in a comprehensive manner, looking at the events of the last three years, may be inclined to agree with those fatalists, condemned justly by Sir George Lewis, who "conceive that there is an innate tendency in the Irish race to disturbance and outrage, that Ireland is cut off from the rest of the civilised world, and has been predoomed to endless disorder." During that period the last real grievances of the nation have been completely removed; and in the Church and the Land Acts the demands were more than fully conceded which had promised to satisfy Irish opinion. It might have been supposed that these reforms would have been hailed with general good-will; that they would have dissipated the worst elements of Irish violence and discontent; that they would have been marked by the cessation of crime and the growth of a loyal and peaceful spirit; and that a tranquil and happy era would have closed the pages of a disastrous history. These sanguine anticipations, however, have been to a great extent frustrated, nor can it be said that a prospect exists that they will soon be fully realised. The years 1869-1870 were seasons of fierce agitation in Ireland, and witnessed a sudden and fierce outburst of her old plague of agrarian disorder; severe measures of coercion were considered necessary for the island; the administration of criminal justice has been since defied and baffled in more than one remarkable case; and at this moment a popular movement, is seeking to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and to effect the dismemberment of the Empire. We cannot wonder, therefore, that many who have not

given their minds to Irish history, or who have not set to heart the political truth, that national changes must be gradual, should believe that all that is wrong in Ireland is as bad as it has ever been, and that the elements of violent outrage are as active and perilous there as of old, and should almost despair of the fate of a country from which it seems impossible to expel the evil spirit of lawless turbulence. Yet, if, as candid inquirers, we look across large spaces of time, it is not difficult to show that the peculiar disorders under which Ireland has long suffered have steadily and remarkably decreased; that the characteristic forms of Irish crime have recently diminished in general prevalence, and are less formidable in their essential type; that Irish disturbances are, at this time, less deep-rooted and really dangerous than they were not many years ago; that the moral temper and condition of the country have, in spite of all that is said, improved; that Ireland, in a word, is no exception to the broad rule that justice and right will ultimately make their presence felt, whatever the evils they seek to remove. The evidence on this subject would fill volumes, but we shall confine ourselves to a few documents, for the most part the contemporary records of persons charged with the administration of justice, whose opinions deservedly carry weight.

The peculiar crime of Ireland has been for years a tendency to lawless combinations directed mainly against the rights of landlords, but sometimes allied with revolutionary projects and occasionally, in its worst excesses, breaking out into a wild conspiracy against order and society

itself. This form of disorder, although, no doubt, remotely connected with the old feud of race which came down from the age of conquest, made itself conspicuous for the first time about 1760 in some of the Midland and Southern Counties. In many districts, owing either to the increase of their poverty or of their power, as the population had begun to multiply, the peasantry rose in savage insurrection, and for years parts of Leinster and Munster were scenes of deeds of atrocious outrage. This movement, which associated itself with something of the same kind in Ulster, bore most of the features of disorders which have ever since afflicted the country. The combination was general and widespread; it was essentially of an agrarian type; it was supposed to have some public design; and it was not only disgraced by ruthless cruelties, but it degenerated into little better than the worst *Jacquerie*. Arthur Young, almost an eyewitness, gives us this account of this wild outbreak:—"These disturbances began in Tipperary, and were owing to some enclosures of commons, which the Whiteboys, as they are called, threw down, levelling the ditches, and were first known by the name of levellers. After that they began with the tithe proctors (who are men that hire the tithes of the rectors), and these proctors either screwed the cotters up to the the utmost shilling or re-let the tithes to such as did it. It was a common practice with them to go in parties about the country, swearing many to be true to them, and forcing them to join by manaces, which they very often carried into execution. At last they set up to be general redressers of grievances, punished all obnoxious persons who advanced the value of lands, or hired farms over their heads, and, having taken the administration of justice into their own hands, were not very exact in the administration of it. They forced

masters to release their apprentices, carried off the daughters of rich farmers, ravished them into marriages, of which four instances happened in a fortnight. They levied sums of money on the middling and lower farmers in order to support their cause by paying attorneys, &c., in defending prosecutions against them; and many of them subsisted for some years without work, supported by their contributions. The barbarities they committed were shocking. One of their usual punishments (and by no means the most severe) was taking people out of their beds, carrying them naked, in winter, on horseback for some distance, and burying them up to their chins in a hole filled with briars, not forgetting to cut off one of their ears."

We see, also, in this Whiteboy movement the other melancholy associations which characterise agrarian crime in Ireland, the difficulty of procuring evidence, and the sympathy, at least for a time, of the people with those who were transgressing the law. Arthur Young says:—"Many of the magistrates were active in apprehending them, but the want of evidence prevented punishments, for many of those who even suffered by them had not spirit to prosecute. The gentlemen of the country had frequent expeditions to discover them in arms, but their intelligence was so uncommonly good by their influence over the common people, that not one party that ever went in quest of them was successful."

The immediate cause of this insurrection, which seems to have been extremely atrocious, was, undoubtedly, landlord wrong and oppression. The dreamers who think that in those days the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland was gracefully feudal and patriarchal, will do well to read these words from a speech of Lord Clare in the Irish House of Commons, corroborated in Edmund Burke's correspondence:—"I am

very well acquainted with the province of Munster, and I know that it is impossible for human wretchedness to exceed that of the miserable peasantry in that province. I know that the unhappy peasantry are ground to powder by relentless landlords. . . . It is impossible for them to exist in the extreme wretchedness under which they labour. A poor man is obliged to pay £6 for an acre of potato ground, which £6 he is obliged to work out with his landlord at 5d. a day."

The cruelties perpetrated by the Whiteboys were fearful. Lord Clare gives us an instance of practices apparently common :—"Wherever they went they found the people as ready to take an oath as they were to propose it ; but if any one did resist, the torments which he was doomed to undergo were too horrible even for savages to be guilty of. In the middle of the night he was dragged from his bed, and buried alive in a grave filled with thorns ; or he was set naked on horseback, and tied to a saddle covered with thorns ; in addition to this, perhaps, his ears were sawed off."

The Irish Parliament characteristically refused to inquire into the causes of the mischief or to devise a single remedial measure except laws of extreme severity. As there was no real police in the country the insurrection was hardly checked ; but some Special Commissions were issued in which the Irish judges made themselves notorious for extravagant harshness. One, an Englishman, Aston, was a bright exception, and his conduct was appreciated by the peasantry, who, whatever their faults, have always shown a keen sympathy with true justice. It is recorded :—"Aston did his duty, but in the discharge of it would not violate the dictates of humanity. On his return from Dublin he was witness to a sight most affecting, and which he must have beheld with the highest satis-

faction. For above ten miles from Clonmel, both sides of the road were lined with men, women, and children, who, as he passed along, kneeled down and supplicated Heaven to bless him as their protector and guardian angel."

The Whiteboy movement, sometimes quiescent, and sometimes re-appearing in vigour, continued in different parts of Ireland until the close of the last century. It then became more or less connected with the rebellious outbreak of 1798-9, and, so to speak, was swallowed up in it. It is not our purpose to re-trace the horrors of that disastrous and evil time ; suffice it to say that the revolutionary spirit allied itself to agrarian disorder, and that the atrocities of the peasantry were rivalled by those of the Orange faction, in a state at once of fury and terror. It was, in fact, a war of races and creeds ; and moderation was only to be found among the officers of the English army and in the closet of the humane Cornwallis, whose conduct deserves the highest praise. In the agitated period which followed the Union, agrarian troubles broke out again, and the Midland Counties, and even Connaught, became centres of wild conspiracies and barbarous deeds of blood and outrage. By this time, though the war prices maintained a kind of fictitious prosperity, the extraordinary growth of the Irish population had reduced millions to the verge of pauperism ; and in the wretchedness of these swarming masses abundant elements existed for the exasperation and increase of disturbance. We quote from a speech of the Attorney-General of the day a description of the agrarian confederacies in Sligo and Mayo in 1806-7 :—"The mode taken to accomplish their objects has been assembling themselves at night in disguise, sometimes with arms, going to the houses of such persons as refuse to associate themselves in their body, and, if necessary for their purpose,

breaking open the houses of those persons and robbing them of their property; inflicting torture upon those who become objects of their enmity; and, if necessary for the final completion of their designs, if any person be honest or bold enough to give any information against them, the business which began in lawless combination is consummated by murder."

It will be observed, too, that this combination, directed originally against the rights of property, had a tendency to run into wild excesses:—"When the association travelled into this part of the country it assumed another shape, that of attacking the wages of weavers and other artificers, and latterly farmers. In different stages of its progress it professed different objects, and opposed all kinds of payments, whether of tithes, industry, labour, or farming."

The general state of Connaught and of some adjoining counties at this time was thus described on a subsequent occasion by Chief-Justice Bushe:—"The entire province of Connaught, with the exception of one county, and two counties on the North-West Circuit (Longford and Cavan) were overrun by insurgents so formidable that the King's Judges upon a Special Commission could not move through the country except under a military escort; so formidable, that the sentence of the law could not be executed in one particular county town till a general officer had marched from a distant quarter, at the head of a strong force, to support the civil power."

It was not, however, until after the War that agrarianism assumed its vast proportions. By that time the population of Ireland pressed hardly upon the means of subsistence; every patch of available land was fought for by a peasantry living on a precarious root, without the protection of a poor-law; and, as the Peace was followed by a great fall of prices

and consequent distress, crime and disorder quickly multiplied. For several years whole districts in Ireland were disgraced by scenes of violent disturbance; a movement was made against rents; and the wild risings in parts of the country were marked by numberless savage offences. Harsh measures of repression were enacted in vain, and many Special Commissions were issued; the mischief apparently only increased; and from 1816 onwards some counties in Ireland were theatres of mere lawlessness, crime, and confusion. Mr. Charles Grant gave this account of the condition of things in 1822:—"In 1815 a great part of the county of Tipperary, considerable portions of the King's County and County of Westmeath, and the whole of that of Limerick, were placed under the Insurrection Act. The Counties of Limerick and Tipperary, however, continued in a dreadful state, and they remained under the Insurrection Act until that Act, after a temporary renewal in 1817, finally expired in 1818. In 1817 part of the county of Louth was subjected to the Insurrection Act. In 1820 came the disturbance in the County of Galway; and in 1821 the actual deplorable outrages in that of Limerick."

The state of crime in Cork in the same year is thus described in the just published Memoir of the late Chief-Justice Lefroy:—"When the Special Commission, under the Insurrection Act, opened in Limerick and Cork in the month of February, 1822, the calendar of crime presented for trial was appalling. The number of offenders in Cork alone was 366, of whom 35 received sentence of death, and some of them were ordered for immediate execution, others for speedy execution. With respect to the remainder, Baron M'Clelland, the officiating judge, intimated that the extreme penalty of the law would be suspended, and that their ultimate punishment would

depend on the future conduct of the peasantry. If tranquillity was restored and the surrender of arms in the district became general, mercy would be extended to them ; but if no sure signs of returning peace appeared, their doom was inevitable. Yet, in spite of this warning, the Spring Assizes, which followed at a short interval, only presented a further sample of the terrible extent to which crime prevailed, and the obstinacy with which outrages of the worst description continued to be openly perpetrated."

This frightful prevalence of disorder attracted the attention of the Imperial Parliament, and the evidence and reports of Several Committees searched out at least the causes of the evil. We quote from the observations of the late Judge Day :—"The recent disturbances in Ireland originated in the poverty of the people, which exposes them to the seduction of any felonious and turbulent leaders ; the want of employment, the absence and non-residence of landlords, the want of education, which leaves them in a semi-barbarous state and incapable of judging for themselves. The severe and unconscionable rents too often exacted from the peasantry ought not to be forgotten. There was a system (now diminishing, thank God) of subinfeudation which prevailed through Ireland, and which, after a succession of sub-lettings, left scarcely anything to the miserable occupying peasantry."

The late Lord Chancellor Blackburne said :—"The population of the parts of the country where insurrections were most prevalent is extremely dense. The property is greatly subdivided, and the condition of the lower orders of the people is more miserable than I can describe it."

But though the most active causes of crime in Ireland were sufficiently explained, the Government of that day had no expedients but

severe repression to cope with or allay disorder. The result of these measures and of the efforts of the vigilant police, then lately established, was, so to speak, to drive the disease inwards, and to make it, perhaps, even more dangerous. Agrarianism, which up to this time had exhibited itself in open combinations, ceased generally to be insurrectionary and wild, and assumed the form of a vast conspiracy, accomplishing its ends by assassination, and outrages planned and executed by the instruments of secret societies. Meanwhile, the changes which had followed the Peace had tended to the consolidation of farms, and the system began of those widespread evictions too often characterised by injustice and productive of frightful misery and ill-will. A social war raged in many parts of Ireland, the landlords straining their rights to the utmost, the peasantry and the starving millions of pauper wretchedness which covered the land, forming themselves into a huge Trades Union of Poverty in deadly feud with Property, and vindicating an unwritten law of blood by the decrees of hidden tribunals of murder. The fierce agitation of the Catholic Claims and the general movement against tithes, gave fresh stimulus to the mischief ; and about 1832-33, Ireland was in a state which Sir Robert Peel described as a ghastly scene of violence and barbarism. Lord Wellesley wrote of these crimes in 1834 :—"A complete system of legislation, with the most prompt, vigorous, and severe executive power—sworn, equipped, and armed for all purposes of savage punishment—is established in almost every district. . . The combination established surpasses the law in vigour, promptitude, and efficacy, and it is more safe to violate the law than to obey it."

Chief Justice Bushe had, in 1832, given this account of the generally tranquil Queen's County :—"It is scarcely two months since the gaol

of this county was delivered at an assizes which lasted almost three times the period usually allotted. During the greater part of that time two judges were engaged in separate courts in criminal trials; there were 24 convictions in cases connected with public disturbance, 47 persons were found guilty, five capital convictions were followed by a commutation of punishment, and 26 persons were sentenced to transportation; yet your prison is again thronged, not with that class of offenders, whose crimes grow out of the frailties of man in his individual character, but, almost without exception, with insurgents systematically confederated against the laws and institutions of their country. In that short interval more than 300 outrages have been committed, of every class from murder downwards."

This paroxysm gradually subsided, and while the Melbourne Government remained in power, especially after the enactment of the Poor Law, which in some measures relieved destitution, Ireland was in a state of comparative quiescence. Yet agrarian crimes were still very frequent, and the elements of evil, though less active, lay smouldering under the surface. In fact, as long as the population crowded on the land in masses of wretchedness, and "landlordism" was supreme and unchecked, there could be no hopes of a close to agrarian disorder. In 1844, a year of good harvests and prosperity, the agrarian offences committed in Ireland were more than a thousand in number, and of these many were frightfully atrocious. An official witness gave this account of Tipperary at that time to the Devon Commission:—"Such is the extent of the system of terrorism in that county, and so great the exactions to which farmers are exposed, in being laid under contributions to defend prisoners whose trials are approaching, or to minister to the revels of the Rockites, that any co-

ercive enactment is palatable to the respectable portion of the rural community."

The fearful ordeal of the great famine for a time aggravated Irish disturbances, and brought them out in their worst intensity. Deprived of their precarious subsistence, the vast masses of Irish poverty were suddenly exposed to the extremities of want, and the whole framework of society in Ireland was subjected to a violent revolution. A great outburst of crime followed, and for a time the elements of disorder seemed to have mingled, and to overflow, in a wild deluge, the afflicted country. These outrages were in part social, but they were also agrarian and revolutionary; and they perhaps culminated in 1848, the year of Mr. Smith O'Brien's "rebellion." In that year the committals in Ireland reached the extraordinary number of 38,000, ninefold what they were in 1870, and the capital sentences were not less than 60, against 17 in 1851 and 14 in 1846. The state of Limerick was thus described by the late Lord Chancellor Blackburne as the Chief Judge of a Special Commission:—"The calendar which I hold in my hand contains a frightful detail of every crime, every atrocity by which our nature can be disgraced. Besides evincing a general spirit of insubordination and the prevalence of crime to this frightful degree, it is perfectly plain from the nature of these crimes and the circumstances attending their perpetration that there prevails in this country an extensive combination, which, for the attainment of its guilty purpose, has perpetrated every crime that can be committed in violation of the laws of God and man."

Chief Justice Lefroy gave this account of the condition of Galway in 1849:—"The number of prisoners is no less than 764, while the building is only calculated to accommodate 110. The number of prisoners for trial is 423, and from the

analysis that has been made of the calendar the cases appear to be 259 in number, of which you will have to dispose ; of this number there are 15 persons committed on charges of murder or manslaughter."

For several years after 1850 agrarian disturbance and kindred crimes seemed almost to have disappeared in Ireland. The most active stimulants of the evil had been in a great degree removed ; the large decrease of the population had lessened the struggle for subsistence and the vehement competition for land ; a Poor Law protected and relieved poverty ; the influences of education were widely diffused ; wholesale evictions had nearly ceased ; the landlords of the new generation were very different from their predecessors, and the advance of the nation in prosperity gave a bright promise of a happy future. We cannot be surprised that many observers should have thought that the peculiar forms of Irish disturbance were passing away, and that the country was about to enjoy a long season of complete tranquillity. Yet the elements of mischief, though comparatively feeble, were to gather again, and come to a head ; and the Fenian "rebellion" of 1867, and the quick burst of agrarian crime which accompanied the agitation for the Land Act, proved that the remains of the old evils were fermenting in portions of the community. These outbreaks, however, it should be observed, may be traced directly to special causes ; they were hardly connected with the several circumstances which made Irish disturbances so formidable ; and in themselves they were as nothing compared to the wide-spread disorders of former years. Measures of coercion have indeed been passed ; but the crime of 1869-70 was not greater in amount of offences, though more of an agrarian character, than that of 1865-66 ; the area of outrage was very small ; and the districts

affected have, in a few months, become perfectly free from disturbance. In fact, the deep-seated material ills of Ireland having been removed and her real grievances having been reduced, it is impossible to suppose that her old disorders can be as grievous as they have been ; and any future manifestations of them will be the result rather of traditional sentiments, not to be quickly eradicated, than of any active predisposing causes.

At the Summer Assizes of last year Baron Fitzgerald said to the Grand Jury at Mullinger :—"He had but few observations to address to them, and those were of an encouraging import. The number of cases in which bills would be laid before them did not exceed six, with three or four others that stood over from the last assizes, and these constituted all the criminal business." The Judge added that, owing to the new Coercion Act, the calendar was not in any sense a real index of the crime of the country, and that even the police returns, which recorded "34 serious offences," might be to a great extent fallacious ; but the committals under the statute referred to have been, we believe, extremely few, and Westmeath during all the winter has been tranquil and free from crime. This brief retrospect should induce us, in spite of every discouragement, to look hopefully to the future of Ireland. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, her peculiar disorders have greatly decreased ; the effects of social changes and good legislation, although gradual, have been decisive. The more active causes of agrarian crime and similar troubles have disappeared ; what was once a fierce and general impulse is now little more than a traditional feeling ; and if traces of the evil past remain, they are like the lessening waves which survive the tempest.

CAGLIOSTRO; OR, THE LIFE OF A CHARLATAN.

(CONTINUED.)

THE next scene in the drama of roguery was at Strasburg, where immense successes awaited our hero.¹

At first he stayed at an hotel, and made very little noise; but attaching himself to the Freemasons, and feeling his way cautiously, he soon became the more than nine-days' wonder of the place.

His doors were crowded like the gates of a hospital, his cures were marvellous, and from none would he receive fees. If a rich invalid wished for his attendance, he referred him to the regular practitioners; but when a poor man came, instantly the Count devoted himself to the task of restoring him to health. Was this all cool, premeditated, hypocritical deception, or was there at the bottom some spark of better feeling, latent even in the heart of such a rogue as this Balsamo? Most probably he salved his conscience with its many wounds by the performance of these deeds of charity. To whatever cause we attribute them, his cures were a source of astonishment there. Egyptian Masonry prospered greatly at Strasburg. He was surrounded by

admiring disciples, who were proud of a single glance from the piercing eye of the Grand Cophta. Occasionally, he imitated the tactics of St. Germain, and recounted conversations which he had held with St. Louis, and others of the immortal dead.

To one he confessed, in a moment of confidence, that he was one of the guests of the marriage at Cana; and Dame Lorenza, here as at other places, also claimed old age.

Some of the more curious attempted to bribe the truth from the servants; but here, also, they are defeated, for they know nothing; but one of them, being much pressed, confessed that he himself has been 100 years in the service of the Count, who has always appeared the same age since the day he entered his service.

In this loyal servitor, we fancy we can recognise the faithful Larocca, of whom we had a glimpse at Naples. So, thrown back upon their own resources, some believed him to be the Wandering Jew, others, Antichrist—some give out that he had been tutor to an oriental

¹ Between Warsaw and Strasburg we catch a glimpse of Cagliostro at Frankfort, where he is said to have prophesied the death of another quack—Schropper—who blew his brains out shortly after. About this time occurred—if it occurred at all—Balsamo's visit to the Comte de St. Germain, a thing not improbable in itself, yet quite unauthenticated. St. Germain was a knave of the first water, and in some respects our Beppo was only his imitator. Saint Germain is believed to have been a Polish Jew, Simon Woulff by name. Twenty years before the advent of Cagliostro, he had played his part as a magician, ambassador, and spy. He gave out that he had conquered Death and drunk "the Amreeta cup of immortality; nor did he fail to find people to credit his wildest assertions. Like Cagliostro, he asserted that he was present at the marriage at Cana. Occasionally, in an absent-minded manner, he would repeat some observation which Julius Cæsar had made to him. This hoary old quack was enjoying his immortality in the quietude of a country retirement at the period when our Count is supposed to have visited him. In De Luchet's volume of midsummer madness, there is an extraordinary account of their interview. If their lives one human being inside or outside of a madhouse who has even a grain of faith in this remarkable passage let us praise heaven, for it is an age of unbelief.

prince, whom he had murdered, and whose wealth he had appropriated; some thought him the chief of the mysterious sect of the Illuminati. Gossip said, that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and the crystallisation of pure carbon. He was the greatest alchemist that had ever lived since the days of Flamel. The elixir of life was his; and not only was he immortal himself, but he was about to confer the gift upon the worthiest of his disciples.

By others, he was looked upon as a sorcerer; and the good country people, each day as they passed his charming house, called Cagliostro's, speculated whether the devil had yet flown away with its master.

A malicious rumour spread that the Count shared the profits with his apothecary. As soon as Cagliostro heard this whisper, he changed his dispenser, and made him sell at a price which threatened to make a lean apothecary of him. The Count himself professed to refuse all remuneration, and if he accepted a souvenir at once returned a more costly present.

Not only by pulse-feeling should the physician judge. Physiognomy also has its value. And as the earth blooms only in the sunshine, so should the accomplished medico know the influence of the stars in the preparation. At the equinox let them be prepared. The true knower of nature is he who looks within and without, who has relations with spirit as well as matter. Many wonderful cures he certainly performed, but probably owed the greater part of his success to the confident tone in which he assured his patients of the certainty of their recovery. The secretary of the Marquis de la Salle, the commandant, given up by the faculty, and by them doomed to certain death within twenty-four hours, was by our own arch-quack rescued as it were from the jaws of death, and this contributed in no mean degree to make Cagliostro

the fashionable idol of the hour. His rooms were crowded with all the fashion and intellect of the place. And even when his popularity was somewhat on the wane, when many of his patients had returned to the care of non-magical doctors, and some notable failures had damaged his wonder-working powers, the friendship of La Salle prevented the term *charlatan* being applied to the magic physician with that freedom which might otherwise have happened. He ruffled it bravely all this time; spoke in patronising way to his lordly friends, as who gave and did not receive benefit by their mutual intercourse, and in his Sicilian Italian, broken French, and general Babel jargon spoke much and foolishly. Priests and physicians were his dislike. The first might object to his irreverent disclosures, in which the name of the Founder of Christianity was often the object of sneers; the latter might discredit his pretensions of having lived 150 years, and similar monstrous lies, which his disciples, male and female, managed to swallow.

He was able to recognise the presence of atheists in his vicinity, for the exhalations from their heterodox bodies was so offensive to his orthodox nerves, that they threw him into epileptic tremblings. Publicly he had little to say about his spiritual powers; but in private he still invoked the ghosts of the dead, and pretended to effect some of his cures by their aid.

For a time he was perhaps the most popular man in the place. Such crowds besieged his gate daily, that the city council, in gratitude for the services he had rendered to the poor, placed a guard of honour round his house day and night. So, at least, he asserted afterwards without contradiction. Yet, the truth seems to be that the police were all along suspicious of him. Meanwhile he was looking round with those hungry eyes of his, looking for some one whom he may devour, and at last

fixes his attention upon the Prince Bishop of Strasburg, Louis de Rohan.

Louis de Rohan was a man predestined for the dupe of a charlatan. With small faith in God, he had a lively fear of the devil. He believed in things material, wine, women, horses, and gold. His enormous revenues were scattered with the most profuse extravagance, and, he was perpetually in debt and difficulties—nay, his high position in the Church did not prevent him from being strongly suspected of enormous speculation in the misappropriation of certain monastic revenues. It does not appear that he was troubled by much brains; but his secretary, the Abbe Georgel, enabled him to dispense with intellect. Sometimes the Prince deviated into a *bon-mot*.

One of these earned him the dislike of Marie Antoinette. When ambassador at Vienna, he said of Maria Theresa, that she stood with “the handkerchief in one hand, weeping for the woes of Poland, but with the knife in the other, ready to cut Poland in sections, and take her share.”

This relieved the desert barrenness of one of his despatches to Louis XV., who, tickled by the fancy, repeated it at one of Dubarri’s little suppers; it is a good jest, and passes from mouth to mouth among the courtiers, and was carried to the Dauphines by De Breteuil, who hated Prince Louis for displacing him as ambassador.

De Rohan’s conduct in that capacity was in every way scandalous. His amours were open and notorious, his extravagance unlimited; he was haughty and domineering, and had no scruple in putting aside the proprieties, and showing his contempt for that religion of which he was an unworthy minister.

On the death of Louis XV. he was recalled; and although the influence of his family was sufficient to gain him various lucrative and

important posts, he was greatly disliked by both king and queen, and was shut out from that position at court which vanity and ambition told him might be his if he could overcome their personal repugnance. Even the cardinal’s red hat, which came to him at this period through the intervention of Stanislas of Poland, failed to console him.

Georgel was a man of talent, unscrupulous, a Jesuit, thoroughly devoted to his master, and complaisant to the vice and indolence of the Prince, who under stricter rule might have been a wiser and a happier man. The Prince had all the grace of high-breeding: at forty his figure was fine and dignified, his language courtly and easy, his manners had the perfect polish of the man of the world. He was fitted to shine in the social life of the French court—nay, with the aid of Georgel, he might even become a statesman, without making too palpable blunders. He was not, as we have seen, without ambition; the fatal disease had infected him, but in an ignoble form, which had for its end the attainment of loaves and fishes.

Day and night Beppo saw a vision of Louis de Rohan, at the head of French affairs, first in the council of his king, basking in the royal sunshine, with all his debts paid and credit good for more extravagancies.

Prince Louis, hearing of our adventurer, became desirous of seeing him, and found means to let him know his wish. Beppo, with a greater knowledge of human nature than many would give him credit for, replied:—“If Prince Louis is ill, I will come and see him; if he is well, he has no need of me, nor I of him.” This, of course, had its intended effect of making him still more anxious to see this man, who treated the best blood of France with such nonchalance.

The effect of the first interview was to impress the Prince with the highest admiration; the cardinal

fancied he saw impressed on the countenance of this mysterious and taciturn individual a dignity so imposing that he felt himself penetrated with an almost religious awe, and the very first words he uttered were inspired by reverence." Such is Abbé Georgel's account of the first interview; how little did he know of the Count when he styled him *taciturn*.

To secure his hold upon the Cardinal, he performed his celebrated gold-making trick. Seeing is believing, and St. Thomas himself must have yielded to such a proof as the shining gold, which the charlatan took from his crucible and held up before the dazzled eyes of the Prince-Cardinal. The gold-maker was a demi-god, at least, in the estimation of De Rohan, who listened with awe-struck attention to his narratives of what he had seen at the battle of Arbela, and at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. This gift of prolonging life is also in his power to communicate.

Cagliostro asserted his knowledge of many languages, amongst them "the ancient dialect of France." He would swear that he had been personally known to "the Great Clovis."

The Count determined to have the Prince thoroughly in his power. To Lorenza he said, "I wish to get possession of his head; you must look after the rest of his body."

At Saverne, the magnificent seat of the Cardinal, he was introduced to the Baroness d'Oberkirch—but we will let the lady give her own narrative of the circumstance, only materially condensed:—

"His eminence received us in his episcopal palace, which was indeed fit for a sovereign prince. A very interesting conversation then commenced, when we were suddenly interrupted by a gentleman usher, who, opening the folding-doors, announced, 'His Eminence the Count de Cagliostro.'

"I turned my head quickly; I had heard this adventurer spoken of since my arrival in Strasburg, but I had not yet met him. I was stunned at seeing him enter in this manner into the mansion of the bishop, to hear him announced with this pomp; and still more was I astonished at the manner in which he was received. He had been in Alsace since the month of September, and had caused great commotion, pretending to cure all sorts of maladies. He only cured hypochondriacs, or those whose imagination was sufficiently strong to aid the remedy. The police kept a strict eye upon him; they watched him, but he affected to defy them. At the period of which I speak, in order to dazzle the vulgar mind, he slept in a fauteuil, and ate nothing but cheese.

"He was not, strictly speaking, handsome, but never have I seen a more remarkable countenance. His glance was so penetrating that one would be tempted to call it supernatural. I could not describe the expression of his eyes; it was, so to say, a mixture of flame and ice. He attracted and repulsed, and whilst he terrified, inspired an insurmountable curiosity. Two portraits have been painted of him, both very good likenesses, and yet each widely different from the other. He wore attached to his watch-chain, and upon his fingers, diamonds, which, if they were what they appeared, would be worth a king's ransom. He pretended that they were his own manufacture. All this frippery revealed unmistakably the charlatan."

Here is a portrait of him by another artist:—"A little, fat, high and broad-shouldered, round-headed fellow, with black hair, heavily built, strong, with finely-arched eyebrows, black, glowing, dull, glittering, ever-restless eyes; a somewhat arched finely-rounded, broad-ridged nose; thick round lips; firmly turned, prominent chin; chest looking as hard as iron; fine, strong, small ears; very

small fleshy hands; feet small and handsome; very plethoric; with a mighty full voice.¹

"Scarcely had the Cardinal perceived him than he ran to meet him, and whilst he saluted him at the door, said something which I did not try to overhear. Both approached us. I had risen at the same time as the Bishop, but immediately resumed my place, not wishing this adventurer to believe that I would accord him any attention. I was, however, soon forced to think of him, and I acknowledge now, in all humility, that I had no cause to repent, having always had a passion for the marvellous. His eminence contrived, at about the end of five minutes, not without some opposition on my part, as well as on that of M. d'Oberkirch, to make the conversation general. He had the tact not to name me—had he done so I should instantly have risen; but he contrived to manage the conversation so that his *protégée* sometimes addressed us, and politeness obliged us to reply. Cagliostro all this time continued to stare at me. My husband made me a sign to come away, but I felt the glance of those deep, mysterious eyes enter my bosom, like a gimlet. I can find no better comparison to express the effect they produced upon me. He suddenly interrupted M. de Rohan, who, *par parenthese*, was overwhelmed with joy, and said to me, abruptly—

"'Madam, your mother no longer lives. You have scarcely known her; and you have one daughter. You are the only daughter of your family, and you will have no more children.'

"I was so surprised that I looked round me, not supposing it possible that he could have the audacity to address a lady of my rank in such a place, and such a presence. I

thought he was speaking to somebody else, and did not answer.

"'Reply, madam,' said the Cardinal, with a supplicating air.

"My lord, Madame d'Oberkirch speaks upon such subjects only with those with whom she has the honour of being acquainted," said my husband, in a tone that was almost impertinent. I feared that he might forget the respect due to the Bishop.

"He rose and made a haughty salute; I did the same. The Cardinal, accustomed to find flatterers in all who approached him, was embarrassed. He did not know what to do. However, he drew near to M. d'Oberkirch, Cagliostro still staring at me, and addressed him in words so soothing, that it was impossible to resist their influence.

"'M. de Cagliostro is a learned man; we must not treat him as an ordinary person,' added he. 'Remain a few moments, my dear baron; allow Madame d'Oberkirch to reply. There is neither sin nor impropriety, I assure you, and even if there were, have I not the power of absolving in reserved cases?'

"'I have not the honour of being of your flock, my lord,' interrupted M. d'Oberkirch, with some slight remains of ill-humour.

"I know that but too well, sir, and am sorry for it. You must do honour to our Church. Baroness, tell us whether M. de Cagliostro has been mistaken—tell us, I pray you.'

"'He has not been mistaken as to what concerns the past,' I replied; not being able to refuse to bear testimony to the truth.

"'And I am as little mistaken in what concerns the future,' said Cagliostro, in a tone so *metallic* that it echoed like the sound produced by a trumpet veiled with crape.

Such is Madame d'Oberkirch's ac-

¹ Borowsky : p. 136.

count of her first interview with Cagliostro. From her we learn that the magician count prophesied the day and the hour of Maria Theresa's death. M. de Rohan retailed the prophecy to her five days before the news of the Empress's death arrived.

Abbé Georgel, whom one might style the cardinal's brains (and he was very little consulted about this time) did not approve of Cagliostro, and keeping his eyes and ears wide open, became acquainted with the fact that the Count, the little Countess, and the Baron de Plauta, the Prince's confidential man, held midnight orgies in the Palace, at which the Prince's imperial tokay flowed like water. 'All aghast at this discovery, Georgel communicated with the Cardinal. That infatuated prelate merely replied, "I know it, and I have even given him liberty to let it run to waste if he thinks proper."

Cagliostro was now the bosom friend of the Prince-Cardinal. Now at Paris, now at Strasburg, but always near M. de Rohan.

"Your soul," Beppo one day exclaimed to the Cardinal, "is worthy of mine, and you deserve to be the confidant of all my secrets." Nevertheless, whatever secrets he communicated to the Prince de Rohan, we may be certain that he said nothing about Beppo Balsamo, the notorious rogue of Palermo. And the Cardinal and he were worthy of each other. Surely since the world began a dupe never found a victim so easy to pluck, and so well worth the plucking as His Excellency the Count de Cagliostro found in Monseigneur the Prince-Cardinal de Rohan.

At Paris the sensation created was almost as great as at Strasburg, and his house—the Hotel de Savigny, in the Rue St. Claude—was soon a lion. The house was richly and luxuriantly furnished. In his *salon* stood a bust of Hippocrates, and upon the

wall hung in a black frame, inscribed in letters of gold, a literal translation of "Pope's Universal Prayer."

Here and at Versailles, if we may believe Abbé Fiard,¹ who testifies with his hair standing up in fright, he caused people to see in mirrors, glass bells, and decanters, moving spectres of men and women long since dead,—Antony, Cleopatra—in short, whoever might berequested. "A diabolical performance," cries the Abbé, "known in every age of the church, and testified against by those whom no one can call unenlightened, by Tertullian, St. Justin, Lactantius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, and others." Nay, he was a wholesale spirit dealer. Sometimes at one supper you might meet Socrates, d'Alembert, Voltaire, five or six jewels of the very first water, brought up from the great ocean of death.

The interview already narrated was not the only one which the Baroness d' Oberkirch had with the charlatan.

"Scarcely was I settled at Strasburg," she says, "when I was presented with a letter bearing an immense seal; it was from the Cardinal de Rohan, inviting M. d' Oberkirch and me to dine with him in three days.

"'I'm convinced,' said my husband, 'that he wishes to bring us in contact with his cursed sorcerer, on whom I would willingly play a trick.

"'He is at Paris,' I replied. 'He has been here for the last month, followed by a dozen foolish women, whom he had persuaded that he had cured of their malady; it is a frenzy, a madness, and what is most annoying in the business is, that they are all people of quality. They have come after him from Paris, and are here couped up in little cells; but everything is alike to them, provided they be under the eye of the great Copt, their master and their physi-

¹ Fiard, p. 110.

cian. Was there ever seen such madness?"

"'I thought that he had gone to see the Prince of Scribère?"

"'He did go, and has come back attended by this cortège. Since his return he has cured an under officer of dragoons, who was believed to be very ill, and he had only an imaginary fever. It is since then that his reputation has become so great. I acknowledge that he carries on things on a great scale, and is a philanthropist of, perhaps, the best class.' We found that our suspicions had been well grounded, Cagliostro was amongst the company at the Cardinal's."

It would be impossible to give an idea of the passion, the madness, with which people pursued this man. It would be incredible to any who had not seen it. He was surrounded, he was beset; happy was that person esteemed on whom his glance fell. Nor was it alone in our province that this infatuation prevailed; the *furore* was not a whit less intense at Paris. As soon as Cagliostro perceived me, he made a very respectful salute, which I returned without any affectation of haughtiness or condescension. I did not know why the Cardinal attached so much importance to persuading me rather than another, but during the entire time of dinner—there were fifteen persons present—he seemed to think only of me.

"'Indeed, Baroness, you are too sceptical. Since what he has said to yourself, and what I have related, have not persuaded you, I must acknowledge all; but remember that I am about to confide to you a great secret."

I became very much embarrassed. I set little value on his secret, and his well-known imprudence made me fear that I should have the honour of sharing his confidence with persons unworthy of his notice. He divined my feeling. 'Do not say No,' interrupted he, 'and listen to me. You see this?'

"He showed me a large diamond that he wore on his little finger, and on which the Rohan arms were engraved. This ring was worth, at least, twenty thousand francs.

"'It is a beautiful gem, Monseigneur; I have been admiring it.'

"'Well, it was he who made it; made it out of nothing. I was present during the whole operation; my eyes fixed on the crucible. Is not that science, Baroness? People cannot say that he is wheedling or deceiving me. The jeweller and the engraver have estimated the ring at twenty-five thousand livres. You will admit that he would be a strange kind of cheat who would make such presents.'"

"I acknowledge that I was struck; M. de Rohan perceived it, and continued, believing himself now sure of victory—

"'This is not all—he can make gold? and has made in my presence five or six thousand livres in this palace. I shall have more; I shall have more; I shall have a great deal; he will make me the richest prince in Europe! These are not dreams, Madame; they are positive facts. All his prophecies, that have been realised! all the miraculous cures that he has effected! I repeat, that he is a most extraordinary—a most sublime man; whose knowledge is only equalled by his goodness. What alms he gives! what good he does! That exceeds all power of imagination.'

"'What, Monseigneur, has not your Eminence given him anything for that; no promise in writing that may compromise you? Pardon my curiosity, but as you have been so kind as to confide to me this secret, I ——'

"'You are right, Madame; and I can assure you that he has never asked nor received anything from me.'

"'Ah! Monseigneur,' cried I, 'this man must hope to induce you to make extraordinary sacrifices, when

he purchases your confidence at so high a price. In your place I would be on my guard; he may lead you farther than you think."

Cagliostro had hoped, through Madame d'Oberkirch, to have received an introduction to her bosom friend, the Grand Duchess of Wurtemberg; but although dazzled and astonished by his brilliant charlatanry, she was not to be imposed upon.

Amongst others whom curiosity took to the great magician was Talleyrand, who went accompanied by M. de Boufflers. They found him dismissing two poor patients, to whom he had been giving advice without fee or reward. Placing his finger on his lip, he points to "a still and motionless figure seated in one corner of the room. "The figure was that of a female, covered from head to foot with a veil of black crape, so long and ample that it disguised even the form of the fauteuil on which she was seated. They take their seats at a table covered with green velvet, on which were placed "mysterious instruments of torture and diabolical volumes." The Count, standing before them, asked, "in solemn and biblical language," the object of their visit. Boufflers, who had been elected spokesman, was overawed; his Parisian wonder-loving soul was overwhelmed with the solemnity of the scene; and breaking through his Parisian manners, he became dumb.

The Count, turning to Talleyrand, inquired, in a harsher tone, if he also has come without a subject for consultation. He desired to consult the magic oracle about the health of one who was dear to him. "What is it you wish to know?" asked Cagliostro; and drawing aside the veil, he bent towards the ear of the female, and whispered. "I wish," replied Talleyrand, "to learn the cause of the megraine of my friend, la Marquise de——" "Chut," broke in the Count—"the name is of little

import. What see you? (this in a loud deep tone, addressed to the veiled figure.) "I see a fair, beauteous lady; she is attired in a dress of sea-green Padua silk, her powdered hair is wreathed with rosebuds, and she wears long and splendid eardrops of emerald and topaz.

"Boufflers caught my arm," says Talleyrand, with a smile, for he knew well enough the person for whom I was so anxious, and that there were certain nights on which she wore the emerald and topaz suit, and that this was one of them.

"After some further conversation, the Count gave Talleyrand a phial of colourless liquor which is to cure the megraine of Madame la Marquise, and the two friends were then dismissed. They proceeded to the opera, where they see her exactly as the veiled figure had described. After the opera they adjourned to her hotel, and much amusement was caused by Boufflers' description of their visit. He had recovered from his brief attack of reverence, and exerted all his wit in ridiculing the scene which had so overwhelmed him. The phial is handed about the laughing guests: Boufflers proposes that the remedy shall at once be tried. Then they recollected that they had no instructions how it was to be used. They decided, as least dangerous, to apply it externally.

"Talleyrand poured a small quantity into the hollow of his hand, which he placed as gently as possible upon the forehead of La Marquise, pressing it there, but certainly not with violence, and supporting the back of her head with the hand that was free. She closed her eyes . . . a moment of silence, which was broken by a loud convulsive shriek from the Marquise. . . .

"Take away your hand! for God's sake take away your hand," exclaimed she, in a voice of agony, and starting to her feet, she endeavoured with all her strength to pull my wrist down-

wards; but strange to tell not all the efforts of the Marquise, nor those I used myself, could tear my hand from her forehead."

At first the guests took it for a jest, but soon became alarmed, the Marquise fainted, and the Duc d'Argenton succeeded in forcing Talleyrand's hand from her forehead, but it tore away large patches of skin, leaving the imprint of his hand upon her brow in bleeding characters. When the Marquise was pronounced out of danger, the two friends, accompanied by two of De Sartine's myrmidons, returned to the magician, who received them with the greatest coolness and self-possession, allowing them to pry about to their

hearts' content. The large jug from which he had filled the phial still stood in its old place, the contents, taken to a chemist's, were pronounced to be—pure water.

To all their objurgations he replied "that the liquid was pure and innocent when he placed it in the phial, and if it had grown pernicious it must be owing to the guilty passions or evil sympathies of those who used it.

"The Marquise refused to see Talleyrand again, and carried to the grave, as memorial of this adventure, a long narrow scar which, with all the art of the coiffure, she could not disguise."¹

¹ This is given in the *Spiritual Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 550, where it is said to be abridged from the "Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand," by M. Colmache, his private secretary, vol. i. p. 122-143. This book the writer has vainly sought for, and it is not improbably apocryphal, like the so-called "Extracts from Talleyrand's Memoirs," professedly published by the Comtesse de Colmache in 1838, but really written by Lamotte-Lanzon.



THE CHURCH OF IRELAND SUSTENTATION FUND.

THE Act for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church came into operation last year. By this Act a Church hitherto supported by large endowments finds itself thrown upon the voluntary support of its members, and in order to meet those wants considerable means have been subscribed. Up to the 31st of August there has been contributed in Ireland to the Representative Body a capital sum of £378,286, besides annual subscriptions, and exclusive of other sums promised or spread over a series of years. The members of the Church of Ireland in Ireland have already done much for the future sustentation and endowment of the Church to which they belong; but upon so great and sudden a change it would be impossible for them to supply out of their own resources an amount sufficient to maintain it upon an adequate footing, and they look to sister churches to aid them in their arduous work.

Much Irish property is held by Englishmen; but there is a strong claim upon the English people in the fact that the Church of Ireland approaches God with the same prayers, professes the same faith, and uses the same discipline, as the Church of England. Whatever be the legal title of the two Churches, they will continue to be, in faith, in discipline, and in mutual love, the United Church of England and Ireland.

The net annual produce and value of the entire property of the Church of Ireland previous to the passing of the Act of 1869 was £613,984. (Report of the Royal Commission, 1868, table xiii., page xxvi.) Of this property, subject only to the life interest of the then existing

clergy, the Church has been entirely deprived.

In 1868 the number of benefices having Incumbents was 1518 (Report of the Royal Commission, 1868, table xix., page xxix.), and 550 Curates.

On the supposition that by the union of benefices, and leaving many large districts with a scattered Church population destitute of all the means of grace, so many as 1068 of these ministers will not be replaced, the lowest approximate estimate that can be made for maintaining even so much of the organisation of the Church would be as follows:—

2 Archbishops at £2000 a-year.

10 Bishops at £1200 a-year.

No persons could be expected to maintain the position of a Bishop on a less income than this.

1000 Beneficed Clergymen at £250 a-year. This, as an average, cannot be considered too much for the stipend of educated gentlemen, many of whom will have parishes of very extensive area and large populations under their charge, taking into account also that many of them will have to provide themselves with curates.

SUMMARY.

2 Archbishops at £2000 a-year ...	£4,000
10 Bishops at £1200 a-year ...	12,000
1000 Beneficed Clergy at £250 a year ...	250,000
Maintenance and Repairs of 1000 Churches at £20 a-year ...	20,000
	<hr/> £286,000 <hr/>

It will be observed that no allowance is made for cathedrals and dignitaries, or for the necessary expenses for conducting the business of the Representative Church Body. It may therefore be fairly assumed that the *minimum* income which will be required for maintaining the Church

of Ireland, even on this very reduced scale, cannot be estimated at less than £300,000 a-year.

The only sum provided under the Irish Church Act to meet this annual charge is a sum of £500,000, which the Temporalities Commissioners are authorised to pay to the Representative Church Body "in lieu of any real or personal property which may consist of or be the produce of property or monies given by private persons out of their own resources, or which may consist of, or be the produce of monies raised by private subscriptions." "But such payment shall be without prejudice to any claim in respect of any particular private endowment which may, within twelve months after such payment, be substantiated against the said sum." (Sec. 29.)

To preserve Ecclesiastical residences for even this reduced number of clergy (to say nothing of the residences which will be required for the Bishops) will need a sum of £200,000, for by the same Act (sec. 27) all Ecclesiastical residences of the bishops and clergy are vested in the Temporalities Commissioners, who are empowered, on the application of the Representative Church Body, to transfer the same to that body "with the garden and curtilage thereto," either (first) "on payment of a sum equal to ten times the amount of the annual value of the site of such Ecclesiastical residence, estimated as land, and of the said garden and curtilage;" or (secondly), where there is a building-charge affecting the house, on payment of that charge, or "a sum equal to the value of such Ecclesiastical residence, with the garden and curtilage thereto, taken at ten years' purchase of the annual value, as estimated by the general tenement valuation," which ever may be the smallest.

Estimating then, each of these residences at the low annual value of £20, and multiplying that by the ten years' purchase, at which the

Temporalities Commissioners are authorised to restore them to the Church, the amount will be £200 for each residence; or, as above stated, £200,000 for the whole number.

Any additional portion of the glebe lands which it might be considered desirable to claim, and to purchase under the 28th section of the Irish Church Act, must be paid for by "a sum equal to twenty-one times the annual value of such land, as finally settled by the Commissioners for the purpose of commutation." (Temporalities Commissioners to Secretary of Representative Church Body, July 5, 1871.)

It would thus finally appear that the whole funds for the practical working of the Church of Ireland will have only two foundations whereon to rest—first, the very precarious and almost speculative resources that may arise from commutation; and, secondly, the voluntary support of the members and friends of the Disendowed Church.

Subscriptions may be lodged to the credit of the Church of Ireland Sustentation Fund either at—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, & Co., 67, Lombard Street, E.C.; Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59, Strand, W.C.; Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co., 16, St. James's Street, S.W.; Messrs. Hoare, & Co., 37, Fleet Street, E.C.; Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, & Co., 50, Cornhill, E.C.; Messrs. Drummond & Co., 49, Charing Cross, S.W.; Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.; Messrs. Williams, Deacon, & Co., 20, Birchin Lane, E.C.; Messrs. Childs & Co., 1, Fleet Street, E.C.; The Provincial Bank of Ireland, 42, Old Broad Street, E.C.; The National Bank of Ireland, 9 and 10, Charing Cross, S.W. Or may be remitted to the Honorary Secretary, RICHARD NUGENT, Esq., 32, Charing Cross, S.W.



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OLD DONNYBROOK AND THE ROAD TO IT.

ABOUT forty years since the writer of this article, accompanied by three youthful friends, were sauntering down the north side of Merriion Square on a fine August afternoon, with the intention of witnessing the humours of Donnybrook. For the sake of enjoying undisturbed chat we avoided the hot, dusty, and crowded drive along Leeson Street and the Donnybrook road. The three friends were Louis Grantham, a rising artist, Edward O'Brien, chief assistant in a literary institution, and Charley Redmond, acting editor of the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*.

As we passed along we got fitful glances, through the skirting shrubbery, of the velvety emerald turf, the thickets, and the nicely-kept walks of that finest of Dublin Squares, and sympathised with the happy groups of children frolicking about. When the Square was passed, there was little in the appearance of quiet Mount Street to attract attention; so we take that opportunity of presenting the company individually to the reader's attention. Louis Grantham was an artist, and well-up in the popular literature of the day. Edward O'Brien was possessed of a stock of sound mathematical knowledge, and not ignorant of the classics. His special delight was centered in Celtic archæology. Redmond was an enthusiast in matters horticultural and agricultural, and troubled with a super-

abundance of animal spirits. Grantham and O'Brien agreed in loyalty to the reigning king, and in those principles of Christianity professed by Protestants and Catholics alike, and generally on artistic and literary subjects; but fast friends as they were, they never passed an hour together without a controversy on this or that point of religion or politics.

The ages of the three young men vary between twenty-four and thirty. It is a delightful afternoon, and such light cares as belong to their respective stations are for the moment laid aside. They have an unoccupied evening before them, and while traversing the street and crossing the canal, and approaching the barracks at Beggars' Bush, they indulge in every species of "bald, disjointed chat," but specially on subjects suggested by the localities.

"The very dusty road and gritty side-path," observed Charley, "over which we are uncomfortably navigating, was little better than a portion of a slob about a century since. Sometimes, when the Dodder and the Liffey happened to be high, and the sea was rough with flood-tide and storm, nearly the whole space between Ringsend and Merriion Square was covered with water. Even as late as 1792, our only Duke having undertaken 'some truant expedition' to that suburban manufactory of pitch, tar, hard-bake, and

shell-fish, was obliged to take boat, and thus get over the best part of the distance to the neighbourhood of his ducal palace. If a dweller in Great Brunswick Street were to find himself, on awaking to-morrow morning, with thirty or forty feet of water over his head, the keel of the Duke's boat gliding past, and the oars making their splashing, unpleasant music, he would scarcely wish for a return to the good old times. By the way, I've often wished to know how that spot, so redolent of fishy odours, got its name. Explain, O'Brien, the *Seanachie*."

"I will give you," answered Edward, "the choice of three explanations, one as uncertain as either of the others. In the golden, though insecure, days of Fionn, son of Cumhal, a stag-hunt commenced at that spot, swept on by *Cornecloch Imathe*, now Dolphin's Barn, Crumlin, and *Gleann-a-Smoill*, sped up the Dublin hills, and returned by Dumdrum to the starting-point, which, of course, was the Ring's End. Now for derivation No. 2. *Rinn* is *ness*, nose, or cape; *Abhan* (degenerated to *awn*), a river; and *Rinn-awn*, descending from Irish-speaking to English-speaking people, easily became Ringsend. You have my entire permission to adopt derivation No. 3, if it pleases you better. Before our quays were in being, strong piles were driven along the river's bank towards its outlet; the quay called after Sir John Rogerson (Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1693-4), now occupying a portion of that row. In these piles were secured strong iron rings, for the purpose of receiving the cables of ships when at anchor. The mouth of the Grand Canal was yet to be cut out, and so the line of the mighty stakes extended to the locality in question, where the rings, of course, ended."

"I declare," said Louis, "we are worse off than when we were sunk in ignorance complete of the origin of the name. The lady of one of our

estimable judges gave directions to the house carpenter to set up a coat-and-hat rack for her husband's convenience. The tradesman, having secured two pegs in their places, was proceeding to fasten two or three more. 'Stop, for your life!' said the Judge's body-servant; 'if you put in even the third peg, Baron X. will let his dinner cool before he can decide which of the three pegs he leaves bare, as the hat and coat will only require two.'"

"Well," said Charley, "leaving Ringsend to mind itself, it is no easy matter to fancy a sheet of yellow water covering the space now occupied with these green fields and the dusty road to Sandy Mount. It is a comfort to reflect that, even before the Duke's famous voyage, Beggars' Bush was out of the reach of the flood — perhaps it formed a kind of promontory. In an old newspaper of 1788, lying in the office, I lately found that Sam Robinson, Churchwarden of Beggars' Bush, Robert Roe, Churchwarden of Ringsend, and Pat Dunne, Constable, were accused by Edmond Butler, Viscount Mountgarret, of an impertinent affront offered to his dignity on pretence of looking for taxes. However, the brave officers, gifted with supreme impudence, or a high degree of moral courage, do not appear to have been visited with punishment. Perhaps Edward has laid up in one of his mental chambers some tradition connected with the hostelry which gave name to this place. Some picturesque and riotous scenes must have been enacted in the social gatherings of the tramps, who made it their house of call."

"Indeed, I know just as little and as much of the chronicles of Beggars' Bush as yourself. I have heard of an old fort or castle, called Bagot-rath, standing somewhere between this Soldiers' Villa and Ball's Bridge. Perhaps one of you can afford me some information concerning it."

"That can I," said Charley, "as far as the mere locality is concerned. The castle stood in the corner of the second field from the Botanic Garden, and in a line connecting it (the Garden) with Beggars' Bush, and it belonged to the Fitzwilliams for centuries. Further, this deponent sayeth not."

"Neither can I," said Edward; "I leave these dry studies to Louis. Tell me some romantic legend about an old rath, or a mountain loch, or cavern, and you will find me all attention. But our contests with the English since the days of that Bluff King Hal of Leinster, Dermot MacMurroch, have been marked by so much cruelty on both sides—by so much lawlessness on the part of the invaders, and so much incapacity and want of national spirit among the natives,—that, unless cast on a desert island with nought save a history of Ireland since the conquest, or snowed up with no other book attainable, I have no ambition to enlarge my knowledge of the wars of the *Gael* and the *Sassenach*. Let Louis enlighten us on the annals of Bagotrath if he chooses."

"I am afraid," resumed Louis, "that your loyal heart, O, Edward, the romantic, will not be gladdened by hearing that the Royalist Ormonde was prevented from winning this fort for his Majesty Charles I., in 1649, by the valour of the Cromwellian citizens of Dublin. You will hear with as little pleasure that, in the same year, the puritanical Colonel Michael Jones defeated the unlucky Marquis at Rathmines."

"D—— do him good with his victory!" as I once heard a loyal old lady say of Cromwell himself, after his sack of Drogheda. I have now got an answer to a question I once in vain asked an old man, at the back of Rathmines. There is a pathway on the tops of fences, or by their sides, as you proceed from Mount Pleasant Avenue to Milltown, and when you come to the

highest field, you have the Dublin mountains before you, the low, rich country between them, and where you stand, partly shrouded in haze and the rocks, and heath and green slopes of the hills all distinct, and lighted by the evening rays of the sun about to descend over Sagard, and——"

"Edward, honey!" interrupted Louis, "this is very much in the style of that Wexford lady who composed the 'Children of the Abbey.' *Quo tendimus?*"

"I wish you would not interrupt a body. I was tending to the very subject you yourself introduced. Enjoying that fine view one evening, I asked a man who was sitting on the fence, and apparently thinking of nothing, like 'Jock's Laird,' what was the name of the place. 'They call it THE BLOODY FIELDS,' said he. 'And why the Bloody Fields?' said I. 'The dickens a one of me knows,' was the unsatisfactory answer, and I knew as little about it as he till this present hour. And this reminds me of the dreadful apathy of the middle and lower classes of Dublin with regard to the history and antiquities of their city. The villagers of Gurthen, under Mount Leinster, as Redmond and I can testify, felt more interest in, and knew more about 'Patrick's church,' its steeple, its monuments, especially those of Dean Swift and his man, Christchurch and its Friars' Walks, Bully's Acre, Art MacMurroch's Bloody Ford, and the fight at Clontarff—aye, much more than the shopkeepers or tradesmen of Dublin. Redmond and I saw more of the remarkable or traditional objects of the city and its suburbs within one month after our arrival, than a householder of Grafton or Duke Street would in the course of his natural life."

"I give," said Louis, "very little credit to yourselves or the dwellers in that remote townland for your archæological requirements. Your

Dublin was the Dublin of tradition, of fireside story — the Dublin of travellers' tales. To the denizens of the city it is the scene of their joys and sorrows, their labours, and frequently their struggles for mere existence. You meet a poor room-keeper in Patrick's Close disposing of an article or articles, to a broker of narrow soul, in order to provide a meal for his children. You point out the cathedral to him; you tell him how many centuries it has stood; and among transactions connected with it, you mention how the Fitzgeralds once set on a Butler within its sacred precincts, how he took refuge in the treasury chamber, and how they flung missiles at him through the windows, and disfigured several of the monuments. Finally, you relate how ensuing Lords Mayor were obliged to walk barefoot in the annual procession of CORPUS CHRISTI for the share the then magistrate had taken in the above sacrilege. You strive to interest the poor man in these dead-and-gone transactions, and he is all the while devising how he may lay out his few pence to the best advantage for the creatures at home. The tavern-keeper on the corner of Werburgh Street is too much occupied with the dealing out of brown and yellow-coloured poison to his slaves, to waste thoughts on the once privileges of the Captain of the Bull-Ring, or the ringing tramp of a brazen-coated Danish band as they marched by his corner a thousand years ago. The worldly-minded stock-broker, as he crosses College Green to effect a transfer in the 'three-and-a-quarters,' is never disturbed by the idea of an expanse of verdant turf occupying, a few centuries since, the site of the granite and mud under his steps. You interrupt a lady who is consulting her husband's interest by making liberal purchases of luxuries in a Dame Street Magazine — you interrupt her, I say, by whispering in confi-

dence the date of the building of Carlisle Bridge, or describing the appearance of Sackville Street the first year of this century, and observe how annoyed she appears at the information. I wish that instead of proceeding along the lane we had time to go by the other lane to Haig's Distillery, and enjoy the charming scenery of the Dodder Bank, its delightful sheltered meadow by the mill, and the great old willow trees throwing their shadows over the water. But here we are at Balls Bridge, and there is the factory. Does any one hear the buzz of the Fair?"

"I do not, at all events," answered Charley, "but I fancy that I hear and see the concourse of weavers from the Liberty crowding across the bridge all in their best array, and decked with orange and blue scarfs, to welcome the new Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis of Buckingham, in the year of grace 1787. Wouldn't you be delighted, Louis, if instead of going on our present aimless expedition, you were at the present moment reading a cordial address to the Marquis of Anglesey, with a tide of orange and blue scarfs rising and sinking round you? your own floating drapery exhibiting the brightest colours in the group."

"I dare say my delight would be as great as that of the brave Marquis himself. How is it, Charley, that you are so well up in dates? I thought that all your faculties were absorbed in the *Farmer's Journal*, single-stick, and the Irish jig."

"Oh, my dear fellow, I am occasionally obliged to make explorations through old files of newspapers, where I meet many things which I do not want; but being endowed with a fast-holding memory, they remain hanging on pegs in my mind-chamber till they are wanted. You may draw on me for any stray information about the "Brook," which is furnished by the Dublin journals of last century, in return

for any of your own antiquarian knowledge."

They had now got clear of the cotton factory, and were treading the broad grass-bordered path on the bank of the mill-race, with the shallow Dodder below them, dancing along its clear stony bed, and rejoicing in its shelving grassy banks. Charley could not keep his eyes off the giant water-docks covering the farther steep border of the little canal on their right. He pronounced the heathen name of the plant with much relish, and desecrated on its physiology, much to the edification of Louis, who was somewhat devoted to botanical studies. But they were soon at loggerheads, and endogens, exogens, monocotyledons, and diacotyledons were roughly handled in the dispute; while Edward was enjoying the scene to the south, formed by the clear, shallow stream, its undulating, verdant banks and turfy slopes reaching up to the stony path by the mill-race, and the white and whitey-brown tents and booths with their gay, parti-coloured streamers on the green. Lofty old trees formed a fitting screen to fair-green and village, and a painter's eye would greatly relish the contrast afforded by their masses of foliage dashed with orange and brown, and the purplish haze of the Dublin hills closing the view in that direction.

Edward gazed, and little of the discussion reached his intelligence. Charley never cared whether he was worsted in argument or not. His main object when in society was to create or find amusement for himself and his company. But Louis *would be right* in every discussion, whether the subject was the domestic habits of the people of the Dogstar, a parallel, *à la Plutarque*, between King Alfred and Charles II., or the balance of European power. The discussion threatened to be of formidable length, but Edward took a way of his own to bring it to a close.

Fixing his eye on a stray cloud hovering over the old conical furnace chimney in the next field, he began to recite, in mock sentimental style, the Rosa Matilda Ode to Donnybrook, which curious readers will find in the April number of the *Anthologia Hibernica* (Mercier, Anglesea Street), for the year 1793. One of the three verses, quoted in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for October, 1861, will probably more than satisfy the curiosity of our readers.

Hail, sweet retreat! hail, balmy rest!

Unruffled by the brow of care;

Hail, hallowed shrine, by learning blest,
Extending each revolving year!

"Are you taking leave of your small stock of common-sense?" cried Charley, as Edward went on declaiming and gesticulating. "I am not mad, O conscript fathers," answered he. "If any one was mad, or at least weak in intellect, it was Rosa Matilda's sister or niece, who got the flowing lines a place in the *Anthologia*. If you do not cease your discussion I will not spare you a single line, supplementing the composition with that other egregious parody:—

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions.

"Oh, if you be strong be merciful," cried Charley. "Louis and I will fraternise, and be good boys till we stumble on another bone of contention. I would be glad to know," added he, "who invented Donnybrook, but not that I might bless him. My Dublin journals tell me nothing on the subject." "Nor have I obtained any light," said Edward, "from O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, Keating's *Ireland*, or the *Irish Rogues and Rapparees*." "Then," rejoined Louis, "I must contribute my mite, obtained from less apocryphal sources."

"Strongbow, whose claim to this village and its green was on a par with that of Timour the Tartar, made a grant of the lordship of the place to Walter de Riddlesford in 1174.

Thirty years later, the estate owned Henry de Verneuil for master; and at this period, namely, 1204, King John the treacherous privileged the Dublin citizens to hold an annual fair on that spot before your eyes, commencing on the 3rd of May, and concluding on the 10th. Why Henry III. changed the festival in 1252 to July 7, and added seven days to its solemnity, I cannot explain. After another trifling change, the 26th of August was appointed the opening day, and so it has remained to our days, and will continue till the patience of the wise, and good, and influential of Dublin will snap.

"Fancy some solemn, half clerical-looking officers, appointed by his grace, the present Archbishop of Dublin, standing at the entrance of the village, and exacting toll for two days from every business visitor to the brook, and pocketing money which had just touched the palms and greasy pockets of the owners of sheebeen tents, or drivers of hogs. Yet something of the kind was in practice during the early centuries of the institution, the Archbishop of Dublin for the time being receiving the customs of two days of every fair.

"Now, for lack of trustworthy history, draw on your imagination for the long array of goods, raw and manufactured, draperies of every textile material, tools, machines, arms and armour, flocks and herds, once crowding to this open space, while vigilant warders on the towers of Belgard, Drimnagh, Bagotrath, Kilgobbin, Rathfarnham, and other posts, kept a vigilant look-out for any marauding parties of the Wicklow clans, who might be seized by a desire of securing some of the goods and chattels converging towards the green. If you have not read Strutt's *Queen Hoo-Hall*, or his *Sports and Pastimes*, do so at your earliest convenience, and you will have a good idea of the wander-

ing furnishers of entertainment, who never missed a gathering of the kind to afford amusement more or less unhealthy to the crowds, and put some coins into their own bottomless purses. You will see no greater symptoms of pleasure on any countenances than on those of the Dublin citizens and armed guards, who have exchanged the narrow streets of their fortified stronghold for the comparative freedom of the open green and the healthy circulation of the free air. You have got ideas more or less correct of the armour and the peace costumes of the Anglo-Normans down to the battle of Bosworth; then of the subjects of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and the early monarchs of the present dynasty. Shut out from your vision the unpicturesque dress of the present time, and call up figures of knights, lords, and ladies perambulating yonder drab-hued road and short, verdant herbage, the fashion of every century varying from that which preceded it, and all unlike what you now behold on your fellow-creatures. Before your excited vision I fancy I see defiling Plantagenets, Yorkists, Tudors, Carlist cavaliers, sturdy Cromwellians, and so on, till plate armour, and helmet, and buff coat, make an unsightly mixture with the three-cocked hat and the square-cut, full, uncollared coat of a century since. With the chimney-pot head-dress and cylinder-shaped leg-dress of ourselves and yonder folk, stopping the avenues of our organs of vision, I know I inflict a hard task on you, my sworn brothers; but when was anything worth having got without some trouble? Among other items connected with this fair green, never forget that the gallant Prince Hal, the Hal of Falstaff and Shakespeare, received knighthood from the sword of the Earl of Gloucester, somewhere between Donnybrook and yonder spur of the Dublin Hills. This was in the days of that fiery and troublesome chief, Art Mac

Murroch, on whose feats I forbid you, Edward, to enlarge till our evening in Donnybrook is past.

"Now descending from our cloud-land eminence, and feeling the firm ground under our feet, we find the corporation of our city, after long cherishing the charter of the fair as if it were worth a king's ransom, parting with it for a consideration in the end of the seventeenth century. Michael Creagh, the false Lord Mayor, had levanted with the rich collar of SS. in 1688, and perhaps another misfortune or two had happened to the worthy body. At all events, the Ussher family possessed the privilege of holding the fair in 1697; and in 1756, on the death of Henry Ussher, it was transferred to Sir William Wolsley. Joseph Madden obtained a lease of the charter from Sir William in 1778; and in 1812 the then baronet sold to John Madden his entire interest and property in the holding of an annual fair on Donnybrook green for the paltry sum of £750. With the family of this gentleman rests the charter at this present time. My labour is ended. Edward may commence his own lighter one of giving us, if he knows it, the derivation of the name."

"*Broc* is badger; *breac*, a trout; *dun* is a fort; *domhnach* (cognate with *dominus*) means godly, and is applied to a sacred volume, or its case, or to the Sunday, or to a church. There is said to be a Saint Broc in the Irish calendar. So the word may mean the fort of the trout, or of the salmon, or of the badger, or the church of St. Broc. As a modification of the name is as old as the lifetime of Strongbow, it is probable that it never meant 'Little River,' as a mere English scholar might suppose.—Charley, do you know this beggarman about to waylay us? I fancy I read in his features no small amount of acuteness, cunning, and hardness under a thin veil of humility." "I have seen

him," said Charley, "and was once his victim. I think I'll escape the snare he is now occupied laying."

"God bless and reward you, good gentlemen, and give me a ha'penny to buy a ha'porth o' bread that's hungry, or help me on my journey." Charley took the office of spokesman on himself. "But, sure, you are turning your back on luck. The fair is the place to make your harvest." "Ah, your honour, I don't want such a harvest as that. I'm a poor weaver, and sthrivin' to get home to my native place, *Dhroghedy*." "You have bad luck, my poor man. About a quarter of a year ago I gave you twopence at Ballybough Bridge, like a fool as I was, to shorten your road to *Droghedy*. When will you arrive? You are two miles farther from the end of your journey than you were thirteen weeks since." "Ah, good gentlemen, don't believe that story. This gentleman is mistaken, or only havin' his joke. I came all the way from Enniskerry to-day." They moved on, despite of the appeal; and the hard-travelled man, who was as irascible as lazy, cried out after them: "D— run to Lusk with yez, for three buckeens or counter-jumpers as yez are! I was a fool to expect anything from the likes or yez."

Their next adventure was with Hughey, a well-known, half-witted poor fellow, the PERSECUTED of Dublin jackeens.

"Good morrow, gentlemen! I hope yourselves and your families are well and hearty." "Very well, Hughey," said Charley, who continued to be the mouthpiece of the party. "Are the *Gorsoons* and yourself on the old terms?" "Oh, the *Sarra* fly away with the same jackeens! They'll let the ignorantest beggar of the sthreets pass without molestin' 'em, an' a dasent man like meself, that have good connections, an' good manners, an' that never axes any body for nothin', can't go

along the flags without a pack of them ruffins an' scruff o' the world, —tatteration to 'em! —bawllin' an' roarin' afther me, the young imps o' the divel! Why don't their fathers an' mothers tache 'em their prayers? Where do they expect to go to, the vagabone jackeens, makin' me put sin an me sowl, cursin' an' swearin' at 'em. If I had them that owns 'em to the fore, wouldn't I welt 'em for lettin' their torments o' childher be harrishing me from dawn to dark! An' if I ony meet a dasent man in the sthreet, an' he say to me, 'How are you, Hughey? It's long since I see you. Give us your hand; blood is thicker nor wather. You're a temperate man, Hughey. Here's a sixpenny to dhrink me health.' No, they won't let him say half that; but its—'Hughey, what hall did you sleep in last night? Who snapped the cake from the little boy in Johnson's court, and drunk the ha'porth o' milk in *Clarentine* (Clarendon) Street, that the little girl was carryin' home for her father's breakfast?' That's the way with them serpents—the curse o' Cromwell on 'em! I'm very glad to see yez so well an' hearty, gentlemen. Give me love to all at home. Blood is thicker nor wather, any way. Thank'ee, sir. You needn't be afeard I'll buy a *crapper* (cropper, half glass of whiskey) nor a *point* with it. An' when I'm dhrinkin' all my good friends' healths I won't forget yez. If yez meet any of them torments don't tell 'em the way I'm goin'."

When our saunterers arrived within some thirty perches or so of the spot where the triangular fair green coincided with the end of the village street, they had a glimpse of the mill-race still on their right, issuing darkly from under the rear of one of the houses, and experienced a little of the natural excitement caused by the contrast of bright and dark colours in the costumes of the moving crowds, the light-hued tents, relieved by the sombre foliage and

dull-coloured buildings in the back-ground, the gaily-flaunting streamers, and the noises and confused hum borne to their ears. A group on the short turf, which sloped here from the path towards the stream, gave them a foretaste of the refined entertainment afforded by the brook to its patrons. In a little pit scooped in the ground stood upright a truncated cone, formed from the ruins of a felt hat; a few halfpence rested on the top of the structure, and the guardian of this lottery scheme was presenting a stick to an unsophisticated youth, for the purpose of sweeping out the coin on the sod, and making the prize his own. The adventurer having paid a penny for the privilege of three attempts, flung the cudgel with main force, and drove the felt pillar some yards before it, leaving the copper pieces, alas, to descend, by force of gravity, into the pit. He looked rather abashed at his third failure, and the wavering bystanders were much discouraged.

Some of the professor's unsuspected associates presented themselves from time to time as perfect strangers, and by means of long practice landed the coppers high and dry on the sod; but all the attempts of mere lookers-on were as unsuccessful as those of the first man. Gentle or desperate casts had the same result; the dismal cry, "All in the well," hailed every trial.

The guardian's hat being so constructed that he might introduce his closed fist between the inside of its front and his low forehead, and his features so wonderfully expressive of low cunning, greed, and mere animal propensities, Louis took out a pencil and little book to take a sketch of his ignoble profile, and, as there was a lull in the game, Charley ventured a couple of pence, but fared off no better than his predecessors. Nothing daunted, he went on, and won back his stakes. This surprised the man of the felt,

but his surprise and disgust were much increased when sixpence of his stock lay in Charley's hand. Louis's sketch being completed, the friends moved on, followed by some disparaging remarks from the professor and his associates. They would have proceeded to more disagreeable usage, but as Charley had thrown his gains into the lap of a poor woman, the bystanders were evidently ready to treat them to a gentle form of lynch law if they attempted to use stick or fist.

A person coming by the Leeson-street road direct from the city, would, on clearing the village, find himself at the western angle of the three-sided green proper, the Dodder bank forming the base. To this same angle the canal bank, so often mentioned, brought our friends, who now found themselves at the west end of the Dame Street of the fair. The main row of tents a little to their right, as they stood with their backs to the village street, stretched before them to the steep bank of the stream. On their left was the low fence of the road, with many practicable breaches, and outside of it lay the lower green, on which stood the booths for exhibition and theatrical entertainments. On the banks of the stream, at the end of the open space before the tents, stood a superior tavern, constructed of wood; and the canvas-covered structures of the row showed an advance in gentility of appearance, as they approached this tenement from the open ground, where the street and green came together.

This open space was the favourite resort of the younger visitors, for in every available spot were fixed stalls, plentifully supplied with fruit, cakes, gingerbread, and confectionery of every form and hue, and toys to suit every taste. To and fro went the happy little groups, the more favoured being accompanied by servants, male and female, whose looks, occasionally directed to the tent-

openings, indicated a desire for a change of scene.

The three citizens, whose tentward inclinations were of the most feeble character, paid a visit of inspection to the rear of the canvas conveniences nearer the river, where nuts and gingerbread and other eatables were gambled for on a makeshift for a roulette-table, or shot for with cross-bows. They showed no countenance to the mere games of chance, but practised at the cross-bow for some time, and then crossing the line of tents again, sympathised with the little boys who, mounted on hobby-horses attached to the spoke-ends of a large horizontal wheel, sped merrily round, enlivening their neighbourhood with their laughter and joyful cries. Their enjoyment was equalled, if not excelled, by that of the youths and maids in the swing-boats, but superior excitement was experienced by every friendly couple, whose seats freely suspended at the circumference of the huge vertical wheel, the merry-go-round, bore them aloft and lowered them at the other side in safety; but still there was a possibility of a tumble in the use of either machine; and mingled laughter and screaming ascended from the pretty mouths of the young damsels as they neared the highest points in their airy flights, giving their male guardians opportunities of administering words of cheer and sympathy. A spice of danger or imprudence seems needed to give a zest to the enjoyment of such pleasure-seekers as patronise swing-boats or merry-go-rounds.

From their present stand, some distance in front of the tents, they had an uninterrupted view of the front of the exhibition-booths and the theatres, which, on the lower meadow and at a reasonable distance from the drinking tents, lay in a line nearly parallel with them. The lofty paintings in front of these shows, glaring in primitive and secondary

colours, added much to the attraction of the whole institution, and were the admiration of all the untaught eyes in the gathering. Among the huge works of art figured the Hottentot Venus ; but she was out-rivalled by another colossal beauty, interviewed by the never-dying country farmer, in a badly-shaped blue coat with metal buttons, buckskin breeches, and top-boots. His wife, in a Queen-Caroline bonnet, and his admiring little daughter attended, as was meet ; and all, with upturned faces, gazed with wonder on the Brobdignag female, apparently twelve feet high.

Beside this egregious work of art towered the "Great American Rider," bestriding the four fiery steeds of the prairie, all plunging in slightly-varying directions. There were many more of that class denominated YOUTHS, by Messrs. Moses and Hyam, before this spirited painting than attended the other.

But the *ne-plus ultra* of painting, *cum* animal physiology to be witnessed that day at Donnybrook, was the high and wide canvas that towered over the entrance of Wombwell's Menagerie. Lions, tigers, leopards, and pumas, in baleful-hued liveries of black and tawny, were watching for, or bounding on their terrified prey ; boa-constrictors inwrapping bullock or stag in their deadly folds ; the rhinoceros on the point of slicing the colossal elephant with his nasal horn, and sundry other wild denizens of earth and air, acting according to their selfish and savage instincts. The three friends sympathised with the eager impatience of the boys and girls hastening in to behold in flesh and blood their terrible acquaintances of *Mavor's Spelling Book*, *Æsop's Fables*, and *The Hundred Animals*. But their own delusions had long been dispelled. They knew well enough that the interior spectacle was furnished by wretched-looking animals of the cat-tribe,

smaller or larger, scowling with vengeance in their eyes on their visitors, when not begging, in feline language, to be left at rest ; and sad-coloured snakes, and limp alligators of tender age, taken out of tank or blanket, to be exhibited along the keeper's arms to disgusted nursemaids and their young charge. After some few minutes' inspection of the portraits of Mr. Wombwell's unhappy family, the trio decided to be entertained within the Theatre Royal of "Stow-on-the-Wold," or "Henley-in-Arden," whose side ran with that of the great animal collection.

At an earlier hour the manager was probably obliged to parade his company, in all their bravery of cotton-velvet cloaks, plumed, broad-brimmed hats, russet boots, tinfoil armour, and jewels of slight value, on the platform ; and Mr. Merryman to use his antics and eloquence before the shy audience could be enticed up the steps, and produce their twopences and threepences at the respective pigeon-holes. But it was evening, and a genial feeling was abroad ; the people had not the long day before them, and were disposed to seize on all the amusement procurable before turning their faces homeward. And now the last audience had been only just cleared out, rather to the annoyance of a few individuals, and the steps and platform were occupied with both sexes and all ages, impatient to inspect the interior of the Theatre Royal of Donnybrook.

The grass of the field, much trodden, was our carpet, as we sat, and the stage was raised by sod, stone, and board, above the level of what did duty as boxes and pit combined. Previous to the rising of the curtain the audience, both in front and back seats, were quieter than we have often found the occupiers of the gallery in Hawkins' Street. On scanning the occupiers of the back seats, Charley recognised one of the

young men employed in the College Botanic Garden, and his sister. To the right of the youth sat a young woman, somewhat gaudy in dress, loud in conversation, and restless in demeanour. The two held up an animated conversation. His modestly-dressed and quiet-mannered sister was on his left, listening, apparently with little pleasure, to the insinuating discourse of a young man, whose features and general appearance did not much prepossess Mr. Redmond in his favour.

There was no reason to complain of the delay of the house. Up rose the curtain, and discovered a Meg-Merrilies sort of a person as high on the side of a rocky pass as allowed her head to be visible under the flies. The young hero of the piece enters wearied; and gesticulating to this side and that, and raising his eyes, he discovers the ancient dame, who, after a short parley, orders him to beware of a white eagle, and vanishes behind a practical rock. In the next scene we are in the Baron's Hall, and listening to the communication of its lord to his familiar. He reminds him of delivering to his charge, some eighteen years ago, the infant son of his deceased elder brother to be done to death—"You informed me, vile minion," proceeded he, "that your stiletto was reddened in his heart's blood; yet now I have certain information that a stranger youth, exactly the age he now would be, and bearing the exact traits of his dead father, has been seen perambulating the borders of my demesne. Speak, wretch! was the deed completed?" "It was not, my gracious lord; but mine was not the fault. I took the boy into the heart of yonder gloomy forest, dark as the approach of hell; but as I raised my arm to strike the fatal blow, a gigantic shape, masked and armed, felled me to the earth, and I lost consciousness. When I painfully awoke from the numbing trance, nor boy nor man was there.

The child had not the use of speech: his deliverer could not be aware of his identity. The danger of discovery was none. What I breathed to your ears, my gracious lord, was to spare your soul all useless annoyance." "Ah, independable wretch! was it for this base neglect I bestowed a farm in fee, and made you landlord of the 'White Eagle?'" "I go to repair my fault, if fault it was. My emissaries shall scour the country round; the youth shall be conducted to the 'White Eagle,' and take his last sleep beneath its wings. I possess a keen poniard, and know its use." Here, brandishing the trusty blade of tin, he rushed off at one side, the Baron made his exit at the other, and the scene closed.

The spectators discover in the next scene that the child had been saved by the brother of its affectionate nurse, and conveyed to her distant relatives. For eighteen years she had watched to get possession of papers which the wicked uncle, as is usual in melodramas, and no where else, might have burned at any time, and placed himself in a sure position; but which it was for the interest of the playwright he should neglect to do. These papers she had got into her possession at last, and had sent directions to her *protégé* to approach the Castle of Mallepardus, if such was its sounding title. She had just warned him to beware of a white eagle; but as the drama would there end if she had condescended to say a few words, dictated by common sense, the hero is now gone to sleep in a villanous-looking room of that bird of ill omen.

Lights down, stage darkened as well as circumstances allow, landlord enters, displays his weapon, grins diabolically, makes right foot slowly describe a high semicircle before it touches the ground, makes left foot subsequently do the same, gropes in every direction but that of the couch, and by signs takes the audience into his deadly confidence. At last, chance

conducted, he towers over the insensible victim, and lifts his hellish blade. Just as it is on the point of descent, comes stealthily in the faithful nurse; and while his weapon is making the feint, hers does the execution, and the assassin, with a wound in his waistcoat an inch in breadth, falls prostrate with a terrific yell. Youth starts, candles appear in the hands of the intruding inmates of the "White Eagle," hands are raised to the flies, grand tableau, and fall of the hanging scene.

On its rising again the wicked baron is discovered in his courtyard, anxiously expecting the news of his nephew's death. Instead of that, a messenger, in hot haste, announces the tragic fate of the landlord. He starts in terror, which is much increased by another messenger, in still hotter haste, who cries out that the young lady of the castle has been carried, no one knows where, by her infuriate steed. Baron gesticulates in wild despair, shouts to the *menials* to disperse in quest of his lost *chylid*: a pause, a cheerful shout is heard, young lady rushes on attended by her saviour from the wild steed, the rightful heir! Baron embraces his daughter, then cries to his attendants to seize the youth, and conduct him to the heading block: "He has murdered the landlord of the 'White Eagle!'" The block is brought on, and the headsman and his axe are ready, youth makes a short speech full of respect and love to the charming girl, full of virtuous indignation towards her father, headsman beckons him to his destiny, lady shrieks, youth kneels; but a shout and trumpet-blast dispels the heartrending spectacle at the nick of time. In rush three officers, guided by the good genius of the piece, the friendly nurse. She waves the damning papers, the wicked baron is seized, and the lovers of an hour fall into each other's arms. Neither those on the stage, nor those before the curtain, seem to care whether the

old tyrant is pardoned or beheaded; and the curtain falls amid applause.

The whole piece, achieved in about forty minutes in a most hacknied, ranting, and unfeeling style, was such as would have been attended by the pity or derision of an audience within the walls of the building in Hawkins'-street. In Donnybrook it met a very different reception. Those whose first visit to a theatre it was, had no means at hand for making comparisons. Visitors of education, especially if possessed of good dispositions, did not previously expect so good a display, and besides, could not bring themselves to show disapprobation to the poor stage-folk, wearied with repeated performances since the early part of the day. So they gave hearty applause, and their less-cultivated neighbours joined in approbation, and all ended with general content.

A couple of wretched pantomime scenes followed, and then was presented the scene in *Luke the Labourer* where *Cicely* retains *Hodge* when running off to *Lunmun*, by the luscious picture of the Yorkshire *pudden* which she is about cooking for him. A buffo singer then gave his adventures at the last coronation. In glowing poetry he described his joy and self-complacency, when

Lovingly the King looked up
At I and congregation :

But every human texture has its wrong side, and the poor clown found, when the gorgeous ceremony was past, that

His watch that never went before,
Went at the coronation.

Along with the wayward watch went the only sovereign in his possession; but the whole spectacle was so magnificent and edifying that he expressed his willingness at the conclusion—

To give another sovereign
For another coronation.

This sentiment, rather worse than

equivocal, raised a hearty laugh; and the wicked baron, taking the opportunity, thanked his *kyind* patrons for their attendance, requested their good offices among their friends outside, and announced a repetition as soon as possible. He withdrew amid applause, and much was the surprise among the children and their unsophisticated elders, at the difference between the truculent, scowling face of the stage tyrant, and the open, good-humoured, slightly groggy countenance of the manager as he made his farewell speech.

When our trio found themselves in the open air they sauntered through the crowd towards the bank of the stream where stood the aristocratic wooden booth, boasting its second floor. "There is a tradition," remarked Louis, as they gazed on the pretentious tavern, "that on one day during every annual solemnity, the corporation dined and drank in a capacious canvas tent on this spot. On one occasion, forgetting that they had not a screen of lime and stone between themselves and the unsympathising crowd outside, they indulged too fondly in toasting the 'glorious, pious,' &c., and raising the charter song of the 'Boyne Water,' or the 'Protestant Boys.' All at once, and without a presentiment of impending evil, the heads of those who sat with their backs to the canvas screen, came in most astounding and disagreeable neighbourhood with the shillelaghs of certain folk outside, who had no taste, rather a confirmed dislike, to these 'national melodies.' Had the interposing screen been wood instead of hemp, this untoward event could not have occurred. So the next and all succeeding years the civic body treated themselves to a tabernacle of serviceable posts and boards, and the custom continued after its necessity had become a thing of the past."

At the ripe point of the evening

now attained, they could not expect to miss the spectacle of an odd couple or so, one of whom, rather overtaken, would be getting over the ground in a devious line, while ineffectually endeavouring to convey in correct language the depth of his friendship to his companion, if a man, or of his affection, if a woman. The friends kept up a discussion for some time on the comparative merits of the ancient custom of the gentry, and the upper class of citizens freely promenading the green in the afternoon, and their present avoidance of the assembly. Charley maintained that the presence of the great folk, merchants, manufacturers, &c., tended to make their dependants keep within sober bounds. Louis feared that the upper five hundred patronised the wooden structure and the more genteel tents in its neighbourhood to such purpose that their appearance, when they issued out into the common avenue, excited feelings the reverse of respectful. One thing was certain, that if the then gentry and the upper trading classes were more rough in language, and more ready to exercise cane or whip on offending inferiors, they were more affable and cordial with them on most occasions than their representatives of the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

Proceeding towards the village, they found the appearance of the tents changing for the worse, till near the N.W. end the rounded wattles were found supporting roofs, composed of stuffs of every possible texture and colour, pieces of tarpaulin, sacks ripped open, winnowing sheets, old table-cloths, &c., the swinging signs displaying the ownership of Darby Casey of Cutpurse Row, or Pat Muldoon of Cheaters' Alley.

On the shady side of these frail buildings, during the day, were pots suspended over hollow hearths, scooped out of the soil for the better shelter of the fires kept up

therein, and in the pots were visible to hungry eyes, pieces of mutton, rising or sinking in its broth. In the end of last century well-dressed, and even well-bred people, would not disdain to stop beside these gipsy fires, pay their fivepenny or tenpenny piece for so many prods with a flesh-fork at the floating morsels of *spoleen*, excite much interest in the bystanders for their success or mischance, and in many cases hand, at the end of the prongs, the secured piece to the hungriest-looking person among the audience. But the genuinely-hungry and solvent visitors had their quantum of meat and broth served up on tables within the tents, and gave the treat a relish with draughts of beer from the pewter measures. The poorer or more stingy guests placed the pewter or wooden deep plates on their laps in the tent shade, and dispensed with the malt liquor; some even gave thanks when the feast was ended.

This was the ordinary interior economy of the tent. Doors, or wooden frames, intended to be elastic, went down the middle, beginning at some distance from the opening, immediately within which was the bar. A row of tables flanked each side of the dancing parallelogram, and these were furnished each with a double row of forms, the outer ones being in contact with the canvas wall. As our friends took casual peeps as they passed, they could hear the more or less harmonious lilt of fiddle or bagpipe, and witness the dance executed by one or two pair of performers, the partners in many cases, alas! never having seen each other before that evening. They began at last to think of returning home, but first agreed to retrace their steps to the Dodder-Bank, and then turn their faces city-ward for good. Very unedifying were the scenes witnessed among the groups meandering about, and much disgusted were they with

the insolent and coarse conduct of the superior Dublin jackeens, such as the clerks of pawnbrokers and other business folk, the sons of midling shop-keepers, &c., and a few instances of downright drunkenness. But Prince Puckler Muskau saw in one half-hour, in the year 1828, more than our friends, multiplied by three, could have seen during the whole continuance of the fair. The writer of "A Stroll over Donnybrook Green," (DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, October, 1862) copied a piece of his experience, and must forgive us for giving it a new airing.

"The third part of the public lay or rolled about drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought. The women rode about, sitting two or three upon an ass, pushing their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight, and coquetted with their sweethearts. Two beggars were seated on a horse, whose wretched plight seemed to supplicate for them. A pair of lovers, horribly ugly, treated each other with the greatest tenderness and the most delicate attention. Nothing could be more gallant, and at the same time more respectful, than his chivalrous efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, though he had no little difficulty in keeping his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour, and her delighted smiles, I could perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably, and that her answers, notwithstanding her *exalté* state, were given with a coquetry, and an air of affectionate intimacy, which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman.

"Not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived. They were more like French people, but their gaiety was mingled with more humour and genuine good nature, both of which are national traits of the Irish."

"Ah," said Charley, as they passed

one cavernous tent-mouth after another, "how many a youth, unversed in the world's wicked ways, sitting with his back to the canvas wall, the treacherous cup in his hand, part alcohol, part poison; boys and girls performing spirited dances before him to the sound of quick music, and the crimp or recruiting sergeant at his ear, has forgotten home and family, and allowed the cockade to be stuck to his hat! There must be some secret and strong power in music, of whose nature I am ignorant. I will give you an illustration which I have myself received on good authority. While a fiddler was rattling out 'Tatther Jack Walsh,' or some equally spirited tune, a tumbler of steaming punch was laid by an admirer close to his right hand. Strong were its charms, but stronger was his sense of duty to the girl on the board. On went the furious tune, but the dance was not concluded when his dazed eyes lighted on a hand gliding in through a rent in the canvas, seizing on the goblet's stem, and gradually drawing it out,—stem, and cup, and sparkling liquid. Inexpressible was his indignation, but still more inexpressible his sense of loyalty to the two pair of bounding feet. His sufferings were intense till the tardy bow and curtesy were made; but then sinking back in woe, he cried out, 'Oh, boys! some villain out o' the next tent have took my tumbler.' No one but Homer or ZOZIMUS could fittingly describe the irruption into the next tabernacle and the heady scrimmage that ensued."

Just then Charley caught a glimpse of the modest young sister of his gardening acquaintance, sitting by her apparently unvalued suitor, far down in a tent. He at once insisted that all should enter, take a slight dose of poison, and not "have the curse of the fair on them." Judging that beer must be the most harmless drink, all things considered,

he ordered half-a-gallon, and, for a wonder, the liquor had the taste of beer on it. He had selected the table next to that occupied by the couple just mentioned. He now bent his head, and heard the words that follow issuing in very troubled tones from the girl's lips. The young man's part in the dialogue is not necessary to be quoted, especially as it was given in a half whisper.

"Indeed, I will not go out with you to look for my brother; it is only an excuse. It is through his neglect and your contrivance that we're parted from him. I told you more than once that I don't care for you. If I thought you'd be here to-day I wouldn't have come a foot. It's the first and last time of my life that I'll visit Donnybrook. If you wish to please me, you'll go and find James. I'll stay here till you bring him. There's no fear of me. Mr. Redmond there, that's a friend of James's, will be protection enough." Some urgent pressing ensued, in a muttered tone, and the noise of a snatch or grasp; but in an instant the girl broke away, and was standing by Charley's side, her face flushed and tears in her eyes. "Mr. Redmond," said she, "will you allow me to stay in your company, and see me home in Denzille Street. I have lost my brother in the crowd." "Come, come," said the gallant, seizing her by the arm, "your brother gave you in charge to me, and with me you shall stay, and go home too." "By my good oak sapling," said Charley, "if my friend's sister wishes for our protection, she shall have it till he finds us out, or she is safe at home. Don't disgrace your country by behaving as you are doing to a respectable young woman." "Ah, then," said the other, "I'll soon give you payment for the lesson in manners you want to learn me. Come out if you dare, and we'll soon see who is the best man." "With all my heart," exclaimed Charley, springing up. The

girl began to cry, and did her best to keep Charley back, but in vain. There happened to be a rent made in the winnowing sheet that day, and out through it went the five persons, followed by the most of the company, and on the comparatively quiet ground in the rear of the tents the duel began, the young girl, the innocent cause of it, staying close in Louis and Edward's neighbourhood, and forgetting to sob in her interest in the progress of the strife.

The young Tarquin struck at his foe with fury, but Charley retained his coolness, and received every blow, intended for head, shoulder, or arm, on his well-seasoned shillelah. He was not without making vigorous replies, but his foe had learned and practised the broadsword exercise with basket hilt sticks as well as he, and stroke and ward were vigorously plied, and the sharp clatter of the sticks soon collected a crowd of spectators, who witnessed with much interest and approbation the skilful cudgel-play. At last, Charley, after a cunning feint, rapidly changing the direction of his attack, struck his opponent on the side of the head, and down he went. Edward and Louis and some others now cried out "Enough!" Charley, panting a little, seemed inclined to obey the general feeling, but the levelled champion slowly arose, and though dizzy from the stroke, cried out,— "I'm worth three beaten fellows yet," and again renewed the fight with sullen rage. He found serious occupation for Charley's strength and address, till the latter, seizing his opportunity, struck his elbow with an upward sweep of his stick, and dashed his weapon some yards away from his unnerved hand, for a prey to some prowling jackeen. The power of the right arm was now gone, still he furiously rushed to close quarters, but it was only to get a headlong fall from Charley's leg and clenched fist. Just then the young damsel, trembling, but glow-

ing with triumph at her champion's success, caught sight of the truant brother. She ran to him and bitterly upbraided him for his neglect. On getting an outline of the late occurrence, he uttered his thanks to Charley, awkwardly and shamefacedly enough. The rescued fair one was not ashamed to show her gratitude, and her hands were cordially pressed by our three friends. The brother was anxious to treat them as well as he knew how, but they declined. They were on the move homeward, and advised him to follow their example. The advice was taken. Our wayfarers, as they proceeded city-wards by Leeson Street road, had the satisfaction of seeing sister and brother following in their wake.

"This adventure," said Louis, as they plodded along the high side-path, after working their way through the village, "ended more happily than another which I heard from my father as happening to his own knowledge. A young damsel visited the brook in company with a young man of her acquaintance, and did not return home till one or two o'clock in the morning. After she became a mother as well as before, she urged her seducer to have pity on herself and her unhappy babe, but he behaved very unfeelingly towards both. In time he became a counsellor in good practice, but she fell lower and lower in the social scale, and her hapless son became the associate of thieves. The counsellor happened to be engaged on the part of the crown in a case of burglary, committed with violence to the inmates. The young fellow concerned in the crime was sentenced to be hung, and as his arraigner was about to quit the court, he was informed by his Donnybrook victim that he had got his own son condemned to the gallows. Whether the wretched woman purposely delayed the information for the purpose of torturing her companion in

guilt or not, was unknown to my father. You have read something like this true narrative in the late novel of *Paul Clifford*.

The subsequent discourse of the three turned on the different duels which had been fought on Donnybrook Green by Bully Egan, of Kilmainham, Lord Mountgarret, Richard Daly, Sir Jonah Barrington, Mr. Crosby, brother to Sir Edward, Counsellor Kelleher, Lord Clare, John Philpot Curran, Lord Norbury, Fighting Fitzgerald, Barney Coyle, the distiller, and the Honourable George Ogle, author of "Molly Asthore." For these, and the surprising escape of Sir Jonah Barrington and Counsellor Byrne, when the well-meant, but ill-timed, manœuvres of a loyal cobbler and his whisky bottle, put their horses out of their senses, we must refer to the "Stroll over Donnybrook Green," contributed to the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for the month of October, 1861, by the present writer. In the paper now before the reader some circumstances, merely glanced at in the former article, are given in detail, and others related for the first time. Taken together, the combined sketches will, as the writer hopes, be

found to contain as much as is pleasant or profitable to be known concerning the old green and its doings.

In the year 1855, ever memorable in the Fasti of Donnybrook, the corporation of Dublin, aided by sundry munificent donations, empowered the Right Honourable Boyce (then Lord Mayor) and Edward Wright, Esq., to purchase the charter, and all its belongings, from the Madden family, for the sum of £3000. Some trouble was, of course, incurred in dispersing the crowds that would still assemble on the Green in the last week of August. A pitiable shadow of the ancient saturnalia was held for a year or two in a neighbouring paddock, but that was soon abolished, the Green was enclosed and converted into a potatoe field, and no longer were deposits to the sum of fifteen or twenty hundred pounds withdrawn from the Dublin savings banks in the last week of August. Grumblers assert that there has been as much liquor consumed in Dublin and its suburbs any late year as was swallowed during any year of the reign of King Donnybrook. Croakers will croak while the world endures.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

CHAPTER XX.

COMING OF AGE.

GREAT were the preparations at the little town of Ballymore ; which, if the reader is unable to find in a "*Gazetteer*," we may inform him is in one of the southern counties of Ireland.

Ballymore is rather an improving little town : that is to say—thatched roofs are beginning to disappear therein ; and in the place of rough-cast houses, with small upper windows and shop-fronts almost as meagre, the inhabitants are developing their architectural tastes into all the refinements of stuccoed walls, plate-glass windows, and grained doors. We call Ballymore a town, because the inhabitants, and the neighbourhood generally, call it so, although it consists but of two streets, diverging from a common point, with a cross-street about half-way, making it take the shape of an A. The local architect who planned and superintended the building of a row of rather neat dwelling-houses, for the humbler classes, in a line parallel to one of the main streets, and who, being a very young man, set up for the wag of the place, is said to have suggested the continuance of this row until another street should have been thereby formed. "Ballymore," he added, in allusion to the shape it would then assume (he always had to explain his joke, which was mortifying), "would then stand *AT* in the annals of improvement." This row had been erected at the cost of a number of enterprising inhabitants in the town, who had formed themselves into a building company. A shirt factory had recently been started in their midst,

and had attracted some families from the country. Until the houses had been built, the old tenements of the town had been fearfully over-crowded, and disease had often broken out in consequence. But the star of Ballymore was now on the ascendant, and progress was the order of the day. The town commissioners had actually sat upon the sewers, pronounced them decidedly offensive, and were about to work prodigies of reform, both in this matter and in that of a fresh-water supply.

If we wished to swell our story to the dimensions of a three-volume novel, we might here, very opportunely, dilate upon the humours of this town, and the people that are therein. But we feel impelled to hurry our tale to a conclusion, and so shall proceed to our more immediate point—the preparations in process amongst its principal inhabitants, which were to celebrate the coming of age of the heir to a property, on the confines of which it stood. The fortunate young gentleman in question would, upon the auspicious day which was now so nearly approaching, become the lord of some five thousand acres of landed property, and of rather better than half of this town of two thousand inhabitants. The bulk of the people, both in town and country, were Roman Catholics. The state of agriculture, and of the dwelling accommodation in the district, was of anything but as promising and advancing a description as the internal condition of the trade of the town—evinced by the markedly improving condition of its architectural exte-

rior—would lead one to expect. The farms were small, and the ideas of the farmers as to modern civilisation and the improvements which it brings in its train, were, with a few honourable exceptions, of a very limited description indeed. The estate had been managed, during the fourteen or fifteen years of the minority, by the uncle of the heir, aided by a well-intentioned and efficient agent; but although both of these gentlemen had the reputation of being kind and considerate to the tenantry, this considerateness was rather of such a nature as merely to keep the people from falling back, than of such a nature as to cause them to advance. This *regime*, however, was a very popular one amongst the farmers, who gloried in their dirt and independence.

Thistles and rag-weeds revelled in their pastures; and though the corn grew thinly enough sometimes upon the worn-out fields, it grew thick upon the rotting thatch of the houses. It was pitiful to see great tracts of meadow land devoted to rushes and moss and flags, all for want of a proper system of drainage, which might have easily been carried out, could all the small holders who were interested in it be got to agree to some one joint plan of operations; and it was sad to turn from this unsightly and unprofitable aspect of the fields to the equally unsightly aspect of the cottages, with holes for windows, and only partially whitened walls of mud and rough rubble.

Still the people, on the whole, were by no means in a state of pauperism. The two excellent gentlemen aforesaid were always ready to be easy in the rents with a deserving tenant who had fallen into any temporary difficulty, and to give him a breathing time to recover himself. And if a man had been especially unfortunate through the loss of stock, or through any lengthened sickness of his own, or of any working mem-

ber of his family, he might look, not only for "time" at the office, but even for a gift of cash in hand to enable him to supply his more pressing wants at seed time, or to purchase a beast.

If, in the main, the crops were far more scanty than they ought to have been under a more advanced system of farming, the people made up for this by the scantiness of their personal needs. Save upon Sundays and holidays, they clad themselves in the most antediluvian of rags. They were most economical in the matter of soap and candles, and darning needles and thread. Their household furniture was almost *nil*, and their diet was of the plainest and cheapest description. A man who has an income of £75 *per annum*, and has needs which could not be fully satisfied under £100, is not as well off as a man who has but £50, and can manage to exist on £45. For the latter is even in a position to save; and such was the position of many of these ten-acre farmers, who had sums of £50, £100, aye, and in one or two cases, a couple of hundreds, to their credit in the local bank. Such were the people over and amongst whom Ernest Fitzgerald was to live as landlord.

The easy *regime* of his uncle, faithfully carried out by the agent, had its advantages for Ernest. The people were not ready to shoot him the moment he came to live amongst them. "Live and let live," was their motto. They had no objection to a landlordism which let them alone when they were, in their own estimation, "well enough," and at the same time helped them when they needed assistance.

But it was highly problematical whether, when by long usage they had become habituated to this *laissez aller* style of management, they would not immediately kick at any attempt to deal differently with them, or to improve them in spite of themselves.

Now Ernest was of a very reforming and improving disposition. If he had come into his property when he had all the eagerness and impetuosity of boyhood about him, and at the same time had those ideas of improvement which he now entertained in maturer years, he would probably have run amuck against the people's prejudice in a very short time. But now he had in his favour those additional years which had landed him fairly into manhood; and, beside this, there was now one great charm to ensure him success.

Utterly humiliated, as he felt, from the weakness into which he—who had not a little prided himself (to say the truth) upon his “steadiness”—had so recently fallen; and at the same time full of thankfulness that he had been saved from the dishonouring consequences to the brink of which that weakness had hurried him, he sought comfort in the resolution that he would endeavour to the utmost to atone for his weakness by devoting himself to a life of usefulness. The spirit of love had swelled to great dimensions, and to a mature ripeness in his heart. Although unlawful passion had, in an unguarded moment, entered in, and for that moment obscured the purity of his spirit of love, still that mad impulse had been repented of almost as soon as indulged in. It had, however, had the effect of causing him to make a violent effort to quench a love which, however pure it had been therefore, had led to the possibility of such a result; and his eyes had been opened to the danger of playing with such edged tools. The boiling passion for Minnie had simmered down again into the old quiet regard of the early days at the Vicarage: his eyes were now sufficiently opened to see that it would be wickedness to suffer himself to feel more. But the result of this self-control was a craving in his heart for a *something* on which he might spend the outpourings of affections.

“I will strive to make amends for my sin,” he said to himself. “If I must have something to love, let me endeavour to make my estate my mistress, to devote my heart to my tenantry, striving for their welfare—not in any spirit of self-love, not to please my own eye or my own vanity, but from a real desire for their benefit and their advancement. If I can be, under Providence, the favoured means of promoting that benefit and that advancement, I may, perchance, at the same time, be suffered to regain that self-respect which by my own unrestrained impulses and want of self-control, I have now, alas! so nearly lost.”

Ernest had not seen Minnie again since he had received her forgiveness that unlucky night. The poor little woman was so much upset by all that she had gone through, coupled with a sense of her own share of the blame, inasmuch as her own yielding heart had, as far as that grave point, given encouragement to her friend's weakness—that she had been unable to leave her room the following day. The next day the doctor had to be sent for. She was pronounced to be seriously ill; and when, on the third day, Ernest, according to his previously-arranged plans, had to start for Ireland, he was obliged to do so without being able to bid her good-bye; and, at the same time, with the painful reflection that he had been the cause of her indisposition by the agitation and alarm into which he had thrown her.

On arriving in Ireland he had to stop a few days in Dublin, and then proceeded on his homeward route. Great was his delight upon his arrival at the railway-station which brought him within some seven miles of Ballymore, to receive, from the coachman who awaited him there, a letter from Minnie, amongst a host of other far less interesting documents. This letter assured him, in the first place, of her return to

perfect health again. She knew (she told him), and need not disguise her consciousness that her illness must have been a source of disquietude to his mind, and, accordingly, she would commence by talking of herself. Having thus, she hoped, set his mind at rest, so far as that was concerned, she went on to reassure him of her complete and entire forgiveness and undiminished regard.

"Some people might say that I ought to be too indignant ever to speak to you again," she wrote; "but I know well that you are as grieved about the past as I could be. I know, too, that if you were to blame, so also was I. Again, it might be said that delicacy ought to hinder me from touching on this topic in a letter, if I wrote to you at all. But, Ernest, I have a very great regard for you; and, conscious of my own integrity, and assured now of yours, I hesitate not to write that which I hope and feel assured will take a load from your good, kind, and conscientious heart. With all my heart and soul I here repeat the words of forgiveness which I have already spoken to you, and I wish to assure you, if the assurance is needed, that your happiness and your welfare will ever be as my own to me. This letter will reach you on the eve of your birthday. God send you many, many happy returns of it; and may He make you a good, a kind, and a prudent head over the people amongst whom, on that day, you will take up your abode. I know your good feelings towards them, and your excellent intentions. It will ever fill me with the most sincere happiness to hear of their advancement under your careful guidance. And now, dear Ernest, good-bye! Perhaps we may never meet again! Indeed, had I not felt almost assured that we never should, I could scarcely, perhaps, have summoned resolution now to write to you, or, at any rate, to write as freely

as I have done. God bless and be with you! Think sometimes kindly, but never with warmer feelings than those of friendship, about your true and constant friend,

"MINNIE SEYMOUR.

"P.S.—You remember the day of my visit with papa to the Children's Hospital? My friend, the lady-nurse there, who was expecting a friend of hers to take her place for a few months, has been disappointed. I have written to her by this day's post, offering to go, if I may. I could not bear just now to go back to the monotonous life of the Vicarage; I should suffer my thoughts to dwell too much upon the past, and I know it would be bad for me. So, even at the cost of separation from papa for the three or four months for which I have offered myself, I really feel a longing to go to the Hospital, and be at work—real, earnest, practical work; and I am sure it will all be for the best. And when I am there, I shall often remember a conversation which we had on one of those happy days in Egypt. Pray for me, Ernest, that I may be of use to the little sufferers there. You know how I love children. I shall be really happy amongst them, I know. Again, good-bye!"

"M. S."

Right glad was Ernest that his excellent uncle had been unavoidably prevented from coming to the station to meet him, and that he could enjoy this letter in private—aye, and have ever such a little bit of a cry over it. (Ladies, you will not think him the less manly for that, we feel assured.)

It made him feel very happy to think that Minnie and he, though apart, would, in spirit, be engaged together in works of kindness; and her example confirmed him the more in his good intentions.

"It is a good omen," said he to himself; and the gloom vanished which had begun to gather about him, while he sped on his way from

Dublin homewards—a gloom which was occasioned by the consciousness he felt of the unworthiness into which he had fallen since last he had visited those familiar scenes, with an ingenuous, innocent heart, which now, penitent, as he was, he could not feel himself to possess.

“Forgiven by her, may I not hope that I am forgiven at a higher tribunal? Let me then proceed to a course of expiation, in which, though not striving, like the Roman Catholic, to earn for myself forgiveness, I may prove that sorrow for the past has made me desirous to be a better man in the future. Yet, now that my particular temptation is removed, I cannot give that proof by any act of refraining or resistance; but can I not give it by endeavouring to lead a life of more active good—I, who have hitherto lived but for my own enjoyment?”

As he thus mused the coachman turned round to inform him that his uncle was approaching on horseback. Right cordially did they meet; and, fortified by the letter which he had received, Ernest felt that he could confront his guardian with a countenance free from all trace either of distress or of shame. That gentleman, giving his horse to the groom who accompanied him, seated himself beside his nephew in the carriage, and the remainder of the way seemed short enough as they chatted together cheerily.

Ballymore was almost hidden behind the display of flags and gaily-coloured scarves, doing duty for flags, which were displayed at every window, and here and there were suspended, in fluttering lines, across the street. Even those who had curtains of lively hues had taken them down (at the suggestion of Ernest's uncle), and hung them from their window-sills, after the fashion of dwellers in Italian towns upon their festal day. The effect was most picturesque. And what a triumphal arch there was at the

junction of the principal streets! It was right across both of them; and the programme was, that Ernest should proceed down one street, up another, and then strike away for Ballymore-house, by a road which branched off from that by which they had come, just before the entrance to the town. In short, going through Ballymore at all was a sort of work of supererogation. The people, however, were determined that the horses should not have this extra labour imposed on them, for they took them from the carriage as it paused in front of the arches, and while Ernest received and gracefully replied to an address from the town commissioners, a set of stout young fellows harnessed themselves with ropes, and acted as steeds for the remainder of the journey.

And what shouting and cheering there was! And how the people pressed forward to the sides of the carriage, pushing and struggling, and nearly tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get an early shake of the young landlord's hand!

And if the shouting and cheering was kept up to a late hour that evening, and if some of the good souls did not go home very steadily, well, let us say that was mainly owing to the excitement of their joy! If the whisky and ale which flowed freely in front of the hall-door did go to some of their heads, why, perhaps, on an ordinary occasion it would not have affected them so markedly. And the Bailiff, next day, told the Agent that there was “not a man of them that he could really have called *dhruunk*, if he was put on his *Bible* oath to swear it; *but a mortal lot of them was quare and hearty!*”

There was a great feast on the next day. All the tenants from town and country sat down to dinner in a monster shed, which had been erected on the lawn. And when all had had their fill, and when Ernest's health had been drunk with three

times three, and a profusion of subsequent cheering, which called itself "Nine times nine," accompanied with a storm of clapping of hands held high above the heads of the clappers, who rose to their feet to perform the ovation, their young landlord got up and made the following speech to them :

"My very dear friends and tenants, you have kindly applauded the toast which has just been given, with a forest of hands ; but I could almost wish that there was one big hand amongst you all, and *for* all, that I might now take it and shake it, and press it to my lips and heart, and show you how unfeignedly I——"

(Here the hurraing and another storm of hand-clapping, and cries of, "That's the boy for ye," drowned his further utterance.)

When Ernest again obtained a hearing, he continued—"My dear friends, I hope that none of you will imagine that the years of travelling about the world which I have been permitted to enjoy, will make me restless, or cause me to desire still to run away from home. Far from it ! I have had my fill of moving, and nothing could make me happier now than to come, as I have come, to settle down and live amongst you !"

Here a voice cried : "We'll give you lave, after a bit, to go away agin, jist for wonst, if ye'll come back soon with a purty wife along wid ye !"

This sally was of course a signal for hilarious applause.

Ernest, though just then in the mood which, probably, a great many young swains and damsels have been in at some one time or other in their lives—a sort of "I-shall-never-marry" mood—could not help joining in the merriment. When it subsided, he continued,—

"This much I have learnt from my travels. I have learnt to study the rest of the world—to see what it

is like, and what are its habits ; and nothing would gratify me more sincerely than to be allowed by you, my tenants, when I get to know you more intimately and individually, as I trust I very soon will—(hear, hear)—to be willingly allowed by you to enter into your plans when you seek to do aught for the improvement of your comfort or of your position ; so that if there be anything of value in the experiences I have gained, I may give you the benefit of it. (Hear, hear ! hear, hear !) On a property like this, farmed by such a number of small cultivators, I know that it would be impossible for me to do as an English landlord does for his substantial farmers with their two or three hundred acres a-piece, namely, to build your houses and barns for you, and to make the many other improvements which the English landlord makes. And therefore it is that, instead of claiming it as a right, that I should have a finger in the pie whenever you wish to make an improvement : I ask it as a sort of favour. Yet *thus* far I propose to establish a *right* to be consulted. Were I to offer to do all that may have to be done when that desire arises for considerable changes and improvements, which I make bold to hope will soon be felt amongst you, I should have little left to live upon myself. But this I now offer to do. I am sure that there are few English landlords who do not spend at the rate of at least one, if not two shillings in the pound of their rentals every year in property improvements. I am prepared to do the same. (Hear, hear ! hear, hear ! and another storm of hand-clapping.) I am prepared yearly to lay out amongst those of you who are willing to abstain from making any change without first consulting with me, and who are willing, furthermore, to make changes at my suggestion—both parties agreeing thereto—a sum equal, if needs be, to two shillings in every pound of my income." (Applause

repeated, with cries of "We'll all consult you, never fear!") Ernest continued, "Now, though I only promise this co-operation (let it be clearly understood) to those who will improve in accordance with my ideas of improvement, you may be sure that I shall always be open to reason; and whenever I find, on consultation with yourselves, that my ideas cannot be carried on to your advantage, I shall be a willing learner from your practical experience, and ready to give way, until we meet upon some middle course, which will satisfy us both. And I trust that I shall ever find in you the same readiness to meet me half-way. (Loud cries of 'Niver doubt it, yer honor!') One word more. Most of you differ from me in creed. I trust that though we go to different places of worship, no man will ever have it to say of any of us that, in our dealings

with one another, we act as anything but fellow-Christians, each of us striving, according to the best of his ability and the dictates of his conscience, to reach the same Heaven. And may the blessing of that Heaven be upon both you and yours!"

Here Ernest sat down amid a tumult of applause, feeling very much overcome, and thinking what a great deal he had left out that he had intended to say, or not said just as he wished to. But he had said enough to convince his people that they had got a young landlord with his heart in the right place; and many a one returning home that evening said that "it was worth waiting those many years to get the like; and that if there was more of his sort living amongst their tenants, ould Ireland would not be such a shamed country before the world as she has been!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Two years have elapsed since the events narrated in the last chapter. Ernest is a proud and a happy man, and yet a sad and a lonely one. Happy he is, because his temperate and kindly policy towards his tenants has not only endeared him thoroughly to them, but it has succeeded beyond his warmest expectations in filling them with a real desire to improve, and all because he took the right way of setting about it. Their laborious exertions in their own behalf, aided by the skilled inspection which he took care to furnish, in addition to his own shrewd but less practical suggestions, and by his outlay in the supply of material, had, in that brief space, already effected a wonderful change in the appearance of the estate.

He is also a proud man; for his county has just returned him to Parliament, the Roman Catholics and the moderate Conservative Protest-

ants combining in his support. An extreme "Nationalist," (as the gentleman was called) had canvassed for a short time against him; but those who knew what Ernest had done for his own tenantry, and had accordingly waited on him with a requisition to come forward, said that they could not ask a better farmers' friend than he was, and did not see how a "free Ireland" could better their condition. They would rather, they said, pay rent to such a young man as that, than have no rent to pay, and, at the same time, no such man to be their friend. So the gentleman of the Nationalistic principles went somewhere else, and having found a weak spot where the Conservative candidate was a gentleman of fashion, who seldom came to his Irish estates, and knew few of his tenants by sight, was returned by an overwhelming majority over the head of the chosen representative of land-

lord interests, after a prodigious row, at which a regiment of infantry only added to the excitement by being made a helpless butt for the attacks of the mob. And Ernest was elected, unopposed, as the junior member for his own county.

But we have said that Ernest was a sad and a lonely man. Lonely he naturally was, because he was still unmarried; and single blessedness at Ballymore Hall was very different to single blessedness while roving about the world, and constantly falling in with congenial companions. And he was very sad, because a few months previous to the time of which we now speak, the steamer in which he knew that Minnie Seymour was to have sailed from Suez to Bombay to join her husband, had foundered at sea, and all on board had perished! Gladly then—so far as he could be glad at anything after the death of one who was so near to his heart—did Ernest hail the change, and the increased occupation of body and mind promised by the new phase of life which was now before him.

He had been in London some few weeks. His chimney-piece was studded over with invitations to balls and parties of all descriptions. But although he, being a *bon parti*, and, furthermore, an M.P. for an important constituency, was much sought after, both by managing mammas and no less managing statesmen's wives, he went out but little. And because he was so grave, owing to his sorrow for his friend—his *friend*, not his *love*; for he had learnt to school his heart aright in that respect—people set him down as being rather “fine,” an accusation of which Ernest was most thoroughly undeserving.

There was a great reception at the Foreign Office on a certain night in June. Ernest had passed through the crowded rooms in the magnificent new building near the Horse Guards. He had talked politics to

a few men, and discussed pictures and the last opera with some young and old married women. He always rather avoided girls, because he felt in no humour for flirting, and he considered that he would find no favour in their eyes in consequence. Little did he wot that when some of the young ladies in question discussed their male friends from time to time at their “five o'clock teas,” he was often spoken of in most favourable, nay, flattering terms, as the young Irish Member who *never* flirted, and looked so sad, and yet looked as if he could be so very, very loving; and then they said that *she* might consider herself a fortunate and happy girl who could draw forth from its recesses the large heart which apparently lay hid beneath that seemingly unmoved exterior.

There was a general and constant flow down the broad staircase of the Foreign Office. Ernest was in one of the corridors below, having just handed some lady friends to their carriage. “Lady Warden’s carriage stops the way!” was echoed from without: and a movement was made close to him. A group of young men surrounded a lady, whose back was turned to him. One of them, when the carriage was called, stepped forward and offered her his arm, saying, “Allow me the pleasure!” “That’s too bad,” said another. “But for me, the carriage would not have been here this half-hour, and yet that lazy fellow, Lambert, is to have the satisfaction of handing you to it.”

“I like to divide my favours,” said a sweet voice, with a laugh.

“Do you not feel sufficiently rewarded in having conferred the obligation, Captain West?”

The lady’s figure had recalled a bye-gone memory to Ernest’s heart. The voice did so still more. The owner of the voice now turned to pass him, and he beheld—Kate Glover!

There was no mistake about it.

It was she, and nobody else. Recognition followed the meeting of their eyes as quickly as thunder follows lightning, unexpected as was the rencontre: and a delighted recognition it was on both sides, as they shook each other warmly by the hand.

"*Lady Warden's carriage stops the way!*" yelled the impatient and beery linksman from without.

"You really must drive on, coachman, and let the next follow!" exclaimed a fussy policeman.

The beau who had offered his arm looked daggers at Ernest for the interruption, which was none the less displeasing to him on account of the marked cordiality with which the beauty by his side had greeted the young Irish M.P., whom "nobody knew" (in the parlance of a certain set of would-be rulers of the male world of fashion). "Confound that fellow, Fitzgerald!" he afterwards said to other choice spirits with whom he was walking home. "He's not one of ourselves—nobody ever heard of him before this season. He keeps himself to himself, and yet the women all make so much of him. I hate your men of whom the women say, 'He is so nice!' Why can't a fellow be like everybody else? Your *nice* ladies' man is a creature who never betted in his life, unless it were a pair of gloves to a pretty girl at Ascot—is a dab at pool, and yet never plays it out of a country-house—never gets into debt, like us poor devils, because he is too slow a muff to care for enjoying life; and in Parliament gets up and makes a speech all full of bombast, which passes for feeling and oratory, and ensures him one or two leading articles next day, which make him fearfully conceited, for all that he pretends to be modest about it. One can't help hating those fellows. One always feels that their 'niceness' is thrown in one's teeth, as much as to say, 'Why can't you be like him?'"

"Yes, bai Jove! Hawwid sort of milksops; just clever enough to make them doubly objectionable!" replied one of the speaker's companions, from behind a huge cigar which he was sucking at indolently.

But we are wandering from our narrative. The carriage having been detained by a cry of—"Lady Warden coming out!" from two of the young men, in a breath, Kate entered it, after having hurriedly given her address to Ernest, and charged him to come and see her soon. A quiet-looking, little old lady, whom he did not know, had entered the carriage before her. Ernest now looked around, but in vain, for some friend who could explain to him the mystery of Kate Glover's appearance in London society, in which, too, she was apparently so thoroughly at home.

Presently an old Oxford acquaintance, who was also in Parliament, came up and said, "Come along, Fitzgerald, let's go. I'm tired of this crush; ain't you?" So Ernest went home, thinking his friend would be sure to know, and that the mystery would be at once unravelled. But whenever he was on the point of asking him about her—and he was very nearly doing so three or four times—his courage always failed him. For he did not wish to speak of that Oxford history to anyone with whom he was not very intimate, and so he feared to broach the subject.

It was long before he slept that night; and he voted himself the most unhappy and miserable of men. Poor, dear Minnie Seymour dead, and by such a sad and untimely end! And this girl whom he had not the courage to ask to be his wife at Oxford, somebody else had asked, and won, and brought into the very *crème de la crème* of London society! and yet, was it not on his own account, or out of slavishness to "caste," that he had not asked her to marry him? Was it not rather

out of respect to his father's memory that he had resolved not to make an "unequal match?" True! and yet to think that some man (could he be Lord Warden, or somebody Warden?) had had no such scruple, and had married her; and that she was now going out as independently as if she had been in London society all her life!

Ernest writhed in his bed with chagrin and vexation, and not a little jealousy.

"Am I fated all my life to love no one but other people's wives?" he asked himself. "I wonder if her husband was one of those fellows round her? Could not have been, though, for they were all alike attentive. Husbands don't pay such profuse attention to their wives, at any rate, not in public; and besides, only the little old lady went away with her in her carriage. Who was the little old lady, I wonder? Some one to whom she was giving a lift home, I suppose; or husband's mother, perhaps. Of course, she must have been the husband's mother! Wonder what sort of a man her husband can be! Some brute of a fellow, very likely, who votes everything a bore that his wife wishes to go to, and leaves her to go off by herself, or with the old lady, and to be flirted with by all the young dancing dogs in London!" And having let this idea get hold of him, Ernest began to take quite an aversion to the supposed neglectful husband; and then he began to think about his old friend again. "How handsome she is! She always looked queen-like, and now she looks more so than ever. But what a strange rencontre! The last person in the universe that I should have expected to meet, and the very last place, certainly, that I should have expected to meet her in! What a strange world we live in!"

The reader will scarcely be surprised to hear that this young gentleman, for all that he had been

rather avoiding ladies' society since he had come to town, called on Lady Warden next day, at as early an hour as was compatible with the rules of fashionable society.

And when, with palpitating heart, he was ushered into the drawing-room, he found there, not the object of his search, but the quiet-looking, little middle-aged woman whom he had seen entering Kate's carriage the night before at the Foreign Office.

Ernest bowed, a little shyly. "I had hoped to have the pleasure of seeing Lady Warden," he said.

"You have that pleasure," said the little woman, with a merry laugh, holding out her hand, and shaking Ernest's warmly before he had recovered from his surprise. "Mr. Fitzgerald, I may almost say that I know you, though you do not know me. My acquaintance with you, however, only commenced after we had left the Foreign Office last night. My dear Kate would not let me go to bed until she had told me all about you, and your old regard for her eight or nine years ago."

"But, Lady Warden, pray, be so kind as clear up the mystery of Miss Glover's appearance here, in the best London society, and, I presume, under your chaperonage—that is to say, if she is *Miss* Glover still. For I vow I had thought last night that *she* was Lady Warden, and that she had married since I had last had the pleasure of seeing her."

"I saw your mistake the moment you entered this room; and, knowing your old interest in my niece, took in the situation at a glance."

"Your *niece*, Lady Warden!"

"Yes, Mr. Fitzgerald—Miss Kate Glover, *alias* Miss Warden, is my niece. My brother-in-law, Sir Ralph Warden, having been supposed to have died childless when quite a young man, my husband, Sir John, succeeded to him. He, poor, dear soul, died about four years ago. We had no children, and the estates were about to pass away into the

hands of a distant branch of the family, when some papers were found in my brother-in-law's desk, showing that, while at Oxford, he had been privately married to Kate's mother, who, doubting somehow the validity of the marriage, from his having concealed it for fear of incurring the displeasure of his relations, and having, accordingly, left her there for a full year before his somewhat sudden death, had never told his family of her claim to be recognised as his lawful wife. She had one child—namely, Kate—and she had a brother who, on her dying from a broken heart, poor thing, a short time after the death of her husband, had taken this child into his charge, at the same time changing his quarters from near Abingdon, where he had previously lived, to the other side of Oxford. The moment that my lawyer found the papers respecting the marriage, he caused inquiries to be made, the result of which was that the excellent Mr. Glover, not without many a pang, gave up his sister's child to me. She has been abroad with me ever since—in Rome, Paris, and elsewhere—and this is the first year of her appearance in London. She has already created quite a sensation, which, I flatter myself, is due quite as much to the dear child's personal attractions as to the fact of her being an heiress."

Ernest devoutly wished that she was not an heiress: for already in his heart he was longing to make her his, and yet he felt that his suit might be misconstrued. It was bad enough, he felt, that he should run the risk of its being said of him that he would think of Kate Warden for a wife when he had never permitted himself to think of Kate Glover in that capacity. But it would be worse still to have it said that he who would not ask the penniless gardener's niece to be Mrs. Fitzgerald, would hasten to request the rich Baronet's heiress to do him that favour.

But while this question was dart-

ing through his mind, he could not refrain from the hearty rejoinder which rose to his lips when Lady Warden spoke of her niece's personal attractions.

"No one who had ever seen her could fail to be attracted by her," he said, with ardour.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, I shall make bold to tell you that I know the history of your parting from this attractive young lady, and I——. Hush! here she comes herself."

And the door opening, Kate entered, radiant with stately loveliness: more of the woman, but not more of the lady—for that would have been impossible.

"My dear, dear old friend!" said Ernest, with tears glistening in his eyes, and taking both her hands in his, and holding them there, as he gazed into her face with all the old love of bygone days—aye, and with more than he had ever gazed with before—for in those days he had felt that, for her sake, he must curb his ardent glances; and now there was no longer a barrier betwixt the twain.

"I have often longed in day-dreams that this happy moment might arrive," said she to him. "The greatest pleasure which my elevation into this new life ever afforded to me has been in the hope with which it has inspired me that I could, at last, meet you as an equal; and now the meeting has come."

"And so all those bygone years have not chilled our old regards!" said Ernest, squeezing the two hands which he held in his own.

The imprisoned hands pressed him in reply, and the mesmeric influence of the mutual heartfelt grasp thrilled their two souls at once, and made them one!

A few days later, Kate, and Ernest, and Lady Warden, were seated by the side of "the Row," in the rear rank of the line of chairs near Hyde Park Corner.

"What puzzles me is, that you are still single," Ernest had just said to Kate.

"You mean to flatter me, of course," she replied, "and to intimate that it cannot have been the fault of my male friends. I must say that I never felt tempted to take a husband from my former sphere; and now it is perhaps fortunate for me that it was so. Indeed, I could not have done so. I know no man amongst my uncle's friends whom I could have brought myself to accept as a husband. You must not think me affected. You have forced me to speak candidly by raising the question. And then, as for the men I see around me here—why, when they come heaping their attentions on me—as you have seen two or three doing since we have been sitting here, in their false, artificial way—I could never drive from my mind the thought—'Ah, my fine sir! had I been Kate Glover still, you would have flirted and flirted as much as you dared; but as for proposals of marriage (of which I have already had my share), that would have been quite another thing! Oh, it has made me feel so bitter sometimes as to make me almost turn misanthrope!'"

"Miss Warden! Kate! Do you, in speaking thus, mean to rebuke *me*?"

"Not I, dear friend, by any means. I hope we know each other better."

"You know then, full well, do you not? that it was for my dead father's sake, and not from any false feelings on my part, that I took the course which once I did towards you?"

"I know it well—perfectly well," she replied, making patterns with her parasol in the dusty walk at her feet.

"And can you, then, believe that, as I would have done then, had I dared—so do I now—for yourself, and for your dearly-beloved self alone—ask you, Kate, to become my own wife?"

"Dear Ernest! my belief in your sincerity, now, as then, is only sur-

passed by my love, which has only awaited that word from your lips, to declare itself wholly yours!"

For a few moments they sat in a happy silence, and then Kate said, softly and shyly,—

"Dear Ernest! I may confess all to you now. My heart leapt back to you—I could not have restrained it if I would—when I saw your glad face at the Foreign Office, last week, and read your soul in your eyes! Oh, how thankful I was to see you still unchanged, and to feel that I could now meet you on an equal footing! The very next day, Ernest, ere you had been an hour gone from our house, one of the best *partis* in England was at my feet. I had never loved him—barely liked him. Yet I believe he liked me for myself as well as for my fortune. But I almost exulted as I said *Nay* to the poor fellow! Forgive me, Ernest! You will not, I know, feel hurt when I confess my triumph—not over you—far be that from me! but the triumph of the plebeian blood that is in me over 'caste!' Caste forbid you once to ask me for your bride. I have ceased to be considered plebeian; and a nobleman of the oldest blood has offered me his hand. I have refused him—refused him since it appeared to me possible that I might yet be asked in marriage by the commoner for whom once—not in his own eyes, I know, dear Ernest, but in the eyes of the tyrant world—I was not good enough. Could I have believed it possible that you, when you said farewell to me at Oxford, would have thought a union with me a degradation to yourself, I would have married this man triumphantly the moment in which you knew of the removal of the barrier which existed between us. To be revenged on the affront I would have risked a life-time of unhappiness! But knowing right well your real feelings towards me, I triumph only at my having had it in my power to accept him (poor fellow), and thus being

able to refuse him, in order that I may the better show you how truly my heart is *yours*! Oh, Ernest, I *can* give to you now, and do give it with all my soul, the heart I had once *to keep from loving you*!"

"And I, too, Kate; my own darling, my boyhood's love! There seems to be double joy in letting loose the passion which once was chained. Heaven bless you for conferring on me a happiness greater than I have deserved!"

They were returning through town from their honeymoon in Switzerland, and on their way back to Ireland; and had taken a stroll down to the spot in the Row where those words of true faith had been spoken, when whom should they meet but Major and Mrs. Gooderich. The sight of them gave Ernest a pang; for they recalled to his mind his dear lost friend, Minnie Seymour. He was surprised at the very smiling faces with which they met him. Although he knew that his present happiness must give them real pleasure, still he felt there should by rights have been some look of sorrow mingled with the joy, when they had not met since the sad catastrophe of the shipwreck had been made known to them.

"Kate, you have often heard me speak of Mrs. Gooderich, and of our dear mutual friend, poor Mrs. Seymour!"

"Poor Mrs. Seymour? *Rich* Mrs. Seymour, you should have said"—exclaimed the Major.

"What can you mean, Major?" asked Ernest.

"Mean? Why, that her husband has just got an excellent appointment in the diplo——"

"Her husband! But herself?"

"Mr. Fitzgerald!"—said Mrs. Gooderich—"you surely can never have received my letter! I thought not at the time—else I should surely have heard from you in reply."

"What letter?"

"A letter that I addressed to your place in Ireland, saying that Minnie was alive and well!"

Ernest grasped her hand with a cry of wondering joy.

"No! I never received the glad news. But how can it be possible?"

"I will tell you. She never entered that ill-fated ship. A letter met her at Cairo from her husband, saying that he had been offered an appointment at Berlin, and was on his way to enter upon his duties there. So she awaited him in Cairo—they went to Berlin together; and have been there ever since. And what is more, I hear from a mutual friend that he is so vastly improved. He missed her terribly when she came over to England, and quite fretted about her. Then the Governor-General took a fancy to him, and placed him on his Staff. When in that capacity, he was sent to a native prince, on a confidential mission, his conduct of which won for him golden opinions in high quarters. The result of this was that he was kept steadily at work at one thing or another, to his no small benefit in every respect. Aroused and drawn-out, he has become quite a different man. I always felt assured that there was something in him, and it has come out at last. And Minnie, since she rejoined him, has found the benefit of the change in him, I know; for her letters to me breathe of nothing but happiness.

"Thank God for it!" said Ernest. "Kate, dear soul; you are not jealous when you see me taking so hearty an interest in another man's wife—especially when you know what friends we once were?"

"No, my old man! I could not be jealous. You have been too constant to *me* for that!"

"My true wife," said Ernest to Kate, when they had bid good-bye to that excellent couple; "do you suspect how very fond I was of Minnie Seymour once?"

"Have you not told me, dearest?"

"I told you as of one I believed to be dead. Yet now that—thanks to goodness—she still lives, I feel that I ought to reassure you. Minnie Seymour was my early friend—my playmate. We were thrown into such close and intimate intercourse together that—she being a dear friend, and neither sister nor wife—I doubt whether any man in my position could have refrained from falling in love, as I confess I fell in love with her. That it was wrong to do so, I readily acknowledge, and heartily have I since grieved for it. Yet, had I not glided unconsciously into the temptation, it would never, assuredly, have laid its hold on me; a hold which, when once it had taken its grip, it was too sadly difficult to shake off. But, Kate! how hallowed do I feel my love for you! For I was given strength to conquer that real, first-sight love for you, at a time when I felt that to cherish the affection would be a sin; and now, my darling own one, I have been more than rewarded, by being permitted, for the first time in my life, to open my whole heart, and have been blessed by finding a whole heart ready to meet it. Oh Kate, Kate—love of my soul! if you but knew the ecstasy of being able to indulge freely and unreservedly in a love for that which is not 'Forbidden Fruit.'"

"My dear old goose, have you not yet found out that I, too, am in the same predicament? Although I felt that I dared not love you, I cherished the happy recollection of you throughout all those years, and that, too, Master Ernest, mark you, without even so much as a morsel of *Platonic sandwich* to support me on the way! I had no interlude by way of equivalent to your Minnie Seymour!"

A POSTSCRIPT. — The foregoing tale has been criticised as an incongruous mixture of "*goody*" and

"*baddy*." Well, there are some people in the world—happy people, we suppose, we must call them—the current of whose inner nature runs so serenely and calmly, that they may find it very difficult to realise to themselves the mental turmoil caused by a great temptation, not because they are so strong to resist, but because they are so passively immovable! So they look wonderingly and severely at the wrestlings and occasional stumbles of others who are constituted differently to themselves. They consider that if people are at all religious, it must be impossible for them to have any "*of that sort of bad*" in them at all; and if they witness a combination of "*goody*" and "*baddy*," they set down the individual in whom that combination exhibits itself as little better than a hypocrite.

The object of this tale has been to show that while impulsive and warm-blooded people, not naturally vicious, are in as great danger, sometimes, of going astray as those who are so, there is a safeguard for them, and for all, in the cultivation of the spirit of religion. Perchance, the perusal of our story may impress on some readers one of those leading lessons which the true spirit of religion teaches. "*Charity suffereth long, and is kind—thinketh no evil!*" Had we chosen to spin out this tale, we might have introduced some severely righteous character who would have been "very properly scandalised" at the "shameful goings-on of Ernest and Minnie, and she a married woman, too! and both of them pretending to be so good!" But there are few who cannot, from amongst their own circle, draw such a picture for themselves. So, contenting ourselves with the hope that the perusal of this tale may have "strengthened some weak-hearted" ones—aye, and even have helped to "raise up some who have fallen," we bid our readers Adieu!

DREAMS.

DREAMS after sunshine may be reckoned among the greatest blessings bestowed by Providence on mankind. Not the dreams which reflect our own immediate thoughts, and said by Dr. Forbes Winslow to be the precursors of insanity; not the dyspeptic nightmares meeting out more or less deserved punishment to a late dining and wine-mixing generation; not the fevered conceptions that haunted the childhood of Charles Lamb; not the romantic visions of pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids and songs of Abara; not the mysterious creations, the fantastic terrors conjured at night for us by our disturbed nervous system; but the bright pictures that arise before our mind's eye in daylight, as we stroll to the quiet river side in a glorious summer afternoon, as we sit at church, and as we pursue our daily avocations; pictures of our El Dorado, our Eden, our Heaven upon earth, when our hopes are to be realised, our aspirations in this world to be attained, and our complete happiness to be infallibly secured.

A French writer, rather ingenious than profound in his theories, speculates at length on the possible condition of a man whose existence should be divided into two equal portions, one real, the other imaginary. Could an individual, though immersed in the lowest destitution during the day, behold before him a continuous series of scenes of affluence, prosperity, and success, when he closes his eyes at night, his life might be as pleasant as if he had been the special object of the bounty of Providence, as if he had been one of those exceptional beings occasionally sent into this world with all

the gifts the Creator can bestow on the creature.

Let us take Thomas Styles, a wretched pauper, whose existence has been a miserable struggle against absolute starvation, without a roof over his head, except the dingy white-washed workhouse ceiling; old, blind, lonely; with barely a crust to munch between his toothless gums. Suppose a beneficent fairy were to endow him regularly between sunset and sunrise with a number of visions, presenting another and totally opposite existence, in which he should revel in the luxuries of a Lucullus; in the magnificence of a Lorenzo dei Medici; in the power of a Napoleon. Suppose, on the other hand, a malevolent witch were to cast an evil spell on Sir John Madapolain, the well-known millionaire baronet, late of Bombay, and now of Northumberland Gate, Hyde Park, and that he should suffer in his sumptuous mansion from a succession of recurring nightmares, in which he wanders about the streets selling cabbages as a costermonger, is arrested by the police, is committed for three months to the treadmill, comes out of prison utterly destitute, becomes a professional vagrant and rogue, sleeping in casual wards, and tramping about the country without shoes, without other food than an occasional turnip or potatoe, stolen from the field; he freezes, he starves, until driven by despair to commit a burglary, he is caught red-handed, tried, and condemned to ten years of penal servitude. Dives would then be on a level with Lazarus, and it would be difficult to decide which fate would be preferable. It would be like our old friends *Box* and *Cox*. The life of the one would be by day,

that of the other by night. It matters little the saying that the wealth of Dives is a tangible, actual fact, whilst that of Lazarus would be a mere product of dreamland.

Half our burdens and our consolations in this world depend on the working of our imaginations. Who has never been haunted by a terrible dread, hanging over him like a heavy cloud, which, after threatening a storm, suddenly disappears, leaving a clear sky behind? And who has not been often buoyed up for months or years by expectations of a consummation devoutly wished for—expectations growing smaller and beautifully less, until they vanish into thin air?

To say that anticipation confers greater felicity than realisation, is no new discovery, no enunciation of an important truth hitherto hidden at the bottom of a very deep well. Indeed, I have an impression that an ancient potentate, a certain Solomon, King of the Jews, known in his time as a remarkably wise man, must have been personally acquainted with that fact, when, after having revelled in the arms of some hundreds of beauties, after having possessed countless treasures, after having been attended by thousands of obsequious servants, ready to obey his slightest whim, and followed by myriads of horsemen, prepared at his beck and call to lay down their lives, he exclaimed: "Vanity of Vanities—all is Vanity!" But it does not follow that because a truth is not altogether new that it is not worth repeating; and, at all events, there are many of us who may not have found out practically that day-dreams are the brightest part of existence. I have, myself, at different periods, enthralled delighted assemblages, like Paganini; I have strutted along with a haughty gaze towards men, and a compassionate one towards women, like Don Juan; I have luxuriated in the splendours of Oriental mag-

nificence, like Monte Christo; I have scattered as chaff the armies of the enemy before me, like Napoleon; I have become the happy husband of a certain fair one, who is as far above my reach as one of the pale distant stars that twinkle in the vault of Heaven.

I have found myself at St. James's Hall, electrifying a numerous and fashionable audience by my exquisite and profound reading on the violin of Mendelsohn's *Song Without Words*; by my brilliant performance of a sonata of Beethoven; by my extraordinary execution of the *Car-nival de Venice* on one string. An enthusiastic crowd has covered me with bouquets, and whilst triumphantly and proudly bowing my thanks, I am suddenly called upon to remember the unpleasant fact, that I have never touched a fiddle in my life.

My small and insignificant figure has assumed grand proportions. My locks have changed their customary fiery auburn for a raven hue. My eyes have acquired a depth of colour, a commanding yet bewitching glance, irresistible to behold. A soft, long, silken moustache has sprouted from beneath my nostrils, and I am the admired of all female admirers. Donna, Julia, and Haydée, are at my feet; Lady Clara Vere de Vere is deeply smitten with my charms: Lady Corisande is ready to throw over Lothair, if I say but the word. No Duc de Richelieu, no George Villiers, no Admirable Crichton, no Faublas, no "First Gentlemen in Europe," has ever played such havoc in feminine hearts. I could fill the Divorce Court with aristocratic cases, were it not for my innate virtue; for I have been a Joseph to many a frisky matron. I could wed the loveliest heiresses, were I not greatly embarrassed as to the object of my choice. I might become a candidate for the hand of a Royal Princess, had not nature endowed me with a retiring disposition. There is no end to my mental successes,

until I am restored to sober reason by the disagreeable recollection of the somewhat contemptuous refusal I received only the other day, when I offered to my landlady's daughter my hand and — I will not say how many hundreds a year. By the way, that pert young person left the room with a quiet little laugh, and a humiliating allusion to my grey hairs I shall not easily forget.

I have lived in a magnificent castle, in a fair situation, in one of the southern counties; I possessed an extensive park, enriched by noble woods and enlivened by numerous antlered stags; a picture-gallery as choice as that of the Pitti Palace; a vast hot-house out-rivalling that of Kew; gardens tastefully laid out and surpassing in beauty those of Boboli; a stud of horses of proud lineage and rare breed, scarcely equalled by the Ex-Emperor of the French in his palmiest days; a *chef de cuisine* in whom Ude and Careme, Soyer and Francatelli, would have recognised a brother, and who daily produced choice repasts of exquisite viands, true creations of the loftiest culinary genius. My wife, with graceful dignity, performed charmingly the duties of hostess, to the numerous and distinguished assemblage that continually and eagerly crowded our saloons; that contemplated with wonder the sumptuous and yet tasteful furniture, the malachite gates, porphyry columns, ivory staircases, tropical exotics and gay flowers; the brightly-plumaged foreign birds; the delicate Sevres vases, fantastic Majolica ware, strangely-painted Dresden China, and the precious collection of ancient and modern statuary. Whilst gazing with admiring eyes on the marble embodiment of the genius of a Canova, a Thorswaldsen, a Flaxman, and a Gibson, our noble and illustrious guests would be enchained by the dulcet strains of a Patti, a Titiens, a Lucca, a Santley, and a

Graziani, expressly engaged for my morning concerts. Unexpectedly, the efforts of art on the part of the architect of my castle, resolve themselves into their own element, and I am recalled to stern reality by the receipt of an imperious mandate from my tailor, who is mean enough to demand the speedy settlement of a certain long-standing debt, with threats in case of non-compliance.

Nor is military glory unknown to me. The command of the French army was entrusted to me, immediately after the ill-fated battle of Gravelotte, *vice* Bazaine, ignominiously dismissed. On the 27th of August, 1871, leaving one division to amuse the Prussians, I marched forward with the whole of my available forces, amounting to 100,000 men, towards Briey. We were soon after pursued by Prince Frederick Charles, with three entire corps; but notwithstanding the parity of our force in numbers, I refused a general engagement, proceeding swiftly northwards by forced marches. I lost a few guns, and I sacrificed some thousands of men left behind as prisoners, just as a man allows a toe to be cut off to save the rest of his body. I pressed forward, unmindful of all, excepting to effect a junction with MacMahon. As I neared him, the enemy succeeded in coming up with me, and I had barely time to form a line of battle, and to despatch aides-de-camp to inform the Marshal of my presence. Prince Frederick Charles, instead of awaiting for reinforcements, as prudence dictated, fell upon me, determined to rout my troops before the arrival of MacMahon. In this he almost succeeded; for my men, tired and dispirited, fought in a half-hearted manner, and, after some hours of combat, they were beginning to give way, when the hero of Magenta made his appearance, and after another brilliant flank march, attacked furiously the Prussian left wing. After a severe and hotly-contested battle, the

enemy, who made a stubborn resistance, was overpowered by our overwhelming superiority, and was completely defeated with enormous slaughter. The Germans hastily retired, leaving twenty-thousand dead and wounded and ten thousand prisoners, with many guns in our hands. At last the tide had turned. We had won a great victory. Paris was being fortified; the whole nation was arming; I was at the head of nearly a quarter of million of men: I entertained great hopes of driving back the enemy and compelling him to withdraw beyond the Vosges when . . . I slipped over a piece of orange-peel on the pavement, and a bruise on my knee recalled me to a painful sense of the unsteadiness and uncertainty of my own private affairs.

Neither have I been a stranger to the greatest domestic joys. I have wandered on the shores of the Lake of Como, say near the Villa d'Este. A hot day in June was drawing to its close, and I was sitting in a grove where the air was laden with the delightful scent of roses, pinks, jasmynes, lilies, myrtles, anemones, violets, and wild tulips, and where blossomed the olive, orange, palm, fig, almond, and peach trees. Beside me was reclining a beautiful brunette, whose eyes of wondrous lustre were gazing up to mine with deep tenderness, whose playful sallies amused me, whose wit enlivened me, whose soft voice enthralled me, whose heart beat in perfect unison with mine. Two children, the one a lovely little girl six years old, the other a noble boy of three, rushed in our midst with exulting cries: "Papa, Mama, look at the pooty 'ittle bird. Oh do look!" "Oh the pretty 'ittle bird!" screamed the merry young gentleman, climbing on my lap and submitting to being duly petted and caressed, after which he toddled in pursuit of his sister, who was vainly endeavouring to catch a linnet. As night cast its black veil around us we fell into a state of silent yet delicious

happiness. The warmth of the weather; the splendour of the sky, dotted with myriads, and myriads of bright stars, themselves centres of far-distant worlds; the chirping of the cicade, the singing of the nightingale, the flitting of the glowworm, the heavy perfume of the flowers—all combined to create an absorbing, overpowering sensation of sensuous rapture. Our delicious solitude was broken upon by a pretty peasant girl, full of simple grace, surpassing, in her plain, coarse dress, many of our high-born dames in quiet dignity, and who summoned us to our evening repast in the adjoining villa where we were residing. A light meal, consisting mostly of cakes and fruits, of new honey, of luscious figs, of ripe peaches, of sweet melons, washed down by Asti-spurmanti and by white Capri. With many kisses to the little ones—and not infrequently to their mother—I had succeeded, by promises of heavy bribes of portentous toys to be purchased, to induce them to retire . . . when the spell was broken, and hard, cold, prosaic life, resumed its weary course. My children were as the dream-children of Charles Lamb and Alice Weston, and like them will never be born this side of the Great Resurrection. She, their mother, is rising from her seat at church, and is haughtily following her parent from the family-pew to the family-carriage, whilst John, the magnificent footman, is holding the door, evidently wishing me to recognise the immense distance existing between him and me. And as for her, she bestowed not a glance on me. We all bask in the rays of the sun, but we do not suppose that the sun notices every individual being that is permitted from afar to enjoy and to be vivified by its glorious sheen.

Some of us, if at all endowed with imagination, have mentally feasted at Buckingham Palace, hunted at Compiegne, become merchant

princes on 'Change, defeated Gladstone or Disraeli by the superiority of our oratorical powers, and beaten the Attorney-general by the strength of our forensic displays. At the bidding of equally fantastic philanthropists, fever has ceased to burn, disease to slay, famine to starve, and ignorance to kill both body and soul. And why should we crush these gay or benevolent phantoms, which, like the mirage in the desert, representing ærial lakes of limpid water or plains of luxuriant verdure, impart strength to the worn traveller, encourage him in his toilsome and painful journey, and hold out to him visions of bright expectations of brilliant success—of heavenly peace? Why should we willingly renounce the happiest moments of existence? What matters it that misery and disappointment, and ruin, and sickness, and early death expect us? They cannot deprive us of the pleasures of anticipation—of the bright gleams of gladness that light up the gloom of our lives, and which at least permit us to revel in our earthly paradise, be it for ever so short an instant. It is all gained, and, to use a vulgar simile, it is so much saved out of the fire. If we can dream and be happy, though it be ever so transitorily, let us do so rather than be awake to the cruel reality. Away, then, with the pedantic philosophy of these maxims.

"It is necessary that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hopes, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them, what we propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining in case our life extend so far."

The Right Honourable Joseph Addison wrote with cold prudence, and it is fortunate for mankind that his dictates are so little followed. How barren and matter-of-fact existence would be if we only contemplated the probable, and, if before we longed for an object, we

believed its possession would render us contented. It is the chase, not the seizure of the spoils—it is the illusions of life, not its material enjoyments—that render the earth endurable, at least to too many of us. "If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is."

No, Mr. Spectator, we do not think and act in vain, since the thought and action procure us happiness, even if it be of a fleeting kind, and the attainment of happiness in some shape or way is the aim and end of all our efforts, all our enterprises. Neither do we render life a greater dream and shadow than it is; but we make the dream more pleasant, and the shadow less black and heavy.

Perhaps the vision of Alnaschar was the most lightsome moment that sanguine youth had ever experienced, or would have experienced under even the most favourable circumstances. Had he realised his hundred drachmas he would have carried on a petty huckstering trade, and have shared the ordinary lot of his like. He would to a certainty have wedded a wife, who would most probably have turned out a scold, or a slattern, or an extravagant hussy, who would have borne him numerous children, and who would have ruined him, or henpecked him, or led him through a course of misery, of privations, and of struggles, to keep the wolf from the door. Supposing, on the other hand, that his most confident calculations had been verified—that his small capital had been doubled at every fresh venture, until his cash had swollen into 1000 drachmas, and the 1000 multiplied into 10,000—that he had left the earthenware and crockery line for the manufacture of earrings and bracelets—that instead of dealing in plates and basins he sold diamonds and rubies—that his fortune had increased in

geometrical progression, until he had become the Rothschild of the day—that he had purchased horses and eunuchs and houses, and asked in marriage the Grand Vizier's daughter—that the greedy and tyrannical minister had consented to that young lady's union with her wealthy, if plebeian, lover—that the fond husband of the Vizier's child had shown his affection for his high-born spouse by bestowing upon her the famous kick—that, instead, reduced his basket of pottery and his hopes into a thousand pieces. Well, it is easy to perceive that a vain, ignorant, and conceited upstart, as Al-naschar would prove to be, would have awakened susceptibilities without number—that he would have inspired jealousies, heartburnings, and envy—that his old friends would have hated him, and his new friends despised him—that his gentle-bred wife would have ridiculed him, and perhaps bestowed upon him the fate of George Dandin—that his career would have been a series of disappointments, vexations, and heartburnings, notwithstanding his apparent worldly success, so that he would never have felt such unalloyed delight for half-an-hour as his reverie had afforded him; and that, perhaps, he would have been ready to resign wealth and honours for another such brief period of complete happiness.

And, then, have we not the immortal Sancho Panza, the brave squire of a chivalrous master? Did not the proverb-spinning follower, and humble friend of the valorous Knight of the Rueful Countenance, dwell with ecstasy on the promised reward of his faithful services, that was to be the government of an island? When trotting on his gray ass, alongside of Rozinante, he would naïvely repeat all the benefits to be derived from the attainment of the high post of governor. He would, first of all, line well his purse with heavy doubloons, after the wont of go-

vernors; he would wed his daughter, Mari-Sancha, to a count, with innumerable quarterings; he would drink cool draughts and eat warm meats; he would rest his fat body in fine linen over feather couches; he would be continually replenishing that huge paunch of his; and his mind dwelt with longing delight on the pleasures in store for him. But alas, poor Sancho! the reality was very different from the anticipation in his case! When he had the government of the important Island of Barataria bestowed upon him, after delivering three judgments, worthy of Solomon, and he sat down to recruit exhausted nature before an elegantly laid-out table, an evil spirit, in the shape of a physician, stood beside him, and Sancho had hardly touched a mouthful when dish after dish was whisked before him untasted. Partridge was unwholesome; fricasseed rabbit, indigestible; veal, hard; olla podrida, injurious; fruit, acid; and the unhappy governor was starved lest he should make himself ill. Neither did he receive a maravedi of salary, perquisites, fees, presents, tithes, or any income of any description whatsoever; and after the assault given to the island, in which the unhappy governor was knocked down and trampled upon by his own men, that ill-treated functionary skulked to the stables, and saddling his beloved ass, he strode forth, announcing to the Major-domo, that he would rather fill his stomach with onion soup than starve; rather sleep in the open air in freedom with a rough-skin covering, than lay between cambric sheets and clothe in sable furs in restraint.

And how many among us there are who, when they have reached the goal of all their aims, when they have attained the dearest wish of their soul, find themselves starved—aye, their hearts starved and their minds starved, for lack of sympathetic feeling and sympathetic intellect! Nothing is worse than the

hunger of the soul; to thirst for love, and to find dull indifference and selfish coldness; to long for spiritual companionship, and to find fatuous emptiness and barren stupidity. To witness the case of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, whose history was commenced by Sir Walter Scott, and completed by the great Michael Angelo Titmarsh. That brave young gentleman raved about the charms of the Saxon Rowena, who was the idol of his dreams, the object of his distant worship. Well, Rowena was but a woman after all, and yielding to the romantic adoration of her lover, which flattered her vanity, she accepted him, as we all know, as her husband, for the better or for the worse, and as it proved for him, decidedly for the worse. For he found in his yellow-haired bride, a helpmate for whom he had no mental affinity; one, who resting on her ancient descent and relying on his weakness, ruled him with a rod of iron, treated him with neglect, if not with absolute disdain; one who had really never cared for him, and who had evidently given what little love she was capable of feeling, to the apathetic Athelstane. When the scales fell from the unhappy knight's eyes, he awoke from his dream, to find how different was the reality. How he must have deplored that it had ever ceased to be the distant, impossible dream that had nerved his arm in battle, that had caused him to slay so many Paynim knights, to unseat from his horse the proud Templar Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, and to conquer the burly Front de Bœuf. And poor Wilfred had to abandon in despair the fair Rowena, who had rendered his life wretched, and who, as soon as the rumour of his death arrived, consoled herself quickly with Athelstane the Unready.

Day-dreams offer, even to the most matter-of-fact, to those who never soar above the level of the earth, a boundless field of happy

speculations, of pleasant anticipations, of gratifying contingencies, which seldom cease to be shadows, but which, at all events, serve to cheer though not to inebriate, some of our dreary hours. Not a few of us have been saved from utter wreck, by one solitary light which, like an *ignus fatuus*, eventually disappears, but which has guided us for years in the true direction, and has prevented us from sinking into the Slough of Despond. In dreams we have not only roses without thorns, but we have roses when we should otherwise have had thistles and prickly briars.

It is not to be denied that our natural vanity, our self-conceit, our brilliant idea of our own powers, afford food for most of the creations of our imagination; and many of us believe that if opportunity only favoured us we should speedily and surely rise to eminence, to wealth, and to honours. Tom Mezzotint is firmly convinced that were only the Hanging Committee to relent, and to admit to the exhibition his grand historical picture of *Alfred burning the Cakes*, numerous connoisseurs would gather round it, would inspect it carefully, would admire it in rapt silence, and would then express their warm gratification at having at last discovered an original genius. They would then produce their cheque-books, and bid eagerly for the valuable canvas, eventually gladly secured by a lucky purchaser at four figures.

Harry Foolscap is fully persuaded that one day the conspiracy of editors against him will break down, and that his novel of "Ambition" will enliven the pages of the popular magazine, *The Bucklersbury*; that his essays in *The Growler* will attract the attention of literary men; that his comedy of the *Three Wallflowers* will draw enormous audiences at the Theatre Royal, Pall Mall.

Young Flintscratch only requires the advance of fifty pounds to set him up in business, to enter the

Stock Exchange, to become a great speculator, to make loans to foreign governments, to become a millionaire, to rule the markets, to become a mighty power in the City.

The gravedigger could play Hamlet far better, if he could only have the chance, than Kemble and Kean, Macready, Phelps, and Fechter; and the apothecary is fully satisfied that he would make an excellent Romeo, and looks forward to the day when showers of bouquets and storms of plaudits will welcome his first appearance in his new character. Pretty Emily Polkington eagerly looks forward to Captain Fitzblazer's next letter; and she knows he means to propose the first time he comes home from "Gib." She recollects the delicious walks in the Spa at Scarborough, the warm whispered words of love, the intoxicating waltzes in his arms in the Assembly Rooms; the disapproval to the flirtation of her father, who sceptically declares Fitzblazer to be a rake and a fortune hunter; she is sure he is a much-calumniated, honourable, noble-minded gentleman, and is conjuring gleeful images of connubial felicity in which his figure stands always smiling, graceful, and tender beside her.

It would be a pity to deprive these hopeful individuals of their rose-coloured glasses. The time will come soon enough, when Tom Mezzotint, who has no more idea of drawing than a Spanish cow, or colouring than a chimney sweep, will be glad to paint public-house signs for a bare crust. When Harry Foolscap, after having lost the best years of his existence in trying literary composition, for which he is as fitted as an elephant, and having passed through numerous bitter disenchantments, will limit his ambition

to providing paragraphs and scraps to the papers, thankful to earn thereby a paltry pittance scarcely enough to prolong the sufferings of his wife and children. When young Flint-scratch, then become old Flintscratch, a miserly bachelor leading a sordid, solitary, and unloved life, notwithstanding the considerable sum of money he has certainly screwed, and scraped, and squeezed together, will sink to a premature and unhonoured grave, through a fever caught owing to his penurious habits. When gravedigger-Hamlet will be hissed off the stage, and apothecary-Romeo will be received with laughter accompanied by pieces of orange-peel and strips of apple-rind by the country audiences, before whom these worthies managed to make an appearance. When Emily Fitzblazer *nee* Polkington, pretty no longer, will deplore her fate, and bitterly lament the moments she foolishly consented to wed a showy heartless profligate, who squandered her fortune, ill-used her in his drunken moods, and deserted her with her children as soon as he became tired of her, and she was no longer able to feed his extravagance.

So our El-Dorado, reached with difficulty, is frequently but a barren plain, a sandy desert full of wild beasts, and venomous reptiles and bitter, poisonous fruits. When we have succeeded in struggling up to Olympus, we too often discover, to our intense mortification, that it differs but little from Hades.

Let us, then, cherish our illusions, my masters, until our eyes become dim, our hairs blanched, our figures bent with years; until we are summoned to the Promised Land, where an eternal vision of happiness and ineffable light may be with us for evermore.

J. P.

LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

LORD PLUNKET (*continued*).—Mr. Plunket, though defeated in the House of Lords, was still resolute in his determination to carry some, even the smallest, measure of relief to his Catholic fellow-countrymen. Early in the session of 1822, Mr. Canning introduced a Bill for the admission of Catholic peers into the Upper House, and Mr. Plunket, then Attorney-General, supported that measure. He said, "that the cause of the exclusion of Catholic peers was not because they were dangerous counsellors, but because the House of Commons, in the reign of Charles II., suspected the King of being a Catholic, a fact which, though unknown at the time, was afterwards ascertained to be the case. The House dreaded a Catholic successor to the throne, but that cause had passed away, and the exclusion was now intolerable. The Bill for their admission should have his warm, cordial, and unalterable support."¹

The strong feelings entertained by the subject of our memoir in favour of Catholic Emancipation, were far from loosening the ties of affection which had long bound him to the faith of the Established Church. Though reared in the belief of the Unitarians, he had subscribed to the Thirty-Nine Articles, to the mysteries of the Athanasian creed, and to the other doctrines contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

From his early boyhood he had been the intimate friend of William Magee, Archbishop of Dublin; they had been nursed by the same nurse, sheltered under the same roof, both

were firm in their convictions of the errors of the Church of Rome, but one was tolerant, the other was intolerant — Plunket was convinced that by persecution his Catholic fellow-countrymen were kept aloof from the reception of the doctrines in which he himself believed; he therefore felt, conscientiously felt, that the assault upon the Catholic faith, which he laboured to free from all manner of trammels, was to be carried on by the force of reasoning, rather than by that of persecution. Nothing would be easier, he supposed, than to convert the Irish people by means of earnest and zealous missionaries. "The priests," he had the rashness to say, "especially in the country parts, were ignorant and awkward, inefficient as logicians, and timid and blundering in society." He expressed, too, his conviction "that such men could make no manner of stand against an ably organised and simultaneous assault, from the eminently expert divines and scholars, which Trinity College was then daily sending forth. The Irish peasantry," he added, "were naturally so quick-witted, that they would not fail at once to perceive the superiority which the Protestant clergymen were certain to maintain in a public discussion." Archbishop Magee concurred with Mr. Plunket, and hence the origin of the movement of 1822, known as "The Second Reformation." Mr. Plunket's erroneous impressions were derived from his acquaintance with one or two country priests, who had been invited to

¹ Hansard, vol. vi., n.s., column 1387; vol. vii., col. 267.

some fashionable tables solely to be laughed at.”¹

The scheme for converting the Irish people to the Protestant faith by means far different from persecution, is thus traceable to one who never lost an opportunity to denounce the evils of the penal code in whatever form they existed. With the second reformation came the horrors of the famine of 1822. Deploable was the condition of the peasantry in that memorable year; hundreds of thousands were living on charity; in one county, that of Clare, the numbers receiving relief amounted to 99,639, and in Cork, 122,000.² And yet from this famishing people did the absentee landlords receive and spend in happier countries no less a sum than four millions of pounds. Taxation went on, too, increasing; the national debt of Ireland, which in 1803 amounted to forty-three millions, had risen, at the time of the Consolidation Act of 1816, to eighty millions.³ In the midst of this widespread desolation arose on all sides an embittered cry against the system of tithes—nor did that cry originate from the Catholic clergy, or from the Catholic people alone. One of the first petitions against the tithes was from the High Sheriff and Protestant landed proprietors of the County of Sligo, and was presented to the House of Commons⁴ on the 15th May, 1822, by Mr. Cooper, M.P. for that county. Mr. Plunket took an opposite view of the petitioners' case. “He did not believe that the calamities of Ireland arose from the tithes. The situation,” he said, “of the Protestant clergy in many parts of Ireland, was most distressing. It was the exactions of heavy

rents by the landlords, and not of tithes by the clergy, that had oppressed the people, and it was too often the case that when the landlord had levied everything for his rent, the clergyman was left to deal with an insolvent tenant, and was forced to abandon altogether his claim.”

In order to remedy this state of things, Mr. Goulburn, Chief Secretary for Ireland, moved for leave to bring in a bill to regulate the tithe system in Ireland, and to empower the clergy to make leases for twenty-one years, transferable to the landlord, which would be binding on his successor. Mr. Plunket supported the measure: “The rights of the Protestant clergy he would ever defend; and no authority, not even their own approbation, would ever induce him to consent to compromise the rights of the Church.”

With the famine came agrarian outrages, which the Government papers dignified with the appellation of an insurrection. Here and there landlords were shot, bands of men traversed the country with faces blackened, and wearing white shirts over their clothes, sometimes demanding arms, but more frequently demanding bread.

The first thing that occurred to the British Government to meet this great calamity was a new and improved Insurrection Act. This act, together with another for the suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, was introduced at once, and carried by the Marquis of Londonderry, better known to history by his former title of Lord Castlereagh. Mr. Plunket spoke in favour of both of those measures. A summary of his speech in the House of Commons on that

¹ Life of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, R.C., Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, by W. J. Fitz-Patrick, vol. i., p. 367.

² Alison's History of Europe since 1815.

³ Vide Report on the State of Public Accounts for 1864, by W. Neilson Hancock, p. 23. Vide also Report presented to the Corporation of Dublin on Irish Taxation, A.D., 1861, by the late John B. Dillon, M.P.

⁴ Hansard, vol. vii., col. 597-601.

occasion appeared in the *Dublin Morning Post* of the 8th of July following, and he is there reported to have said, that "He felt, as an Irishman, the degradation of shutting out his country from the pale of the constitution, even for an hour; but he saw and acknowledged the necessity which demanded it." The right honourable gentleman proceeded to thank the gentlemen of England in that House, who took so deep an interest in preserving the liberties and the rights of his country. "He believed that if there was any difference in the feeling of the Irish and English members of the House of Commons, with regard to the welfare of Ireland, it was in favour of the latter. It had been said by a noble authority alluded to that night, that the penal laws against the Catholics attended them at their birth, and followed them to their graves. But these had been now removed; and was this a proof that there had been no consideration for the condition of Ireland? The great statesman (Henry Grattan), now no more, whose name had been justly described as being identified with that of Ireland, had greatly raised the commerce and constitutional liberties of his country. Did this prove that there had been no consideration for Ireland? There was the Union also; was that nothing for the country? There were different opinions upon the subject, but his was that the Act to which he alluded was its salvation. The present Government of Ireland found, on their arrival in that country, a conspiracy ripening into rebellion, and before they could adopt measures to put it down, the noble marquis had to encounter the additional evil of famine. All that could reasonably be expected the Government of Ireland had done. If honourable members knew what was the state of Ireland they would not object to the passing of the bill as a temporary measure. Honourable members knew not the state of suffering, op-

pression, and degradation, to which the people had been reduced by insurrection. No system of despotism had ever existed more goading and abominable than that adopted by the miscreants who took part in the insurrection: murder, robbery, and house-burning, had been resorted to in order to obtain absolute dominion over landed property. There was no crime they were not ready to commit, in order to carry into execution their lawless despotism over the rest of the community. In the county of Cork, not less than sixteen human beings suffered capital punishment. In Limerick, and other counties, the number of punishments were more extensive. He could assure the House that these executions had not the desired effect; but when the Insurrection Bill passed the effect ceased. With respect to the clause which took away the trial by jury, he was satisfied the Bill would be useless without it. The system of terror which prevailed in the different counties would have stopped the course of justice. The most respectable jurors would have been intimidated, and unable to discharge their duty. He had first received a communication from the Crown Solicitor of Cork, stating that the greater part of the law expenses of the county had been occasioned by having to maintain 100 persons in the gaol of Cork, who sought security from the terrorists. They were kept in prison as a place of safety, to save them from these murderers. In one instance a person ventured out, and was murdered. The renewal of the bill was necessary."

Great powers had been bestowed by those Acts on the Marquis of Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; but this nobleman has never been charged with unmercifully exercising those great powers. Indeed, the Marquis, from the conciliatory and kind way in which he spared the suffering people, and

from his courtesy towards the Catholic leaders, some of whom he entertained at the Castle, soon became unpopular with the Orange party.

"A striking instance," writes the Hon. David Plunket, "of the political arrogance that once disgraced the loyalty of many Irish Protestants was exhibited shortly after the beginning of the Wellesley Vice-royalty in 1821. So soon as the Orangemen of Dublin understood that the new Lord-Lieutenant had come to Ireland for the express purpose of breaking down their old 'ascendancy,' they determined to show that they would not submit to the new system without a struggle.

"Two circumstances occurring in the summer of 1822, largely contributed to stimulate their zeal against the innovators of their ancient privileges.

"In the first place, George IV., when accepting an invitation to dinner at the Mansion House, had stipulated that 'the glorious, *pious*, and immortal memory' of William III. should not be given; and again, Lord Wellesley had forcibly prevented the dressing of King William's statue in College Green on the 12th of July—a mummery in which the Orangemen had annually indulged, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne. The latter considered that their most sacred feelings had been violated, and forthwith planned revenge. An opportunity of showing their spirit was soon afforded them, by a visit which the Lord-Lieutenant paid to the Dublin Theatre. On this occasion an organised party of Orangemen, numbering nearly a hundred, packed the pit and upper gallery of the theatre, and having caused much interruption and disturbance throughout a portion of the performance, and having used the most offensive

language—such as, 'Down with the Popish Government,' 'A groan for the Popish Lord-Lieutenant'—they even went so far as to throw several heavy missiles at His Excellency, who sat in the royal box, one of which, striking the cushion, rebounded on to the stage. A heavy whisky bottle was also aimed in the same direction, and narrowly missed its object, from which circumstance this most disgraceful affair is still remembered in Dublin by the name of the Bottle Riot. About a dozen of the ring-leaders were apprehended, and several of them admitted their part in the transaction, and seemed to glory in their complicity in it. A very strong case was made out by the Crown against the transgressors, but the grand jury ignored all the bills, and Plunket felt himself compelled to file *ex-officio* informations against the powerful delinquents,"¹ and a day was appointed for a trial at the bar. The most anxious suspense awaited its arrival. A deep pulsation throbbled through the city. The ordinary occupations of life appeared to be laid aside in the agitating expectation of the event which was to set a seal on the future Government of Ireland. It engrossed the thoughts and tongues of men, and exercised a painful monopoly of all their hopes and anticipations. At length the day of trial (3rd February, 1823) appeared, amidst the heaviness of a gray and sombre morning. As soon as the doors were opened, one tremendous rush filled in an instant the galleries and every avenue of the Court.²

The Judges were—the Lord Chief-Justice (Charles Kendal Bushe), Mr. Justice Jebb, Mr. Justice Bruton, and Mr. Justice Vandeleur. The Counsel for the Crown were the Attorney-general (the Right Hon. William Plunket), the Solicitor-general (Henry Joy), Serjeant Lefroy,

¹ Life of Lord Plunket, by his Grandson, the Hon. David Plunket, vol. ii., 110-111.

² Political Sketches, by Richard Lalor Sheil.

Sergeant Torrens, Mr. Townsend, and Mr. Greene. The traversers were defended by an equally powerful and distinguished bar, amongst whom were—Mr. Blackburn, afterwards Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, and Mr. Perrin, afterwards one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench.¹ The information having been opened by Mr. Greene, Mr. Plunket stated the case with great courage and skill "to a jury, who, as he felt morally certain, would under no circumstances convict the accused."² He opened his address by an explanation to the Court of how he exercised his discretion in filing an information against the traversers, after the bills had been thrown out by the grand jury. He supplied them with a case in point, which was one in which a former Chancellor, Sir Constantine Phipps (99th Chancellor) was concerned.

"In the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, in the year 1713, on King William's birthday, the play of *Tamerlane* was to be represented. King William, as your lordships are aware, was compared to Tamerlane. A prologue to the play, written by Dr. Garth, was very generally repeated at the time. The doctor, it seems, was more happy as a poet than as a courtier; and his reverence for King William led him to compliment that monarch in terms not sufficiently guarded, and so as to give offence to Queen Anne. The Government, in consequence, thought it right that the prologue should not be repeated. When the play therefore came on for representation, the actor omitted to repeat it, and by so doing gave great offence to the audience. They were full of respect for the memory of William, and did not wish that attention to Queen Anne should break in on the ancient

practice. Mr. Dudley Moore, a zealous Protestant, who was in the house, leaped upon the stage, and repeated the prologue. This gave rise to something like a riot. The Government indicted Mr. Moore for the riot. The bills were sent up to a grand jury, who returned a true bill, and were then discharged. In about half-an-hour after, the foreman came into Court, and made an affidavit that "*billa vera*" was a mistake, and that they meant to return "*ignoramus*." The Court refused to receive his affidavit; but then came in the three-and-twenty, and swore to the same fact to which their foreman had deposed. The party was, notwithstanding this, in my opinion very unwisely, put to plead to the indictment. But the Attorney-general, thinking it would be hard to compel him to plead when the bill had been in fact ignored, moved to quash the indictment, which was done. Do I overstate the matter when I say, that things were then in the same situation as if the bill had been ignored by the grand jury? And yet under these circumstances, the Attorney-general thought himself at liberty to file an *ex-officio* information against the same person for the same offence. Sir Constantine Phipps, who was then Lord Chancellor, and one of the Lords Justices, was considered by many as a great Tory and Jacobite, and as an enemy to the Protestant interest. History has done more justice to him in that respect than in the heat of party he received from his contemporaries. He interfered with the prosecution; he sent for the Lord Mayor, and lectured him as to the mode in which he was to conduct himself. He was even supposed to have interfered with the return of the jury. The

¹ Vide Report of the Trial of James Forbes, W. Graham, G. Graham, M. Handwich, H. Handwich, and W. Brownlow, for a conspiracy to create a riot, and assault the Lord Lieutenant in the Theatre Royal, by Richard Wilson Greene, barrister-at-law, afterwards one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

² Life of Lord Plunket, by his Grandson, vol. ii., p. 113.

whole matter was brought before the House of Commons, who addressed the throne to remove Sir Constantine Phipps for intermeddling in the trial. No fault was found with the information, though directly before them; but the trial was treated as legally depending, and a petition presented against the Chancellor for interfering with that trial. Do I not here show a case in which an *ex-officio* information had been filed after a bill had been thrown out, and where the zeal of party generated an anxiety to lay hold of anything that could warrant an imputation on the proceeding, as the information filed was never questioned, but the chancellor and chief governor petitioned against for interfering with the proceeding?"

The Attorney-General having passed a high eulogium on the character of William III., stated in effect that, although the religious feelings of the people of England entirely harmonised with those of that prince, and afterwards of the house of Brunswick, it was not until after a century that the hopes of those who still cling with affectionate remembrance to the descendants of their ancient line of sovereigns "were finally subdued. But in unhappy Ireland the exiled king was the professor and patron of the religion to which they were ENTHUSIASTICALLY DEVOTED. He must be a preposterous critic who will impute as a crime to that unhappy people, that they did not rebel against their lawful king, because he was of their own religion, even if they had been so fully admitted to the blessings of the British constitution as to render them equally alive to the value of freedom. They seem, therefore, by the nature of things, almost necessarily thrown into a state of resistance; nothing could have saved them from it but so strong a love of abstract freedom as might subdue the principles of

loyalty and the feelings of religion. No candid man can lay so heavily on poor human nature; nor fairly say, that he thinks worse of the Roman Catholic, for having on that day abided by his lawful sovereign and his ancient faith. What was the result? They were conquered—conquered into freedom and happiness—a freedom and happiness to which the successful result of their ill-fated struggles would have been destructive."

Mr. Plunket then went into a statement of the riot; witnesses were produced; the facts above mentioned were established beyond all doubt; and yet, after six days consumed in useless debate, the jury were discharged without coming to any agreement.

Great was the umbrage taken by the Orange party at the high-handed manner in which the Attorney-General had proceeded against the Bottle-rioters. The matter was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Brownlow, afterwards Lord Lurgan,¹ and Plunket's defence of his conduct is thus commended by Lord Grenville:

LETTER OF LORD GRENVILLE TO MR. PLUNKET.

"*Dropmore, April 17th, 1823.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot resist the desire I feel of expressing to you, in these few lines, the sincere and heartfelt pleasure I derive from your complete and decisive triumph, and not less from the sense how much you are indebted for it to your own brilliant exertions, and to the manly tone and temper of your speech.

"I still fear that the irritation of this subject is not at an end, either here or in Ireland, but a better beginning could not have been made than by the impression you have produced on the House.—Ever, my dear sir, most truly and faithfully yours,
GRENVILLE."

¹ Hoey's Life of Lord Plunket, p. 272.

The statement of Lord Grenville was true. The deep irritation on both sides, and throughout both countries, was far from declining; the Sheriff was openly accused of furnishing an Orange panel, for the purpose of frustrating the ends of justice. An inquiry was accordingly instituted before a committee of the House of Commons, to inquire into the conduct of the Sheriff of the City of Dublin (Mr. Thorp). In answer to a question "whether he thought that a man's being an Orangeman would have been a sufficient objection to his serving on the panel?" Mr. Plunket replied: "It would have been an objection in my mind. I should have thought the return of a jury of Orangemen would have been a gross violation of propriety, and would have excluded any reasonable chance of justice being properly administered."

This declaration of the Attorney-General was bitterly felt by the Orange faction, who heard with dismay such an opinion from the lips of the first law-officer of the Crown. The Catholic clergy, on the other hand, looked up to him as their truest, their sincerest friend; to him did they entrust their petitions, and from his advocacy much good was expected. The following letter from Plunket, to the Most Rev. Dr. Doyle, Roman Catholic Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, is characteristic of the writer. It demonstrates how great was the confidence reposed in him by that most illustrious of the prelates of the Church of Rome in Ireland.¹ It demonstrates, too, if demonstration was needed, how deeply he was interested in their behalf; and further it demonstrates, that, though enlisted as his sympathies were in their behalf, he yet re-

fused—we have no doubt conscientiously refused—to address them as bishops; for it will be observed that he withholds the title of "My Lord," or "Your Lordship," or even of "Most Reverend," or "Reverend Sir," at the opening of his letter, which runs as follows:—

"Dublin, 30th November, 1822.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 21st, and the address of the lower orders of the people enclosed in it. I have read the address with the attention to which your name entitled it, and I cannot use terms too strong in expressing the gratification which it has afforded me. The sentiments and style would do honour to a Fenelon or a Paley, and present a model worthy of being studied by all those who are desirous of uniting with a sincere devotion to their own religion, that spirit of Christian charity, and good will to others, without which religion is an idle name. I am very anxious that it should have an extensive circulation, not only in this country, but in Great Britain. It is valuable, not merely with reference to the salutary effect it must have on the minds of the wretched people who are involved in the lawless associations now subsisting, and hitherto spreading in Ireland, but, perhaps, still more as a means of making the public acquainted with the strain of liberal and enlightened piety which belongs to a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church. I trust, and indeed I have no doubt, that correspondent feelings are entertained by the great body of the Protestants of these counties, clergy and laity. With such aid, under God's providence, I look forward to the allaying, and at no distant period ending, the

¹ Vide Life of Dr. Doyle, by W. J. Fitz-Patrick. The Hon. David Plunket thus writes of that distinguished divine, in his *History of Lord Plunket*, vol. ii., p. 127:—"The Right Rev. John Doyle, titular Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, was next to O'Connell the most remarkable Irishman brought into notice by the agitation of the Roman Catholic Relief question. He was remarkable for learning, piety, and amiability in his private life, and his political writings were extremely eloquent and forcible."

dissension by which this unfortunate country is disturbed, so far, at least, as religious animosities (most irreligious) have had any share in them.

"I beg you to accept my thanks for your kind expression with respect to the testimony which I have always publicly borne to the excellent conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy; I could not have withheld it without a violation of truth and duty.

"I have the honour, &c.,

"W. C. PLUNKET."

The year 1823 was notable for the foundation of the "Catholic Association." Its foundations were laid by Mr. O'Connell, in conjunction with Mr. Sheil, then a young barrister, but already remarkable for a certain kind of polished and figured rhetoric. These two gentlemen met at the house of Mr. T. O'Meara, at Glancullen, in the Wicklow mountains, "and after changing their opinions," says Mr. Sheil, "on the deplorable state to which the Catholic mind had been reduced, and the utter want of organisation in the body, it was agreed that they should both sign an address to the Irish Catholics," and enclose it to the principal people of that religion. The result of this procedure was for a time not very encouraging. "A very thin meeting," continues Mr. Sheil, "which did not consist of more than twenty individuals, was held at a tavern in Sackville Street, and it was there determined that something should be done." The work before the "Association" was a difficult one. The alienation between the Catholic landlords and the democratic classes still subsisted. Old Lord Fingal, Lord Gormanstown, and others of the highest rank and influence, who would have been glad

to accept emancipation even on the terms of the *veto*, were sorely scandalised at the violence with which O'Connell and the famous Dr. Dromgoole repudiated that project of enslaving the Catholic Church; but O'Connell, after unwearied toil, succeeded in bringing about a union between the aristocracy and the lower classes. Another and a still more powerful element in the confederacy was the Catholic priesthood. The celebrated and able Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, whose initials, J. K. L., were then familiar to the Empire, was the first prelate who openly joined the Association. He was followed by the other bishops and by the whole body of the clergy, who threw their overwhelming influence into the cause, and who aided in every way in collecting "the Catholic rent," which soon amounted to £500 a week, and was amply sufficient to pay the expenses of defending men unjustly accused, and to prosecute such of the Orangemen as might have themselves become violaters of the law. The Ministry began to take alarm. The Cabinet—we should say the majority of them—were extremely Anti-Catholic; for Lord Liverpool was still premier, and Mr. Peel (not yet Sir Robert) Home Secretary.¹ Lord Manners was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Mr. Joy the Non-Popery Solicitor-General. Then there were in this administration—frequently called "the piebald ministry"—men favourable to the Catholic cause. There was the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland;² there was Mr. Canning; and there was the Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. Plunket.

But not even the evidences of

¹ History of Ireland, by John Mitchell.

² Marquis of Wellesley (Richard Colley) eldest son of Garret, first Earl of Mornington, was born in Grafton-street, Dublin, 20th June, 1760. On the death of his father he took his seat in the Irish House of Lords, and was created Marquis of Wellesley in 1799. In May, 1812, after rendering great service to the State in India, he undertook to form a coalition government, but soon found that the undertaking was hopeless. On July 1, 1812, when Lord Liverpool had announced himself at the head of the

imposing numbers and close organisation so much alarmed the Government as the determined attitude taken by some of the clergy and the bold writings of Dr. Doyle.

It is needless to say that the progress and power of the Catholic Association excited the Orangemen of Ireland to frenzy. "Fifty years," writes the Honourable David Plunket, "have gone by, and the violence of political and polemical wrath is remembered now only to be despised."¹

The Catholic Association next directed its best endeavours to secure a Catholic education for the Catholic youth of Ireland. The wealthy Catholic parent might select for his children an exclusively Catholic school, with the same facility that a wealthy Protestant parent could select for his children an exclusively Protestant school; but the poor man, because he was poor, could not enjoy this luxury, and could not send his child to a school of his own denomination. Nor was Plunket in favour of the denominational system. In reply to the most Rev. Doctor Doyle, whom he again took the liberty of addressing as "Sir," he thus expresses his opinions:

"Sir,—I have to acknowledge the honour of your letter of the 16th instant. . . . I have no hesitation in expressing my entire dissent from the notion of establishing separate schools for Protestants and Roman Catholics. Such a measure, in my opinion, can only tend to disunion, and to the perpetuation of

hostile feelings, which every good man must wish to see abolished. . . . I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

"W. C. PLUNKET."

"22nd March, 1824."

On the evening of the day that Mr. Plunket wrote this letter, he was in his place in the House of Commons, and took part in the debate on another question—the "Burials Bill in Ireland." About this time a series of insults, which were considered to be offered to the Catholic dead, reached a climax, by the interruption offered by the Protestant clergyman to a Catholic priest, in St. Kevin's churchyard, when in the act of uttering a short prayer over the grave of Mr. Darcy, an opulent brewer of Dublin. Dr. Magee, the then Archbishop of Dublin, had before this time issued a mandate, directed to his clergy, commanding them not to permit any Popish priest to offer up a prayer over the grave of the dead² (Catholic cemeteries had no existence at that time in the City of Dublin), and it was to remedy this evil that a bill was brought into Parliament. Mr. Plunket supported the measure in a speech of great ability. He commenced with an exposition of the act of that liberal and enlightened Prince, William III., which forbade even the interment of the dead within the precincts of the abbeys or the monasteries of the country, once the abodes of learning and of piety. This Act he proposed to repeal.

Ministry, Lord Wellesley brought forward in the House of Peers a motion favourable to the Roman Catholic claims similar to that which Mr. Canning had carried a few days earlier in the House of Commons. It was lost by one vote. He continued for ten years in modified opposition to the Government. In December, 1821, he accepted the appointment of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which he continued to hold until March, 1828. His arrival was the signal for an outbreak of the fiercest party spirit. The Orangemen of Dublin insulted him at the theatre, the southern counties became the scene of insurrectionary movements, and it was found necessary to have recourse to an insurrection act and other coercive measures.—*National Enclopædia*, word "Wellesley."

¹ Lord Plunket's Life, by his Grandson, vol. ii. p. 129.

² Life of Dr. Doyle, by W. J. Fitz-Patrick, vol. i., 434. Vide also Dalton's Archbishops of Dublin, p. 359.

“These venerable places,” he said, “were looked upon with considerable respect, if not reverence, by all classes of people in Ireland. They had been founded from motives of piety, and though sometimes tenanted by superstition and bigotry, yet it could not be denied that they were often the abodes of genuine religion and pure charity. From them, in former times, the blessings of hospitality had been disseminated amongst the poor and the needy. Those places had long been taken out of the possession of the ecclesiastical proprietors, and vested in several members of the State. But they were still viewed by the people with feelings of respect and veneration. Though no longer used as places of religious worship, they were much resorted to as places of burial, not merely for the Roman Catholics of the country, but very frequently for the Protestants, and he felt that the remains of those ancient edifices were not the least interesting objects of contemplation to those persons who visited Ireland.” He then proceeded to show that in those sacred places persons of different ranks and persuasions were buried in common, that “however they might have differed in life, in death they were suffered to repose together, and the place of their interment was not made a scene for the display of acrimonious feeling and unseemly asperity.” As to separate grounds for Protestants and Catholics, he was entirely opposed to such a scheme. “The allotment of separate burial places would not only, like the giving separate places of education, tend to strengthen the line of demarcation already subsisting between the two religions, and to preclude for ever all hope of that union in heart and political opinion which every sincere lover of Ireland must hope for, but it would go to outrage the most sacred feelings of humanity. It would have the effect, in many cases, of separating families

as to their places of burial. A husband could not be buried with his wife, a brother near his brother, a father by the side of his son.” The proposed Act was for the purpose of enabling the Catholic clergyman to perform the service over a member of his own flock in the Protestant churchyard.

The popularity which Plunket had long enjoyed was now dimmed : since he had accepted the office of Attorney-general he supported the Government in passing the Irish Insurrection Act, in 1823, and he was found, in 1824, to direct a prosecution against Mr. O’Connell, for delivering a seditious and inflammatory speech (known as the Bolivar speech) at the Catholic Association. The valour of the Greeks then struggling to shake off a foreign yoke he extolled, and Simon Bolivar, the great liberator of the South American States he thus eulogised:—“Countries have been driven mad by oppression. He hoped that Ireland would never be driven to the system pursued by the Greeks. He trusted in God they would never be so driven. He hoped Ireland would be restored to her rights ; but if that day should arrive, if she should be driven mad by persecution, he wished that a new Bolivar might arise, and that the spirit of the Greeks and of the South Americans might animate the people of Ireland.”

Bills were sent up to the grand jury of the city of Dublin, but the evidence being insufficient to support the indictment they were thrown out, and the prosecution fell to the ground. The conduct of the Attorney-General on that occasion excited the anger of Richard Lalor Sheil, who thus in terms of indignation exclaimed : “Good God ! what motive could have suggested that extravagant proceeding ? When Mr. Plunket read the words attributed to Mr. O’Connell, did he ask himself, ‘What is the provocation given

to this man? Who is he, and what am I? Who is his Majesty's Attorney-general, the Right Honourable William Conyngham Plunket? I know not whether he administered that personal interrogatory to himself; but if he did, this should have been his answer: "I raised myself from a comparatively humble position by the force of my own talents to the first eminence in the state. In my profession I am without an equal. In Parliament I had once no superior. When out of office I kindled the popular passions. I was was fierce, and virulent, and vituperative. At last I have won the object of my life; I am Attorney-general for Ireland. I possess great wealth, great powers, great dignity, and great patronage. If I had been a Roman Catholic, instead of being an enfranchised Presbyterian, what should I have been?" I can tell him. He would have carried up and down a discontented and repining spirit; he would have felt like a man with large limbs, who could not stand erect; his vast faculties would have been cribbed and cabined. And how would he have borne his political degradation? Look at him, and say would that lofty forehead have borne the brand of Popery? How would that high demeanour have worn the stoop of the slave? Would he have been tame, and abject, and servile, and sycophantic? No! he would have been the chief demagogue—the most angry, tumultuous, and virulent tribune of the people. He would have superadded the most honest gall of his own nature to the bitterness of political resentment. He would have given utterance to ardent feelings in burning words, and in all the forms of passion. He would have gnawed the chain he could not break. And is this the man who prosecutes for words? If (to use a vulgar phrase) the tables were turned—if Mr. O'Connell were Attorney-general, and Mr. Plunket leader of the people,

how would the public mind have been inflamed, what exciting matter would have been flung among the people—what lava poured out. The very stones would rise in mutiny—would to Heaven that not only Mr. Plunket, but every other Protestant who deplores our imprudence in the spirit of a fastidious patronage, would adopt the simple test of nature, and make our case his own, he would confess that, if similarly situated he would give vent to his emotions in phrases as exasperated, and participate in the feelings which agitate the great and disenfranchised community to which it was his misfortune to belong. There is no man of ordinary candour who would not rather intimate his wonder at the moderation, than his surprise at the imputed violence of O'Connell. With fortune, rank, and abilities of the first-class, enjoying pre-eminence in his profession, and the confidence of the country, he is shut out from honours accessible to persons whom nature intended to place infinitely behind, and whom their religion has advanced before him."

The Bolivar case, was followed by another, which tended still further to lower the popularity of the Attorney-general with those by whom he had been once idolised. An Act was introduced into Parliament by Mr. Goulburn, Chief Secretary for Ireland, for the suppression of the Catholic Association, and Plunket was found amongst its supporters, though he still continued to advocate with unshaken fervour the cause of Catholic Emancipation, which it was now determined to grant, but accompanied by another Act, which was to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholders. "Whilst he denounced the intemperate language of the Association, he admitted that he was a sincere and zealous friend of the Catholics; he would advise them to leave off the high tone which they had long used. It was said that the Association

spoke the sentiments of the Irish people. So they did — so did he (Mr. Plunket), and so would every man who advocated the cause of emancipation. But, beyond that, the Association did not represent the feelings of the country; and he most positively denied that the people of Ireland would think of resenting the abolition of that Association. The clergy and the country gentlemen were beginning to get tired of seeing their just influence with the people taken from them by this body; and must naturally be favourable to any measure by which it would be restored. Even the members of the Association itself would acquiesce quietly in the law which would put an end to their power. Very many of them were sensible and clever men, and must be aware of the inutility of opposition to the will of the Legislature. The gentleman who was the most prominent member of that body—Mr. O'Connell—would himself be of this opinion. Mr. O'Connell was a man of great talents and acquirements. He filled the highest rank at the bar which the laws permit a gentleman of his religion to occupy; and was deservedly considered as a man of eminence in his profession. He only knew him professionally; but he had reason to believe him to be most amiable in all the relations of private life. In his political sentiments, he looked upon him as wild and extravagant; but, nevertheless, he was persuaded that if this bill passed, neither he, nor Lord Fingal, nor Lord Gormanstown, nor any other gentleman connected with the Association, would ever descend to any pettyfogging tricks to evade its operation. He believed that the great body of the people of the country would gladly seize the passing of the proposed bill as a favourable opportunity for getting rid of the influence of that body."

The debate was one of the ablest that occurred upon the Catholic

question and was particularly distinguished by a masterly statement of Canning as to his own policy, and that of the various Cabinets in which he had acted, towards the Catholics. Brougham, who followed him, contrasted the language of Plunket's Union speeches with the alleged violent debates of the Association—a home thrust which Plunket did not attempt to parry. Leave was given to introduce the bill by a majority of 155, and it passed in the course of the month, unaccompanied, however, by any measures of relief, at which great indignation was felt in Ireland, until O'Connell "drove a coach and six" through the Act, and formed the new Catholic Association "for purposes of public and private charity, and such other purposes as are not prohibited by the statute." When the Attorney-general returned to Ireland, he found his popularity blasted, and the Association there before him, quite impregnable to indictment, and, if possible, more powerful than before.

And Mr. O'Connell had, to use his own expression, "driven a coach and six" through Mr. Goulburn's Bill for suppressing the Catholic Association. A new association was formed, the programme of which, sketched by Richard Lalor Sheil, was, in effect, that a census of the Catholics of Ireland should be taken, that aggregate meetings should be held in all the parish chapels of the kingdom, and a ceaseless agitation kept up until the Emancipation should become the law of the land.

The Association continued its operations, and extended its organisation, with even greater vigour and success than before. Its machinery extended not only into every county, but into every parish. Its funds were given to employ lawyers to protect the people in cases of extreme oppression, and in such cases as the wrecking of a chapel, or an Orange riot in the north. The magistrates were sometimes thunder-

struck by the apparition of able barristers from Dublin, who were attended by newspaper reporters, sure to publish abroad any too outrageous instance of magisterial partisanship.

On the day after the third reading of the Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association, Sir F. Burdett presented the petition for emancipation. The Government divided in the debate—Canning for, Peel against the motion—the English Solicitor-general also against, after whom the Irish Attorney-general delivered a speech, pronounced by Lord Brougham as the greatest of all his efforts at which he was present. “It contains,” writes his grandson, “a luminous and complete historic summary of the Established Church, in its relations to the other religious bodies of the three kingdoms.”¹ Plunkett had long been the leader of the Catholic cause in the House of Commons, that leadership had now passed into other hands. “But it was yet his decided and unalterable conviction that this measure could not be too speedily carried. No time was too early for its adoption.” “The opponents of the Catholic claims were amongst the best friends of the Established Church. But he solemnly assured the House that though the measure was as dear to him as it could be to any man, if he thought it could risk in any degree the security of the Church of Ireland, instead of being its advocate, he should be found among the foremost ranks of its warmest opponents.” “The claim of the Roman Catholics was a claim to be admitted members of a free representative government, and to be admitted to institutions, the advantages of which belonged to every subject of that government. He did not say that the right would admit of no exception or control. There was nothing in the social fabric concerning which he would

venture to make that assertion. Even the enjoyment of natural right must be qualified in a state of society with conditions. He directed the attention of the House to the circumstances under which our ancestors had thought it necessary to limit those rights, in a very peculiar manner, with respect to Roman Catholics. At the Reformation, it was found necessary to deal with those rights which were fully permitted before that period. The main object then was to protect the rights of the throne against the claims of a foreign power, and against the disaffection of those subjects who might reserve their allegiance for that foreign power, to the detriment of the throne, and of the state in general. This being the object, how did they proceed? They guarded, in the first place, against the evils existing. There were the claims of the Pope to interfere with the interest, not simply of the Roman Catholic religion, which then was the established religion of the state, but he claimed also the right of disposing of benefices, of naming the clergy, of deposing the monarch, and of absolving the people from their allegiance. The legislature accordingly provided—first, for the absolute and unconditional integrity and inviolability of the Church; further, for the spiritual prerogative of the crown, forbidding, at the same time, the exercise of any other than the established religion. What were the mischiefs dreaded, and what the provisions of the legislature? To prevent the claims of the Pope, or any other foreign power, to interfere with the Church. Did they hear of any claim to that interference, or to the right of deposing kings, or absolving their subjects from their allegiance? Was that believed or asserted by any man in either kingdom? Dangers there were still; but of a different kind. Those enact-

¹ Vide Hansard, and vide also Hoey's Life of Lord Plunket.

ments were, therefore, gradually done away. The law forbidding the exercise of any other religion was done away by the repeal of the Act against Recusancy. The only remaining one which could be at all supposed to contain that spirit, was the Act of Uniformity; which could not be at all affected by the proposed measure. Thus far did Parliament go, down to the time of the Reformation. The wisdom of our ancestors watched the progress of time, and took their measures accordingly. In the reign of Charles the Second they observed a new danger—a monarch careless about religion, or secretly affected to an unconstitutional one, who was to be followed by a Popish successor. Here their providence was as remarkable as before. They provided a remedy, not adapted entirely to the evil, but the one they could obtain; which was to require certain oaths to be taken by those who were ready to take seats in Parliament. That was found insufficient on the accession of James the Second, who openly maintained the Roman Catholic religion against the constitution and the rights of his people. The legislature, finding this resource fail, then prudently shifted their ground, and had recourse to a measure at once wise, bold, and salutary. They drove the monarch from the throne, for violating the constitution, and they resolved that the sovereign power should be held inviolable and unalterable in Protestant hands. Did he deny that the throne must be Protestant? Was he doing anything to weaken its Protestant supremacy? No such thing. Was there any mode or device to make that supremacy surer, which the genius of any man could suggest? He was ready to incorporate it with the proposed bill, or to have it introduced as a separate, yet concomitant measure. What were the dangers which afterwards threatened the Establishment? The claims of an exiled family driven from the throne, and the plots and agi-

tations of a disaffected party retained in its interests. He admitted, freely, that the Roman Catholics of that period were suspected justly. What was the course taken by Parliament? All the former measures against the Papists were continued. They were held to be not good subjects, and were to be trusted neither with honour nor power in the state. They were coerced in their persons and property—they were deprived of their civil rights—they became sunk and degraded into that wretched state, from which they were relieved by the benignity of the last reign. This was a natural course of reasoning, though he did not conceive it to be a wise one; but it showed that our ancestors adapted their remedies to the evils then existing, and pressing upon their apprehension.

“In 1791, a new danger and an entirely new difficulty presented themselves. The Roman Catholics had proved themselves truly submissive—they had been uniform in their peaceful conduct. Though rebellion had twice raged in Scotland, no movement was made in Ireland in favour of the exiled family. It had been found that the Catholics, so sunk and degraded, were ineffectual to the protection of the Government—that by the depression and privations imposed upon them, the heart's blood of the State was impoverished.”

“It has been said, the Roman Catholics might have their civil rights; they must not, however, expect political power; that the Constitution prohibited. Was there nothing of political power in what they possessed? They had the right of electing members to serve in Parliament. Was that no exercise of political power? They acted as magistrates. Was that no exercise of political power? They served as jurors. Was that not exercising political power? This country had liberally-imparted education to them. Did not that put the means of poli-

tical power within their reach? Where was this line of distinction between civil and political power marked in the constitution? The warmth of discussion apart, he denounced the doctrine as inconsistent with the principles of our free constitution, and only fitted for the meridian of a despotic government. He had once endeavoured to define civil liberty to the House; he had used the description which he found in the books—'Civil liberty consists in doing all that which the law allows a man to do.' But he went beyond that. There is a civil liberty, the enjoyment of which is given by the laws themselves. Once admit men to enjoy property, personal rights, and their usual consequences, and on what pretence could they be excluded from the institutions by which the whole of those possessions must be guarded?

"It was asked, what have the Roman Catholics to complain of? they are only excluded from the Parliament, the Bench, and the high offices of State; which meant that they were only excluded from the making and administering of the laws, from all posts of honour and dignity in the State. These were bagatelles, for which, according to the argument, it was not worth while for the Catholics to contend—and, therefore, it was scarcely worth the while of the Parliament to refuse. How would the honourable and learned gentlemen who used this argument like to be

excluded from their chance of obtaining these trifles? He begged to ask if these were not the very nothing for which Englishmen would cheerfully lay down their lives?"

Mr. Plunket then answered, one by one, the several and well-known objections that had been raised against the admissibility of Roman Catholics to Parliament. Canning had come down to the House from a sick bed, and on a crutch, to give his support to the motion. The opposition could afford to look on and allow the government to fight the question out, for Peel took upon himself the task of replying to both his illustrious colleagues. Brougham closed the debate, and the motion was carried by a majority of thirteen. Resolutions upon which to base a Bill were instantly assented to, and a committee formed to prepare the same. It passed the Commons, and was lost on the second reading in the Lords, with all its accompaniments, except the Bill against the Association.

We are now closing on the last struggle for Catholic Emancipation. To compress within the narrow limits of the present number, the speeches and the writings of Plunket "and all that he did" in reference to that momentous question, would be an utter impossibility, we shall therefore postpone the further consideration of this subject to a future day.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

ERRATA.—Supra (March number) "Life of Lord Plunket," page 260, column 1, 6th, last line, for "ladies," read "leaders." Page 261, column 1, line 4, or "of," read "or." Page 268, column 1, line 26, for "should," read "shall." Same page, column 2, line 22, for "disenchantment," read "disestablishment."

THE CUTTING STYLE OF WRITING.

THE dictionaries tell us that slashing is the act of flogging without mercy. They also tell us that to slash is to strike as with a sword at random. In either case the stroke is delivered without measure. It may be fierce without aim, or severe without justice, or just without mercy; but always the great characteristic of slashing is that it keeps no bounds and gives no quarter. It is a mistake to confound it with mere severity. It is always severe, but severity is not always slashing.

Now it is a curious fact, that in London, at least, this art of slashing has nearly died out. It is curious because, from the spread of periodical literature, and from its propensity to make effects at any cost, it was to be feared that exaggerations of style would come to be greatly favoured among us. Any one who wishes to understand the character of a free press ought to dip into the early volumes of *John Bull*, and to compare its style with that of the most censorious journals of our own day. It must be remembered that this newspaper was edited by a wit of the first water; was intended for the perusal of the highest classes; was in a manner the organ of the Court, and was a triumph of successful journalism. It made a virtuous parade of itself avoiding scurrility, and of an anxiety to put it down in others. Yet we who now read the old volumes of *John Bull*, even if we are carried away by the brilliance of language and rush of animal spirits that assail us in every page, are aghast at their scurrility, and know that such writing now-a-days would be intolerable. Certainly it is strange that the brilliant vituperation which was admired when newspapers were few should now be ab-

horred when they are abundant as the sand. And certainly, again, it is strange that now, when our newspapers are freer than ever they were, they are less licentious.

There are some among us who lament the decadence of the slashing style. Some years ago, Mr. Phillimore published a history of England which seemed to have been written with a sledge-hammer. He tells us there that the worst pamphleteer of the last century is to be preferred to the best newspaper writer now. The opinion is so singular that one is at a loss how to account for it; and one cannot help the inference that it must be due to Mr. Phillimore's exceeding love of slashing. It is in the vigour and fury of attack that the political writing and speaking of last century are distinctly superior to those of the present. Last century was the epoch of the hangman, and a hangman style pervaded all political discussion. In this century we have nearly abolished the hangman, and perhaps we are too fond of rose-water. We deliberately refuse to strengthen our conversation with frightful oaths; we carefully abstain from the imputation of offensive motives; we do not call each other names; and when a hard word escapes from us, we explain that we have used it unmeaningly—in what is sometimes called a parliamentary, and sometimes a Pickwickian, sense. Certainly the style into which we have now subsided wants the smashing vigour and the overpowering odour which Mr. Phillimore admires in the writers of last century. Strength of a certain kind has undoubtedly departed from our literature—a strength which he might compare to the high flavour of game, and which we should

compare to the intolerable flavour of carrion. Whatever be the nature of this strength which has passed away, its place has been supplied by other elements of power which more than fill the void.

I have said that the essence of slashing is severity without measure. Sometimes there is a great appearance of measure in a slashing article, as in those famous ones of Croker, in which the poor author was arraigned for innumerable inaccuracies, and apparently judged by the strict measure of facts. But this was the art which concealed art. The book might be, on the whole, a good one, notwithstanding a number of little inaccuracies now lurking in the text, now creeping into an unlucky footnote; and there is no measure in the justice which could pick out all the flaws to set them elaborately in array, while the merits of the work were hastily and timidly alluded to. When criticism is thus unmeasured, we shall generally find that it is unmeasured in praise as well as in blame—that the looseness of slashing is accompanied by looseness of flattery. The great era of the slashing style in England dates from the Restoration. Long before then, indeed, the style prevailed, for it belongs to human nature. But Dryden, and Swift, and Pope, rendered it classical; and it is very curious to note how, as the rage for unqualified condemnation ran high, it was paralleled by the rage for unqualified adulation. The period of the most slashing criticism is the period of the most fulsome dedications. If we take specimens of both the one and the other, and set them side by side, it will be seen by that very act that they are in spirit identical.

Johnson says, that in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation Dryden is almost unequalled. Since the days when the Roman emperors were deified, the only one who has approached and probably surpassed him is Aphra Behn, in an

address to Eleanor Gwyn. A fair specimen of Dryden's adulatory style will be found in the dedication of the *The Rival Ladies* to Lord Orrery. "I can only say in general," observes the poet, "that the souls of other men shine out at little crannies; they understand some one thing perhaps to admiration, while they are darkened on all the other parts; but your lordship's soul is an entire globe of light, breaking out on every side. One would think it difficult to surpass this, but certainly Aphra Behn surpassed it in her dedication of a comedy to Nell Gwyn. "Your permission has enlightened me, and I with shame look back on my ignorance which suffered me not to pay an adoration long since where there was so very much due; yet, even now, though secure in my opinion, I make this sacrifice with infinite fear and trembling, well knowing that so excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the divine powers in this,—the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone." After such a phrase the subsequent sentences read almost tame, and yet they are loaded with extravagant compliment. "Besides all the charms and attractions and powers of your sex, you have beauties peculiar to yourself—an eternal sweetness, youth, and air, which never dwelt in any face but yours. You never appear but you glad the hearts of all that have the happy fortune to see you, as if you were made on purpose to put the whole world into good humour." But of all the flatteries of that flattering age, I do not think I have read anything more outrageous than a biography of Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne. When Aphra Behn decreed divine honours to poor Nelly, she had at least an excuse in the privileged phrases with which women have always been addressed. Who need wonder when a woman is saluted as a goddess, or

even ranked beyond any goddess? But what can justify the application to Prince George of such terms as the following? "To name Prince George is to cast a cloud upon former ages, and to benight posterity. Upon a survey of his whole life, I find not any man in all the records of the ancients, or the writings of the modern authors, over whom Prince George hath not some advantage; nor any one's life, taken altogether, so admirable as his, nor anything admirable in any that is not in him. In him alone are to be found all the virtuous qualities of the best princes in the world. . . . He as much exceeds all other princes as other princes do all other men. He is the pattern and standard of honour to the nation, a universal gentleman, and, in a word, is whatever a good prince ought to be." All this about a man utterly forgotten, whom no one cares about, and whose very name is to most of us unknown.

It was in the midst of days which tolerated such adulation that the slashing style rose to perfection and became classical. The art of slashing went hand in hand with the art of flattery, and was worthily mated. After we have read that dedication of Dryden's to Lord Orrery, are we not prepared for the three lines which he addressed to Tonson, the bookseller? He wanted £10; Tonson refused it, and the poet then sent him the three following lines, with an intimation that he who wrote them could add a good many more:—

With leering looks, bull-faced and freckled fair,
With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowsy pores that taint the ambient air—

Tonson at once paid the money to prevent Dryden from going on. Whether he rendered honour to his patrons, or pilloried his enemies, there was in glorious John no yielding to the weakness of measured speech. All he said was absolute

and in the superlative degree. His friend is all goodness; his enemy all fault. Under the name of Macflecknoe, he has heaped eternal ignominy on Shadwell—an able man, and greatly his superior, both as a dramatist and as a wit in conversation. Shadwell was really a witty man, and Rochester—a competent judge—said of him, that if he had burnt all he wrote, and only printed all he spoke, his wit and humour would be found to exceed those of any other poet. This was the man whom Dryden described as the worthy son of Flecknoe:

Without dispute
Through all the realms of Nonsense
absolute.

He introduced the contemptible Flecknoe, as adopting Shadwell—whence the name of Macflecknoe; and the father says of his adopted son:

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make
pretence;
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

These are tremendous lines that fill us with astonishment. They are so full of wit, that in our admiration of their force we forget their recklessness and falsehood. He keeps up the same game in the most brilliant manner throughout the poem. He tells us:

Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no
ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

He tells us that *lambent dulness* played about his face, and that *loads of Shadwell* choked the way. And Flecknoe, in addressing his adopted son, rises to this climax—

Haywood and Shirley were but types of
thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way.

Perhaps Dryden's genius was never

so triumphant as in that satire. He takes us by storm : it is impossible to resist him. The satire is as false and unjust as anything can be ; but it is instinct with genius, and rolls along like the prairie fire. Properly speaking, indeed, it does not deserve the name of satire. It is not a generalised attack upon the folly and vice of society. It is a case of personal assault upon a man whom Dryden had himself described as "the great support of the comic stage," and as—

For large ideas and a flowing pen,
First of our time, and second but to Ben.

The example of Dryden gave dignity to the slashing style, which derived additional glory from the genius of Pope. The bard of Twickenham was a terrible slasher, and consigned to infamy very able and respectable men who happened to be his enemies—men like Theobald—"poor piddling Tibbald,"—who had eclipsed him as an editor of Shakspeare, or like Colley Cibber, who has never had half enough justice done to him. He, like Dryden, did his naughtiness so wittily, that venom in literature became popular, and stabbing a sign of spirit. All the slashing that we knew before—the way, for example, that Milton and Salmasius slashed each other—was clumsy and brutal. Now butchery had become poetical, and the hangman was in favour with the graces. Then the slashing style which Dryden and Pope had rendered glorious in poetry had descended into prose, and became the most admired sort of criticism. Nearly all the most telling criticism of last century slashes—and especially in politics. Junius is the most perfect specimen of a political critic of that age. His style, with all its refinement, is essentially a slashing style ; and so is the style of most of those pamphleteers who have won the admiration of Mr. Phillimore.

Any one who knows how thoroughly the slashing style is now

discredited in our literature, will be astonished to observe how very recently it flourished. Looking at the criticism of the day, we seem to be ages away from it. In point of fact, we are removed from it but by a single generation. It is difficult to realise how near to us are the Hazlitts, the Lockharts, the Crokers, the Wilsons, the Byrons, the Theodore Hooks. We know how near they are ; but to show also how distant, let me give a few examples of a style that was once in great favour.

Hazlitt gives a fearful account both of Whigs and Tories. The Tory, however, is in his view, the more contemptible ; and is thus roundly abused :—"A Tory is not a man but a beast. He is styed in his prejudices ; he wallows in the mire of his senses ; he cannot get beyond the trough of his sordid appetites, whether it is of gold or of wood. Truth and falsehood are to him something to buy and sell ; principle and conscience something to eat and drink. He tramples on the plea of humanity and lives like a caterpillar on the decay of public good." This is the sort of writing which Radicals of fifty years ago thought strong. There is no more strength in it than in a volley of oaths. We may swear the livelong day by all the saints in the calendar, and by all the family of Beelzebub, but we shall not add to the strength of yea and nay.

There is more wit, but still of a doubtful kind, in the description of a celebrated poet and banker, which has been attributed to Lockhart :—

Nose and chin would shame a knocker :
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker :
Mouth which masks the envious scerner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the place that most may wring you ;
Eyes of lead-like hue and gummy ;
Carcase picked out from some mummy ;
Bowels (but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten) ;
Skin all sallow, flesh all sodden,
From the devil would frighten God in :
Is it a corpse stuck up for show
Galvanised at times to go :

With the Scripture in connection—
New proof of the resurrection?
Vampire, ghost, or ghoul—what is it?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

And cannot get
A morsel yet,
He's just the type of Wetherall.

To these inquiries Byron replied in verses, which are not to be found in his collected works. He gives a picture of his friend the banker, which is certainly startling, and belongs to the style of an adept in slashing. I shall quote only a few of the lines—

Hear is tone, which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking,
Now on all-fours, now on tiptoe;
Hear the tales he lends his lips to—
Little hints of heavy scandals;
Every friend in turn he handles;
All which women or which men do
Glides forth in an innuendo—
Clothed in odds and ends of humour,
Herald of each paltry rumour,
From divorces down to dresses,
Women's frailties, men's excesses;
All which life presents of evil
Make for him a constant revel.
You're his foe—for that he fears you
And in absence blasts and sears you;
You're his friend—for that he hates you
First caresses, and then baits you;
Darting on the opportunity
When to do it with impunity.
You are neither—then he'll flatter
Till he finds some trait for satire,
Hunts your weak point out, then shows it
Where it injures to disclose it.

He's the cancer of his species,
And will eat himself to pieces;
Plague personified and famine—
Devil, whose soul delights in damning.

Perhaps the most renowned and the most vehement of all the slashers of the present century was Theodore Hook. In the early volumes of *John Bull* will be found the whole art of slashing exemplified with extraordinary wit and unparalleled impudence. This is what he says of Sir Charles Wetherall:—

With a head
Dull as lead,
Roaring lungs of leather all;
And a shape
Like an ape,
Enter Charley Wetherall.

When an ass
In search of grass
Hath run out his tether all,

In prose he was not less daring. There is no limit to the rudeness of his attack. See this on the uncle of our poet-laureate. "We have seen in the *Times* of yesterday an account of a pamphlet said to be published by Charles Tennyson, Esq., M.P. for Grimsby, in which he states that having come into Parliament expressly to support ministers, he so disapproves of their conduct towards the Queen, that he has wholly changed his sentiments; a circumstance 'honourable,' says the *Times*, 'to his head and heart.' If this be the goggled-eyed lawyer whom we once knew of that name, we are surprised at reading, even in the *Times*, that he has either a head or a heart; and as to the pretence of his being a ministerial man, by which he endeavours to bolster his insignificant conundrums into notice, we propose to show in our next number that this is neither more nor less than a LIE." There is a charming simplicity and directness about this which it is impossible to beat. It is all the more delightful when we read it in connection with a statement of the principles on which (as I have already indicated) Hook announced that his journal was to be conducted. He stated that his grand object was to disseminate truth, and to expose falsehood; to open the minds of the deceived, and to satisfy the minds of the doubtful. "Scurrility and invective," he said, "treason and blasphemy, are the weapons which have for a length of time been wielded against our most sacred institutions." It was Hooke's maxim to put down scurrility and invective. And now we come to the demise of the slashing style. This wonderful syle, that used to be so popular, and that was a favourite weapon in the hands of great wits and poets, is no longer practised among us by any writers of mark. We can almost

give the date of its demise, by looking over a file of the *Times*, and watching the variations of its style. The last specimens of the true slasher appeared in the *Times* of 1841. Since then, if a little bit of slashing has now and then shown itself in the columns of the leading journal, it has been but an occasional freak, and is in marked contrast to the style both of political and of literary criticism which now characterises the paper. In 1841, however, the slashing style in all its rude vigour pervaded British journalism, and had a flourishing time of it in Printing-house Square. Here, for instance, is the commencement of the first leading article which appeared in the *Times* of July 21, 1841:—"A paragraph appears in Monday's *Globe* which, in point of mean malignity transcends if possible anything that has lately figured in that unscrupulous and abandoned print. Great allowances, we are willing to admit, are due to the ministerial journalists, writhing as they now are under the peeling torture inflicted on them by the recent elections, which as consummating the sufferings of their wretched party have been almost synonymous with the wheel or rack. . . . Nay, we could readily excuse in our chagrined opponents a good deal of vituperative language or even uncandid remark, anything you please, in short, except such cool and premeditated villany as the subjoined paragraph evinces. '*On dit*, that the Queen has heard of the vain boast of Sir Robert that if he came into power, he would make her a Tory (a Conservative, he said) in six weeks; and that the Baronet is consequently more disliked than ever at head-quarters.' Now this diabolical ditty, we need hardly say, is a sheer unmitigated falsehood from beginning to end." Fancy such writing as this in the *Times* of to-day! How we should all stare and gape at it. It reads like the speci-

men of a lost language—of a language that has gone out of use as completely as the language of Runic rhymes and cuneiform inscriptions. But there is a delightful plainness about it which is not to be found in Runes—a rude simplicity as of the savage running wild in woods with the scalps of his enemies strung about his belt.

The decay of slashing among us marks a double movement in our literature. In the first place it is not merely the habit of slashing that has gone out of vogue—the whole art of rhetoric and slashing as but a part of it—seems just now to be discredited. We think less of any style now than we used to do; and there is a want of style in our writing. Observe with what care, for example, some writers avoid anything like metaphor and simile. They have seen metaphor and simile pressed into service for which it is unfitted, and offering a show of thought where thought there is none. Hence in their disgust they rush to the other extreme; they do not see that the use of imagery conduces to clearness; they regard it as a mere pretence; and they pride themselves on the boldness and plainness of their language. Then, again, it is a frequent complaint that in oratory we of this century are beaten by the last. We do not believe it. We do not believe that the century which has produced Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright, Brougham and Canning, is one whit behind that which witnessed the great performances of Fox and Burke and the two Pitts. There is a difference between the two sets of orators, undoubtedly. There is more of rhetoric in the elder race. The more modern orators are much the more plain-spoken; they eschew high flights; they do not lose themselves in the mazes of metaphor; they stick more to facts and deal with syllogisms. It is characteristic of a rationalising age—an age that

is sceptical on many points and above all things sceptical of words. Lord Granville said the other day that it is "undesirable," for a man who is perfectly sane to be confined in a lunatic asylum. We smile as we read that phrase ; but in the use of it Lord Granville fairly represents the tendency of our time, which, so to speak, persistently lowers the temperature of language, and prefers underrating to overrating. The first time Mrs. Siddons acted in Edinburgh she was much distressed at the silence and apparent apathy of the audience. At the end of one of her great speeches, however, she got a hand or two of applause, and a Scotchman was heard to exclaim in the pit—"That's not bad." In the Scotchman's vocabulary, "That's not bad," or "not *so* bad," are very high terms of praise. This is a niggard style ; but we are beginning now to understand that hitherto our language has been too lavish—too highly strung. Just as we have given up the gold lace, the rich velvet suits, and the much jewellery of our ancestors ; or just as now, when friends—the dearest friends, meet, they do not overpower each other with civilities, and perhaps even they do not shake hands, so we have learned to be chary of speech, and to weigh our words. And thus the decadence of the slashing style is but part of a general movement towards rationality of thinking, sobriety of behaviour, and reticence of expression.

The other movement in our literature with which the fall of the slashing style coincides, I have already slightly touched in the beginning of this article. I refer to the spread of periodical publications. At first sight we should have imagined that by this very agency the slashing style would have been perpetuated. Often writing in great haste, the contributors to a newspaper or other periodical are sorely tempted to resort to that slashing style which

produces the greatest amount of effect with the least trouble to themselves. Also it may be supposed that the readers of a newspaper, running their eyes hastily over its columns, are not prepared for undertoned criticism, and require to be arrested by all sorts of exaggerations. Instead of this, what do we find? We find exaggerations of style more and more avoided and ridiculed—the slashing style quite intolerable. And the explanation of this anomaly is not far to seek. The spread of periodical literature implies an increase of its power; and this increase of its power shows itself in two ways.

In the first place, literature is more a profession than it used to be. The increase of periodicals implies increase of emolument, and an increase of writers sharing in that emolument. The man of letters is no longer a Bedouin or a Bohemian; he belongs to a profession that begins to feel the restraint of etiquette and honourable understanding ; he can afford to respect himself and others. This professional understanding wonderfully tends to steady a man's style. What a man can do when he stands by himself, he feels that he cannot do when he becomes the member of a recognised community. Thus the spread of periodical literature, increasing the number of those who live by their pens, has given a professional status to writers for the press, and so doing has subjected them to the regulating influences of a profession.

The spread of periodical literature, however, means even more than this. There is not only increased power, but also increased sense of power in all the better periodicals. When a man is not sure that he will be heard, he has to raise his voice to a roar ; and if he cannot roar he will screech. If a critic feels his weakness, and is not sure of his effects, he begins to slash. When, on the other hand, a man finds himself

writing in an organ of some authority, in which every word is of weight—when he finds himself speaking as through a trumpet, in which every whisper is multiplied, and the least murmur sounds like thunder, there is at once established over his style a calming influence. He need not yell in order to be heard: he need not slash in order to be severe enough. It must be admitted, however, that this argument depends on a fact which may not receive universal assent. De Tocqueville, for example predicted—speaking of America—that the multiplication of journals would lead to the destruction of their influence. There would arise a clatter of tongues in which sound would be indistinguishable, and journalism reduced to a nullity. Also, it is too hastily assumed by some writers in this country, that the spread of periodical literature tends to level the influence of particular journals, so that no one can enjoy an overwhelming influence. If this be indeed a fact, then my argument falls to the ground. If it is the tendency of the new order of things to reduce the organs of opinion to a dead level of authority, then no organ can have that assurance of power which will enable it to feel that it will be heard without bawling, and that it can punish without slashing. But is it a fact? and is there any likelihood of De Tocqueville's prediction becoming true? Let us refer to a parallel case. Has the diffusion of wealth tended to reduce its inequalities? Or, again, has the diffusion of education tended to lower the ascendancy of the superior minds? On the contrary, wealth, mere sordid pelf, was never more potent in the world than it is now; and the educated intellect, the slave of education, yields its neck with incomparable meekness to educated authority. On the same principle, if the power of the periodical press is increased in the mass, the relative power of particular journals is also increased in an increased

ratio. The multitude of journals make the whole people peculiarly sensitive to opinion; and a chosen few of these journals reap the benefit of that sensitiveness. Their opinions are studied with peculiar interest and tell with peculiar force. Amid the clamours of multitudinous journalism, we hear one or two organs of opinion constantly quoted—sometimes in blame, sometimes in praise, but always to be canvassed with interest. These are the journals that make themselves heard over all others, that maintain their ascendancy, notwithstanding De Tocqueville's prediction, and that, conscious of their power, can afford to lower their tones.

Whether these views as to the influences which have led to the decay of slashing among us be correct or not, there is no doubt as to the fact of its decay. And there anent two remarks suggest themselves in conclusion.

The first relates to the Yankee press. The slashing style flourishes across the Atlantic, just as there also flourishes the oratory of high flights. And it must be confessed that the more powerful journals of New York descend to a system of attack to which, fortunately, we can find no parallel in this country among journals of mark. The *New York Herald* is the most renowned for this kind of hard hitting, which it especially indulges in when the object of attack is a rival newspaper. The following is an assault on the editor of the *New York Tribune*: "The excitable philosopher of the *Tribune* appears to have become positively crazy. His deplorable failure as a military leader in the march of our army to Bull Run, and the fall of that abolition idol, Fremont, have doubtless been too much for the weak and foolish head of Greeley. We may feel some pity for his situation, but really his hackneyed stuff and trash about the *Herald* as a Secession organ, and about our Se-

cession flags, and all such rubbish, are too silly for further notice. But he has discovered another mare's nest. The *Herald* has no influence. Poor Greeley! No influence. Here we see the ragged coat of the dirty politician. We have never sought and never wanted any such influence. Our aim has been to establish and maintain the best newspaper in this or any other country; and if we may judge from the catalogue of our readers and advertisers, we have succeeded in this great enterprise. No influence! Massa Greeley, do not persist in making an ass of yourself. Go home and soak your feet in a tub of warm water, with a little soap, and try to get a good night's rest." There is something so unsophisticated about this style, that to those who are weary of parliamentary language and the refined circumlocutions of private life, it will have the inexpressible charm of perfect nature. Take another specimen which appeared on the first day of a new year. "At the commencement of the new year we would scarcely be doing our duty if we did not give poor Greeley some judicious advice for the regulation of his future conduct. He must now turn over a new leaf or be consigned to perpetual infamy. The first step for him in this direction will be to get a new suit of clothes, and to brush himself up generally. His personal appearance for several years past has been so seedy and shabby, that nothing of the kind has ever before been seen. With the advent of the new year let Greeley put off his old white hat and coat, and his demoralising habits with them. The least that the *Tribune* association can do is to supply him with money enough to buy some new clothing. They have no right to treat the poor fellow so scurvily. Since the commencement of the war, the philosophers of that junta have cleared more than a million dollars out of the public purse with their gun contracts and other nefa-

rious schemes. Let them hand over a trifle to Greeley to get some new toggery. If this be asking too much from his confederates for the wretched man, let them inform us immediately, and we will subscribe a small sum to aid in cleaning him up for the new year. We know he will as usual be deeply grateful to us, and the only condition we shall impose upon him is, that he shall come out strong for General Grant as our next President." That the *Herald* may not have all its own way in these pages, I will end these quotations with a counter attack upon it from the *New York Times*:—"The general impression of the public is, that the editor of the *Herald* is constitutionally incapable of telling the truth. It may be so; but we should feel much better satisfied of the fact if he had ever made the attempt. We may defy any man to point to a single incident in his whole life, or a single sentence in the files of the *Herald*, from the day it was started until now, which indicates the faintest possible preference for truth over falsehood. From the beginning to the end of his career he has been steadily and unwaveringly consistent in never telling the truth when a lie would answer his purpose half as well. This may be 'constitutional,' or it may be the result of calculation—but it is systematic. Whenever he has an object to accomplish, he never shows the slightest scruple as to the means of reaching it; and as in nine cases out of ten his objects are purely malignant and devilish, naturally enough falsehood and calumny are the weapons which he wields."

These are choice flowers of rhetoric, and the last extract is a slashing description of the slashing style. The remark, however, suggests itself that we who know how recently the slashing style flourished in all its glory among ourselves, should not altogether despair of the American press. Many people fall into a way of accounting for the gross abuses of the

Yankee journals by attributing them to the degrading influences of democratic society and a low price. They leap to the conclusion, therefore, that these abuses must be perennial. The conclusion is illogical. The only fact we have to go upon is, that the Yankee journals are a quarter of a century behind our own. We see precisely the same phenomenon in the political economy of our transatlantic kinsmen. All through the civil war we were complaining of their protectionist prejudices. We are full five-and-twenty years ahead of them in our knowledge of trade and finance; but we do not expect that their economical fallacies will last for ever, or that they are to be ascribed to democratic failings. Neither need we suppose that the murderous style of journalism which they are so fond of is peculiar to their form of civilisation and is ineradicable. The same causes that have tended in England to root it out, will, no doubt, in due time also root it out of the United States.

The other remark which suggests itself bears on ourselves—on the remains of the slashing style that are still to be found among us. Slashing, I have said, has nearly died out. It still lurks, however, in holes and corners. One is not surprised to see it now and then cropping out in a provincial newspaper. It is but natural that the *Eatonswill Gazette* should be a little behind the spirit of the age. The odd thing is, to find the slashing style chiefly practised by two of the liberal professions—the medical and the clerical. It is very strange that men of sense, men of science, cannot write against medical heresies without using terms and hurling epithets which most men of the world have consented to drop altogether. Especially is it strange, if we consider that in matters of science hard words can be of no avail, and we require the pure logic of facts, not the doubtful logic of sneers. Unfortunately, medical con-

troversy is a terrific scene of massacre and bloodshed. The slashing style becomes mere bloodletting. The medical heretic is denounced as a quack, an impostor, a fool, a madman, a rascal, a knave, a hypocrite, a cormorant, a toad, a fee-finder—a perfect demon. The mildest term which Dr. Sampson—a well-known doctor who figures in the pages of one of Mr. Charles Reade's later novels—applies to the brother physician whom he distrusts, is "Idiot." That in the noble profession of medicine there are to be found men who scorn such a style of controversy we are of course well assured; but these men, for the most part, avoid controversy altogether, and leave whatever war requires to be waged against doubtful doctrine in the hands of soldiers who fight best with hateful weapons and little know how the world at large regards the barbarities of warfare. Perhaps, however, the clergy and clerical journals are still more addicted than the medical profession to the slashing style; but there is more excuse for them, since they have to deal chiefly with themes that profoundly engage the feelings, and are not to be approached by mere reason. It is the business of the clergy to deal with the heart of man, and to measure the influence of motives as an element of human conduct. In public criticism they find it difficult to throw off that habit, and are constantly attributing those abominable motives and drawing those unwarranted inferences which are among the chief characteristics of the slashing style. "I heard Dr. B. say in a sermon," writes Jortin, "that if any one denies the uninterrupted succession of bishops, he should not scruple to call him a downright Atheist. This, when I was young, was sound, fashionable doctrine." But we recognise the inference as a slashing one, and we know how easy it is for Churchmen still to slash in that style, to call a man a godless

infidel, because on some minor question he differs from orthodox opinion. It is the old Puritanic love of hewing Agag in pieces. Sometimes in the adoption of this style, the clergy and clerical journals dwell much on images of the burning marl and the smoke of torment, sometimes on images of nausea and loathing, with especial reference to those of us who, being lukewarm in our opin-

ions, deserve to share the fate of the Laodiceans. It is not for us to say that these strong modes of expression are never to be used. We do object to their being used on every common occasion. Then it comes to pass that the sublime denunciations of the Scriptures are vulgarised into the tools of the slasher.

MY NATIVE HOME, FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! my own, my native home,
 The mountain, wood, and stream,
 Where in the wild romance of youth
 I dreamt my youthful dream.
 Farewell ! the hearts whose genial glow,
 Like sunshine in the dell,
 Made early life a vale of flowers—
 My native home, Farewell !

Whilst Foyle, the river of my youth,
 Shall mirror Derry's towers,
 And whilst that city's name is green,
 In this green isle of ours ;
 Whilst memory sways its mystic power,
 And love exerts its spell,
 I'll dream my fondest dream of thee,
 My native home—Farewell !

Ballymena.

J. K.

SOME UNAPPRECIATED CHARACTERS.

INJUSTICE is the law of the world, and men delight in being the law's supporters. There is never exhibited a ready disposition to admit the claims of merit; and whenever those claims are allowed, it is because right and might happen to be jostled on to the same side, much to the wonder of both. The world has been beaten into improvement, as boys used to be beaten into learning at school, before it was discovered that the boy is really father of the man, and that to whip him is to do violence to a parent,—a being whom we are called upon to honour and to obey. Men never would have got beyond wolf-skin breeches,—if, indeed, they would ever have got into them,—if they had not been forced to improve their condition through the practice of the arts of design by wise men, to whom, as a matter of course, they have been duly ungrateful. Is it strange, then, that, being incapable of understanding what is for their own good, and naturally indisposed to do justice to their benefactors, men should be found incapable of comprehending the merits of those characters in whom individuality is strongly developed, and who have chosen to live according to their own sense of enjoyment, and not to take their rules of life from those outside barbarians who fill the census returns, and constitute "the masses"? Special injustice has been done all through the ages to a number of eminent personages, who have had as many stones thrown at them as if they had slept in cairns. It is not creditable to our time, when even Benedict Arnold has found something like an apologist, that the personages referred to should have no one to

attempt to place their virtues before an unadmiring world. Books and articles have been written to show that Catiline, and Iscariot, and Tiberius, and Catherine de' Medici, and Henry VIII., and Claverhouse, and Robespierre, and others whose names are in humanity's black lists, were not half so bad as their reputations,—were, in some instances, eminently worthy creatures, who had been singularly misapprehended by mankind. But these are all first-class characters,—your first-rates, of whom one is naturally disposed to think well because they are first-rates,—and incapable of doing wrong, because they do it on so magnificent a scale. Catiline was a patriot, and only sought to anticipate Cæsar, but failed, poor man! Tiberius was a great statesman, who protected the Roman provincials, and did so by disposing of the aristocrats in Italy,—holding a wolf by the ears, as he phrased it,—a wolf that would have devoured the flock, and torn the imperial shepherd,—that model Pastor Fido,—had he for a moment slackened his hold. Catherine de' Medici was a fine politician, a balancer of parties, who, if she did hound Catholics upon Huguenots, would have been quite as ready to hound Huguenots upon Catholics, had it paid as well. Henry VIII. was a martyr to his love of order and horror of civil war, and he made martyrs of his wives in the same cause, they being successively parts of himself, and bound to share his lot. Claverhouse was a devotee of the sentiment of loyalty. Robespierre was strictly and sternly honest; and, though he cut off people's heads, he never picked their pockets. And so on, to the end of the chapter of

tyranny and crime. But there are other unappreciated characters, who, while they are often mentioned, cannot be called great, and whom the world treats as if they were all bad, and constantly holds up as warnings and examples. In behalf of these characters there is something to be said, and the attempt to reconcile them with humanity may not be entirely unprofitable, even if they are not so fortunate as to have perpetrated many murders.

One of the oldest of these characters, who has been doing service for almost thirty centuries,—though nothing could be more out of character than that he should do anything,—is the Sluggard of Solomon. In the Book of Proverbs, the royal Hebrew, who, like the Turkish Solyman, was the greatest of his line, apostrophises the unhappy Sluggard, in good set terms, and, after recommending to him the example of that fussy little creature, the ant, which wasteth the summer time, and even that of autumn, in laboriously providing for a future that never may come, exclaims,—“How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.” And has not the garden of the Sluggard, though for a very different reason, become as famous as the Garden of Eden, or that in which Diocletian cultivated cabbages for the market of Salona? Its broken walls, its crop of weeds, the cattle of the neighbours devouring the nothing which it raises,—are they not familiar to us all from our youth upward, through the teachings of those who throw clouds over the hopes of childhood by enforcing upon the minds of boys and girls that they are doomed to work as long as they live? To a right-minded man there must occur much in favour of the Sluggard which he was too consistent a character to urge in his own defence. He was a sensible fellow, who was making the

best of a wicked world. He was of the belief of those Oriental religionists, who hold that man approaches nearest to perfection in exact proportion to the profundity of his self-absorption and repose. He minded his own business, which is the surest way to make a fortune, and to avoid making mischief. All the great evil in the world is the consequence of the meddling propensities of active creatures, from Alexander the Great fool to the lowest village gossip. Take the recent history of our own country,—with its big battles, bigger debts, and biggest taxes,—to what is all our suffering due, but to the detestable activity of men who were nursed on the notion that they must be ever busy, and who learnt their lesson so well that they set a couple of millions of human beings flying at one another's throats, and called into existence an army of most industrious tax-gatherers? Who made the Secession war? Some four or five hundred men, who thought, with Hercules, that the earth was created only as a place for the master-spirits of the world to bustle in. They would have been blessings to their country, had they profited from the example of the Sluggard, and folded their hands to sleep. Had Mr. Davis and othersouthern leaders, in the late Secession war, been as lazy as they were industrious, America never would have been disturbed, and we should have remained blissfully ignorant of much costly knowledge. But they scorned the Sluggard's course, and deemed it their duty to be most disastrously industrious. They would not give themselves up to slumber, and so they sent a half-million of their countrymen into that slumber which can be broken only by the archangel's trump. It is ever thus. It is only busy men, men of whom Byron was thinking when he said that “quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,” who make all that disturbance which costs so much, and for which quiet people

have to pay, whether they will or not. No such charge can be advanced against men who model themselves on the Sluggard, and who are sublimely indifferent to all the ordinary and extraordinary objects of ambition. Lazy men, it must be admitted, do not accomplish much—they accomplish nothing—in behalf of what is called “the progress of the species;” but, on the other hand, they do not keep the world in hot water. They allow things to take their course. And it is by men of another sort endeavouring to do something for the race—and a great deal for themselves—that the earth is made to merit its title of a tomb. There is no counting the graves that active men have dug. They are the sexton’s best supporters, and pass over to him the flower of mankind, cutting off, not merely the best youth of their countries, but the hope of reproduction. From Sesostris to Louis Napoleon, it is the busy, the industrious, the meddling, the quarrelsome man who disturbs society, and forces it into courses that make it the purveyor for beasts of prey. Attila was well denominated “The Scourge of God,” for he whipped men into unnatural activity, and prevented them from attending to what was properly their own business. He was one of those over-seers who are miracles of restlessness, and who flog whole nations into the activity of war, the worst form that exertion—always unpleasant—can take, save when it is dictated by the demands of unmistakable patriotism.

Had the Sluggard seen fit, for a moment, to depart from his character, he might have given Solomon some tolerably cogent reasons for his devotion to his bed and his love of slumber. But he was a wise man, and therefore he would not contend against the wisest of men, who was a king to boot. He might have argued, that to get up and go to work would be to afford evidence

that he was a wicked man, and was, in punishment for his sins, undergoing the common sentence. When our race fell through Adam’s fall, the offended Creator passed upon it the sentence of hard labour for life, the world being the prison, and having, as Hamlet says, many wards. “Cursed is the ground for thy sake,” are the words of that awful doom; “in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.” All work, therefore, is evidence of demerit, and the less work a man does, the more meritorious he must be. This is the philosophy of the eight-hour movement. The lazier a man is, the better he is. His sentence is a light one. Hence the Sluggard was a man of exemplary goodness. He did nothing, and was as useless as if he had been born the master of a thousand slaves. A conservative in principle, he adhered with strict fidelity to the faith in which he had been brought up, and was a true *fainéant*, and doubtless had locks as long (and uncombed) as those of any Merovingian king that ever allowed crown to fall from his head, and sceptre to drop from his hand, rather than make exertion to keep one or both. He did not even “daff the world aside, and bid it pass,” for to do that would have required exertion. He “let it slide.”

As to the ant, to which Solomon referred the Sluggard, it might have been replied to his Majesty, that that active insect often has its labour for its pains, and nothing more; and that in a moment it often loses the fruits of long months, if not years, of energetic industry. The hoofs of beasts and the feet of men crush thousands of ant-hills daily,—a plain proof that industry does not always prosper, and leading

irresistibly to the conclusion that, though it is allowed, it is not enjoined. In countries where ants transact a large business, they often encounter most disastrous failures, like other speculators. In Southern Africa they build what are called edifices, and which are more deserving of the name than are many of the abodes of men, for they are so large and so strong that they will bear the weight of many men on their summit. And what follows from all this outlay of labour? Why, that the Aard Vark, or earth-hog, tears a hole in the side of one of these hills, "breaking up the stony-walls with perfect ease," says Mr. Wood, "and scattering dismay among the inmates. As the ants run hither and thither, in consternation, their dwelling falling like a city shaken by an earthquake, the author of all this misery flings its slimy tongue among them, and sweeps them into his mouth by hundreds. Perhaps the ants have no conception of their great enemy as a fellow-creature, but look upon the Aard Vark as we look upon the earthquake, the plague, or any other disturbance of the usual routine of nature. Be this as it may, the Aard Vark tears to pieces many a goodly edifice, and depopulates many a swarming colony, leaving a mere shell of irregular stony wall in the place of the complicated and marvellous structure which had sheltered so vast a population."¹ Such is the reward of the ant's industry when most skilfully and wonderfully exerted; and as Solomon knew everything, it is strange that he should have had the face to fling the ant's action into the face of the Sluggard, who, had he not been restrained by indolence and good breeding, could easily have put down the royal argument. The ant is the type of most hard-working men, who accumulate largely, and go on swimmingly, making much

of Mammon's muck, when along comes some Aard Vark in the shape of a cunning speculator, who sweeps it all away. The Sluggard has nothing of the kind to fear for he has nothing to lose. With him, time is money, but in a very different sense from that of the proverb. He spends his time as he goes, or, we should say, as he is carried along, for he is too wise to indulge in locomotion. So it was with the Sluggard of Solomon, who did not live to declare that all is vanity. He enjoyed the passing hour, and set a noble example to the sons of men, not one of whom would work if he could exist without having resort to the curse,—a curse as old as the expulsion from Eden. The Sluggard knew the bliss of repose, and might have cited Psalms against Proverbs,—“He giveth his beloved sleep,”—had he deemed the matter one worthy of words, and of the exertion implied in quotation. But he said nothing, calmly maintaining his principles by a speaking silence, and concentrating all his energies on nothing. Like all genuinely lazy men, he was as incapable of thought as of envy; but he could have thought about anything: the story of the Seven Sleepers would have filled his mind; and could he have envied anybody, it would have been that one of those sleepers who had the highest capacity for sleeping without dreams, and who, therefore, in the Sluggard's estimation, had a better claim to be considered a wise man than could have been advanced even by Solomon himself.

Speaking of the Seven Sleepers, I am afraid that we do not always “realise” the full force of the old legend in which these gentlemen figure, or repose, and which has always been a favourite with me, because of the long, unbroken, delicious, dreamless slumber that is associated with it. Almost seventy

¹ *Homes without Hands*, pp. 65, 66.

thousand nights, and as many days of sleep, with no getting up in the morning, no beds to make, no servants to tell you to turn out, no bills to pay for lodging! It is too much for the human mind calmly to contemplate in all its details and all its force, and hence the vagueness with which the story and similar stories are generally mentioned. Past time is no time to us; and we lump together the ages that are gone as if they were necessarily closely associated. Now, the Seven Sleepers' snooze lasted through 187 years; but their long night was so long ago that we do not understand how very long it lasted, or how very meritorious were those seven Ephesian youths who made themselves friends of darkness when the Pagan tyrant Decius had them walled up. We can form a better idea of the length of their slumber, and, therefore, the better appreciate the sublimity of their laziness, by supposing something of the kind to have happened here, and that the Seven Sleepers had just dropped in upon us. Let us suppose that in the year 1680,—just after the termination of Philip's War, and when the pious population of the Bay Colony were reposing in the arms of victory, and comfortably reflecting that little Phil (bloody heathen that he was!) had been sold into tropical slavery,—a sudden alarm came upon seven youths who were labouring in a maize-field, and that they, all unarmed, or panic-stricken, fled into some cave, under the belief that the impious Indians, whose lands they had helped to seize, were upon them. Away go Zebedee, Zachariah, Zadock, Zephaniah, Zimri, Zachheus, and Zebulon, until they find a cave, in which, exhausted by their race, they drop asleep; and so profound is their rest, that it is not broken till the year 1867. Imagine their feelings when, having been roused by the shriek of a passing railway train, they rub their eyes,

get up, and proceed to make their way to their homes! They would be as much astonished as if they had suddenly fallen upon a new planet. Between the Massachusetts of 1680 and the Massachusetts of 1867, the difference is so great that no mind can fairly grasp it; and the young Puritans, who would now be well advanced in their third century, would come to the conclusion that they had waked up in the other world,—but in which part of it they would be terribly perplexed to say, when seeking to decide a question bearing so strongly on their everlasting welfare. Going to sleep when that colony was scarcely more than a wilderness, they would wake up when it had become one of the most advanced and enlightened communities on the globe. Leaving a poor settlement, with its few thousand inhabitants scattered among a few small towns, placed in or on the verge of woods, they would return to an opulent State, containing more than 300 towns, not a few of which have populations much larger than were to be found in any British town, London alone excepted, in 1680. Flying from Indians, they would come back to a land in which an Indian is as much a curiosity as he is in Liverpool and Manchester. Running away when men believed in witchcraft, they would walk back when men believe determinedly in—nothing. Falling asleep when the journey from Boston to Cambridge was a long one, and not lightly to be undertaken, they would wake up when a journey from Boston to Springfield is scarcely a morning's jaunt. Hiding when to hear from England required three months of time, they would leave their place of refuge when it is possible to hear from England—"home," as they would call it—in three hours, slow time. Not a solitary point of resemblance would be visible between the Bay Colony and the Bay State, and the dreamers would be less at

home here than in the English villages whence came their fathers. And the people among whom they would find themselves would be as much astonished as if they really had come from beyond the grave, instead of having cheated it of a portion of its prey from much more than a hundred years.

There would be a wide difference between our Seven Sleepers and the original Seven Sleepers, for the latter "came back," as men say of ghosts, to a fast-declining world. When the young Ephesians retired from business, the Roman Empire had got well advanced toward its fall, and during their retirement it had "progressed backward" in a material sense much faster than it had advanced spiritually through its adoption of Christianity. Evidences of this decline would have been abundant to Maximian and his associates, when they looked about them, and compared things as they were under Theodosius the Younger with things as they had been under Decius. Not so with our Seven Sleepers, who, on waking, would encounter nothing but proofs of increase on every hand. But that would not make them feel any the more at home, and they would astonish the people, in these times of suspension of cash payments, by offering pine-tree shillings in exchange for bed and board; and some sharp fellows would make a good thing out of them by selling them goods for good silver at paper prices. Perhaps some of the younger class of the old settlers are sleeping away the time, as here suggested. If so, and they should be discovered, we hope the discoverer will have the sense and humanity not to disturb them, merely that they might learn the difference between the Massachusetts that Governor Leverett ruled and the Massa-

chusetts that rules Governor Bullock. Never break any one's sleep, for every moment of sleep is so much gained by the sleeper. I have always admired and loved that Duke of Brunswick who, when, like a thoughtful and provident man and husband, he had a grave prepared for himself and his wife in the vault of the Blasius-Dom, was informed by the gentlemen who were building for him till Doomsday, that they had come to a flat stone, and asked him whether it should be taken up. "Not for worlds," answered he. "It covers, doubtless, some dead man, who had himself buried so deep in the earth, in order that he might never be dug up; leave him quiet." And he further directed that, when his own turn for burial should come, "his coffin should be very gently let down upon this stone, and then covered over with earth. Take care, let be gently done,—it might wake him!"¹ This was doing as one would be done by; and if the ashes of German dukes should ever be disturbed after the fashion that befell those of the French kings, sincerely must it be hoped that an exception will be made in behalf of the dust of Duke Rudolph Augustus, who, in 1690, showed so much consideration for a nameless dead man. The measure he meted to others should be meted to him again. The only occasion when it is proper to rouse a sleeper is when it is his business to "get up and be hanged," for law's hests must be obeyed, though Master Barnadine would not listen to the order. It is told of Condé and of Alexander that they had to be wakened on the mornings of their greatest victories; but to rouse them was inexcusable, for who would not prefer the good of sleep to the glories of Rocroy and of Arbela?²

¹ Germania, by the Baroness Blaze de Bury, vol. i. pp. 149, 150.

² The best of all these sleeping stories is that which has Frederick Barbarossa, according to Mr. Carlyle the greatest of all the German Cæsars, for its central figure.

Another of these unappreciated characters, and one who has suffered from the libels of his murderer, is the Old Man of the Sea, of whom we know nothing save what that murderer himself has told us ; but so excellent was that Old Man, so blameless were his life, walk (when he did walk), and conversation, that not even Sinbad's "cooked" narrative can obscure his virtues. They shine through the clouds of calumny which the lying sailor contributed to the columns of some Bagdad journal, or Arabic Gentleman's Magazine. That Sinbad lied confoundedly, is, I believe, admitted on all hands ; and in no one of the accounts of his seven voyages is he more untruthful than in that of the fifth, in which the Old man of the Sea is introduced. Observe that here occurs his statement that his ship was sunk by two rocs, which threw rocks upon its deck,—an absurd story, which it is impossible to believe for onemoment, and which was probably invented to defraud the underwriters, the Bassorah Lloyds. All that is certain is,

that the vessel was lost, and that Sinbad alone was saved of all her crew and passengers. With that wonderful luck which was always his, he got to a lovely island, into which, as Satan into Paradise, he brought sin and misery. Hardened sinner that he was, and with no more conscience than a newsmonger or politician of modern days, he seems to have been struck with the excellence of the island. "It seemed to be a delicious garden," he says. "Wherever I turned my eyes, I saw beautiful trees, some loaded with green, others with ripe fruits, and transparent streams meandering between them. I ate of the fruits, which I found to be excellent, and quenched my thirst at the inviting brooks." These softening influences had no effect on the old buccaneer, who had the true Anglo-Saxon faculty of thinking himself superior to everybody he met, and who could find no land so good as that which he was so constantly leaving. Walking into the island, he found, on the banks of a romantic stream, an ancient man,

Barbarossa died when absent on the third Crusade, A.D. 1190 ; but, according to tradition, "he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear." His sleeping-place is a stone cavern, in the hill near Salzburg. A peasant once entered the cavern, and saw him, and, in answer to the imperial question, told him what it was o'clock ; whereupon old Redbeard said, "Not yet time, but it will be soon !" One would think the thunder of Sadowa, considering its significance for Germany, ought to have brought him out of his cave,—but it did not. He has been sleeping six hundred and seventy-six years ! Even the slumber of the Seven Sleepers seems but a nap, a southern siesta, compared with Frederick's long night ; but then his night seems to be disturbed by dreams, and his sleep is interrupted by moments of wakefulness. The idea of getting rid of the world's care through a long sleep, is well put by Mr. Hawthorne, in "The Old Manse." "Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others," he says, "it would be, that the great want which mankind labours under, at this present period, is—sleep ! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted, through a morbid activity, and, while preternaturally wide-awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character, were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones—of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of dewy slumber—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it ; both of which have long been lost, in consequence of this weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe. Stimulants, the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted, cannot quell the disease ; they do but heighten the delirium." If this was true in 1846—and Heaven knows it was the literal truth—how true it is in 1871, after French Revolutions, Russian wars, Sepoy wars, Italian wars, Secession wars, and German wars added to the sum-total of weariness ! But what a thought it is, that Barbarossa should have become the Sluggard of Solomon !

who he at first supposed was, like himself, a shipwrecked mariner, as he appeared to be "much broken down." He saluted the stranger, but received no other reply than a slight nod, the old gentleman evidently resenting intrusion upon his property. As to his broken-down appearance, that is accounted for by supposing that he was of an eccentric turn of mind, and believed that one of the advantages of wealth is that it allows its possessor to wear out his old clothes, which always are easy, and fit well, though they may not be fit to be worn in the opinion of poor men, who must pay regard to appearances. Sinbad asked his new (old) acquaintance what he was doing, to which piece of impertinence that acquaintance replied by making signs which the sailor interpreted to mean that he wished to be taken across the rivulet, there to gather fruit. With the simplicity of a greenhorn, a part quite unbecoming in one who had made his fifth voyage, Sinbad took the dumb gentleman on his shoulders, and transferred him to the other side of the stream, and asked him to dismount; but this was a request not to be complied with. The sailor had intruded himself upon the property of another, and that other was determined to give him a great moral lesson, and to teach him that no one but an ass would go rambling about the earth, after having received so many hints that it would be better for him to stay at home. It was an intimation to him that, if the pupil was abroad, so was the schoolmaster. The roving blade was converted into a beast of burden, and was made to know how horses feel when they are whipped and spurred by the superior animal. It was as if those whom we count our best men had been sold to the black owner of some Yanke plantation on which white slavery existed because of the radical inferiority of the light-skinned race. It shows the low nature of Sinbad's

soul, that his trouble caused him to take to drinking. While trotting about, he chanced upon some gourds, one of which he filled with the juice of those grapes which were so abundant in the happy isle. This juice, having fermented, became a very agreeable tippie, drinking which the unlucky Mussulman was put in good spirits, and bore himself with such gaiety, singing and dancing, that his conduct attracted the attention of the Old Man, who, being moved by a philosophic fondness for experimental inquiry, proceeded to test the value of the medicine which had produced so happy an effect on his bearer. He signed for the gourd, got it, and swallowed all its contents. Unaccustomed to such intemperance, and having all his life been a member of a total-abstinence society, he soon became so drunk as to lose his seat, and was thrown by his beast while in a most beastly condition. Taking advantage of his unhappy state,—the consequence of a solitary departure from the course of a virtuous life,—Sinbad did then and there beat out the brains of the Old Man, and thus afford another warning against the evil that comes from an indulgence in strong drink.

The story is Sinbad's own, and he has done the best for himself; but were it possible to bring the Old Man into court, questionless we should have a very different reading of it. Enough of light, however, shines through the mist of the narrative to show that the Old Man, though he may have behaved somewhat discourteously toward Sinbad,—being like the old Romans, who considered every stranger an enemy,—was a marked character, and deserving of a better fate than that of having his head punched because he took too much punch, like a fine old Irish gentleman of the times of the Galway code. He was a person of taste, as we see from the beauty of his island home, in this respect reminding one of Lambro, who felt

the "Ionian elegance" mentioned by his poetical biographer :—

Still o'er his mind the influence of the
clime

Shed its Ionian elegance, which showed
Its power unconsciously full many a time ;
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,

A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that
flowed

Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedewed his spirit in his calmer hours.

Do not these lines describe the life of the Old Man, and his refined tastes, according to Sinbad's tale? Leaving aside music,—which he may have regarded as a sensual thing, and therefore not to be encouraged,—the Old Man had all the points that characterised the Greek Lam-bro,—and the Greeks are the first of races. His abode, according to his murderer, resembled a delicious garden, in which he could look in no direction without beholding some natural beauty. In that "delicious garden" the Old Man had long lived, and without having harmed any one, so far as trustworthy evidence goes; for the assertions as to his homicidal propensities made by certain nameless fellows with whom Sinbad fell in, must go for nothing, as they were never submitted to cross-examination. It is a likely story that he would have strangled his own bearers! We should as soon believe a slaveholder would maltreat his "people," who are his chattels personal, and in whose welfare he has a proprietor's interest. The strangling story was an afterthought, and was meant to meet any ugly inquiries as to Sinbad's conduct that the authorities of Bagdad might have thought proper to make in the interest of commerce, had the affair been pushed to legal adjudication. The Old Man was happy because he was virtuous, and he might have been living to this day had Sinbad never landed on his island, and there carried civilisation and all its woes. Like other marine adventurers, the sailor introduced liquor

and drunkenness where such things never before had been known. He conquered the Old Man, as the Indians have been conquered, by the use of the fire-water; and that venerable personage, who had been as exemplary and secluded a character as Parnell's Hermit, was lost from the moment that he came in contact with the Saracen, then the foremost man of all the world, and much given, like all foremost folk, to raising the very deuce in all countries into which he could push himself,—and he pushed himself everywhere, and when he got to the Atlantic shore of Africa he rode into the waves, and grumbled because there were no more countries to be reaped by his sword. The Old Man of the Sea was doubly unfortunate: it was his misfortune, in the first instance, to fall in with the Norman of the Orient; and, secondly, it was a yet greater misfortune that the intruder alone should have written his history. What murdered man would have a decent character, were his murderer to become his biographer, and the only authority as to his history? The Old Man stands with Guatimozin and Atahualpa, whose stories are told by their executioners, and by them alone.

There is an unappreciated character of the better sex, in whose behalf very little has been said, and whose name is synonymous with vixen, scold, shrew, and all else that is bad in the every-day woman. I refer to that Athenian matron who had for her husband, in a land renowned for the beauty of its men, one who is spoken of as

That low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-
eyed satyr,
With the wide nostrils and Silenus aspect,
The splay feet and low stature,—

but also as

The earth's perfection of all mental
beauty,
And personification of all virtue,—

even to Xanthippe, wife (for her

sins) of Socrates, son of Sophroniscus. The wife is as immortal as the husband; but hers is an "immortality of ill." Had she married any other man than Socrates,—and it is difficult to suppose she could not have made a better match,—the world never would have heard of her, and she would have been all the happier. For something like twenty-three centuries she has been the type of all that is repulsive in her sex, and she lives in our minds as no other Grecian woman there can live. She and Aspasia were contemporaries; but how shadowy is our conception of the latter, compared with the vivid idea we have of the wife of Socrates! So to say, she was photographed long ages before man had learned to make the sunlight one of the slaves to his vanity. It is not a very pleasing reflection, that what is evil should take so firm a hold of the mind, while the good perishes like the flower that blooms and blushes by the wayside. For whether Xanthippe's portrait be correct or a caricature, certain it is that she is so "freshly remembered" only because of her real or reputed bad qualities, while all the amiable and mild-tongued dames of Athens of the Periclean time, of her rank and condition, are as utterly unknown as those antediluvian housekeepers whose ill-luck it was to fall upon the most comprehensive of all washing-days. She yet "walks," and is reproduced in thousands of families every day of our mortal lives; and many a man thinks himself a Socrates because he has a scolding, peevish, quarrelsome wife, with a thousand-tongue power of annoyance.

Yet there is evidence which would seem to show that Xanthippe was not the vicious creature she is so commonly painted. In the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, to which we owe much of our knowledge of Socrates, the philosopher is represent-

ed (II. 2) as administering a severe rebuke to his eldest son, Lamprocles,—after having put him through the usual course of cross-examination, and made him admit himself to be an ass,—because he was enraged with his mother. It is in vain that the young fellow declares that his mother utters such things as no one can bear from anybody; his father comes down upon him with all the power of his logic, to show that he owes a great duty to his mother, and calls him "wretch" when he admits that he seeks to gain the good-will of others, and yet supposes he is to do nothing for a mother, whose love for him so far exceeded that of any other. The picture which he draws of the maternal relation, and of the filial duty that follows therefrom, is one of the finest things in classical literature, and is not often exceeded by similar writing in the works of Christian teachers. Now it is not very probable that Socrates would have been under so grave concern on this point, had his wife been destitute of good qualities; nor would he have omitted all mention of her evil qualities, had they been so prominent as we are required to believe. It would have been in entire harmony with his ethical teachings to place great stress on the son's duty to bear with his mother because she was harsh and violent, had she been noted for harshness and violence. But of this he says nothing. On the contrary, the impression which his words leave is that the poor woman was rather a model character than otherwise, who might have been tempted into a display of ill-temper by the misconduct of her eldest son, but whose ordinary life was not marred by constant exhibitions of the most unamiable peculiarities. Lamprocles, who belonged to the "Young Athens" party, we may suppose, would have been tempted to laugh in the paternal face when listening to such "noble sentiments," had Xanthippe

been the nuisance as a wife that she is popularly supposed to have been. He would have supposed "the governor" was "chaffing," and would have turned off the matter as a capital joke. Quite the reverse of this was his conduct. He took the fatherly flogging with meekness, and probably he was all the better for such an exhibition of wholesome discipline. Xenophon does not intimate that there was anything incongruous in his teacher's conduct, but treats it as if it were quite in the regular order of things,—which we should not have expected of him, had the lady been so very bad; for, as his work is the merest eulogy of his "guide, philosopher, and friend," it would have been natural in him to enlarge on the moral excellence of Socrates as illustrated by his assistance on the duty of the son to love and reverence his mother, supposing Xanthippe's constant conduct was so wonderfully calculated to make her children forget their duty to her, and also was so likely to create feelings the reverse of reverential.¹

But suppose we assume that the popular view of Xanthippe's daily course is the correct one, and that she would have been more than a match for that immortal shrew-tamer, Petruchio,—does it follow that nothing can be said in palliation of her doings? By no means. Take her at her worst, as women mostly are taken when men paint them, there is something to be said in her behalf. The charitable, and we believe the reasonable, view of her life is this,—that she was driven half mad by

the foolish action of her wise husband. When they were married, she was, it is inferable, as sweet and fair a virgin as could have been picked out of the entire feminine population of the city of the Violet Crown,—for Socrates was the very ugliest of ugly dogs, and your ugly dog, through the works of some inscrutable Providence, is always sure to have a handsome wife. She entered on "a union of hearts and housekeeping" with the usual high hopes that animate all young women under circumstances so interesting to them, but which are disappointed in most cases; and she meant to do her duty, and expected that her husband would be an example of industry and diligence. To be sure, she had made "no great catch," for Socrates was anything but rich, and his social position, though respectable, was not high. But he was a skilful master of his father's calling, which was that of a sculptor, and a group of Graces carved by his hand was in existence at Athens five or six centuries after his death; whence it follows that he was clever at his art, and that he was capable of supporting his family in easy circumstances, as sculptors were in high favour with the Athenians in those days. But he did not choose to devote himself to productive pursuits. He took it into his head that he had a "mission," and that it was his duty to convince his fellow-citizens, who had a very high opinion of themselves,—as they well might have in the two generations following the Persian war,—that they were a collection of self-conceited noodles. "At what time Socrates

¹ According to some accounts of the closing scenes in the life of Socrates, when his friends came to see him, very early on the morning of his last day, they found Xanthippe sitting by him, with a child in her arms—which child could scarcely have been theirs, as both were stricken in years, Socrates being close upon threescore and ten. Probably it was a grandchild. When the visitors entered, Xanthippe burst into tears, and said, "O Socrates, this is the last time your friends will ever speak to you, or you to them!"—her tears and her words being quite unlike what might have been expected of her, if she were the odious creature that is brought to mind whenever her name is mentioned. After her exclamation, he sent her home, in order that he might not be disturbed by her lamentations; and it is added, that she left the prison with the most frantic expressions of grief, which would have been strange had she hated him.

relinquished his profession as a statuarius," says Mr. Grote, "we do not know; but it is certain that all the middle and later part of his life, at least, was devoted exclusively to the self-imposed task of teaching; excluding all other business, public or private, and to the neglect of all means of fortune. We can hardly avoid speaking of him as a teacher, though he himself disclaimed the appellation: his practice was to talk or converse,—or to *prattle without end*, if we translate the derisory word by which the enemies of philosophy described dialectic conversation. Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia for bodily training, and the schools where youths were receiving instruction; he was to be seen in the market-place at the hour when it was most crowded, among the booths and tables where goods were exposed for sale; his whole day was usually spent in this public manner. He talked with anyone, young or old, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who chose to stand by. Not only he never either asked or received any reward, but he made no distinction of persons, never withheld his conversation from anyone, and talked upon the same general topics to all. He conversed with politicians, sophists, military men, artisans, ambitious or studious youths, &c. He visited all persons of interest in the city, male or female. His friendship with Aspasia is well known, and one of the most interesting chapters of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* recounts his visit to, and dialogue with, Theodote, —a beautiful *hetæra*, or female companion. Nothing could be more public, perpetual, and indiscriminate as to persons than his conversation."¹

In this lively picture of the statuarius's manner of life we have the probable cause, and the certain excuse, of Xanthippe's hot temper and

warm words; and there are few Christian women who would not have gone as far as she went—taking her at the worst representation—in resenting such marital neglect, and in striving to punish a husband who had given up the honest task of supporting his family, and had devoted himself to the thriftless pursuit of imparting knowledge under difficulties. Had he taken pay for his teaching, the good woman, who had to think of rent and taxes, of food and clothes, of doctor's demands and milliner's bills, might have cared little for her husband's eccentric mode of getting an income. But he took no pay. He was content to be poor, which would have been laudable in him had he been a bachelor, but which was his disgrace, and justifies the treatment he finally received from the Athenians, when we note that he had a wife and three children, who looked to him for support, but who found his conduct insupportable. The house-mother probably bore with his scandalous neglect of his duties as long as any of her husband's money was left, and she could manage to get along; but when the last obolus had been drawn out of the savings' bank, and there was a dearth of cash, and a plentiful supply of care by way of keeping the balance even, she could no longer keep silence, tightly reined as were Athenian matrons, and proceeded to give Socrates a piece of her mind,—the only gift that, thanks to his shiftlessness, she had it in her power to make to any one.

And who can blame her? There were neither pease nor pulse, figs nor olives, corn nor wine in her larder or cellar, places which once it had been her pride to know were well filled. Her last gown had been turned, and turned again till it could be turned no more, save to be turned into the rag-bag—if, indeed, there was such a thing as a rag-bag in the philoso-

¹ History of Greece, vol. viii., pp. 550-552.

pher's mansion. She had not had a new hoop for years, and had been unable to purchase the last specimen of crinoline,—that which tilts, like the old knights of departed days. Her shoes were down at the heel, and were on their last legs, as well as on hers. Her cap was of that Parisian mode which had been obsolete for a lustrium. Her furs had become ragged, and would not have pawned for a week's house-rent. A new bonnet was to her but an old idea. Not a cloak or a cap had she that was not of as old a date as the battle of Delium. Her boys were sights to behold, with their stockings all holes, their toes out at the toes of their shoes, their crownless hats, their outgrown and worn-out jackets and trousers, and their thin cheeks and lanky bodies, nourished on food as thin and windy as their father's philosophy. The butcher never called at the house, having long called in vain for the amount of his last bill. The fishmonger would not have sent in a damaged pollock. The coal-dealer had declined her last application even for any sort of coal, warranted not to burn in the world or the next. The grocer had barred her claim to a bar of soap, and the children of the greatest of teachers were in danger of perishing from cholera,—the immortal plague of Athens was nothing but cholera,—because they could not be well washed. A "tyrannical turncock" had cut off the supply of Cochituate, and washing-day had become a tradition, which was the less matter, because there was as little to wash as there was to wash with. From attic to cellar there was nothing to be taken, or it would have been taken on execution. The rats had long left the house, and the cat had followed them; while the domestic dog, the very incarnation of fidelity, had, in pure disgust with his master's philosophy thus practically expounded, gone off and joined the Cynic school in the Cynosarges.

It made matters all the worse, that Socrates might have had as much money as even his wife wanted. "Teaching" might have been to him a much more profitable pursuit than ever he had found "sculpting," as Mr. Artemus Ward would designate the philosopher's original calling. Had he followed the course of Prodicus, and Protagoras, and Gorgias, and other of the most renowned sophists of his day, he could have maintained his family in affluence, and kept it in the best circles,—a star of the "upper ten" of Athens,—and had a good account at his bank. A woman may marry a man for his talents and his fame, but when she finds that his talents are barren as the east wind, and that, instead of being a source of gain to him, they have led to poverty, she may be excused for concluding that she has made a fool of herself,—a conclusion that never yet sweetened human temper, but which has soured many a temper that nature had made sweet—and for acting in character. Seeing that he had it in his power to make money, but that he would not make it, Xanthippe sought to convert him from the error of his ways, or, failing that, to punish him. She did not effect his conversion—that's certain, for he continued to go about Athens talking for nothing and finding himself, till his loving countrymen put him out of the way. How far she punished him for his shortcomings as a husband and a father in refusing to provide for his family—which made him worse than an infidel—we can only guess. He took her scolding with great coolness, according to the reports of his friends; but we know that he had as fiery a temper, from nature, as his wife had acquired from the ill-treatment she experienced at his hands; and the efforts he had to make to keep his temper under her attacks probably were so severe as well-nigh to compensate for her sufferings. It would

be satisfactory to have this point clearly made out, for justice demanded that he should not escape the proper consequences of his neglect of duty—as he would had his temper been naturally equable, for then he would have shed Xanthippe's scoldings as wax-cloth sheds the rain.

There was yet another aggravation of the evil that flowed from the want of industry and attention to business of which Socrates was so heinously guilty, and one, too, that bore with peculiar force on the sensitive feminine mind. No woman can bear to see her husband made ridiculous. Even wives who have not been famous as conjugal models have been quick to feel the ridicule of which their husbands have been the objects. Now, Socrates was made eminently ridiculous by one of the greatest wits of all time, who wrote for one of the sharpest communities that ever enjoyed a capital display of the ludicrous. We, who know that he was a great teacher, are not much affected by the blackguardly attacks to which he was subjected. He is to the modern world one of the greatest of moral lights, and of all merely mundane characters of ancient days he stands highest in the estimation of Christendom. But the Athenians did not look at him with our eyes. To us, he is one of "the dead who grow visible from the shades of time," and we see him in the grand proportions assigned him by Xenophon and Plato. To the Athenians he was an ever-present character, and to many of them, including the most eminent members of the respectable classes, he was a perfect burr, sticking to them, and irritating them beyond endurance. Hence, when *The Clouds* of Aristophanes came out, and was performed before thousands of natives and foreigners, the ridiculous part assigned in it to Socrates must have been highly enjoyed by most of the "upper ten," while the mul-

titude laughed over it in the mere wantonness of mirth, as they would have laughed at Aristophanes had Socrates been able to make him act absurdly. The philosopher took this scurrilous attack, as he took every manifestation of sentiment, friendly or unfriendly, with edifying equanimity, witnessing the performance and explaining it for the benefit of strangers. Probably he cared very little about it, for the man who looks upon praise with contempt is not likely to be disturbed by censure so coarse that it corrects itself. But it was not so with Xanthippe. She was no philosopher. She was thin-skinned, and it was a great aggravation of her other woes that her husband, and by consequence herself, was furnishing fun—the public laughing at him, not with him—for all Athens. Her female acquaintances sympathised with her after the usual fashion, which is a great deal more aggravating than the coarsest of masculine attacks. Her self-love must have been bitterly wounded, when she found that, in addition to being poor, she must be an object of laughter. It is an old saying, that the worst evil of poverty is that it makes people ridiculous, and Madam Xanthippe felt its full force in a sense that was far more cutting than it is ordinarily known to the poor. Unlike Job's wife, there was nothing lofty or dignified in the cause of her distress. She was not simply ridiculous because she was poor—she was poor *and* ridiculous. It is not very difficult to imagine the first curtain-lecture that Socrates underwent after *The Clouds* was performed. The worst of Mr. Caudle's inflictions in the same line was a blessing by comparison.

Considering all that Xanthippe suffered—considering her disappointment through her husband's neglect of a lucrative business—considering the provocation she had in her husband's refusal to take pay for his teachings, when the ordinary

rate of interest in Athens was one per cent a month, and there were most eligible investments for all savings—considering the enmity he incurred for his family through his offensive conduct toward the most influential citizens, and the ridicule of which he was the object—and considering the fact that he would be off feasting with Alcibiades, and Critias, and other big-wigs, while there was not a stick of wood or a handful of wheat in his house—considering all these things, she had good reason for making the philosopher's house too hot to hold him, that being the only way in which its cold atmosphere could be warmed. Against this treatment she protested in the only way that was left to her; and she should be looked upon, not as a shrew, who spoke out of the abundance of her heart, but as a woman asserting the rights of her sex, and denouncing a gross breach of the obligation that husband enters into with wife when they decide to make the journey of life together. As such she is entitled to the grateful remembrance of all women, as the originator of that movement which has for its end the equalisation of women with men. She was a lady of the pattern of Roxana, no doubt, or she never could have had resort to conduct so extreme as war with her husband. There was nothing of the Statira about her—nothing of the shy, silent, submissive sufferer, such as the “tyrant man” is supposed to peculiarly affect, because it is an article easily expended or otherwise dealt with. It is not difficult to imagine her portrait: a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, somewhat freckled girl on the day of her marriage—but thin, bony, and angular in later days, her looks declining with the fortunes of Athens, and as a consequence of constant domestic troubles. What became of her after the death of her husband? History is silent on the subject. Judging from the usual course, she must have

finished her days in the almshouse, a not illogical conclusion to an improvident marriage. Her husband's friends could not have held her in much esteem, and, even had they been inclined to help her, had not the power to do much for her support, being involved in the catastrophe that brought a cup of hemlock to Socrates, and Socrates to his end. Her lot is one of the saddest in history: to be miserable in life, and, because thus miserable, to be libelled in death.

Blue-Beard belongs to our gallery. He should have been one of Xanthippe's contemporaries; and had he been so, they might have made a match, in which event he would have met his match. She was not a person to have been marched off to the Blue Chamber, there to be quartered, and to await the coming of her successor, as a defunct French king of the old monarchy used to wait at St. Denis the coming of his successor. She would have given him as hard a bout as Tom Walker's wife gave the Devil. If Blue-Beard did make such summary work with his wives, he must have had the sense to choose only Statiras for the companions of his softer hours. But did he kill them, and cut them up, and place their precious limbs in a room of his own house? The tale is full of contradictions, and ought not to be lightly accepted. Is it probable—nay, is it possible—that he would have been able to provide himself with so rapid a succession of wives, all selected from the first families, too, had there been anything mysterious in the sudden deaths of the ladies at periods so brief after their nuptials had been celebrated? Would not the parents of any young lady whose hand he sought have felt it to be their duty to hint something about the extraordinary fatality that waited on the occupants of one-half his couch? Some of them would have gone even further, and have spoken right out on the subject, and

flatly have refused to entertain proposals for the hand of Fatima, or Shireen, or Zuleika, or Amina, until the Blue Chamber should have been fully opened to public inspection. Surely all parents are not so ready to marry their daughters as to wed them to certain and sudden death? Nor can it be supposed that all young ladies are prepared to marry a man who not only has the usual skeleton in his house, but a houseful of skeletons. It is impossible to believe that, if Blue-Beard *did* divorce himself from his wives so truculently, he would have kept their remains in the place where he lived, and to which he was in the habit of bringing a new wife almost as often as Scheherezade's Sultan of the Indies took one. He would have refrained from preserving on the premises the evidence of extraordinary crime, and would have given the ladies Christian burial,—privately, to be sure, but decently, and with due regard to his own safety. He must have known that some one of the ladies would stumble upon the Blue Chamber, even if she never had heard of it,—and then there would have been no such thing as keeping the matter out of the newspapers. It would have been in the *Levant Herald* in a week, and the Turkish police would have been on his track, and he would have come to grief, to the joy of all good citizens. Nor is it possible to believe that, on leaving home, he should have given the keys of all his rooms to his wife at the time, with the express permission to make use of them all but one; for he had been married too often not to have learned that all sense of the grace involved in the permission would have been lost in the thought of the prohibition, and that the Blue Chamber was as good as opened from the instant he had morally sealed it against the lady's visits. No; he would have sent the mysterious key to some mercantile friend, with the request that it might be

placed in his iron safe, under one of Chubb's best locks. An honourable man, he would have scorned to place temptation so pointedly before the wife to whom he was so fondly attached: and a prudent man, he would have avoided all mention even of the existence of the key, so that, when Mrs. Blue-Beard was reminded of its existence by its absence, she would have comprehended the delicacy of her lord's conduct, and appreciated it. They would have lived happily ever afterwards, and a sad story would have been lost to the annals of romance. Without being too sanguine, we think Blue-Beard's married life was a far better one than appears in the popular accounts. He was an admirer of the sex, and he was in search of the ideal woman,—a sort of Oriental Cœlebs, who would be content with nothing short of perfection; and how was he to know, save through comparison, who the perfect woman was? And how could he compare ladies, or proceed inductively toward the establishment of his end, without making many experiments? He was a practical philosopher, and applied the Baconian procedure, as it is generally called, to the grand matter of matrimony. Circumstances favoured him, and out of these came all the scandal that has ever since clung to his name, and made him the very impersonation of a wife-killer,—so much so, that Henry VIII. is known, and in spite of Mr. Froude's labours ever will be known, as "the royal Blue-Beard," to the serious injury of the fame of the unlucky Mussulman. As to that last affair of "the magnificent three-tailed bashaw," which closed so tragically for him, and brought his course of experimental philosophy to so sudden an end, it has been grossly misrepresented; and the misrepresentation has endured because he was not alive to tell his own tale. His version of the business is wanting; but we are able,

from various hints that floated in society, to piece out something like the truth. Blue-Beard was the victim of a plot formed against his life, honour, and property by Fatima, his wife, and her sister Anne, to which the brothers of those ladies and the first lover of Fatima—whom she had jilted to marry the rich Turk—were parties. Sister Anne was angry with him because he had preferred Fatima to herself. He was murdered in broad day, as a consequence of this domestic conspiracy; and Fatima, in whose favour he had made a will, came into possession of all his estates and personals, and married Ishmael, or whatever the gentleman's name may have been. Proceedings so bloody required some explanation, and hence the Blue Chamber and its horrors, which the authorities believed to be a true bill, or affected so to believe; and with so much property in possession, and having afforded evidence that they did not stand upon ceremony with their enemies, the conspirators were strong enough to maintain their social position. The East is the land of violence; and if governments were to take up and prosecute to completion every outrage that is perpetrated, they would have no time to commit outrages for their own benefit. The ample means which Fatima was mistress of made it easy for her to bribe the Grand Vizier, and so the transaction was hushed up, and the guilty parties lived most correctly, and Blue-Beard lay in his bloody tomb, sleeping with his wives—all but one of them—the victim of misplaced confidence.

A singularly misunderstood character, whose solid worth seems to be almost entirely unappreciated, is Gallio, Proconsul of Achaia. By Christians this excellent Roman is almost invariably spoken of as if he were one of the worst of men—a cold-blooded fellow, indifferent to all important things, and looking with especial contempt on the new

faith that Paul preached. To them he is the very model of the pocrurante, and therefore actually worse than the most zealous of persecutors—for indifference is the worst of errors in the eyes of zeal. Yet Gallio was “none of these things” that he is commonly supposed to have been, but a man of great theoretical goodness, and of corresponding conduct. He was, as we said, Proconsul of Achaia, and lived at Corinth when St. Paul arrived at that city from Athens, and had newly taken office. There was a great Jewish population at Corinth, who hated the new dispensation, and who had a special dislike for Paul, whom they regarded as a renegade of the worst description, because he was doing Old Jewry immense damage by his mighty labours. They got up a charge against the Apostle of the Gentiles, accusing him of having violated their religious law, he being a Jew. They supposed that Gallio was, as most public men are, a popularity-hunter, and that, at the beginning of his proconsulate, he would be anxious to please the large body of Hebrews settled as a separate community at Corinth.

“But Gallio “cared for none of those things” that are of so much moment in the eyes of ordinary politicians, and was so far gone in heathen morality, so indifferent to a good report of his doings from Corinth to Rome, that actually he preferred justice to cruelty, and mercy to rigour—which, to judge from the treatment he has since received at Christian hands, constituted an offence second only to that involved in Nero’s persecutions. He listened to the charge against Paul, as advanced by Sosthenes and others, with the utmost patience; but when they had ceased, and Paul was about to enter on his defence, Gallio “shut down” on the whole business, as one with which a Roman ruler had no concern. It was in his estimation, and, in fact, a Jewish squabble,

and therefore unworthy the attention of the masters of the world. The Jews, he saw, really had no case, and could not be allowed to take up the time of the court. It was, he said, a question of words and names, and of the Jewish law, and they must look to it, for he would be no judge of such matters: "and he drave them from the judgment-seat." The Jews at Corinth meant to use him as the Jews of Jerusalem had used Pilate, and as yet other Jews at home, at a later day, used Festus and Felix; but they found him a very different man from Pilate—one whom they could neither use nor abuse. Pilate disregarded law and morality, in his desire to appease the respectable rabble of Jerusalem, when they demanded the blood of Jesus, which he emphatically declared was innocent blood, and of which he vainly washed his hands, for the stain will not "out." Had Gallio been a moral coward, like Pilate, he would have so proceeded as to put an end to Paul's mission, either by imprisoning him, or putting him to death, or sending him to Rome on an appeal to Cæsar. He would have "gagged" Paul for the benefit of the "old law," and at the suggestion of its supporters. This he would not do. He stood upon the Roman law, which Paul had not violated, and therefore was not allowed to speak in his own defence, as he had been guilty of no offence even according to the showing of his prosecutors, who were in reality nothing but persecutors. The Jews might deal with Paul,—if they could,—as his offence was against their superstition, as all Romans regarded it. They might excommunicate him,—a punishment of about as much weight as the excommunication of Victor Emanuel II. has proved in our time. The Greeks, who watched the course of the proconsular tribunal, no sooner saw the Jews ruled out of court, than they rushed upon Sosthenes, and gave

him a regular "lamming" right before Gallio's face,—a specimen of Lynch law, that is quite unrivalled, and which had the additional zest of being administered in the very presence of the regular tribunal, "before the judgment seat." It was the doings of these Lynching Greeks for which Gallio cared nothing. The common notion is, that he was indifferent to Paul's doctrine, and he knew he had no legal right to take up the Jewish charge against the preacher, no matter how well it was founded. He was indifferent to the licking which the Greeks gave the Hebrew chief of the Synagogue. He cared for none of their violent proceedings. To suppose that Gallio expressed any hostility or indifference to Christianity, is as absurd as it would be to suppose the Greeks who beat Sosthenes were animated by a love of Paul's principles. The Greeks hated the Jews, and the two peoples were always murdering one another in the cities round the Mediterranean, whenever they could do so; and the assault on Paul's accuser was only an incident in a bitter quarrel of religion and of race. As to Gallio, he gave the matter as much thought—that is, none at all—as an English governor of New Zealand would give to the squabbles of a few of his subject savages, who should have fallen out about the possession of a dried skull, the original proprietor of which they had eaten so long ago, that they had forgotten how he tasted, and whether he was tender or tough.

Gallio, from all that we know of him, was a man of much more than average claims to respect, on the score of talents, sense, and conduct. Annæus Novatus was his original name, and it was by his adoption into the family of the celebrated Junius Gallio that he came by that name which has so strange a place in the general estimation. He was a brother of the philosopher Annæus Seneca. "As regards the personal

character of Gallio," says the English biographers of St. Paul "the inference we should naturally draw from the words of St. Luke closely corresponds with what we are told by Seneca. His brother speaks of him with singular affection, not only as a man of integrity and honesty, but as one who won universal regard by his amiable temper and popular manners. His conduct on the occasion of the tumult of Corinth is quite in harmony with a character so described. He did not allow himself, like Pilate, to be led into injustice by the clamour of the Jews; and yet he overlooked, with easy indifference, an outbreak of violence which a sterner and more imperious governor would at once have arrested."¹ Gallio was one of the victims of Nero.

Caliban (who must have been a descendant of the Old man of the Sea) is a character against whom a very strong feeling exists, and not without some reason; for he, not being put on his guard to say nothing which would criminate himself, does admit to have been guilty of certain indelicate attentions towards Miss Miranda, that bear considerable resemblance to that *raptus mulierum* which has been the chief failing of "salvage men" time out of mind. Yet his case is not altogether a bad one. He asserts, and his master does not question the correctness of his assertion, that, when Prospero came to the enchanted island, the two were on the best of terms, and were mutually gainers by their intercourse. Prospero told Caliban the names of the sun and the moon, and made much of him, and gave him to drink of a certain tipple which seems to have been very grateful to the uncouth creature's unsophisticated palate—"water with berries in 't." Coffee, perhaps, or cherry rum. In return, Caliban showed to his visitor, whom he hospitably received,

All the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place,
and fertile.

That so "fair a fellowship" should have been broken must be matter for regret, though, if we accept Prospero's statement, supported by Caliban's admission, Caliban was the blamable party; but may not Caliban have been tempted beyond his strength? So keen a critic as the late Mr. Thackeray gives it as his opinion that Miranda coquetted with Caliban; and if his view is right, the first offence came from the visitors, not from the host. The lady's fondness for flirtation was no excuse for the extreme measure to which Caliban was about to have resort; but it ought to be remembered that his education had been shamefully neglected, that he knew nothing of the usages of good society, and that the enchanted island formed no part of the Pays du Tendre. Gravely brought up, that 'specimen of the Lords of the Isles was ever disposed to take things *au sérieux*, and probably he misinterpreted the innocent demonstrations excusable as the only means of passing away the amount of time she had on her hands, and of keeping her hand in for the day when she should be restored with her father to court life. She must have been horribly bored on the island, which, in spite of its being enchanted, was anything but enchanting to her. Had Caliban had a clear understanding of matters, he might have pleaded Miranda's flirting propensities by way of excuse for his very demonstrative reply thereto; but he was too raw to have anything like a just perception of his rights, either moral or legal, or he would not have admitted his guilt, or have failed to advance whatever of mitigating circumstances could have been found in the young woman's conduct.

¹ The Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by the Rev. W. S. Conybeare and the Rev. J. S. Howson, vol. i., p. 418.

Prospero was naturally indignant when he learned what had passed, and, though he magnanimously spared the offender's life, he took out the difference in scolding. His language to his slave is not a whit more refined than that of the slave to his master. The position of Caliban is not unlike that of a black slave in those days when slavery was a stable institution; and Prospero makes a very fair likeness of a "haughty Southron." Caliban might have said that he did not go to Prospero, but that Prospero came to him; and that with respect to that little matter about Miranda, taking the darkest view of it, he was only exercising one of his *droits de seigneur*. His guests had been thrown on his island, and who knows but that he was a wrecker, and had rights of flotsam and jetsam of his own invention? He may have thought, with Sir Artegal, that,—

What the mighty sea hath once possessed,
And plucked quite from all possessors' hands.

was at the disposition of whoever could seize it and keep it; and that, by coming upon his island, father and daughter were good prize, according to the free-and-easy interpretation of the law of the strongest, by the strong, from which no appeal lies. If thus he thought, he thought viciously, not so much in a moral sense as in a material sense; for it happened that Prospero was the stronger party, and soon brought Prince Caliban to his bearings. The superior intelligence of Prospero put it in his power to subdue the island's owner, and to seize his domain. The Italian gentleman did what so many Christians were doing in Shakespeare's time,—he helped himself to the home of an inferior race. He had resort to squatter sovereignty, and in exercise of his right to decide under what institutions he would live, he established slavery, with Ariel and Caliban as his slaves. Ariel was as much a slave as Cali-

ban, though on time, and devoted to higher employments. Caliban was made a domestic drudge, Ariel an assistant-magician. Yet Prospero gave Ariel hard words, words not much softer than those bestowed on t'other nigger. He calls him "malignant thing," tells him he lies, and taunts him with the service he had rendered him in freeing him from the cloven pine,—which last proceeding was peculiarly ungenerous and ungentlemanly, seeing that the deliverer had made a slave of the delivered. Had Ariel so far imitated Caliban as to seek the favours of Miranda? Probably not, or he might have been successful where that "freckled whelp, hag-born" (these are some of Prospero's choice compliments to the poor devil), failed so signally, making the greatest shipwreck that occurs in *The Tempest*. For Ariel had one of those faces which "limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon." The want of society on the island would have been Miranda's excuse had she allowed Ariel to hope, and it is extremely improbable that he would have courted after the fashion of Caliban. But the delicate spirit seems not to have been struck by the delicate maid, or Prospero, who had no patience with passion, would not have made a distinction between the two slaves, the one of his body, and the other of his mind.. The manner in which these slaves bore themselves after the shipwreck is in exact keeping with their respective prospects. To Ariel, Prospero promises his freedom in two days; and hence Ariel, so sure of becoming a freedman, and with the hope of becoming a voter, labours zealously in his master's cause. Caliban has no such promise, and therefore he becomes the slave of Stephano, to whom he looks for vengeance on his oppressor. That he should have Prospero to be knocked in the head, was as natural that a black slave under our old *régime* should have

desired the same thing for his master; and until we are prepared to condemn the slaves who joined in the late American civil war, we ought not to denounce Caliban for wishing to ascertain whether the roof of his owner's head was more vengeance-proof than that of the castle of Mazzeppa's Polish Palatine. Prospero virtually admits the justice of Caliban's course, by forgiving him, which he would not have done had he not

been conscious of having wronged him. And if the master could pardon the slave who would have squeezed his gullet, *ad deliquium*, and then have cut off his head, assuredly a people who liberated almost four million slaves—regarded as ranging with Caliban by their lords, who are no longer their masters—ought to look with charity on the ehslaved owner of the enchanted isle.

THE FIRST SNOW.

WHAT wakes anew the trouble of my heart,
 To watch the pure white snow, so beautiful?
 Earth lies in cold: deep joy abides in heaven.
 Our little one is earthed beneath the snow.
 White as the snow, her spirit dwells with God,
 So far in heaven we strain our gaze in vain:
 Like some poor widowed exile, left afar
 To muse on future joy, amid the cold
 Of some lone island in a waste of sea.
 She dwells with God: in the perennial calm
 Of that bright Home for which we deeply long:
 Beside that crystal river, wide and full,
 Whose streams make glad the City of the Lord.
 Poor harps of earth, how much she loved your lay!
 And heard entranced your peaceful minstrelsy:
 Feeble and brief to these rich strains enjoyed,
 Full of celestial sweetness, taught of God.
 What wakes anew the trouble of my heart,
 Now she is safe beyond the reach of tears?
 For her we will not grieve: but for ourselves
 Hope for a joyful meeting, past the grave.

March 21, 1872.

H. P.

W O M E N.

FOR how many centuries have flattering tongues whispered, that the character of father, brother, and husband lay like wax in the hand of mother, sister, and wife! The tedious common-places uttered on this subject remind us of the athletic pugilist, who, when he was taunted with having allowed his *little* wife to beat him, responded naïvely, "And why not? It amuses her, and don't hurt me!" So these compliments amuse women and *don't hurt* men; and the very lips that are so lavish of them, would be slowest to utter words that would restore to woman her true office—that of a help, *meet* unto man. Very fresh in our ears is a recent tale of defalcation and suicide, the consequence of sinful speculation. The criminal was the husband of a noble woman, who remonstrated when he took his first step astray, till the subject became a sore one between them. How far removed the last catastrophe was the day on which he had told her, perhaps on bended knees, that she was the arbiter of his destiny—that in her hands lay all the current of his being?" What a bitter mockery! The arbiter of a destiny, whose smallest indiscretion she could not avert!

The wide influence of one woman for *evil* is, however, no unrecorded thing. A few years ago, the discarded favourite of a French prince made mischief enough to justify the Government in sending her, in a man-of-war, to South America. From South America she wandered about, and claimed a share of the public lands, on the ground that she was descended from that Vespuccius who gave his name to the American nation. Some years ago we ourselves passed a year in Washington.

At that time, twenty-four votes in the Senate and House were in the hands of one of the worst women in that bad city. Nay, in a way unworthy, if not worse, we ourselves assisted to pass a reformed postage-bill. Having jokingly said to a Southern Senator, whose vote was needed by the Administration, "Alter this postage-law, Mr. G., and you shall have tickets for Mrs. B.'s ball," we were taken at our word, and the fulfilment of the promise was soberly claimed, in a letter which we still possess!

The flatteries and the facts prove three things:

1. That all men know that women ought to exercise a higher influence over them than they exercise over each other, and wish in some way to acknowledge it.
2. That, although they feel this, they are half ashamed of it, have no manner of confidence in the influence itself, and think it a confession of weakness to own themselves subject to it.
3. That women themselves are by no means worthy of the trust reposed in them; that it is sometimes exercised wickedly, often carelessly, and always, as society now is, in regard to matters of importance, without *open* responsibility.

Should we not inquire, then, what sort of influence God meant to confer upon us, and how it shall best subserve the interests of mankind?

The whole world has felt this necessity, and ludicrous enough have been the various attempts towards a "History of Women."

The first who thought fit to dedicate to women anything more than a sonnet, was Boccaccio, the author of the *Decamerone*. It is a common impression that Boccaccio was a very

licentious man ; in consequence of which, this act of homage may seem rather questionable. But that impression does the poet injustice. If few gentlemen now would risk the reading of "The Hundred Days" aloud, we may say the same of many a scene in Shakspeare ; but let us compare Shakspeare with the minor dramatists of his own time, or Boccaccio with the poets of his, and we shall find an immeasurable comparative purity on their side, and shall confess that the Italian's treatise on *Illustrious Women* was no unworthy compliment.

Soon after, Francesco Sordonati found 120 illustrious women, whom Boccaccio had been so ungallant as to forget, and in a few years more than 20 authors followed in Sordonati's footsteps, only to trip up his heels in the same way. It became a matter of question whether a book could ever be printed large enough to hold the names of all the women who desired a place in it ; which will not surprise us, when we find that the concoction of a new pudding sometimes served as a title to admission !

Hilario da Costa followed with the *Lives of Women of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, including 170 Roman Catholic Women* ; and Paul de Ribera was next delivered of a monstrous tome, called *The Triumphs and Heroic Enterprises of Eight Hundred Women*.

The first attempt of the same kind in English was made by a woman. In 1804, Matilda Betham published, in a modest, respectable way, a single volume, which she called a *Biographical Dictionary*, and innumerable translations were made in London of the works of foreign women—the latter fact wholly inexplicable, had it not been for the previous publication of Mary Woolstonecraft's powerful *Vindication*. Some ten years ago, Colonel Higginson stated that a library had lately been sold in Milan, containing

30,000 volumes, all written by women ! Had their lives been written also ? A very *stupid* but most *right-thinking* book of this description was published in London, by Dr. William Alexander in 1779. A few extracts from his pages, and those of latter writers, will show us how men think and write, sometimes, about these "arbiters of destiny !"

"While the charms which women possess," he begins, "have everywhere extorted from us the tribute of love, they have only in a few instances extorted that of good usage."

"In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries learning declined so fast that few women could be found who could spell their own names. Theology absorbed their minds, and the disputes which grew out of it consoled their solitary moments. It was not strange that in this state of things a taste for fancy needle-work should find birth."

"Men," he says, "who are most interested that women should be sensible and virtuous, seem by their conduct to have entered into a conspiracy to render them otherwise."

"We have oppressed, not because we hated but because we *loved* them. We shut them up because we are unwilling that any one should share with us the joy of their company ; we have assumed the management of all business, solely to save them the trouble of thinking !"

Speaking of the Circassian custom of bringing up young girls for sale, he says :—"But let us decline the subject ; for, on close inquiry, it will be found that women are in some measure bought and sold in every country, whether savage or civilised."

"It has been a source of weakness to every nation under heaven," he adds, "that its women have had but little to do, and a great deal to say."

Sydney Smith says, in writing to Lady Holland, "We have had a

race of blue-stockings at Combe Florey—a race you despise. To me, they are agreeable and *less insipid* than the majority of women; for you know, my lady, the *feminine mind does not reason*.”

“Keep as much as possible in the common road of life,” he continues; patent educations and habits seldom succeed. Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women. It is a common error, but it *is* an error, that literature unfits women for the every-day duties of life. It is not so with men. You see those with the most cultivated minds, constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion. If the stocking is *blue*, the petticoat must be *long*, as my friend Jeffrey says. The want of this has furnished food for ridicule in all ages.”

Let us take, now, a few paragraphs from that quaint modern Socialist, Toussenel. We shall see, later, that the wisest do not prophesy much better.

“It is clear,” he says, “that had not God willed to subordinate man to woman, he would not have chosen love as the principle of his law. But many men are gallant and behave very well at a ball, without suspecting that deference to woman is a commandment of God.”

“Euripides, the woman-hater, could not pardon God for having made her an indispensable agent in the preservation of the species. Nature does not share the stupid opinion of Euripides. *She* only tolerated the male, because the female needs him!”

“Happiness is proportioned to feminine authority.”

Which is most insulting to women—the unvarnished lamentation of Alexander, the timid hints of Sydney Smith, or the volumptuous flattery of

Toussenel? The *first* blames man for all the faults of womanly character and the misfortune of womanly condition. The *second* confesses to finding the majority of women *insipid*, and recommends some attention to literature for his own selfish diversion. The *third* seems like a broken-down sensualist, trying to apologise to the world for an unmanly career, by quaint thought-devices and chivalrous fancies, which, in spite of himself, shadow forth, now and then, momentous truths.

God has surely laid the foundations of womanly influence deeper than the malversations of man. It cannot be possible that womanliness, any more than manliness, is dependant upon a crammed brain; that its secrets are revealed to such as Toussenel, and hidden from the wise and pure?

In mechanics there is what is called *momentum*. Technically, it is weight multiplied by motion. In psychology there is *character*, that is, the amount of a man's personal weight, multiplied by the use to which he puts it, or its motion. Here is our question, then: However little be given of original weight, to multiply it by skilfulness or perseveringness of use, till we attain character. A great deal of woman's education is indirect. “I remember once,” says De Quincey in his letters to a young man, that, happening to spend an autumn in Ilfracombe, on the west coast of Devonshire, I found all the young ladies whom I knew busily employed on the study of marine botany; on the opposite shore of the channel, in all the South Wales ports, they were no less busy upon conchology—in neither case from any previous love of science, but simply availing themselves of their local advantages. Now, here a man must have been truly ill-natured to laugh, for the studies were in both instances beautiful. A love for them was created, if it had not pre-existed, and to women, and young women,

especially, the very absence of all *austere unity of purpose* and self-termination was becoming and graceful. Yet, when this same levity, and liability to casual impulses, come forward in the acts and purposes of a man, I must own that I have often been unable to check myself in something like a contemptuous feeling; nor should I *wish* to check myself, but for remembering how many men of energetic minds constantly give way to slight and inadequate motives, simply for want of being summoned to any anxious reviews of their own conduct."

Now, what might any woman deduce from such a passage from so eminent a pen, if not that "austere unity of purpose" was ungraceful in a woman, and a local stimulus to knowledge unsuited to a man? Did Kingsley waste his time, then, when, wandering in misty summer mornings along the warm seasands, he thought and wrote his *Glaucus*? Shades of the Countess Matilda and sweet Joan of Arc! one wonders that in these days, when the spirit-world is so near, you do not make yourselves visible to vindicate your ancient austere unity of purpose!

Let us take, further, a paragraph from a brilliant lecture lately delivered in an eastern city:—

"It is worthy of notice, that actual matrimony has proved an almost infallible cure for the very worst cases of the 'elevation of woman-insanity,'" says the lecturer. "Courtship mitigates the symptoms. A direct offer restores a healthy circulation of feminine ideas. The wedding usually completes the cure; or, if any morbid notions remain, they fly from the nursery at the first cooing of a babe, as the ghost of Hamlet vanishes at cock-crow!"

Not at the feet of such teachers will women learn to put their power to use, and acquire that psychical momentum which we call character. God forbid that any woman should speak lightly of marriage. It is

God's highest instrumentality for the education of both men and women. The men who write in this fashion do their utmost to depreciate its influence—to make women unfit to fulfil its most sacred duties. In going over some schoolhouses with Madame Campan, Bonaparte told her that the children needed better food and more exercise. "They need more yet," she responded. "Indeed?" he questioned. "Yes, Sire; they need *mothers*." When the Emperor repeated this to the French nation, he forgot to whom he owed it. Strength of character is only developed by living with a distinct purpose. Let us thread a few beads upon that string.

In the Roman world, we find the daughter of the great Hortensius studying law, with a perseverance quickened by her love for him. When the Senate demanded the assistance of the Roman women to prosecute an unholy civil war, the latter chose Hortensia to plead in their behalf. Appian tells us how she spoke. In the noble Latin prose, her words march like a conquering army. To translate them is to deprive them of half their power:—

"The unhappy women," she began, "whom you see here imploring your justice and bounty would never have presumed to appear in this place, had they not first tried every other means suggested by their natural modesty. Though our appearing here may seem contrary to the customs prescribed to our sex, hitherto observed by us with all strictness, yet the loss of fathers and children, brothers and husbands, may sufficiently excuse us, especially as their unhappy deaths are made the pretence of our further misfortunes. You pretend that *they* had offended and provoked you; but what harm have we *women* done, that *we* should be impoverished? If *we* are as much to blame as they, why not proscribe *us* too? Have we declared you enemies to your country? Have we

suborned your soldiers, raised troops against you, or checked your pursuit of the honours and offices you claim?

We pretend not to govern the republic, nor is it our ambition which has drawn this present trouble upon us. Empire, dignity, and honour are not for us; why, then, should we contribute to a war in which we have no manner of interest? It is true that in the Carthaginian war our mothers assisted the republic, at that time in the greatest distress; but neither houses, lands, nor furniture, were sacrificed to the necessities of the State. Superfluous jewels obtained the necessary supplies; nor did violence tear these from them. The offering was wholly the result of their own generous impulses. What danger at present threatens Rome? If the Gauls or Parthians were at this moment encamped on the banks of the Tiber or the Anio, you should find us not less zealous in the defence of our country than our mothers were before us; but it does not become us to be in any way concerned in this civil war, and we are determined that we will not. Neither Marius, nor Cæsar, nor Pompey, ever thought of obliging us to take part in the domestic troubles which their ambition excited; nay, not even Scylla himself, the first tyrant in Rome. And yet, *you* assume to yourselves the glorious title of Reformers of the State!—a title which will stain you with eternal infamy, if, without the least regard to the laws of equity, you persist in robbing of life and fortune the innocent women before you."

This appeal released one thousand women from the gripe of the Roman Senate.—something an "austere unity of purpose" then accomplished for the sex.

Elisabetta Sirami was born at Bologna, in 1638. Her father refused to educate her, because she was not a son; but, with a purpose *born of her organisation*, and which no illiberal lecturer could have sneered

down, she studied and worked privately, till a friend, wiser than her father, interceded with him for her. At the age of eighteen she engraved extremely well, modelled in plaster, and executed pictures which still hold a high place in art. She played and sang with charming taste, and showed a rare good sense in practical affairs. Her father became an invalid; she took his place in the studio, and delighted his friends with better pictures than they had ordered. Her mother became a paralytic; she supported both by her labour, became a mother to her younger sisters, and was faithful to all household cares. A committee from the church of the Cortesi, having called upon her one day to consult her in regard to filling an oddly-shaped panel in their church, she gave them a proof of her power as an improvisatrice still unmatched in the history of art. In less than twenty minutes she sketched before their astonished eyes the outlines of her "Baptism of Jesus," the picture with which she afterwards filled the panel, and which has been classed amongst the seven finest paintings in the world. Her father was the favourite pupil of Guido; but when *she* died—the victim, it was thought, of a woman's jealousy—Guido's tomb was opened for *her*, and a sorrowing city followed her to it. Did a man's "austere unity of purpose" prevent that father from sleeping in an obscure grave? Hallowed by a daughter's love, we see what it accomplished for Elizabetha.

Louise Boursier Bourgeois was born in 1580. She married a surgeon, and after many reverses of fortune, owing to the succession of Henry IV. to the throne of France, studied late in life. Before entering upon the practice of midwifery, she was examined by a committee of physicians, who were not free from a jealousy which occasionally disgraces them in later times. Finding no fault with her preparation, they

reproached her with the inability of her husband to support her. She answered with becoming spirit, that those only were truly inefficient men who *chose* wives incapable of self-support! She was soon appointed to attend the Queen of France. She published many books, among others a letter to her daughter, full of wisdom, in which she entreats her to "continue to learn, to the last day of her life." She was remarkable for precision, sagacity, and frankness. She wrote verses, which are still read with pleasure, and which the French people praised with a natural extravagance. She conquered prejudice so entirely, that she was, at the time of her death, in correspondence with every eminent physician of her period. She was, moreover, the original discoverer of the true cause of uterine hemorrhages. Having tested the soundness of her own convictions, she published a book, which entirely changed the management of the profession. In it, she feelingly lamented the death of a princess of France, which took place in consequence of her own adherence to the practice of her time. Was *hers* an "ungraceful austerity of purpose?" It enabled a young wife to share her husband's responsibility; it conquered a livelihood from unwilling circumstances; it attained a reputation able to bear a public statement of her own malpractice from her own honest pen!

Mademoiselle Bihéron was born at Paris in 1730. She possessed an enthusiastic love of anatomy, but, on account of the poverty of her parents, could rarely attend a dissection. From her small girlish earnings, she contrived to pay persons, who stole and brought her bodies, which she concealed in her chamber! Practically, she conquered the difficulties of the knife; but the bodies were often in such a state, that she could not preserve them long enough to satisfy her curiosity.

For this reason she rapidly imitated the parts in wax. The intenseness with which she pursued the most disgusting avocations is almost frightful to think of; but in spite of prejudice, she was eventually aided by Jussieu, a member of the French Academy, and Villosin, a celebrated Paris physician. For thirty years she stood alone in her work. Her collection of wax-work was open to the public every Wednesday, and was finally purchased by the Empress Catherine II.

Medical despotism forbade her to lecture, and twice forced her to quit Paris. It is to the credit of English physicians that Hunter and Hewson received her with enthusiasm at London; and a famous book of Dr. Hunter's, which totally subverted an old method of practice, was not published until seven years after she had recorded the observations on which it rested. To "her austere unity of purpose" women owe much progress in medical science, in departments closely touching their own lives.

In the "Medical Researches" of Barlow and Blackburn, published in 1798, twenty-five cases of the Cæsarian operation are recorded, of which only *one* ended happily. That *one* was performed by a woman named *Dunally*, who, in the absence of every suitable instrument, and at a moment when it was impossible to procure a surgeon, performed the operation with a razor, and held the wound for two hours with her lips! Is it to be supposed that the grateful husband of the young mother whom she rescued checked his thanksgiving to censure her "austere unity of purpose?"

Such instances may be indefinitely multiplied from the past. In the present century, the *Times* speaks thus of Rosa Bonheur, every stroke of whose brush stands good for a guinea: "This distinguished woman is an agreeable object of contemplation in every way. She is good and

wise, healthy, happy, and beloved, with every prospect of a long career enviable for better things than the fame which will accompany it. No one can look at such works as hers, produced before she has passed her thirtieth year, and doubt her industry. They are the results of a genuine study of Nature—a study close, prolonged, and animated. Yet she has neglected no duty domestic or social for the indulgence of her own taste. She is one of the happy number, which would become unlimited if education were what it ought to be, whose chief pleasure is also their first duty. Her father was an artist, and she studied under him, till she was qualified to fill his place in his home, and support the family he left. Simply and nobly she did that duty; and now, at thirty-one, she has achieved fame and pecuniary ease, and may cultivate and exercise her genius according to her bent. Those who saw her in London, must have been struck with the *'heart's content'* in her countenance, mingled with its bright expression of exhilaration. *Courage* is exhilaration and peace in one; and what her courage is, her countenance and pictures show. Without touching on the old question of the comparative intellectual ability of women and men, and the dispute as to the acknowledged inferiority of women in the department of Art, we may point out that Rosa Bonheur has brought up a new phase of this question. It is by her *power of toil* that she has reached her present eminence. There is genius in the conception and endurance of such toil as she has undergone, and out of which she comes with an *'ever-growing strength and freshness.'*

Rosa Bonheur is the superintendent of the Art School in Paris; and a friend of ours, after spending an hour with her, in her own studies, where she stood painting in her linen blouse, went with her to visit

it. When asked what method of instruction she pursued, "*Bon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, "they draw, and I correct!"—not so much a feminine as a French reply!

Is it not worth while to consider that "heart's content" in her countenance, and how she comes forth in her toil, with an *"ever-growing strength and freshness?"* Can we praise that "power of toil," and never be reminded of an "austere unity of purpose?" "Heart's content" comes always of busy day's pursued with steadfast purpose. Would it not be pleasant to exchange the worn and anxious faces which so often meet us now, for others, coming radiant from daily toil?

To secure this, women must give to women forbearance and sympathy. Men must strengthen them with kindly cheer, to a preference for honourable labour, to a full inheritance of their own powers.

But there will be found women who, reading these pages, will say, "Circumstances gave the bias." "Give us something to do, that we may do with our might. Let us seize a purpose and follow it to a glorious crown. *We* have disappointments, obstacles, discouragements—*no one helps us.*" It sounds serious, perhaps, but no one ever will. It is God's decree that each one shall help herself.

We have heard much of Lady Byron. Some impression the simple purity of her character did not fail to make upon her husband; for across the lurid sky of his Don Juan flashes now and then a pure white ray of summer heat, a witness to the power that went out of her. Without entering on controverted matters, it is certain that while that bad man confessed that she was the only good woman he had ever known, he did not hesitate to malign her in every spoken tongue. Never was a woman more bitterly betrayed, discouraged, world-abandoned. But

she took up her cross cheerfully, and her first step was towards that fallen class to whose degradation her husband had contributed with fiend-like persistency. In 1856 she was asked to give her name as Lady Patroness to a private reform, undertaken in connection with one of the great Magdalen Hospitals. With instinctive delicacy she declined; but when it was urged that, in consequence of her well-known purity of character, her name would have a certain weight with other women, she wrote an address, which she gave to its managers to circulate privately. "We are taught by St. John," it began, "that love for a fellow-creature is the absolutely necessary condition of love for God, and that the forgiveness of sin is bound up with our having loved much. All experience of amendment attests the truth of this principle. Apply it, then, to the case of fallen women. Towards whom can they exercise such affection as the gospel speaks of? Towards the authors of their ruin? Towards their associates in guilt? Towards those who repudiate them as outcasts, or would ignore their existence? If the impure could love the innocent, if they could feel 'virtue in her own form, how lovely,' might they not offer that tribute? No; it would be rejected as an insult, scorned as an hypocrisy; we denied them the means, the very possibility of being freed from sin, and *sinning no more*. In fact, we say, Let them remain unconverted, rather than pollute our atmosphere; it is enough to give them a refuge apart, and mercenary care. Is there, then, no higher Christian grace than this? Could we not be more virtuous, that they might be less vicious? Dare we not, after *making it possible* for them to love us, by tenderness, succour, and consolation, to *allow* them to love us, to see in our eyes the witness of a holier kindness than they have yet known?"

"Yes. Let us give sisters to the sisterless, and, through that blessed sympathy, God to the godless. Asylums are good, missionaries better, organisation indispensable; but what profiteth all, without charity? Gratitude is the answer of heart only to heart. It resolves itself into prayer to God and service to man. The grand secret of redemption, Divine or human, lies in the words, '*Who first loved us.*'"

"Go forth, then, woman, strong in that faith; go forth to learn even more than to teach; and if you have never felt a common bond between you and these degraded ones, recognise it now. While humbly thankful for your happier lot, lay your privileges at the feet of those who have forfeited theirs, and take upon you their burdens; so shall all be brought nearer to Him 'who gave *himself* for us, the just for the unjust.'"

When we remember who she was who penned these lines, how she had suffered through those for whom she now interceded, we must admit that a sweeter appeal never issued from human lips. "Spotless as the unfallen snow" herself, she had the right to ask, "Can we not be more virtuous, that they may be less vicious?" In the careless letters of Tom Moore—in the loose pages of *The Diary*—we may have seen her sneered at as a stiff prude. Do those intercessions for the fallen sound like prudery? Can we not see her, ashamed of her own struggling heart, still devoted to one she knows to be unworthy, lifting tenderly the worn-out frame, bathing the aching temples, sustaining the frail resolutions? Christ told us that the poor we should have always with us; He might have added, the *fallen* also. If there be no undeveloped artist, physician, or mechanic, who can be roused to an "austere unity of purpose" by what we write, is there no woman who, thinking of this class, neglected, scoffed at, all God-

forsaken, may find her "calling and election sure?"

Do we remember as we ought that these outcasts are women also—that they love and fear, hope and despair, as we do?—that, like our own, their life has its human vicissitudes of broken-hearted sorrow or stinging bodily pain? May *we* not enter, with these irons into their souls, and lead them out into the sweet clear air of an omnipotent Love?

The lawyer, the engraver, the physician, the artist, and the inventor, the fair Paul Potter of Paris, and the forsaken wife of Byron—life can never be harder than to any one of us, than it has been at times to each of these. What excuse, then, has any woman for idleness or self-indulgence?

No influence is worthy of her who exercises it, or him who feels it, but that which grows out of "austere unity of purpose," of a high self-determination.

You, women, must not learn Spanish, because you chance to spend a summer in Spain. Content yourselves with English even there, if you cannot fit the foreign tongue into the aims of your life, and make it subservient to a purpose. You need not dabble in conchology, or study algae on the sea-shore, unless the study help you in some way that bears on your proposed development. But the person who has once seriously embraced a life-purpose, will find no culture needless. Every step in the knowledge of men or things opens upon the destined way. Culture is not the mere cramming of the brain; it is to be found also in the development and exercise of the affections, and in the skilful use of the five senses.

New-born, such a person will see a "new heavens and new earth;" "heart's content" will gleam out of her radiant eyes, and the severest toil will not deprive her of an

"ever growing strength and freshness."

There is no law nor custom which hinders women from possessing themselves of such a purpose.

In how many homes do we find fathers complaining that they cannot support the extravagance of their daughters; brothers, that, with but half an education, they are thrust early into the world to work, to earn more ease—more idle time, it may be—for their sisters. We find young husbands tempted to over trading—it may be failing in business—because they have not the good sense to live simply, and begin, as their fathers began, at the beginning. The importations of women's wear suit only the companions of princes. Our servant-women look with contempt upon the present of a *calico* dress; and girls who believe they are respectable, are seen in the soiled finery of their mistresses. We find the young girls whose extravagance is so heavy a drain upon fathers, husbands, and brothers, living in overheated rooms, lying upon lounges, reading depressing fictions, or in gossiping coteries, complaining, as if it were the *world's* fault, that *they* have nothing to do!

In China, for many centuries, it was the custom among the poorer classes to drown a female child as soon as it was born; and in Hindostan, to this day, a father whose daughter is asked in marriage prostrates himself to the ground, and says, "I thank you for taking this burden off my shoulders, and I will pray to the Unmentionable One that it may never make yours ache!" If the present condition of society were necessary, these customs would be humane and wise, and it would be well to move for their introduction into Western society. But womanly influence ought to be strong enough to right these evils, and to restrain the downward impulse of family life. If the family affections of the very poor are very strong, it is partly

because, in such families, each member is independent, the women as well as the men support themselves, and not hanging forever as a drag upon the man who acts as its head.

How dull and devoid of conversation is many a fireside ! If all the women in the family had duties which developed their powers, and strengthened their judgments, there would be enough to talk of at the close of the day. Had women such healthy interests, were they capable of a vigorous understanding of real affairs, expensive entertainments, extravagant recreations, which now empty many a purse, would cease to offer any fascinations. If life were intense, novels would cease to seem so, except so far as the best would respond to and develop life. If taste were disciplined by labour, the fancy gewgaws which now load down the persons of women would *look* as hideous as they are known to be unfit. The curtains and dusty drapery which now repress God's providence and shut out the sun *He* at least thinks fit for shining, would be relinquished in behalf of fine pictures and good bronzes. In those better days hard-working men would not open social entertainments at ten in the evening, and dance all night, because *others do*, who have liberty of fortune (or misfortune) to lie in bed all day. In those days mothers of young children will not condemn them to bare limbs, uncomfortable fancy clothing, and unhealthy six-o'clock dinners because *every body else* does it who lives in the same street !

But before such days can come, women must be what they are not now ; and men must help them to become so.

In France, all avocations are open to women. We have heard the story of Rosa Bonheur, and could match its independence in a thousand lower as well as many higher positions.

In a private letter to a friend, Sir James Macintosh wrote of his

wife : " She was a woman who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection. Though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy by her love of me. During the most critical period of my life, she relieved me from the care of my affairs, and preserved order in them. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to useful and creditable exertion, and was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am, to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I lost, when a knowledge of her worth had refined an ardent love to a sincere friendship."

Will not our women find inspiration in such a picture ? Here it is plainly shown, that if women worked more, men might work less, and time for culture could be afforded to all. To effect it, men must cease to admire white hands, draggling skirts, and a general air of uselessness. They must give point to such opinions as they have, by seeking something better in marriage than money or fashion.

Womanly effort, even if manifestly eccentric at the first, needs the stimulus of *their* encouragement. With the habit of moving, will come the wisdom to move aright. There are no prodigies to-day, who learn to walk without a single fall. On no subject do men delude themselves more completely, than upon this. " I always respect labour ; I always approve industry," they say. " When did you ever know *me* to encourage a woman's folly ?" yet in hundreds of homes, inquiries like the following fall daily from manly lips : " Why

don't you leave that to the servants !" "Can't the children look like other people's ? I am sure I spend enough on them." "Let your washerwoman come for her money ; what business had you out in such walking?" "Burnt brown over the kitchen fire, and four servants in the house !"

Do these speeches encourage a woman to labour ? And who is it that complains again, when no one sees after the servants—when the child's dress costs a little too much ; when the cooking does not taste like his mother's ?

In one of her lectures, Lucy Stone, once mentioned a family of girls in America who, after their father's death, continued his business—the manufacture of some portion of a locomotive. "How much do you make?" asked Lucy. "In the worst of times, fifty dollars a-week," they answered. "In the best, five hundred dollars." These women are full of shrewdness and good sense ; but in a New York parlour, how many men would dare to show their respect for labour by unusual courtesy to them ?

A merchant has an ingenious daughter who wishes to take out patents. Is he proud of her ? No. On condition that she will never *work* be-

fore any body, he has fitted up a costly workshop for her. How many men feel the force of *his* temptation ! Is it not clear why we should all plead for the elevation of woman ? Her present position is the practical desecration of our homes. A handsome house is not a home. In the days of our early history, when men and women worked together for the same end, a barn might become one ; now it seems the impossible thing.

When a woman marries, she ought to look up to her husband. When a man marries he ought to look up to his wife. As she is his joy, he should be her strength. Both are defrauded when this is not so.

If men are never their thoughts to employ,
Take care to provide them a life full of joy ;
But if to some profit and use thou wouldst
bend them,
Take care to shear them, and then defend
them.

These lines, written by Goethe, might serve as the epigraph of the past relations of the sexes. He has written four others, fit to inaugurate the new era, towards which our hopes are turning.

As from the smoke is freed the blaze,
So let man's faith burn bright ;
And if we crush *his olden ways*,
Say, who can crush God's light ?



CAGLIOSTRO; OR, THE LIFE OF A CHARLATAN.

(CONTINUED.)

WHILST Cagliostro was manufacturing diamonds and drinking the Cardinal's tokay, the gigantic fraud of the Diamond Necklace was slowly shaping itself in the train of Madame La Motte.

During the reign of Cotillon III., Boehmer and Bassenge, the jewellers, had conceived the idea of constructing the most superb necklace ever worn by a daughter of Eve. Whether the idea was their's or the king's we know not, but they received a commission for it from the most Christian king, who designed it to decorate "the finest neck in the world." Europe was searched for diamonds; from all points of the compass they were gathered in, and ultimately, with all the skill of the lapidary's art, wrought into a necklace richer and rarer than ever a queen wore. But, alas! before it was finished Louis XV. was dead, and the owner of the finest neck in the world could no longer hope to possess this magnificent bauble. But if Madame Du Barri was no longer sultana, Marie Antoinette, the new queen, is young, beautiful, beloved by her husband, and has a queenly love for jewels. So Boehmer took the necklace in its velvet casket to Versailles, and laid it before the queen. There it lies, sparkles and shines with "flashes of star-rainbow colours," more tempting than the serpent's gift to Eve. This glorious, gorgeous ornament is only fit for royalty to wear; and where shall a worthier one be found than she who is the Queen of the World? The Queen admires; no woman of mortal mould could help admiring its matchless magnificence — admires, but buys

not. A heavy blow for the jeweller; for this diamond necklace is worth some £68,000, and many of the jewels are yet unpaid for. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and he refuses to believe in the possibility of her remaining firm in her determination not to have the necklace. After the birth of Madame Royale, he took it again to the Palace—"We have more need of men-of-war, now, than diamonds," was the queen-like reply—a reply diligently spread abroad by the few friends whom the Queen possessed. The younger partner, Bassenge, travelled through Europe in search of a customer—travelled in vain; whilst Boehmer remained at home, and prosecuted his systematic persecution of the Queen.

At every season of rejoicing, the persistent jeweller carried his treasure to Marie Antoinette. "In due time the Court jeweller became noted for this sort of loyalty, so that whenever he was seen in the streets of Versailles, certain wags used to point him out, and ask each other, '*Serait ce la Reine qui accouche.*'"

With the diamond necklace unsold, the jeweller saw ruin daily coming nearer. One day he obtained access to the Queen, and said, with tears, that unless she took pity on him and bought the necklace, his ruin was complete, and nothing remained for him but to drown himself in the Seine. The Queen was obdurate, and refused to acknowledge any responsibility for his distresses, or their result.

She advised him to take it to pieces, and set the diamonds separately.

The King wished to make her a present of the necklace at the birth of the Dauphin ; but, even from his hands, she refused to receive the jewel, which she seems to have regarded with forebodings almost prophetic.

Ten years had now passed away since Louis, no longer the well-beloved, had ordered, in his dotage, this ill-starred jewel to decorate the neck of a harlot.—ten years of ceaseless anxiety for the jewellers, of persecution for the Queen. The diamond necklace was the subject of frequent conversations at Court, and from time to time various rumours were set afloat of its having been sold to this potentate or the other—rumours, alas ! without foundation, to the great sorrow of Boehmer and Bassenge.

What grotesque figures these jewellers look, with ruin threatening them on every hand, and they the owners and artistes of the richest jewel in the world ! Have these shining gems been wrung from the midnight darkness of subterraneous mines, been hunted out from every corner of the world, been polished and set with all the skill that art can boast, to find no wearer, no acquirer ?

Not much longer will the ornament remain ; and Mademoiselle Boehmer's chances of decorating herself with a toy worth a prince's ransom will soon pass away.

She who is to acquire the jewel is even now weaving her web deftly and cunningly—is hatching in that quick brain of hers a plot which shall shake the very throne, and hasten that eruption whose lava-tide, hot with the wrongs of a thousand years, shall flow, like molten fire, through France, scorching with its seething waves the just and the unjust. Not that this woman has any far sight—with all her quickness she has but restricted vision—and her aims and her plans have not more dignity or cleverness than those of ordinary swindlers. But she met

with a princely bubble, and her name is preserved to the damnation or infamy.

When Cagliostro became intimate with Cardinal Rohan, he found that prelate somewhat under the influence of Madame La Motte, an *intrigante*, whose flimsy deceits ought to have been patent to the experienced and worldly eyes of Prince Louis, and the still keener gaze of the Abbé Georgel, who might not be so easily impressed as his august master, by a frank and somewhat pretty face.

Madame la Comtesse Jeune de Saint-Remy de la Motte Valois was descended from a mistress of Henry II., but the family had become reduced to the most abject poverty, and the Countess had commenced life as a mendicant, crying aloud to the passers-by, "Pity a poor orphan, descended in a direct line from Henry II. of France." She attracted the charity of Madame Boulainvilliers, and after some difficulty a small pension was obtained for her and her sister, whilst her brother, the Baron La Motte Valois, was placed in the navy, where he died. Mademoiselle Saint-Remy having married a soldier, named La Motte, and only soon enough to save her reputation, assumed the title of Countess, and the happy pair commenced living upon their wits. Every official ear had poured into it long and tedious narratives of her claims upon the estate of St. Remy. The pair became hangers-on of the Court, using all kinds of artifices to obtain money. Her morals were not remarkably pure—when married she was *enciénte*, in consequence, as it was believed, of an amour with the Bishop of Langres ; and when Cagliostro made her acquaintance, common report said that she was the mistress of Prince Louis. He, in his profusely extravagant manners, had been very generous to her, and from time to time she dropped mysterious hints of recompensing

her benefactor. Simple as she looks, she is endowed with more power and influence than many—nay, than all—the fine Court ladies. Why should not she, descended from the ancient kings of France, be a fitting companion for the consort of a king of the more modern race?

Prince Louis was an easy victim, and fully believed that she enjoyed the secret confidence of the Queen. Placing implicit reliance upon her stories, he solicited her intervention on his behalf. Hope revived within him, he caught a view of the Promised Land, and hoped, by the aid of this dependant on his bounty, this woman of damaged reputation, to bask in the full tide of Court favour.

If we have offended the Queen, she is gracious and forgiving, and he will prove to her that he is devoted to her cause.

Having discreetly paved the way, the Countess one day delivered him a message “from the Queen.” Her Majesty wishes to have a written explanation of his conduct in those matters wherein he is held guilty.

The Cardinal draws up a lengthy exculpation of himself, a document likely to be of use to La Motte. Amongst a thousand other particulars it contains an accusation against his niece, the Princess de Guéménée, of deceiving him with promises of employing her good offices to effect his restoration to the Court. “The princess was sensible of the excessive joy she gave me, and availed herself of it to request the loan of a pretty considerable sum.”

Fancy Madame La Motte and her worthy husband reading over this suggestive passage.

Three weeks after she delivered to the Cardinal a letter signed Marie Antoinette, containing a promise that she would forget the past, desiring him never more to allude to it, and bidding him be grateful to Madame La Motte, since she has been the cause of his pardon.

These letters from the Queen became frequent, as, indeed, why should they not, when the Countess has living under her roof a lover of hers—Retaux de Villette, who has a talent for forgery?

Note after note followed in each succession.

Each one warmer,
Than the former;
So the most recent,
Is the least decent.

The specimens that remain extant, read like a page from some old romance of intrigue.

During the progress of this intrigue, young Beugnot met Cagliostro at one of Madame de la Motte's little suppers. The Countess had previously warned him that she would be obliged to disarm the disquietude of Cagliostro, who, for no reason whatever, invariably refused to sup if he thought that any one had been invited to meet him. Moreover, she begged Beugnot to ask him no questions, not to interrupt him when he was speaking, and to answer with readiness any inquiries he addressed to him.

“Beugnot subscribed to these conditions, and would have accepted even harder ones to gratify his curiosity. At half-past ten the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Count de Cagliostro was announced. Madame de la Motte rose lazily from her arm-chair, rushed up to him, and drew him into a corner of the *salon*, probably to beg his pardon for the presence of a stranger. Cagliostro advanced towards Beugnot and bowed, without feeling at all embarrassed. He was of medium height, rather stout, had a very short neck, a round face, large sunken eyes, and a broad, turn-up nose; his complexion was of an olive tinge; his hair divided into several little tresses, which, uniting at the back of the head, were tied up in the form known as the ‘club.’ He wore a French coat of iron-grey embroidered with gold lace, and carried his sword stuck in the skirts; a scarlet

vest trimmed with Spanish lace ; red breeches ; and a hat edged with a white feather.

"This costume was relieved by lace ruffles, several rings, and shoe-buckles of an old pattern, but brilliant enough to pass for very fine diamonds. There were present at supper the members of La Motte's family, and Father Loth, who acted as one of her secretaries, said mass for her on Sundays, and during the rest of the week executed commissions at the Palais-Cardinal, which the first secretary thought beneath his dignity. There was also present Chevalier de Montbreuil, a good conversationalist, who was found wherever Cagliostro appeared, bearing witness to the marvels he had performed, and offering himself as a specimen of miraculous cure. 'There were nine or ten of us at table,' says Beugnot. 'Madame de La Motte had on one side of her Cagliostro and Montbreuil ; and I was on her other side facing the first, whom I made a point of examining by stealth, and still did not know what to think of him. The face, the style of dressing the hair, the whole of the man, impressed me in spite of myself. I waited for him to open his mouth.'

"He spoke I know not what jargon, half Italian, half French, plentifully interlarded with quotations in an unknown tongue, which passed with the unlearned for Arabic. He had all the talking to himself, and found time to go over at least twenty different subjects in the course of the evening, simply because he gave to them merely that extent of development which seemed good to him. Every moment he was inquiring if he was understood, whereupon everybody bowed in turn, to assure him that he was. When starting a subject he seemed like one transported, raised his voice to the highest pitch, and indulged in the most extravagant gesticulations. The subjects of his discourse were the heavens the stars, the grand arcanum,

Memphis, transcendental chemistry, giants, and the extinct monsters of the animal kingdom. He spoke, moreover, of a city in the interior of Africa ten times as large as Paris, and where he pretended he had correspondents." Between his rhapsodies he chattered the most frivolous nonsense to La Motte, whom he called his dove, his gazelle, and his white swan. After supper he addressed numerous questions to Beugnot, one following the other with extraordinary rapidity. To all this catechising the young lawyer replied by a respectful avowal of his ignorance, and afterwards was surprised to learn from Madame La Motte that Cagliostro had conceived a most favourable opinion, not merely of his deportment, but likewise of his knowledge."

Beugnot had satisfied his curiosity ; he had seen the Great Charlatan, and declined an invitation to meet him a second time at Madame La Motte's, greatly to the astonishment of that lady's relative, Madame Latour.

"You were all on fire to know the Count ; a week later you will not come and meet him at supper."

"That," replied Beugnot, "is easily explained. If the Count de Cagliostro is in my eyes no more than a man, and a peculiar species—curious to see for once, but very wearisome the second time—why should I be bored with him? Allow me to reserve your sister's kindness for a better occasion."

"But, indeed, I cannot conceive how you can think so ill of the Count de Cagliostro : he is an extraordinary man. You do not know what he can do !"

"No ; but I suspect a little, and I do not wish to see."

"Sir, you are getting as bad as M. de Latour."

M. Latour, be it observed, was the speaker's husband—a man with a talent for telling unpleasant truths in an unpleasant manner. Beugnot,

rather desirous than otherwise of offending Madame Latour, replied: "Madame, I do not know if your husband be pleasant or otherwise; but I ought not to hear it from you."

There were few who had the philosophical indifference of young Beugnot. Most of those who came to see the charlatan were desirous of seeing him again. He was the rage. His method of divination with the globe of water was the fashionable wonder of the day. Those who scoffed at the notion of a deity, believed, with all their souls, in the mystic mummeries of Cagliostro. Madame La Motte was advancing with rapid strides,—lying messages, forged letters; the next act in this drama of swindling was a counterfeit queen.

In the letters given by the Cardinal to Madame La Motte, he was continually praying for an interview with the Queen. One day, when De Rohan was spending the summer months at Saverne, the Countess entered with a joyful face—that frank face which deceived so many—and told him that in answer to their joint prayers the Queen had consented to meet him, at midnight, in the park of Versailles.

The Countess is expert at manufacturing royal messages, and Retaux de Villette skilful in writing on that coloured note-paper; but these tasks are mere child's play to the labour they have now in hand: for they must create a false queen sufficiently like the original to deceive the senses of the Prince-Cardinal.

Either the Countess or her husband had noticed a *belle courtisane*, who bore a striking resemblance to the Queen. The Count de La Motte, having wasted a fortnight in scraping an acquaintance with the girl, one day told her that he had good news for her.

"I have just left a person of very great distinction who spoke a great deal about you."

The lady of distinction was Madame La Motte, who introduced herself as the intimate friend of the Queen, who had commissioned her to find some lady willing to take part in an innocent deception, which is going to be played off upon one of the courtiers. Madame La Motte gained her consent by a promise of 15,000 livres, and arranged that her husband should take Oliva to Versailles next day. The Cardinal, all unsuspecting of counterfeit queens, is joyfully awaiting the interview which is to lead to his public reception at Court.

The hour is come, and the man. Into the midnight blackness of the park at Versailles the Cardinal enters with beating heart. Madame La Motte meets him, and conducts him to where he sees standing a female figure, robed in white. The Cardinal bows profoundly, and Madame steps aside, watching the scene with some anxiety for the result. Prince Louis speaks of errors forgiven, of his devotedness to Her Majesty; the white figure is all condescension, and offering him the rose which she held in her hand, said, "You know what that means."

Madame La Motte, thinking the farce had gone far enough, interrupted them, crying to the Cardinal, "Quick, quick! come away!" The Prince went away with Madame La Motte, and the Count took la belle Oliva back to their hotel.

"You know what that means," said the counterfeit queen, as she gave the rose. Alas! how little did the Cardinal know the meaning of the act! what a false value he placed upon that simple rose! To him it was the symbol of hope, and meant that the Lady of the Land had given him her confidence—had forgiven past errors, and now had for him high regard, if not a warmer feeling; whereas the rose but meant that he was in the toils of a bold and unscrupulous woman, to whom his purblind vanity and greed of power had

delivered him. This interview is supposed to have taken place on the 28th of July.

That same evening Beugnot called at La Motte's house. The hosts were absent, but the young lawyer found an agreeable companion in Mademoiselle Colson, a relative of Count La Motte's, who lived with them in the capacity of companion to the Countess.

Two hours were soon passed in talking over extravagancies of the La Mottes. Mademoiselle Colson was not in their confidence, but knew there must be some plot hatching, since Villette was daily closeted with them in secret council, from which even the villanous Monk, Father Loth, was excluded. Beugnot was convinced that there was some intrigue going on, but had no desire to know too much about it. On noticing the time Beugnot found it was midnight, and too late to hire a coach—his own he had lent to a friend—he was therefore constrained to await the arrival of the La Mottes, in whose carriage he might return home through the streets of Paris, unsafe for foot-passengers solicitous for the safety of their throats.

Soon after midnight entered Monsieur and Madame de la Motte, Villette, and an unknown lady, of great beauty. Beugnot was well rallied on his *tête-à-tête* with Mdle. Colson, and the fair unknown joined in the badinage, but with some constraint and timidity. The mirth and hilarity and the new-comers astonished Beugnot, and his presence prevented them speaking openly on the causes of their good spirits. Monsieur de la Motte consulted Villette whether there were any danger in speaking out. Villette's reply was cut short by the little Countess, who placed her hand upon his mouth, and said, in a sharp tone, "Be quiet; M. Beugnot is too honest a man for us to confide in him."

Beugnot was puzzled by the face of the unknown lady, which appeared strangely familiar to him. He took her home in Madame La Motte's coach, but could not get her to enter into conversation. Perhaps the worthy descendant of Henry II. has put her on her guard, lest she should betray secrets: for the fair unknown was Gay d'Oliva, whose striking resemblance to Marie Antoinette was the unknown cause of Beugnot's perplexity. She had come with La Motte from Versailles, where she had given to the infatuated Cardinal a rose, which he had received, in all foolish good faith, as a present from the hands of the greatest lady of France.

The day following came Madame La Motte, with one of those coloured notes with which the Cardinal was now familiar. "The Queen," expressed her regret at the very abrupt termination of the interview.

In a few days after La Motte borrowed from him, in the name of the Queen, a loan of 50,000 francs, which, according to the Countess, her Majesty desired to devote to charitable purposes. Before the end of the year 150,000 francs had passed from the Prince de Rohan into the possession of Madame La Motte, who proceeded to air her novel greatness at the scene of her early poverty, Bar-sur-Aube, where her vulgar ostentation soon became the topic of general conversation.

Their house was furnished with oriental luxury. Gilded frippery, mirrors, &c., on every hand—the bed of the Countess was alone worth above 18,000 livres. Of crimson velvet, spangled with gold, and sprinkled with pearls, was this couch of hers; and the prison pallet was only a few days off.

The Count, for his part, had a dozen horses in his stable and five or six coaches, and was to be seen riding about in a cabriolet "made in

the form of a balloon, and above ten feet high."¹

People willingly accepted invitations of the La Motte's, and after eating their salt, laughed at their hosts almost to their faces, and were shy of giving them invitations in return.

They returned to Paris in November, 1784, and began to live in a style which gave an appearance of probability to the pretended intimacy of Madame and the Queen, which figment, industriously circulated by them, had gained many believers, who were now anxious to pay their court to a woman whom they formerly despised. The correspondence between the Cardinal and the sham queen still continued. So common had the rumour become, that Madame La Motte was in favour at Versailles, that it reached the ears of the jewellers, who, determined to lose no possible chance, solicited the good offices of that lady in its disposal.

With well-acted indifference, she at length consented to see if she could help them.

De Rohan was summoned from Saverne to Paris; the Queen wished him to undertake a secret negotiation, which Madame La Motte was to explain to him. To Paris he hurried through the winter snows, and was informed that the affair was nothing less than buying the Diamond Necklace for the Queen.

The Cardinal hurried off to the jewellers and agreed to purchase it for 1,600,000 livres, payable in four instalments. He incautiously let them know that he was bargaining for the Queen. Boehmer and Bassange, who have been cautioned against the Cardinal—by Madame La Motte—demanded that the contract shall have her signature. After some delay—perhaps Ritau de Villette had occasional scruples—the document was returned, with the

words "Bon, bon, Marie Antoinette de France," written on it. On the faith of this signature and the Cardinal's guarantee, the jewellers delivered to his Eminence this jewel, which for ten years had weighed them down with care. The transference took place on the 1st of February, 1785, and the same day came a missive: "This evening, (Feb. 1st) at nine o'clock, you must be at the Countess's house (at Versailles) with the casket, and in the usual costume. Do not leave until you hear from me."

Punctual to this command the Cardinal was at the house at the time appointed. Madame was alone, waiting to receive him, and shortly after came one who announced himself as a messenger from the Queen. The Prince withdrew into an alcove, and presently La Motte came to him, and read the note which the man had brought. It was the Queen's wish, said the note, that the casket should be delivered to the bearer.

The casket was given to him, and he departed, and so vanished into rascaldom the Diamond Necklace.

The messenger was Ritau de Villette, ingeniously disguised for the occasion, and the missive he bore was one of the productions of his own fertile pen.

Time passed on; the jewellers circulated a report that the Sultan of Turkey had purchased the necklace. The Cardinal was astonished that the Queen had never worn it in public, and meeting the jewellers one day, he inquired if they had yet thanked her Majesty for buying the necklace, and on their replying in the negative, urged them to do so, and hinted that they were ungrateful.

At the end of June he received a letter from the pseudo-Queen, complaining of the excessive price of the jewel, and demanding a reduction of 200,000 francs; if this were not consented to, the necklace would be

¹ Advent of La Motte. p. 119.

returned. With some difficulty the jewellers are brought to agree to this reduction, and now take the Cardinal's advice, and from his dictation write the following letter to the Queen :

"MADAME,— We are extremely happy to think that the last arrangements which have been proposed to us, and to which we have submitted with respectful zeal, will be received as a new instance of our submission and devotedness to your Majesty's commands ; and we feel truly rejoiced to think that the most beautiful set of diamonds in the world will be worn by the best and greatest of queens.

"BOEHMER AND BASSENGE.

"July 12, 1785."¹

This letter, so vague in its expressions, conveyed no idea to Marie Antoinette ; and she burned it with a passing word to Madame Campan on the madness of Boehmer, and requested her when she saw him, to ask the meaning of his mysterious epistle.

On the 1st of August, the first instalment of the purchase-money, 700,000 francs, fell due. Moving by the direction of the sham Queen, the Cardinal, with some difficulty, obtained a postponement of the payment, not without grumbling at caprice of the Queen, which subjected him and the jewellers to such inconvenience. Madame La Motte feared that their suspicions were aroused, and to quiet them gave 30,000 francs to Prince Louis, and told him that the Queen had sent it as interest for the deferred payment.

The storm, however, was not long delayed. On the 3rd of August, Madame Campan, met Boehmer, and delivered the Queen's message about his enigmatical letter. The result of the conversation was that the jeweller detailed to her the entire transaction, and Madame Campan at

once assured him that he was the victim of an infamous plot.

When Boehmer's narrative was recited to the Queen, her indignation was aroused to the highest pitch, and she resolved to use all her influence with the King to bring the Cardinal to a fitting punishment.

Her antipathy to the Prince de Rohan prevented her seeing any of the evidence proving that he also was a victim.

Baron de Breteuil was his avowed enemy, and urged the King to measures of severity ; it was an opportunity of disgracing an opponent too tempting to be lost.

On the Day of the Assumption (August 15th) the Prince-Cardinal, in full robes, was in the gallery at Versailles, waiting to perform mass before the Court. Suddenly he was called into the King's cabinet.

The Queen was present, endeavouring to suppress the signs of her anger. On the entrance of the Cardinal she did not even raise her eyes.

The King said to him : " You have purchased diamonds of Boehmer ?"

" Yes, Sire !"

" What have you done with them ?"

" I thought they had had been delivered to the Queen."

" Who commissioned you ?"

" A lady, called the Comtesse de la Motte, who handed me a letter from the Queen ; and I thought I was gratifying her Majesty by taking this business on myself.

The Queen here interrupted him, and said : " How, Sir, could you believe that I should select you, to whom I have not spoken these eight years, to negotiate anything for me ; and especially through the mediation of such a woman ?"

" I see plainly," said the Cardinal, " that I have been duped ; I will

pay for the necklace ; my desire to be of service to Your Majesty blinded me. I suspected no trick in the affair, and I am sorry for it."

He then took out of his pocket-book, a letter from the Queen to Madame La Motte, entrusting her with the commission. The King took it, and holding it towards the Cardinal, said,—

"This is neither written nor signed by the Queen : how could a prince of the house of Rohan, and a grand almoner of France, ever think that the Queen would sign 'Marie Antoinette of France?' Everybody knows that queens sign only by their baptismal names. But Sir," pursued the King, handing him a copy of his letter to Boehmer, "did you ever write such a letter as this?"

Having glanced it over, he said ; "I do not remember having written it."

"But what if the original, signed by yourself, were shewn to you?"

"If the letter be signed by myself, it is true."

"Then explain to me," resumed the King, "the whole of this enigma. I do not wish to find you guilty ; I had rather you would justify yourself. Account for all the manoeuvres with Boehmer, these securities, and these notes."

The Cardinal, then turning pale, and leaning against the table : "Sire, I am too much confused to answer Your Majesty in a way."

"Compose yourself, Cardinal, and go into my cabinet : you will there find paper, pens, and ink ; write what you have to say to me."

The Cardinal went into the King's cabinet, and returned, a quarter of an hour afterwards, with writing as confused as his verbal answers had been. The King then said, "Withdraw, Sir."¹

Leaving the cabinet, the first face the unhappy prelate beheld, was

that of De Breteuil, whose triumphant look must have been a fresh torture for the Grand Almoner.

"In the King's name, follow me. Arrest the Cardinal de Rohan," cried the exulting Baron, and so, past the long lines of inquisitive courtiers, to the Bastille. On the way through the palace he contrived to scribble a few words on a bit of paper, which he slipped into the hands of his heyduc. The heyduc started off for Paris in hot haste, where he arrived that afternoon. His horse fell dead upon his arrival at the Palais-Cardinal, and he himself swooned from exhaustion, after he had wildly informed the Abbé Georgel of his master's arrest.

Georgel read the scrap of paper, and in obedience to it destroyed the correspondence between the Prince and the phantom queen.

But a day since and the Cardinal held them his dearest treasures upon earth !

That evening Cagliostro was arrested, nor could all his skill in magic, white and black, save him from the Bastille.

When De Breteuil reached the Cardinal's palace, he was enraged to find that the papers, of which he was in search had already been destroyed by the vigilance of Georgel. Seeing the bust of Cagliostro, he exclaimed, "I meet everywhere with nothing but the figure of that mountebank ; but, patience, I hope there will be an end of it soon."²

La Motte was at Bar-sur-Aube. Beugnot, who was there, has left a graphic account of the effect this news had upon her. She was present at a supper party at the Abbey of Clairvaux. Abbé Maury, who was an expected guest, did not arrive till late ; and on being asked what was the news at Paris,— "What news?" replied Maury. "Where do you live, then? There is news which

¹ Madame Campan's *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette*, vol. ii. p. 15.

² La Motte's *Memoirs*, p. 216.

astounds all Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan, High Almoner of France, was arrested last Tuesday, on Assumption Day, in his pontifical robes, at the door of the King's closet."

"Is the cause of so violent a measure known?"

"Not exactly; but they say it is about a diamond necklace he was to have bought for the Queen, and did not buy. It is strange for such a trifle that they should have arrested the High Almoner of France in his pontifical robes, when leaving the King's cabinet."

Beugnot looked at Madame de La Motte, who had dropped her napkin, and whose terror-struck face was bent over her plate. She sprung up and rushed from the room. Beugnot shortly after followed her. She had already ordered her carriage, and they started together.

"Perhaps I was wrong to come away so abruptly, especially in presence of the Abbé Maury."

"Not the least. Your relations with the Cardinal are known and almost avowed. His life may be in danger; your part is to anticipate the letters, the couriers, the news. You might have done wrong to lose time by supping at Clairvaux."

"But what is the cause of his arrest?"

"I can't conceive, unless it be some trick of Cagliostro's. The Cardinal is infatuated with that man, though I have never ceased to warn him."

"Very good. But what is this story of a necklace that was to have been bought for the Queen? How could a Cardinal have to buy a necklace? And how could the Queen have selected Prince Louis for this, whom she openly detests?"

"I tell you again it is all Cagliostro."

"But you have had this charlatan at your house. Are you not at all compromised with him?"

"Not the least bit in the world;

and I am quite easy. I was very wrong to leave the supper."

Beugnot again and again advised the Countess, if she were in any way compromised, to make the best of her way out of France. She assured him that there were no grounds for apprehension, but in his presence destroyed a great number of letters and other papers, including many of the Cardinal's. "Then it was," says Beugnot, "that I saw what ravages the delirium of love, rendered more intense by the madness of ambition, had wrought in this unhappy man. It is fortunate for the memory of the Cardinal that those letters were destroyed, though they would have formed a strange page in the history of human passions."

On the 18th Madame La Motte was arrested. The Count, not being included in the warrant, profited by Beugnot's advice, and made his escape to England. The Cardinal was offered the alternative of a trial before the Parliament of Paris, or of throwing himself upon the clemency of the King. Knowing that the minister De Breteuil was his mortal foe—that the Queen, in her first anger, was said to have demanded his life from the King—knowing, too, that the King and the Queen both believed him to have acted the part of a common swindler, he chose to go before the Parliamentary tribunal.

Then commenced the famous Necklace trial, dragging its slow length through the long months from January to June. When it had been proceeding two months, Retaux de Villette was found out by the care of Abbé Georgel, and Mademoiselle d'Oliva was traced to Brussels, and brought back to take her share of the danger.

The trial was the all-absorbing theme of conversation; beyond the mystery of the missing necklace their was still the excitement of a contest between the friends of the Queen who was hourly growing more un-

popular, and the partisans and defendants of the house of Rohan.

In his eagerness to destroy his old enemy the Baron de Breteuil had not reckoned upon the serious damage he was doing to the Queen, in thus dragging her name before all France, in connection with a profligate ecclesiastic, swindlers, and women of the demi-monde.

Madame de La Motte maintained her front of brass through it all, and scarcely seems to have contemplated the extent of her danger. Her story went through the most wonderful variations, remaining consistent only in the continued assertion of her own spotless innocence. At one time she denied all knowledge of the affair, then laid the blame on Cagliostro, then when gay d'Oliva was produced as a witness, she asserted that it was by the Queen's directions she had engaged her for the little farce in the garden at Versailles, and that the Cardinal was a party in the deceit. She also proclaimed that she had been the mistress of Prince Louis, and thus accounted for his liberality to her. She overwhelmed all her fellow-prisoners with the most virulent abuse, but Cagliostro was selected for her choicest efforts at vituperation.

We have no intention of giving the details of this famous trial ; we are concerned only with Cagliostro's share in it. The memorial of Madame La Motte contained some uncomplimentary references to the Count:—

"His name, his surname, his quality? he and the woman attached to his fortunes? The Count and the so-called Countess de Cagliostro!

"His age?—One of his valets said that he knew not the age of his master, but for himself he had been one hundred and fifty years in his service. As for the master, he sometimes gave three hundred years as his age ; at other times said he had assisted at Galilee at the marriage of Cana.

"His country? A Portuguese Jew, or Greek, or Egyptian from Alexandria, who had brought with him to Europe the sorceries and allegories of the East.

"His habits and his religion? Doctor of the cabalistic art ; one of those extravagant members of the Rosy Cross who profess to raise the dead, and make them hold converse with the living, master of all the sciences, skilled in the transmutation of baser metals into gold, beneficent spirits who attend the poor for nothing, and sell immortality to the rich.

"His fortune—in short, his means of supporting that luxurious ostentation which he has displayed before our eyes? A sumptuous hotel, elegant furniture, a well-supplied table, servants in all sorts of liveries ; and the court of this hotel always noisy with carriages, announcing, in the midst of an intelligent nation, visionaries of every rank—in a word, Cagliostro, without purchasing anything, without selling anything, without acquiring anything, is possessed of all. Such is this man!" The Countess insinuated that the Diamond Necklace had been obtained for the chemical experiments of the Count, who had completely duped the Cardinal! In fact, she attempted to shift the guilt from her own shoulders on to those of Cagliostro.

The Count's memorial contained a reply to the accusations, and also gave an autobiographical sketch of his own life. From this highly imaginative document we shall now condense the most important portion.

"I am oppressed, cries Beppo ; accused—defamed ! Have I deserved this fate? I consult with my conscience, and there I find that peace which men refuse me.

"I have travelled much. I am known all over Europe, and the greatest part of Africa and Asia. I have in every place shown myself a friend to my fellow-creatures.

"My knowledge, my time, my fortune, have constantly been employed in administering comfort to the unfortunate. I have studied, practised physic, but never disgraced that noblest and most comforting science by any lucrative speculations. Yielding to a secret, an irresistible influence, I flew to the relief of suffering humanity, and thus became a physician."

This is an auspicious commencement, and shows that one human being, at least, had unlimited faith in Beppo Balsamo.

"The wealthy I have assisted with remedies and advice; to the poor I have given both money and remedies. Debts I have never contracted. In my morals I am chaste, nay, I will say it, austere. I never gave offence to any one, either in my words, deeds, or writings. The injuries offered to me I have freely forgiven; the good I have done was done in silence. A stranger everywhere, I have everywhere fulfilled the duties of a good citizen—everywhere I have respected the religion, the laws, and the government. Such is the history of my life."

Having thus neatly finished his own biography, he proceeds to lament his unfortunate situation, and that of his wife.

"My wife, too, the most amiable, the most virtuous of women, has been dragged into the same abyss. The thickest walls, bolts without number, part her from me. She laments her fate, and I cannot hear her moans! If I interrogate my jailors, they are silent! Alas! perhaps she is no more! How could her tender frame resist such suffering? Has it been possible for her to live six months in a place where man himself has occasion for all his strength, all his fortitude, all his resignation, to struggle against despair?"

The little Countess, it may suffice to say, was released after a few months' endurance of the Bastille,

as there was no evidence to implicate her in any way in the necklace conspiracy.

After some observations on the state of the question, the Count proceeded to lay before the reader the history of his life—perhaps one of the most astounding autobiographies ever committed to print. According to this narrative he was not able to tell with certainty the place of his birth, or the name of his parents. His childhood was passed in Medina, where he was educated in the house of the Mufti Salahayn, "the Chief of the Mahometan religion." Here he was known as Acharat, and had a governor, named Althotas, and three servants—one white and two negroes.

Althotas was a man of encyclopædic attainments, and taught young Acharat the sciences, encouraging his taste for botany and physic. He discouraged all inquiries as to his parentage made by his young pupil, but told him that he was the orphan of Christians nobly born, and gave him reason to believe that he was born at Malta. Though Althotas and Acharat conformed outwardly to the ceremonies of the Mahometan religion, they had the true faith implanted in their hearts.

When Acharat was twelve years old the desire to travel grew strong upon him, and at last Althotas prepared a caravan, and they set off and journeyed to Mecca, where they stayed at the palace of the Cherif, who treated them with the most flattering regard. Here they stayed three years, daily seeing the Cherif, who seemed to have a mysterious affection for young Acharat, and to be well acquainted with his mysterious birth and parentage. One of the black slaves, who constantly attended the boy, told him that great misfortune threatened him if he should leave Mecca; but, above all, he was to beware of the city of Trebisond.

"One day (the passage is so

pathetic that we quote the exact words of the Count's narrative), as I was alone, the Prince entered my apartments—so great a favour struck me with amazement. He strained me to his bosom with more than usual tenderness, bid me never cease to adore the Almighty, telling me that as long as I should persist in serving God faithfully, I should at last be happy, and come to the knowledge of my real destiny; then, he added, bedewing my cheeks with tears—'Adieu, thou Nature's unfortunate child!' These words, and the affecting manner in which he delivered them, will ever remain impressed on my memory."

Then follows a long account of his ramblings—how they visited the Pyramids of Egypt, and the principal kingdoms of Africa and Asia, at last coming, in the year 1776, to the Isle of Malta, where they were hospitably received by the Grand Master Pinto.

"I have every reason to believe," says Balsamo, "that Grand Master Pinto was acquainted with my real origin. He often spoke to me of the Cherif, and mentioned the city of Trebisonde; but never would consent to enter into further particulars on the subject."

Here the sage Althotas died. Pinto introduced the young Acharat, who now assumed the European dress, and with it the title of Comte de Cagliostro to the Chevalier d'Aquino, of the princely house of Coramanka, and in whose company he travelled to Sicily; but they parted company, and he proceeded alone to Rome. Here he made the acquaintance of Cardinals Orsini, York, and Gauganelli, and the Holy Father himself.

It will be seen that Cagliostro appealed chiefly as witnesses to those who had shuffled off this mortal coil, and of the few living ones, some disclaimed all connection with or knowledge of him. Cardinal York protested against his name

being used by a man of this species and Cardinal Bernis characterised his Roman narrative as lies.

This was in 1770, and at this time he became acquainted with a noble Roman damsel, Serafina Felichiani whom he married. Since then he had travelled throughout Europe, sometimes "from a desire of not being known," assuming various names, such as Comte Fenix, Comte Starat, Marquis d'Auna &c.

He was animated only by the desire of doing good: he cured the sick, visited the poor, relieved the debtors.

"I appeal to the principal men of the city, to the magistrates, and the public at large—let them declare whether I ever gave offence, and whether, in all my transactions a single deed of mine could be reprobated as contrary to the laws, to morality, to religion."

We have now brought down this wonderful romance to the period when it assumes at least the semblance of truth. It is needless to pursue it in detail. He appeals to a long list of titled people in various countries of Europe as having known him: shall we take it as a compliment to the shrewdness of the English nation, that in London, although he professes to have been acquainted with the nobility and the people, he cannot name any one individual as having been acquainted with him in the British capital.

He also produced letters of recommendation by the Comte de Verglunes, the Marquis de Miromeuil, and the Marquis de Segur, three men of high birth and official position. We now pass to that portion of the Comte's memorial which is occupied with a refutation of the charges so lavishly made against him by the Countess de La Motte. He takes her malicious slanders word by word, and comments in a mock-heroic style on each unsavoury epithet and degrading charge which she had brought against him. Hear this most injured

of mortals denouncing the attack which Madame La Motte had made upon his wife by styling her "the woman who follows his fortunes."

"Oh, I could have forgiven what was only personal to me. But my wife! what has she done to the Comtesse? How can a man who bears a public character, abuse it to saturate with woe and wickedness the heart of an innocent and virtuous woman, who has nothing to do with the cause he defends, and against whom, though she is confined, there is no decree, no complaint laid, a woman to whom he himself can reproach no greater crime than having linked her destiny to mine?"

"This I can say with truth, that during the space of sixteen years now elapsed, since I had the honour of being united to the Comtesse of Cagliostro by the most lawful and honourable ties, she never left me; that she never took a step which could not be owned by the most austere decency, the most scrupulous delicacy; and that, if there is a woman in being whom slander should have respected—it is my wife."

The boldness of this language is truly astounding, when we reflect that scores of people, particularly among the very police who had Cagliostro now in their power, must have been acquainted with the face and figure of the cast-off mistress of Duplaisir, and with her enforced retirement in St. Pelagie!

La Motte's charges against the Count were so vague, and so entirely unsupported by evidence, that he had little difficulty in showing that they were but midsummer madness.

Having replied to her insinuation that he was a Jew or a Mahometan, by observing that members of those religions bear an indelible mark upon them, he offers to submit to "a verification more shameful for him that requires, than for the person who submits to it."

"I should wish," he continues,

"the Countess to be more explicit as to the facts she lays to my charge. Let her boldly declare where is that wealthy man to whom I have sold immortality. Let her relate one single particular of those high misdemeanours by which I have distinguished myself in Europe; but above all, I challenge her to point out such of those misdeeds as are known to Madame Boehmer. If the Countess de La Motte does not accept of this formal challenge, I must declare to her, once for all, that I shall give to all reticences, to to all her obloquy, past, present, and to come, an answer very laconic, perfectly clear, most energetic, which the author of the *Provincial Letters* gave formerly in a similar circumstance, to a potent society of learned men,—an answer which politeness forbids me to set down in French, but which the Comtesse's counsel may translate for her, MENTIRIS IMPUDENTISSIME."

When this was read in court, the Countess had not sufficient learning to understand the insult, but guessing that it was something uncomplimentary, replied by "throwing a candlestick at the quack's head."

Having shaken to pieces the house of cards which Madame La Motte had constructed, having shown that neither himself nor his wife, were on the scene of action during the important acts of the Necklace drama, having been alternately sentimental, pathetic, satirical and denunciatory, he proceeds to vindicate his claim to the title of Friend of Mankind, and at the same moment displays the inordinate vanity of his nature, by indulging in an arrogant claim of compassion for the swindling woman who planned the Necklace fraud.

"From the bottom of the very abyss into which she has plunged me," cries our eloquent Beppo, "I shall raise my voice to implore in her behalf the clemency of the laws; and if, after my innocence

and that of my wife is acknowledged, the best of kings should think an unfortunate stranger, who had settled in France on the faith of his royal word, of the laws of hospitality, and of the common rights of nations, is entitled to some indemnity, the only satisfaction I shall require will be, that his Majesty may be pleased, at my request, to pardon and set at liberty the unfortunate Comtesse de La Motte.

"This favour, if it should be granted, cannot offend justice. However guilty the Comtesse may be supposed, she is already sufficiently punished. Alas, my sad experience deserves some credit. There is not a crime ever so great, but may be atoned for by six months confinement in the Bastille!"

The solemn conjuration scene detailed by Madame La Motte, he treated as a harmless frolic; a com plaisant humouring of the whim of a foolish woman, on the part of himself and the Cardinal.

His counsel was Thilorier, and perhaps most of the memorial was written by him; for we do not find that the Count had any gift for writing, but the style is thoroughly characteristic of Beppo Balsamo.

The Count, according to his own account, had been wofully plundered by the police, and he commenced an action against De Launay and Chenon, alleging that he had lost, through their culpability or carelessness, valuable papers and money, to the extent of 100,000 livres.

At length, on the 30th of May, the last examination took place. First, Villette, then Madame La Motte, still full of audacity and slanderous malice, the simple Gay d'Oliva, the Cardinal, who in misfortune behaved with dignity and resignation, and lastly, the Count appeared before the tribunal, dressed in a green velvet coat, embroidered over with gold lace, his hair plaited

from the top of his head fell in small curls over his shoulders, which gave him a singular appearance, not altogether inconsistent with the character of the charlatan he was believed to be.¹

The following sentences were pronounced. The contracts and papers purporting to be approved by the Queen were condemned as forgeries. Count La Motte, who had not been captured, was condemned to the galleys for life; Madames La Motte to be flogged, branded with the letter V (*Voleuse*), and imprisoned for life; Villette, banished; Oliva put out of Court; the Cardinal and Cagliostro, acquitted; the assertions in the La Motte memorial to be suppressed. As to the complaint which Cagliostro had brought against Chenon and De Launay, it was put out of Court, leaving him at liberty to appeal to any other tribunal.

Such was the conclusion of this famous trial. The partisans of the Queen had been signally defeated. They had dragged the name of their august mistress through the mire. They had signally failed in their attempt to destroy the Cardinal; and whilst the most infamous libels were circulated and received as truth concerning Marie Antoinette—"la louve Autrichienne," as they called her—the Cardinal and the "divine Cagliostro" were the most popular people in all Paris.

Thousands of persons thronged the streets impatiently awaiting to hear the verdict of the Parliament, and Paris was mad with joy at the acquittal.

After the judgment had been pronounced they were conducted back to the Bastille, amidst the cheers and blessings of the populace. The news of this ovation must have been gall and bitterness to the proud heart of the Queen.

The following day the gloomy gates of the Bastille let out the two

¹ Vizetelly's *Diamond Necklace*, ii 96.

prisoners, and though it was late at night, they were again greeted with cheers and vivas. The Count proceeded at once to his house in the Rue St. Claude, where he found thousands waiting to welcome him—the streets, the courtyard, every room was full of friends, known and unknown, anxious to congratulate him on his triumphal acquittal.

The disciples of Egyptian Masonry were preparing to fête and lionise their Grand Cophta, and the Count was looking forward to a large harvest from the additional notoriety he had gained. Now that to the reputation of a magician he added that of political martyr—a victim of court intrigue, as the cant of the day would call it—he might count on many accessions to the ranks of his believers.

These golden visions were destined to be dispelled ; for the King, annoyed at what he considered the miscarriage of justice, exiled the Cardinal to Auvergne. Cagliostro

was also honoured with a royal command. On the 2nd of June, the very day following the release from the Bastille, Brugnères, most faithful of De Sartine's satellites, entered the house in the Rue St. Claude, and in the King's name commanded the Count to leave Paris in three days, and France within three weeks. After a short stay at Passy, where he received the farewells of his friends, he departed for Boulogne, from whence he sailed to England. On embarking, crowds assembled to watch his departure, to cry "Vive le Parlement !" and "Vive Cagliostro !" For was he not a man of science, of unbounded benevolence—above all, a man whom the Parliament had pronounced innocent, and whom the King punished as guilty ? So hundreds pressed around him, cheered him ; received with joy the benediction of this friend of humanity, who was obliged, by an arbitrary decree, to withdraw the light of his countenance from France.



THE PHILOSOPHER.

A NOVEL.

BOOK IV.

CROSS-HATCHING.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

A MAIDEN'S SOUL.

THE Rev. Mr. Viking accepted the flowers, and then as a cynical smile passed rapidly over his features he raised Elsie's hand to his lips and softly kissed it.

The poor girl had noticed the smile, and as she felt the cold lips of the clergyman pressed upon her hand, she experienced a terrible sensation of fear. A shudder, that she was unable to repress, made her whole frame tremble.

"Are you frightened of me?" said Charles, in a half-bantering tone of voice.

"Those who are kind to me do not frighten me," replied Elsie.

"Well, am I not kind to you, to bring you a message from your lover?" continued Charles, looking coldly and fixedly at Elsie.

Again she shuddered, but filled with a loving impatience to hear from her soul's keeper, she controlled her terror at Charles's manner, and said earnestly, though in a voice hardly beyond a whisper—"Oh! Mr. Viking do not keep me in suspense. Let me hear the message you have brought from him, from my adored one."

Charles rose from his seat and walked to the window, where he stood a moment, looking out into the garden, and apparently enjoying the warm sunshine that streamed down upon him from the blue sky above. Then, without turning towards Elsie, and speaking as it were to himself, he

said, very slowly and very distinctly—

"Decidedly this Littlemore is a most villanous benefactor!"

A hand of ice seemed to hover near Elsie's heart as she heard these words, and she lay breathlessly awaiting what should follow.

After a momentary pause Charles resumed, still looking out of the window—"This girl at least never rejected him—She is beautiful—She loves him—She should kill him!"

The icy hand was already touching Elsie's heart, as the clergyman paused for a second time.

"Her real happiness and good!—Surely she is to be congratulated—She may positively thank Clara who has shewn some pluck in promising to become his wife!

The icy hand tightened its grasp, and with a cry of ineffable agony Elsie fell back on her pillow, destitute of sense or motion.

Mrs. Bolster, who was in the adjoining room, awaiting with anxiety the result of the clergyman's visit, no sooner heard Elsie's cry than she rushed into the apartment to render whatever assistance might be necessary. She found her patient lying perfectly insensible, with a wild expression of terror fixed on her countenance and with her hands tightly clenched as though she had experienced some overwhelming blow; and yet Mr. Viking was standing by the window immoveably regarding the

scene spread out before him, and looking as though he were perfectly unaware of what was passing in the room.

The good woman viewed this strange scene in amaze, and began to fancy that some supernatural power were at work. She shrank from addressing the clergyman, and having violently rung the bell to summon assistance, she proceeded to Elsie's side to apply such restoratives as were at hand. In another moment a servant appeared in answer to the bell.

"Run, Jane," said Mrs. Bolster, "and send somebody this instant to Leighbury for the doctor—and go and ask Miss Trevor if she will kindly come here to help me."

A sudden start on the part of Mr. Viking made both Mrs. Bolster and the servant look round, and, to their surprise and dismay, they saw the clergyman with his face turned towards them, and with an expression of the most concentrated malice and triumph upon his countenance. This, however, was but instantaneous in its duration; and in a moment the reverend gentleman became, to all appearance, perfectly calm and unimpassioned. The servant, who was not sorry to be able to quit his presence, at once disappeared to carry out Mrs. Bolster's demands.

"You are possibly surprised," said Charles, "to find such results from my visit. I am sorry the news I brought should have so affected this poor girl. Probably, though, you have kind attendants for her—this Miss Trevor, of whom you spoke, for example."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Bolster—though I suppose you have been telling Elsie something that has well-nigh broken her heart; yet

she'll find a mother in me, and more than a sister in Miss Trevor."

"Who is this Miss Trevor?" asked Charles, in as unconcerned manner as he could assume.

"Why," said Mrs. Bolster, "she comes from the very same place as——" and then suddenly checking herself, as she remembered the obligation of secrecy which Lily had imposed on her, she added—"I mean she has ruffed in much the same manner as this poor child is doing; and so, of course, she'll be the more able to comfort her."

Mrs. Bolster's hesitation was quite sufficient for Charles; and not wishing to excite any suspicion, he pretended not to observe the confusion and irrelevancy of her answer, and said—

"Well, well, madame—I am much distressed at all that has occurred; but as I really can be of no possible use here, I will at once take my departure, and relieve you of the inconvenience of my presence."

So saying, he quitted the room, and made his way to the hall, intending to drive away as though finally leaving the house; and then to come back on foot, and endeavour to enter the garden unobserved, in order to have an opportunity of seeing for himself whether Lily Trevor was indeed to be found.

As, however, he entered his carriage, he fancied he perceived somebody looking from one of the upper windows of the house; and when the vehicle began to move, he cautiously moved the curtain that covered the window at the back of the carriage, and, with a tumult of emotion, he looked up at the face of his cousin, who, little fancying him to be aware of her presence, was joyfully witnessing his departure.

BOOK V.

THE ULTIMA THULE.

CHAPTER I.

A SKY OVERCAST.

It will be remembered that on the morning after Elsie's elopement, Martin Dawes and Ned Harner had called at Mr. Littlemore's chambers in London, and on going there had again fallen in with Mr. Morton and Mr. De Quincey, who had expressed their determination of assisting in the search after Elsie. It was arranged that the two friends should stay at De Quincey's house for the time being; and as both Morton and De Quincey had some pressing matters of business to accomplish, an appointment was made for Harner and Dawes to be at the "Bull Inn," near Blackfriars Bridge, at six o'clock in the evening, in order to meet their kind acquaintances and take the coach for their new destination.

In the meantime, the worthy couple were left to their own devices, and entering the Temple Gardens, they sat down to discuss their griefs together. Martin was thoroughly prostrated by the scene that had occurred in Littlemore's chamber; and after having seen the shattered portrait of his loved daughter, he began to despair in sad earnest. Nor was Ned Harner in a mood of less sorrow. Unsustained any longer by excitement, he felt crushed by the grief of his friend; and when, on quiet reflection, he added thereto the terrible burthen of what he looked upon as his own bereavement, he felt as though his wounds were too deep to be healed even by the balms of all his philosophy.

Presently Mr. Harner looked mournfully at his friend, and said,—

"Martin, we've met kind friends,

and perhaps we may hope a little. But you mustn't give way, for you will want all your strength yet; and as it's ill to support a full heart on an empty body, I think we'd better go to some tavern and try to take something."

The little barber silently acquiesced, and thereupon the friends proceeded to make their way back again into Fleet Street. The porter with whom they had spoken as they entered the Temple was still at the gate, and seeing them approach he determined to repeat that superiority which he had before so conspicuously displayed. Accordingly, as soon as they arrived within hailing distance, he cried out, waving his hand meanwhile in a majestic manner,—

"You are, of course, satisfied with what you have seen. A *little* different from the country—eh?"

Harner was in no mood of great endurance, and remembering the porter's contemptuous manner on the former occasion, he replied angrily—

"We're not sightseers, or else we should still be standing looking at you."

Some young students, who were lounging near the entrance-gate, laughed heartily at this sally of Ned's; whereupon the porter grew proportionately irate, and strutting forth into the middle of the path, as the friends approached, he said,

"Am I clearly to understand that you regard me as one of the sights of London?"

"Understand what you please," replied Harner, very impatiently; "and stand where you please, provided it's not in my path."

So saying, he made a motion as though to push aside the porter, who, further exasperated at this insult to his dignity, was unable to resist the impulse to let his staff fall smartly across the knuckles of Mr. Harner's impious hand. The latter, no sooner felt the blow, than he blazed up into a fit of the most tremendous fury, and springing forward, he grasped the throat of his colossal antagonist with such vehemence, and accompanied this by so dexterous a movement of his foot, that, in the twinkling of an eye, the porter measured his length in the kennel, greatly to the amusement of the students, who exploded with laughter at his ignominious overthrow.

Like all bullies, the porter was a coward, and he at once commenced to roar lustily for the watch, as a result of which, our friends speedily found themselves hauled to the nearest lock-up, and there incarcerated for the night. In the morning, however, several of the student's attended the court, and testified to the real nature of the assault; whereupon Ned and Martin were at once discharged, with many admonitions from the magistrate, as to the need of restraining their temper.

This incident, though of the most trifling and ridiculous kind, yet led to serious results. The two friends were unable to keep their appointment with Mr. Morton and M. De Quincey, who accordingly did not proceed to the latter's house, where they would have fallen in with me, which would have led to a speedy reunion. A search was at once instituted for the missing countrymen, and De Quincey undertook to remain in London to conduct the same; while Mr. Morton proceeded to Leighbury to attend to some urgent business that required his attention for two or three days. It was on this occasion that he fell in with both Lily Trevor and Elsie Dawes, as already narrated; and having written to De Quincey to in-

form him of the fact, it was determined to make no communication of any kind to Mr. Littlemore for the present.

As for Martin Dawes and Ned Harner, the bright promise of aid and support which had so suddenly appeared to lighten the horizon of their hopes and fears had disappeared in a manner equally unexpected; and though strictly speaking, they now found themselves in precisely the position they had looked forward to on quitting Merringham, yet their philosophy was not profound enough—or shall I say their loving hearts were not circumscribed by sufficiently narrow limits?—to enable them to regard their sudden isolation. manifold were the perplexities that crowded upon their thoughts and friendly counsels; and after much anxious deliberation it was determined that Martin Dawes should remain in London, and should watch every movement that Mr. Littlemore might make, and that Ned Harner should return to Merringham and should perform the same shadowy office for the Rev. Charles Viking.

The next few weeks passed slowly enough for Martin. From morning till night he hung about the entrances to Pump Court, regarding, with a jealous eye, all who entered the door leading to Mr. Littlemore's chambers, until the office-keepers and the habitual frequenters of the spot came to regard him as a little crazed, and to view his presence as quite a necessary concomitant of the scene. The first thing every morning his portly little form, habited in all the splendour of his best Merringham attire, might be seen crossing the open space in front of King's Bench Walk, for he shunned the approach from Fleet Street since his rencontre with the porter, and many a sad sigh issued from his grief-laden heart as he looked on the peaceful gardens, and reflected on the lost days of peace

and-happiness that had once been his and Elsie's. The last thing at night he would slowly wend his way homewards to the lodgings that he had secured in the neighbourhood of Fetter Lane, and as he departed he would solemnly curse the threshold of him who had so obscured the sunshine of their life.

No Littlemore came, however. I have already narrated how he had busied himself in assisting Charles in the search after Lily, and in the intervals of these researches Littlemore lived at an hotel in London, where he saw his clients and directed his clerk what to do at his chambers. He was totally unaware of his regular abode being under the surveillance of Mr. Dawes; but an unquiet feeling in his bosom made him loth to enter again upon the scene of his interview with the father of the sweet girl he had so foully wronged. He instinctively knew that all repose had been for ever banished from the walls of those chambers, and he shunned the terrible reflections to which their evening solitudes would infallibly lead him. At times as the image of Elsie's loving face crossed his mind he experienced a momentary emotion of remorse, impelling him to hasten to the side of the suffering maiden; but as often as this was the case the short-lived feeling fled before the counselling of ignoble pride and the demon of utter selfishness. No longer in the actual presence of her he had loved, if such a term may be applied to the shallow passion that had animated his soul, he sheltered himself, from all dangerously tender reminiscences by the thought of the brilliant future that he might build for himself, with a proper appreciation of the advantages afforded by his friendship with Charles Viking, and his fast-growing familiarity with

Clara. No longer troubled by the thought of the terrible social calamities that might follow a mesalliance, he endeavoured to think of the past as a period of prodigious danger, to have escaped from which was a most meritorious achievement.

At length the time came of his proposal to Clara, and as we have seen he immediately requested Charles to convey the intelligence to Elsie. The clergyman drove over to the Morton Manor the same day, and returned with the news of the message having been satisfactorily given; but much as Littlemore wished to learn the details of what had occurred, he found his friend so gloomy and absorbed, that he was perforce obliged to be content with the bald announcement that Elsie had fainted on learning what had happened, and that probably her recovery from her illness might in consequence be retarded. Having thus arranged matters with his old love, Mr. Littlemore proceeded to settle with his new; and finally determined to return at once to London, and to make as speedy preparations as possible for his approaching marriage. This resolution he accompanied by another, viz., that he would no longer allow himself to be the slave of his fancies and wandering thoughts, but that he would boldly resume his chambers, and would in the very presence of their associations, complete his perfidious projects.

When it happened that in the afternoon of the day after Charles's visit to Elsie, Martin Dawes, who was sitting listlessly under the trees near the gardens, saw the well-known form of Charles suddenly cross the open space on his way to Pump Court.

THE ISLESMAN.

Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets.
 AS YOU LIKE IT.

Few lines of care are on his brow,
 Albeit he bears the look of age;
 Yet, with a lusty arm, the plough
 He steers, and holds the vessel's prow
 In a sure vassalage—
 For husbandman and sailor, too, is he,
 Reaping with tawny hands harvests from land and sea.

He dwells upon a little isle,
 Remote amid the Hebrides,
 Uncheered by Heaven's sunniest smile,
 And dark with many a deep defile,—
 Familiar with seas
 Stormy and dangerous, breaking on a shore
 Unlit by beacon light to aid the sail and oar.

He labours on a rugged soil,
 Repaying ill the borrowed seed;
 Nor grumbles at his hearty toil,
 Contented, if his daily moil
 Furnish his daily need.
 With brawny arm he smites the stony lea,
 And whistles as he hauls his nets up from the sea.

And thus he speaks—when other men,
 Aweary with the cares of life,
 Question him how he thus can gain
 Pleasure, whilst treading paths of pain,
 Calm peace from daily strife?
 For, ever as they watch his calm content,
 They marvel sore in heart at his true merriment,—

“Poor soil can never yield much fruit,
 I know, and, therefore, grumble not
 When grain is niggardly in shoot.
 But naught will come of slack pursuit,
 And labour is our common lot.
 To feel I tread my native heath is bliss,
 And what the rich man wants I never miss.

“ My boys can pull a lusty oar,
Hand, reef, and steer as well as most,
Strong, healthy fellows, all the four.
My lasses, too, in household lore,
Have not their equals on the coast :
And my good wife, God bless ! Were I to say
All that I thought of her, I'd talk the noon away.”

Which saying, he will smile : perchance
The stout dame laughs with lightsome heart.
What matters all that sunny France
Can yield in wine, or fruits, or dance,
In ormolu, or art,
To such a patriot and philosopher,
Worshipping God, and glad in his own sphere.

R. C. F. HANNAY.





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THE OLD NORSE MYTHOLOGY.

SOME archæologists have lost much time, and given themselves a vast amount of trouble, in endeavouring to present some pet system of mythology in the form of a harmonious scheme, with all its parts thoroughly adjusted and adapted to each other, and a spirit of causation pervading the whole. Students of the Egyptian mythology found the heavenly bodies, the great physical features of the earth, the atmosphere, the prevailing forces of nature, and the general economy of the world, such as it appeared to the ancient sages of Egypt, —all indicated in the actions and offices and inter-relations imputed to the personages of their mythic system. Some modern scholars can find little else than the cheerful phases attending the early dawn, and the rising and daily journey of the sun, in the classic pagan myths.

All this would imply the absence of a primal revelation, the gradual increase of knowledge among the earlier inhabitants of the globe, the earnest application of the minds of the most advanced to the discovery of a providential scheme, and the display of all this in the adventures and co-relations of a number of imaginary beings, male and female, not subject to any particular code of government, moral or political.

Old-fashioned Christians, however, find it out of their power to adopt this darling hypothesis of a section of the wise men of our time. They

are content to believe, on the authority of inspired Scripture, and the consent of all the well-disposed thinkers of the Christian world, that a revelation of all that was necessary to be believed and to be practised by man was made to him immediately after his creation, and that all the mythic notions prevalent among the various peoples of the earth from the dispersion at Babel, were corruptions or misapprehensions of the belief held by Noah and his children. In the traditions of tribes and families, some of the first-delivered truths were still preserved, but mostly in some modified or debased form. All that the seers or priests could effect at a later day was the introduction of a quasi-system into the mass of conflicting or heterogeneous materials preserved in the families of chiefs, whether they tilled the land, or herded cattle, or supported themselves by hunting in their migrations.

Incoherent as any pagan system might have been, we are sure to have received it from the hands of the poets and romancers of its day in a still more debased and inconsistent shape than it appeared to the philosophical or serious thinking portion of the society in which it prevailed. Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Pliny, or Plutarch, or their students, gave small credit to the absurd or indecent stories told of gods or goddesses by Ovid, or Aristophanes, or

LUCIAN. These loose-speaking and imaginative men treated their divinities, in whose existence they entertained but a slender faith, as irreverently as the Norman Trouvères, and the Celtic professors of story-telling did the saints canonised before their time. Whether they chaunted their legends or romances in rhym or rhythm, or merely gave prose versions of older poems, they were but little imbued with a religious spirit. They loved applause, they loved good cheer, they led licentious lives, and as a rule, they were anything but favourites with their clergy. They modified the pagan legends received from their predecessors, gave a slightly Christian flavour to the heathen myth, and made Saint Peter, or Saint George, or Saint Patrick, do duty for Apollo, or Mercury, or their Teutonic or Celtic substitutes.

If the nominally Christian story-tellers or poets took such liberties while professing faith in revealed religion, what could be expected from bards among whose divinities were reckoned mere human passions? Bad as the quasi-systems of paganism were, they are presented by the poets in a still worse plight.

We are well acquainted with the mythologies of Greece, Rome, and Egypt, because they (its neighbours in the case of Egypt) possessed a living literature when receiving the Christian faith. The same may be said of those of India and China, as the inhabitants have long known the use of letters, and the ancient superstitions still enjoy a more or less extensive sway in these countries. We have but a very slight knowledge of the ancient myths of the Irish or Scotch Gael, or Bretons, or Welsh, as no copies of any books written in either branch of the Celtic by pagan writers are in existence, and the earliest Christian writers among them entered not into the particulars of their peculiar myths. These writers were, without exception, in-

mates of monasteries, who employed themselves on some sacred or secular history, or in making copies of portions of Scripture or rituals, and would have considered it an idle or culpable waste of time to dwell on the peculiar beliefs or practices of their pagan ancestors. Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch Hen, who flourished in the sixth century, when the mythology of the pagan Britons was no secret to bard or story-teller, have left us but vague information on the subject. To a remote island, lying on the very verge of the Arctic circle, we are beholden for the only complete information extant on the belief of any of the European peoples, Grecians and Romans excepted.

This is how the memory of the old beliefs of the northern nations of Europe was preserved.

Discontent with the rule of Harold Harfagar (*Fair Hair*) sent many of his chiefs and people in the ninth century to Iceland, to enjoy liberty after their own fashion. They carried with them their minstrelsy, their legends, their myths, and their mythology, and jealously preserved them till the establishment of Christianity, about A.D. 1000. All these (idolatry excepted), together with the old Norse speech of the ninth century, are still to be found among the intelligent, letter-loving, and primitive people who inhabit that bleak island.

However, the Icelanders of modern times would probably have now in their possession no more than a collection of household tales, the debased relics of the old mythic and heroic lays of the Scalds, if some devoted scholar of past times had not preserved them in the characters introduced by the missionaries in every country of Europe, and still in use among Gaelic scribes. This most desirable man was the priest, Sæmund Sigfusson, surnamed *Frøde*, or the learned, who was born in Iceland about A.D. 1057. Sæmund had studied in Germany, chiefly at Co-

logne, in company with another eager compatriot, Arê by name, on whom was also conferred the same honourable surname for his historical writings. Of these we unhappily possess no more than an account of the establishment of the Norwegians in the island. It is supposed that some of the poetical pieces copied out or composed by Sæmund have perished. The under-mentioned, composing what is called the elder *Edda*, have been preserved. It is almost a pity to be obliged to mention to young archæologists that the above nicely sounding word simply means "grandmother."

The first piece in Sæmund's *Edda* has for name Voluspa, the "Oracle or Prophecy of (the priestess) Vola." It contains in an abridged and rather confused form the whole system of Norse mythology, as it was understood by the original composer. There are beautiful and vigorous passages all through, but there is also a sad want of connexion, and the obscurity which prevails over the entire composition, due in part to its extreme antiquity, is disheartening enough to an ordinary student.

The composer was not ignorant of the art of strongly arresting the attention of his audience. The prophecy in the opening lines is uttered by the daughter of the watchman of *Asgard*, the abode of the *Æsir* or gods.

"Hearken, ye sacred intelligences, great and small! I am the daughter of Heimdal, and it is my will to reveal to you, O god of battles, the ancient prophecies which were communicated to me long ago."

Then follow the creation of Heaven, Earth, and *Hela* (the abode of death)—of the giants, the gods, and men; the wars between the gods and the giants; the providential economy of the world as the heathen philosopher understood it; the final attack on *Asgard* by the giants, the twilight of the gods, the destruction of gods,

giants, and men, and the renewal of the world under the *AL-FADER*. These events will be dwelt on more in detail in their place.

The second piece in the elder *Edda*, is called *Vaftrudnis-mal*, and consists of Odin's visit to the wise giant *Vaftrudnis*, and the trial of wit and wisdom between the god and the giant.

The wife of Odin, namely, *Frigga*, enjoyed a strong and clear view into futurity; but her fore-knowledge was of no more avail to her favourites than was that of poor *Cassandra* to hers; through a different cause, however. *Frigga* knew the future, but owing to a determined silence on her part, no one was the better for it. She expressed a certain anxiety for the safety of her lord when he mentioned his proposed journey, but did not actively oppose it. Odin's reception by the huge philosopher, was highly characteristic of the suspicion and hospitality which went hand in hand, and marked the intercourse of the great in heroic times.

Odin, entering in human shape into the great hall of *Vaftrudnis*, thus accosts the sage:—

"Hail to *Vaftrudnis*! I am here to hold converse with you, but first I desire to be informed if you possess knowledge in the highest degree?" He receives this answer:—

"What man is this who dares to question me in my own hall? For certain you leave not this place in life, unless you are my superior in knowledge."

"My name (answers Odin) is *Gangrad* (traveller). I have come a long journey; I am hungry, thirsty, and in need. Receive me, O great genius, with hospitality."

"Stand not on the flags, O *Gangrad*. Take the place of honour at my table, and we shall afterwards try which is the wiser,—the visitor or the wise ancient."

The hunger and thirst of the stranger being appeased, the host, in order to ascertain if his visitor is

entitled to hold a controversy with him, proposes such questions as the following :

"Whence the steeds that draw the chariots of the day and of the night? What rivers separate Asgard from Midgard (heaven from earth)? Where is the battlefield on which the giants and the gods will contend on the last day?" Getting satisfactory answers, he says to his visitor,—"Thou art very wise my guest. Sit beside me. He who is found deficient in skill and knowledge in our controversy shall forfeit his head."

Things and usages of ancient times repeat themselves. There was up to our own times as much ill-blood between disputing scholars in colleges and out of colleges, and between rival schoolmasters in our country parts, as between Odin and Vaftrudnis.

Odin, now taking on himself the office of examiner, questioned his host on the creation, on the origin of the gods and of genii, and of giants and human beings; on the various great events which had occurred, or would occur in heaven or earth, till the terrible twilight before the earth's destruction; and on all these points he found his host as well informed as he himself. But he reserved the question of questions till the end. "Tell me, O great sage," said he, "will not Balder (the sun, one of Odin's children), the eloquent, the beautiful, the much-loved, be slain on a certain day of woe? Will they not lay his body on the pile to be burned? and what are the words which his anguished father will whisper into the ears of the corpse before the torch is applied?"

Here was a poser. Who could know the words but the being who was to utter them? Up rose the sage, and gazing with terror and awe on the lately despised visitor he cried,—“No one can know these words but Odin himself. Thou art

HE. I resign my life into thy hands.” However, the poet has left it doubtful whether the conqueror insisted on his right or not. Let us hope that he showed greatness of mind on the occasion.

Next in the collection stands the *Havamaal* (sublime discourse) supposed to have been uttered by Odin himself. The maxims, apothegms, &c., resemble those found in *Doddsley's Economy of Human Life*, but a few would jar upon the fine moral sense of the author of that collection. Such is the following:—"Love your friends and the friends of your friends; but do not show favour to the friend of your enemies." Some are not a whit more edifying than the precepts in the *Ars Amoris* of that immoral old courtier, Publius Ovidius Naso. Odin lowered his dignity by giving such direction as this:—"Let him who seeks to obtain the love of a young girl, entertain her with sweet talk, make her fine presents, and never cease praising her beauty. It requires wisdom to be a successful lover."

Wisdom and love-making! Hear and shudder, O shades of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Epictetus, and Sancho Panza! We would invoke that of Martin Farquhar Tupper, but for its still union with a healthy bodily presence. The great master of Asgard displayed a spirit of cynicism not to be expected in so exalted a personage in the directions next quoted:—

"Do not depend on the assertions of a young girl, nor on those made by a mature woman, for their hearts resemble a wheel in motion. Levity dwells in their souls. Trust not ice of one day's formation, nor a sleeping serpent, nor the caresses of your betrothed, nor a broken sword, nor the son of a powerful man, nor a field newly sown."

In justice to the Scandinavian Solon, we must present more agreeable specimens of his wisdom and good nature.

"If a stranger enters your house with cold knees, set him before your fire. He who has come through the mountains, needs food, drink, and dry garments.

"You can have no surer friend on a journey than prudence. It is the most useful provision you can make. In a strange place it is more valuable than a well-filled purse. It is prudence which supports the poor.

"Nothing can be more prejudicial to the young men of the time than excess in beer. The more a man drinks the less reason he retains. The bird of oblivion sings to the drunkard and flies off with his intellect.

"The man without judgment lies awake all night, turning things over in his mind. Exhausted at the dawn of day, he is no wiser than when night set.

"Let a man be wise in moderation, but not more prudent than is needful. If he wishes to enjoy quiet sleep, let him not seek to know his future destiny." We suspect the tampering of some Christian scribe with the original in this place.

"Rise early if you wish to acquire riches, or overcome your enemy. The sleeping wolf takes no prey, the sleeping hero no victory."

Though Odin, as may be gathered from one of these extracts, winked at Damon's infidelity to Chloe, even as the Grecian *Zeus* would have done, he sternly set his face against attempts at weakening a married woman's fidelity to her husband. This, as is well-known, was looked on as a foul crime in the eyes of the ancient Northmen.

The poet who composed the fourth piece of the *Edda* (it is wanted in some old copies) made Odin descend a step or two still lower in the estimation of thoughtful people, by making him boast therein of his great skill in the runes, and the magic feats he was enabled to achieve by these means. It is probable that the introduction of

letters by the mortal chief Odin, into Sweden, when he brought his hordes thither from the East, afforded a foundation for attributing to the mythic Odin the power of performing magic wonders by the inscription of these mysterious characters on wood or stone. Thus he is made to boast in the ancient *Edda* under consideration:—

"I can chant a poem which neither the wife of the king, nor the son of any man, knows. It is called the *SUCCOUR*. It puts an end to quarrels, it cures ailments, it banishes sadness.

"I know a charm by which I blunt the edges of the swords of my foes, and frustrate their hostile designs.

"I have only to chant a lay, if men bind me with chains, and these chains fly in pieces, and my limbs are free.

"If I find a man suspended by his neck from a tree, I cut runes on the bark, and the man descends and holds converse with me."

There appears no great harm in all this, taking every thing into account, but when we find the king of gods and men using his magic runes for a purpose much at heart with Jupiter or the "Marquis of Steyne," he incurs the hatred as well as the contempt of all decent folk.

Our readers, we take for granted, are familiar with Gray's fine poem, beginning:—

Up rose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Adown the yawning hill he rode,
Which leads to Hela's drear abode.

The original is in this division of the *Edda*. A portion of it, literally translated, is submitted:—

"Odin the King of Men arose; he saddled his horse Sleipner, he mounted him, and rode to the underground dwelling of Hela.

"The dog who guards the Courts of Hela came before him. His mouth and his breast were stained with blood. He opened his wide red jaws in act to bite, and kept up

a dread howling at the father of magic.

"Odin went on his way; the caverns resounded and shook at the tread of his steed. At last he came to the abode of Death, and stopped at the eastern door where the tomb of the prophetess stood.

"He invoked her with charms made to call up the dead. He looked to the north; he cut runic letters on the tomb; he uttered mysterious words, and demanded an answer. At last the unwilling prophetess arose, and thus she spoke:—

"Who is this unknown being, and who dares to break in on my rest, and draw me from my sepulchre, where I have long lain, covered with snow, and wet with driving showers?" The rest as in *The Descent of Odin*, by Gray.

Jack Horner, that pet of poor Douglas Jerrold, never uttered the memorable "What a good boy am I!" with more self-complacency than did Odin deliver the concluding stanza of his runes:—

"Now have I sung from my lofty residence my sublime verses, whether useful or otherwise to the sons of men. Blessed be he who has chanted them! blessed be he who comprehends them! May they profit those who remember them! Blessed be all who have paid attention to them!"

So much for the elder Edda. We proceed to say something of the younger Edda and its author, Snorrio Sturleson. That most truthful authority Don Quixote de la Mancha asserts every man to be the son of his own works. Still, as the man precedes the works in point of time, he must here get the preference.

Snorrio Sturleson, who reckoned the ancient kings of Norway among his ancestry, was born A.D. 1178, at Hvamma, in Iceland, where his people had resided since the early settlement of the country by the

Norwegians. His tutor was of the family of the learned Sæmund Sigfusson, and by him he was instructed in the history, poetry, and other literature of his country. By the early death of his father and his marriage with a rich heiress, he soon acquired great influence in the home government of his country, whose legal and political chief he became by general consent at the annual Parliament, held at Thingvalla. He twice enjoyed this dignity of "Lagman," an office for which his extensive knowledge of the history and political institutions of his country had well qualified him.

But the defects of Snorrio's character far outweighed his good qualifications. He was of loose manners, avaricious, arrogant, and resentful, and contrived by his intrigues to make Haco, king of Norway, his personal enemy. His children unhappily imitated his evil examples. He made many enemies for himself besides King Haco, and was murdered, by a party of his ill-willers, in his own house, in the year 1241.

Together with the pieces composing the later Edda, Snorrio wrote the "Chronicles of the Kings of Norway," translated by S. Laing, some quarter of a century since. The title, as in the case of most Northern works, was furnished by the first word of the narrative, *Heimskringla* (World's Circle). The chronicle reached to the death of Magnus Erlingsson in 1177, and is highly valued for the vast amount of information furnished, and the lucid and vigorous style of the composition.

Few require to be told that the chief portion of the later as well as of the earlier Edda was concerned with the Norse Mythology; but the elucidation of this subject was not the chief design proposed to himself by Snorrio Sturleson when commencing his labours. He thought only of furnishing the poets of his own and of later times with a sort

of *Gradus ad Parnassum*, the rendering of the figurative language used by the old poets into the phraseology of ordinary life, and the poetical garb in which aspirants should clothe common ideas.

From the time when Odin made his ground good in Sweden till the establishment of Christianity, the deeds and praises of the gods, their friendly offices towards the human race, and their ever-uneasy relations with the giants of *Fotunheim*, largely entered into the compositions of the Scalds. These professors committed little or none of their compositions to paper or parchment. They were professionals, took pupils under their charge, and probably gave them certificates of some kind when they had committed to memory their five times or seven times fifty lays, as the bards of Ireland did to their students. The language of the Scalds was highly figurative. A professor would no more think of mentioning an important personage or thing by the every-day term, than a loyal subject of our Queen would take the liberty of addressing her by her mere Christian name. The earth was the "Body of Ymer," the last day was the "Twilight of the Gods," poetry was the "Beverage of Odin," the giants, the "Sons of Frost," &c.

It was, then, to show he exact relation between the ordinary language of his day and the Scaldic euphuism that Snorro compiled his dictionary. It was the more necessary as the nominally Christian bards had saddled the pagan burthen with some later encumbrances bearing the stamp of the better belief, and the form of modern modes of thought.

The Clavis began with the names of the twelve gods, and after the list they were repeated with the poetical equivalents after each appellation. To the name Odin were appended one hundred and twenty-six paraphrases, any one of which

would convey to the mind of the poetic student some presentment of the sovereign of Asgard. He was the "Father of Ages," the "Thick-browed One," the "Eagle," the "Father of Verses," the "Whirlwind," the "Burner," "He who showers arrows," &c. Loke was the "Father of the Great Serpent," the "Father of Death," the "Adversary," the "Accuser," the "Deceiver of the Gods." Freya was the "Goddess of Love," the "Divinity of the Golden Tears," the "Goddess benign and Liberal."

Then followed the words in ordinary poetic use many of them unintelligible to modern scholars, but some of the equivalents of ordinary expressions possessing striking and poetic qualities. Rivers were the "Perspiration of the Earth," the "Blood of the Valleys;" arrows,— "Daughters of Destruction," the "Hail falling on Helms." The battle-axe was the "Hand of Slaughter;" the eye, the "Lamp of the Visage," the "Diamond of the Head;" the hair, "Forest of the Head;" where white, they were the "Snow of the Brain." Herbage was the "Fleece and the Hair of the Earth;" the earth itself, the "Skiff that floats on the Ocean of Ages," the "Foundation of the Firmament," the "Daughter of Night," night itself, the "Veil of Discourse and of Care." A battle was the "Clash of Arms," the "Hail-Storm of Darts," the "Clang of Swords," the "Bath of Blood." The sea was the "Field of the Sea Rover;" the ship was their "Skate," and the "Steed of the Waves," &c.

This portion of Snorro's *Edda* was called the *Scalda*, as those whose science it included were called, *Skaldr*,—men of sense and judgment. The Gaelic *Caill* implies the same qualities. These men of imagination and metre occasionally abused their privileges, and if they were men of sense they wrapped up this good gift so carefully that it

was beyond the power of mortal man, other than a Scald, to unwrap it again, or arrive at its comprehension. Here is an example. There is a quatrain in Icelandic verse, consisting of fifteen words, which when translated into English must be taken in this order (the figures denote the original arrangement).

2, 1, 3, 4, 15, 13, 11, 5, 7, 14, 8, 6, 9, 10, 12.

The words so transposed bear this sense:—"I hang the round, beaten, gaping snake on the end of the bridge of the mountain bird, at the gallows of Odin's shield."

This sentence, imposing in appearance, and almost approaching the sublime, simply conveyed to the mind of a Scaldic student, "I put this ring on my finger," the following analysis furnishing the clue to a reconciliation. The "round, beaten, gaping snake" is a ring; the "mountain bird," is the hawk; his bridge is the hand (of the falconer); the extremity of the hand is the finger; the "gallows of the shield," *i.e.*, the thing on which it hangs, is the arm; the finger is, of course, in the neighbourhood of the arm, the whole strikingly illustrating the fable of the mountain and its diminutive offspring. The reader will probably be pleased to have the original quatrain submitted to his eyes. It is to be found, with other specimens of Icelandic poetry, in Von Troil's *Iceland*, Dublin, 1780.

Heingi eg hamri kringdan
Hang a riupu tangar,
Grimnis sylgs a galga
Gynnung bruar linna.

In some MSS. of Snorro's *Edda* is found a treatise on the mechanism of Icelandic poetry, but our limits will not admit of a descant on alliteration, assonance, governing words, &c.

An instance of the troublesome research required for the explanation of some Scaldic phrase is furnished by the following myth, illustrating the connexion of poetry with the

"Beverage of Odin." This king of Asgard, traversing the earth with one or two others of the Æsir, in order to judge of its political and social condition, was hospitably entertained at the house of a childless peasant. They blessed him with a son in the same mode as Jupiter, Apollo, and Mercury, did their entertainer, the future father of Orion (see Smith or Lempriere). This youth, named *Kuaser*, was replete with knowledge and wisdom, and traversed sundry countries, affording information, and giving lessons of wisdom to all who wished for improvement in science or morals.

The great worth of Kuaser having excited the displeasure of two pestilent dwarfs, they seized on him, slew him, filled a vase with his blood, mixed honey with it, and the mixture became the fount of poetry. Whoever tasted it, was at once inspired with the true spirit of poetic genius. The gods losing sight of their gifted son, made inquiries in many quarters, especially from the dwarfs, who cunningly removed all blame from themselves by relating that Kuaser had died from a plethora of wisdom and knowledge. "Much as he was questioned by every one with whom he forgathered, the queries were not sufficient in number to relieve his brain and heart, by drawing off the crowded and pressed contents, and death had come to his relief."

The astute and treacherous rogues were not long left in enjoyment of their plunder. A giant, whom they had offended, set them to perish on a small, lonely rock in the ocean, and they would have perished but for their vase of poetic liquor. This they offered as ransom, it was accepted, they were sent about their business, and the vase conveyed into the bowels of a mountain, and entrusted to the care of the giant's daughter, the fair *Gunloda*.

These circumstances coming to the knowledge of the gods, they consulted on the mode of recovering the

treasure. The thing was not easy of accomplishment, but Odin was equal to the occasion. Taking the form of a worm, he glided through holes and slits till he arrived at the subterranean chamber. Then he assumed his natural form, and so pleased the lady guardian that she willingly allowed him to take three cups of the liquor. These were such mighty draughts, that when he removed the third cup from his lips there was not a drop left at the bottom of the vase. Just then the giant being heard approaching, the intruder, assuming the form of an eagle, bent his flight to Asgard, but was hotly pursued by the bereaved man, in the shape of a still larger and stronger bird.

Odin was nearly powerless as he approached the lofty entrance of his palace, but the gods being on the watch, saw how things stood, and as they were aware that the quantity of liquor carried by their sovereign much impeded his flying powers, they laid in a moment sundry vessels on the line of his approach. These received through his beak the greater portion of the precious mixture, but not all. The pursuer wisely checked his flight at this juncture, and allowed the Æsir to secure their much-coveted spoil. Draughts of this are afforded to all who are predestined to be true poets. If any mere mechanical builder of verse pretends he has imbibed a mouthful of the divine liquor, believe him not. He has not tasted a drop, which, on the occasion

described, fell into one of the vases of Asgard from the eagle's bill.

From the circumstance here faithfully related the gift of poetry is called, in the language of the Scalds, the "Blood of Kuaser," the "Beverage of the Dwarfs," the "Ransom of the Dwarfs," and the "Beverage of Odin." If the young Scald was obliged to remember much more than is here set down, in order to have a just conception of the origin of one poetical expression, who can form an idea of the labour and time necessary for the formation of a poet of reputation?

There is every probability that the composition of the main body of the later *Edda* was the result of an after thought. When the *Scalda* was in progress, or near its completion, the composer could not have been otherwise than sensible that students meeting with such explanations as these: "The Sea is the Blood of Ymer, the rocks his bones, the grass his hair;" "Poetry is the Beverage of the Dwarfs," would scarcely be satisfied till they became acquainted with the circumstances which gave rise to the expressions. He consequently compiled an abstract of the mythical history of the cosmogony of gods and men, from their first appearance to their destruction, with the subsequent renewal of the globe under the government of the ALFADER. The needful information was given in the form of a dialogue, a popular framework for treatises among northern writers.



LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

LORD PLUNKET (*continued*).—The efficiency of the Catholic Association was tested prior to the general election of 1826, when it was resolved that all its efforts should be directed to one great object,—the returning to Parliament of Liberal Protestants pledged to support emancipation. Several of the counties were then under the absolute control of the great families whose titles to their estates were of no higher antiquity than the Act of Settlement. The Beresfords were supreme in Waterford, and their nominees had long represented that county. Their influence was strong, but that of the Catholic clergy was stronger still. The people everywhere refused to vote with their landlords; and neither the terrors of ejection, nor the remembrances of past, nor the hopes of future kindnesses at their landlords' hands, could prevail with men who were ready to sacrifice all—even life itself—for the great cause in hand. In the county of Louth the nominee of Lord Roden was displaced by Mr. Dawson, the nominee of the Association. Men favourable to the emancipation were returned in many of the counties and boroughs throughout Ireland.

The new parliament met in February, 1827. There was then at the helm a statesman (Lord Liverpool) who had, during his fifteen years of office, been opposed to any concessions to the Roman Catholics. Few men even of that day were more conservative than he; and with his death, on the 17th of the same month, perished the great obstacle

to the settlement of the Catholic question. After considerable doubts, delays, and difficulties, George Canning at length, on the 10th of April, received instructions to form a Government. No sooner had this appointment been made known, than the No-Popery Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, Lord Eldon, and several other members of the Cabinet resigned. Catholic hopes brightened during this short but memorable *regime*. Without holding out to the Catholics any very decided expectations of concessions, Mr. Canning was yet known to entertain views favourable to a settlement of their claims. He had himself, a very few years previously, introduced a Bill to enable Catholic peers to sit in the House of Lords; and his devotion to the Catholic cause was the ground upon which he had been deserted by his former colleagues. Mr. Plunket expected, as a matter of course, that he would have been appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland; but so strong were the anti-Catholic feelings of his Majesty, George IV., that he declined to sanction the appointment of one who had so long been the champion of the Roman Catholics. Lord Manners, therefore, on the urgent request of the King, continued in office until one whose tastes, foreign alike from politics and from religion, could be found. Sir Anthony Hart was that man, and Plunket was passed over.¹ He was then appointed Master of the Rolls in England; but the English bar signified their determination not to permit

¹ Vide Life of Sir Anthony Hart.

anyone who was not a member of their body to hold a judicial place on the English bench. Lord Norbury was then persuaded to retire from the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Common Pleas, and Mr. Plunket was appointed his successor, and raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Plunket, of Newton, in the county of Cork. He then addressed a parting letter to the Provost of Trinity College (dated London, 24th April, 1827), announcing that the long connexion that had "subsisted between the University of Dublin and himself as their representative in Parliament, was about to be dissolved, in consequence of His Majesty having graciously signified his intention of raising him to the peerage."¹

The accession of Plunket to the House of Peers was regarded by the Catholics as the morning star of a happier day. Much, too, had been expected from Canning in the Lower House; but his tenure of office was short. A sudden death closed his career, in the month of August following.

Canning was succeeded by Lord Goderich, and his administration gave place, in January, 1828, to that of the Duke of Wellington, with Sir Robert Peel as Secretary for the Home Department. Both of these statesmen were the avowed and inveterate enemies of the liberties of Catholics. In the month of May following Sir F. Burdett, after three days' debate, carried a motion for emancipation in the House of Commons by a majority of twelve. On the 9th of June the Marquis of Lansdowne introduced a motion for legislation on the basis of the Commons' resolutions, and it was on this occasion that Lord Plunket made his first appearance in the House of Lords in support of the motion. He was preceded in the

debate by Lord Manners,² whom he had so often bewildered in the Irish Court of Chancery, and whose unflagging hatred to the Catholic claims was just beginning to relax under that pressure which soon caused Wellington and Peel to give way.

In the early part of the session of 1828, a measure which was introduced by Lord John Russell for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, was carried, chiefly on account of the languid opposition made to it by Sir Robert Peel, who was then in a transition state, and all but ready to concede the Catholics emancipation. Several members now seceded from the Cabinet, and were succeeded by men of Liberal principles, and amongst those came Mr. Vesey Fitz-Gerald, the member of Parliament for the county of Clare. His re-election for his native county appeared a matter of course. He was the warm friend of emancipation, and, moreover, the son of Prime-Serjeant Fitz-Gerald, who had been deprived of his office by Lord Clare for the active part he had taken against the Union.

The thought, however, soon forced itself on the minds of men—had not there been a resolution on the minutes of the Catholic Association that every candidate who should not pledge himself against the Duke of Wellington's administration should be opposed? Now, here was a well-trying friend of the Catholics—a friend who had always voted in their favour—actually a member of that administration, and seeking re-election at the hands of the constituency of his native county. Mr. O'Connell was of opinion that the above resolution should, so far as the Clare election was concerned, be suspended. His motion, after a stormy debate, was negatived, and the result was that Clare was to be contested.

¹ Ibid, p. 247.

² Vide Life of Lord Manners—*Dublin University Magazine*, vol. lxxix.

The question now arose, who was to contest that county? The leaders of the Catholic party met on an evening at O'Connell's house in Merrion Square, and the next morning the City of Dublin was startled and all Ireland was aroused by an address from O'Connell himself to the electors of Clare, soliciting their suffrages, and affirming that "he was qualified to be elected and to serve them in Parliament, although he would never take the oath, that the sacrifice of the mass was impious and idolatrous; for," continued he, "the authority which created those oaths (the Parliament), can abrogate them, and I entertain a confident hope that if you elect me, the most bigoted of our enemies will see the necessity of removing, from the chosen representatives of the people, an obstacle which would prevent him doing his duty to his king and his country."¹

And now the contest had commenced. The Fitz-Geralds, the Vandeleurs, and the Macnamaras had each a powerful influence in that county. Their tenants had, in times past, voted as their landlords had directed; but a new order of things had arisen, and the people, bowed down under the weight of penal enactments (not heavier, perhaps, than those that pressed on the Protestants of France in the time of Louis XIV.), were maddened by the declamations of the Catholic clergy, who, like the pastors of the Waldenses, denounced, in unmeasured terms, the severities of the Penal code, which affixed a stamp of inferiority on their brow. The priests in Clare were omnipresent; they were the leaders of the people; they spoke to them in secret and in public; by night and by day; on the altar steps, and on the mountain side; in the highways, and in places of public resort, calling up the memories of the past, denouncing the wrongs of

the present, and promising imperishable crowns to those who would brave the landlord's power at the coming election.

The contest went on, and O'Connell was returned by the overwhelming majority of 982. After an argument before the Assessor, Mr. (afterwards judge) Keatinge, in which it was contended that a Catholic could not be legally returned, that learned gentleman overruled the objection on the ground that it rested with the Parliament itself, on the oath being tendered and refused, to exclude a representative; and O'Connell was proclaimed duly elected, and the indenture of return sent on the same night to the Clerk of the Hanaper.

Hitherto the Protestant members of Parliament—Grattan, and Ponsonby, and Vesey Fitz-Gerald himself—appeared in the House as the counsel of the Catholics; but all was now changed. Their clients, taking the matter into their own hands, now thundered at the doors of Parliament. The Duke of Wellington, who had a few months before declared that he "could not comprehend the possibility of placing Roman Catholics in a Protestant legislature with any kind of safety, as his personal knowledge told him that no king, however Catholic, could govern his Catholic subjects without the aid of the Pope,"—this Duke, who had taken office expressly to defeat their claims, became suddenly converted, and felt that the choice lay between Catholic emancipation and civil war. Sir Robert Peel followed his great leader.

The Parliament met in February, 1829, and the King's speech left no doubt that the hour of emancipation was at hand. His Majesty recommended Parliament to review the laws imposing civil disabilities on the Catholics with a view to their

¹ Vide the Freeman's Journal of 1828-29.

removal. A Bill for Suppressing the Catholic Association having passed both Houses unanimously, Sir Robert Peel introduced, on the 5th of March, his measure for Catholic emancipation. He then moved for a committee of the whole House, for "the consideration of civil disabilities of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects." In the Upper House the anti-Catholic party, led on by Lord Eldon, endeavoured to procrastinate by moving for an account of the Roman Catholics in England who had taken the oaths under the Act of 1791, and in Ireland under the Act of 1793. The Lord Chancellor spoke against the emancipation, and was followed by Lord Plunket,¹ who advocated the removal of all disabilities from the Roman Catholics.

The Catholic Relief Bill came to the Upper House on the 4th of April, and was debated for a second reading next day. The Duke of Wellington led the discussion, with a distinct intimation that the King's government in Ireland had become impossible without Catholic emancipation. The Bishop of Oxford supported the measure. The Archbishop of Canterbury, leading the episcopal Bench in the opposition, was followed on the same side by the Primate of all Ireland and the Bishop of Salisbury. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham were also heard in the opposition. Lord Eldon, nothing changed, predicted the endless evils which would follow the toleration of the Popish faith.

Lord Plunket was the last speaker on that memorable debate. He felt no apprehension of danger to the Established Church by the introduction of Roman Catholics into a House where the great majority were Protestants. He insisted "that the violent reclamation against the proposed measure which has been

made on the part of many of the Protestants in Ireland, did not grow from a religious panic, or any apprehension for the safety of the Protestant Establishment, as in this country; nor again, from a sordid desire of monopoly, which I do not believe exists to any considerable extent in either country. No, my lords, the feeling which, I frankly own, bursts spontaneously from the hearts of the great body of the lower classes of Protestants and Protestant Dissenters, especially in the north of Ireland, is that of resentment at being deprived of the enjoyment of a sense of superiority, which has been bred by the law, and in which they have indulged for more than a century; the right of putting out their hand and pushing back their equals in their progress to an honourable station in society—a privilege from which they derive no substantial benefit, no advantage other than the luxury of insulting and degrading their fellow-citizens. My lords, it is this perpetual consciousness of legal superiority which elevates the brow of the Protestant, and corrodes the heart, and breaks down till it rouses to fury the elastic spirit of his Roman Catholic neighbour. My lords, in the higher classes of society, this feeling is corrected by courtesy and by those habits which belong to rank and to education. In this House (although I think I have heard the topic of idolatry pushed rather beyond its due limit), the exclusion is justified on principles of state policy. It is said, 'You are very worthy and honourable people, we respect you very much; but we are sorry that there are political reasons which require the continuance of your exclusion from the state.' But in Ireland, my lords, and amongst the classes which compose the great body of the persons who exult in their legal superiority,

¹ Vide Hansard.

the language is more offensive than even the exclusion. 'You are an idolater—you are not to be believed on your oath—your religion is odious, and corrupt, and unchristian. What claim can *you* have to be associated with us in the exercise of the privileges of freemen?' 'What!' says the Protestant shopkeeper, 'shall I think myself safe, or fairly dealt with, if a Roman Catholic judge has any share in the administration of the laws by which I am to be governed?' What must the Roman Catholic gentleman feel, on the other hand? 'Am I fairly dealt with, and am I to feel thankful when the law by which I am to be governed is administered *exclusively* by Protestants?' It is not that they are not well and fairly administered, but the claim and the principle are founded in folly and insolence, and it is not in human nature that this daily and hourly claim of unmeaning superiority can be patiently endured. The Roman Catholics see the Protestant Establishment embedded in the State, and in all its institutions, and that it could not be overturned without the subversion of the State itself and along with it all its privileges, and rights and liberties, which they (the Roman Catholics) expected to transmit to their posterity. My lords," he continued, "every Roman Catholic well knows, that the Protestant Establishment of Ireland is indissolubly bound up with the establishment of England, and that neither the Church of England *nor the Government of England will ever permit* the Protestant Church of Ireland to be subverted!"

Having repeated those unprophetic arguments, so well-known to our readers, in favour of Catholic emancipation, and which he had so often and in other places put before the world, he thus concluded:—

"My lords, there is only one

other topic to which I think necessary to advert. Many noble lords said, they would be disposed to waive their objections to the proposed measure, if they could believe it would afford a reasonable hope of giving tranquillity to Ireland. A noble earl, who always speaks with distinguished ability (Lord Mansfield) has applied himself particularly to this consideration. He will excuse me if I say, that he does not appear to me to have taken that high view of the subject to which his eminent abilities might have led him. He has, I think, overlooked the question—"Ought it to satisfy the Irish people?" My lords, I do in my conscience believe that it will satisfy the Irish Roman Catholics, because I am sure it ought to satisfy them, and this, my lords, is the true question of the statesman. If he is satisfied that he is rendering justice, he may confidently expect tranquillity. Hitherto the Roman Catholics have been engaged in the honourable pursuit of legitimate objects; they have been unanimous in that pursuit—the great body of the intelligent Protestants in Ireland have gone with them. But if unfortunately they should not be satisfied with obtaining what is just and reasonable, or if factious and designing agitators should endeavour to rouse them to acts of disturbance of the public tranquillity, our position is totally altered—the rational portion of their own body will not join with them; the Protestants to a man will be united against them; you will no longer have an entire people to contend against—turbulent individuals you can punish by the law; and if unfortunately the ordinary power of the law should be found insufficient, my noble friend may confidently come to Parliament and call for its co-operation, in arming the executive with extraordinary powers—by being honest he is enabled to be strong.

"But, my lords, I will hope for better things ; the Roman Catholics appear already to be tranquillised even by the announcement of this measure. I trust also that now that THE ASSOCIATION and all its irritations are at an end, Brunswick Clubs will disappear.

"My lords, much allowance is to be made for the Catholics. They have been goaded and irritated, they have been alarmed for their own safety. On the part of many of them, their association has been merely in self-defence—like their adversaries associating for a lawful purpose, they have been led into excesses which cannot be justified, but I am full of hope they will speedily subside into tranquillity. There does not exist in any part of the world a finer race of people than the Protestants of the north of Ireland. I speak from personal knowledge of many of them—and of large bodies of men, religious, sober, industrious, intelligent men. When they come to understand the real nature and operation of this measure, I am persuaded that instead of considering themselves as sufferers, they will feel relieved from the infliction of the nominal and useless superiority over their fellow-subjects, which the impolicy of our laws had imposed on them ; and I well know that those amongst your lordships, and in the other House of Parliament, who have most strenuously opposed this Bill, will be amongst the foremost to exert themselves to ensure its beneficial operation."

This speech closed the debate, the House divided, and the Bill, which was carried by a majority of 105, became the law of the land on the 13th of April 1829. It was on

that day that George IV. gave his royal assent to the Bill, and at the same hour there happened a strange coincidence which filled for a time the minds of men with a superstitious awe. A lofty column on the walls of Derry, bore the effigy of Bishop Walker, who fell at the battle of the Boyne. The figure, armed with a sword sacred to Protestant ascendancy turned its steadfast point to the broad estuary of Lough Foyle. Neither wintry storms, nor summer heats had loosened it in the grasp of the warlike Churchman until the moment that the King signed the Catholic Emancipation when the sword fell with a crash on the ramparts of Derry.¹

The Emancipation Bill passed, O'Connell presented himself at the bar of the House to take the oaths ; but a clause, aiming at him, had been inserted in the Act which admitted only those who should, "after the commencement of that Act be returned as members of the House of Commons" to take their seats under the new oaths. O'Connell had been returned previous to the passing of the Act, and he having refused, at the table of the House of Commons, to swear that "the sacrifice of the mass is impious and idolatrous," the seat was declared vacant, and a new writ issued to hold an election for the county of Clare. It will be remembered that almost contemporaneous with the Emancipation Act, was passed another Bill, with a view practically to exclude Catholics from Parliament, by disfranchising their constituents, the forty-shilling freeholders,² and by raising the qualification to £10, being double that which was required in England. O'Connell then pre-

¹ Life of Lord Plunket by his Grandson, vol. ii, 319. Vide, also, Popular History of Ireland, by Thomas Magee, vol. ii., p. 803.

² The right to vote was until the reign of Henry VII. an incident to the freehold, irrespective of its value. It was then confined to such persons as had lands or tenements of the annual value of 40 shillings, and so it remained for a period of 334 years. Vide "The Law relating to the Qualification and Registration of Parliamentary Voters in Ireland," by John William Carleton, Esq., Q.C., 4th edition, pp. 1-39.

sented himself for re-election for Clare, and was returned without opposition. This ungenerous conduct of the British Government, or rather of Sir Robert Peel, who inserted the clause to prevent O'Connell taking his seat, has since been censured by every writer on the subject from that time to the present.¹ "A strong but just feeling of indignation," writes the Honourable David Plunket, "was excited in Ireland. It seemed hard that the measure of justice, so long delayed, and ultimately extorted by force, should have even at the very last been conceded reluctantly, ungraciously, and in a spirit of malice and contumely."²

The hope that the Emancipation Act would bring tranquillity to this unhappy country was now proved to have been delusive; ejectments followed ejectments with unexampled rapidity in every Catholic county in Ireland. Pauperism had rapidly increased, and nothing appeared to the masses of the people to have been gained by the Emancipation Act but seats in Parliament for aspiring Catholic barristers, who it was feared would sacrifice promises, compacts, and oaths, to thrust themselves in on the judicial bench. "The Catholic Emancipation of 1829," writes Mr. Heron, Q.C., "enabled some of the middle classes to start fairly with professors of other creeds in the race of life for prizes of fortune, yet the position of the peasantry was wholly unaffected by any of the legislation between 1805 and 1831, except by one important change. The forty-shilling freeholders were abolished. Catholic Emancipation has been of no use to the Irish peasantry. They suffered more from 1843 to 1863 than they did under the penal laws of the whole eighteenth century. Down to 1830, the greater number of

them had at least a life estate in their holdings."³

The discontent and disappointment of the people, who were reduced from bad to worse, found vent in occasional deeds of violence—murders became more numerous than before. Landlords who had presumed to eject their tenants were shot down with hands as merciless as their own. Incoming tenants, bailiffs, and tithe-proctors, were mown down, too, by a peasantry maddened to despair. Such was the dismal state of society in Ireland at the death of George IV., in 1830.

We now come to the Reform Bill. As early as 1782, Mr. Pitt endeavoured to carry a measure on the question of "Reform" of Parliament, but was defeated by a majority of twenty. In the following year the majority against it was 144, and 74 in 1785. The excesses of the French Revolution caused a reaction, and nothing further was done in the matter for many years. By 1830, however, the tide turned, and the matter again assumed the most serious proportions. The Tory ministry of the Duke of Wellington resigned in the November of that year, and a Reform ministry was formed by Earl Grey. Sir Anthony Hart then retired from the Chancellorship, and Lord Plunket was appointed, on the 23rd of December, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Parliament re-assembled on the 3rd of February, 1831, when Lord John Russell introduced the measure in the Commons; and on the 22nd of March the second reading was carried by a majority of one in a house counting 608 members. So great was the agitation in the Upper House that the Lords commenced the debate without waiting for the decision of the Commons. Lord Plunket spoke in favour of the change in the

¹ Vide Allison's *History of Europe from 1815*, vol. iv.

² *Life of Lord Plunket* by his Grandson, vol. ii., p. 318.

³ *Historical Statistics of Ireland*, by Denis Canfield Heron, LL.D., Q.C., pp. 13-17.

the law advocated by those who had brought in the Bill.

"He had not," he said, "been an inattentive observer of the progress of society, and the nature of his studies had pretty well acquainted him with the history of this country; and the page of history showed nothing more clearly than that from the beginning of its political existence there had been a continued course of changes, when the circumstances of the country required changes to be adopted. He found the people of England at all times clinging to one great principle; the polar star which guided them at all times—at least through a period of 1000 years, during which the constitution had been preserved—the principle, that it was the people's birthright that the freedom of their persons and the enjoyment of their property was not to be injured or affected but by their own consent. They had at all times given effect to that great principle. That was the basis of their free government, and that principle all the rules and regulations, which were the offspring of times and circumstances, were intended to carry into effect. They never had the folly to say that this great principle should bend to rules and regulations, but they always adapted their rules and regulations to this principle. Nothing could be more revolutionary in relation to this great principle than to adopt some stickfast resolution, which would prevent this principle from being at all times acted on. Looking at facts, did not our history abound with great changes? Was not the Reformation, which altered all the property of the Church, a great change—a salutary change indeed, but a great change? What did their lordships say to the Union with Scotland, which altered the whole parliamentary constitution of the country? or what did they say to the Union with Ireland? Were not these great and extensive changes? He could enumerate many more

changes, but he would content himself with adverting to the last and great change which admitted the Catholics into the bosom of the State. These were all great and rapid changes. What would their lordships say to the King's power and prerogative to issue writs for new places? That was a permanent machinery for perpetual change. That power had been, perhaps, unduly exercised, and there had resulted a great abuse; and were they not to exercise the prerogative of parliament, and get rid of that abuse? Persons who did not see these things must explore history, not with the eyes of statesmen or of philosophers, but merely with the curiosity of antiquaries. They did not look at the great lesson which history afforded, but they stereotyped it, or, like antiquaries with coins, they did not care for the legend inscribed on them—they valued them for the rust. Great and most important changes had taken place in England since the Revolution of 1688. The rapid and astonishing influx of wealth had absolutely changed the whole state of the middle classes of society. Those middle classes consisted of persons well acquainted with every useful branch of art and science; they were fully capable of forming enlightened views and sound principles upon all political and moral questions, and upon all points connected with the State. This class of persons had been raised in England into astonishing power, and they now came forward and demanded a reform with an irresistible pressure. Parliament had to choose between two alternatives. Would they oppose their present institutions, enfeebled as they were by abuses and tottering with corruption, so often and so ably pointed out and exposed, to stand the shock of these great rushes of public opinion, or would they receive these people, the middle classes, into the pale of the constitution, and by giving them

their due share in the representation, claim them as friends and allies, instead of opposing them as aliens and enemies? The spread of intelligence amongst the lower orders, and even amongst the middle classes, was considered by many to be dangerous to the state. Widely different were his opinions upon the subject; but he would only say, that whether it were or were not dangerous, certain it was that there were no means of stopping it. He did not consider the diffusion of knowledge to be dangerous to society, but the most fatal proofs existed of the inconvenience and dangers arising from a population in a state of ignorance. The spread of imperfect light might be attended with danger; but it was a danger to be removed only by a diffusion of more perfect information. Purify the institutions of the country, and no safety-lamps would be required. It had been said, in terms of exultation, that the constitution of England was an admirable constitution—that it worked well—that it produced the most perfect moral and intellectual state of a population, and it was the glory and happiness of the country, and the envy of all foreign nations. He would avow, with the greatest satisfaction, that he did not believe, with all its defects, that there could be found, in the page of ether ancient or modern history, a single constitution that had worked so well even for the good of the people. He would acknowledge with pride and satisfaction, that the constitution of England was the envy of all less favoured nations. All this was perfectly true. He believed that every civilised nation admired in the English constitution the Bill of Rights, the institution of the jury, the *Habeas Corpus* Act, the independence of the

judges, and the impartial administration of the laws by judges, who were independent of the influence of the Crown, and lastly the theory of our independent legislature. Having acknowledged all this, he would now only beg leave to ask, who among those foreign admirers of the British Constitution ever fell in love with the corporation of Old Sarum,¹ or enamoured with the free representation of Gatton?² Who would say that the British Constitution had ever been admired out of England at least, because there existed the practice of trafficking in boroughs, and the privileges of buying and selling the rights of the people? These were not the subjects of admiration with anybody—they were plague-spots to be purified, or vices to be held in execration. If the constitution worked well, it was not from the variety of its abuses, or the number of its deformities, but in spite of them. Remove these and they would restore it to its proper form and vigour.”

After a lengthened debate, the measure passed by a majority of one; but on the motion for a committee, an amendment, affirming that the number of representatives for England and Wales ought not to be diminished, was carried, against the Government, by a majority of eight.

The Prime Minister (Earl Grey), and the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain (Lord Brougham) were resolved that the Reform Bill should pass into a law, but with the present parliament, that was impossible; they therefore, without consulting the King, determined to dissolve. Lord Brougham ordered the crown and royal robes for the occasion; he also summoned the heralds, great officers of state, and guards, to accompany His Majesty to the

¹ This town, once great, was deserted by nearly all its inhabitants in the reign of Henry VII., nevertheless it continued to send two members to Parliament until it was disfranchised by the Reform Act of 1832.

² This borough, consisting of 22 houses, returned previous to the Reform Act two members to Parliament.

House. When everything was in readiness, Lord Brougham waited on the King, and called upon him to dissolve the parliament at once, and on that very day ! The King at first refused ; he reminded the Chancellor how the House of Commons had just granted him a good civil list, and had settled a handsome annuity on his wife, and further, he added, it was impossible to dissolve parliament on that day. How could it be done without the regular paraphernalia, robes, heralds, and army ? When he was told that all had been ordered and prepared without consulting him, in a rage, he charged the Chancellor with having committed high-treason. Brougham replied, that he had, and was ready to take the consequences ; but first of all, the safety of the State required that the Parliament should be dissolved. Borne down by the haughty and overbearing demeanour of the Chancellor, the King consented. Parliament was dissolved, and a general election took place. A radical parliament, elected amid revolutionary riots, carried the whole Bill to the Upper House, by majorities wonderful in the days of close boroughs. In the debate on the second reading, which took place on the 6th of October, 1831, and which was one of marvellous brilliancy, Lord Plunket made a speech, which has been regarded by Lord Brougham with intense admiration. Of the Irish Parliament, and of the system of want of representation in Ireland, he thus speaks :

“ The Irish Parliament, for thirty or forty years before its gross and scandalous profligacy led to the Act of Union, was a mockery of the very name of representation, containing as it did over 200 members, over whose election the people of Ireland had as much control as the people, and who had no principle but venality, and no occupation but

sordid self-aggrandisement, and yet that parliament, perhaps he should say in spite of it, owing chiefly to the exertions of a band of patriots and orators, of whom Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan were the leaders, was instrumental in raising Ireland from barbarism to comparative civilisation—from poverty to comparative wealth, and in enabling Ireland to make the most rapid strides towards commercial importance. That profligate parliament passed wholesome measures with respect to trade, repealed *bigotted* laws, removed several of the penal disabilities against the Catholics—and yet, surely, not even the noble Marquis of Londonderry, who was so eccentric in his political idiosyncrasies, would venture to say, that the Irish Parliament was a faithful representation of the people. The Union put an end to that monstrous system of profligacy, and as completed by the admirable measure of Catholic emancipation, for which the friends of Ireland never could be too grateful to the noble duke opposite, had effected much towards improving the representation of the Irish people. But much remained to be done which only a measure like the present could accomplish.” The noble and learned lord proceeded to proclaim his hostility to the repeal of the Union, and “ that though he had, when early in his political career, raised his voice with vehemence against the measure of the Union, and though he was far from regretting his conduct on that occasion, he, now that the measure had been completed, would resist its repeal to the last moment of his existence. Notwithstanding its monstrous abuses, the Irish parliament effected some good, as, notwithstanding the monstrous absurdity of the present representation of Scotland, the people of that country had advanced in wealth, intelli

gence, and national prosperity. But would any man deny that the people of Scotland were dissatisfied with their representative mockery of a system? Could he deny that they would be thrown into a state of frenzy and fury by having their hopes of reform disappointed? It required no very minute acquaintance with that country to be able to answer the question with confidence; all that was wanting was, a knowledge of the ordinary workings of human nature. The knowledge showed, that the natural result of increased wealth and intelligence was an increased anxiety for the possession of that right without which these advantages lose half their value, namely political freedom. There were other topics which he was anxious to touch upon, but felt unwilling to trespass longer on their lordships' attention."

The debate for the day closed with this speech. It was resumed on the following day. Lord Eldon, then in his 82nd year, once again reappearing in the house, and warning the peers that if this Bill were carried, the British constitution would indeed be annihilated. He told them that he came from the verge of the grave, to warn and entreat them to reject the Bill. On the same day Lord Brougham delivered from the woosack the grand oration which he ended by imploring the Lords, on bended knees, as they valued their honours, privileges, and estates, not to reject the Bill. Nevertheless, they did reject it, by a majority of 41 proxies.

In the month of May, next year, they succumbed to terror, and the Bill was carried through the Upper House through the influence of the Duke of Wellington, the entreaties of the King, and the determination of ministers to create peers until the hostile majority was swamped.

The year 1832, remarkable in

England for the Reform Bill, was not less remarkable in Ireland for the tremendous agitation against the payment of tithes to the Protestant Church. The King, in his speech from the throne, recommended the attention of Parliament to the subject of tithes, and a committee of the House of Peers was appointed to investigate and report upon that question. On that committee were the Archbishops of Canterbury and Armagh, the Bishops of London and Killaloe, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Plunket, and several other peers. After a searching examination of many witnesses, amongst whom was Dr. Doyle,¹ the committee (all Protestants) made their report, recommending the commutation of the tithes to a charge upon the land, but in no way suggesting the abolition of the Establishment which it was reserved for other statesmen to accomplish. In the debate on the reception of this report, it was stated that the Protestant clergy of the south of Ireland were reduced to a state of the most abject want. A bill was then introduced into Parliament authorising an issue from the consolidated fund of a large sum of money to relieve those who were unable to collect their tithes by reason of the opposition of the people. Lord Plunket was in favour of the grant, which was denounced by O'Connell in unmeasured terms, and his denunciations were not without effect. The people were resolved, come what may, no longer to pay a farthing of tithes for the support of a Church from whose doctrines they dissented.

Lord Plunket was now opposed to O'Connell on divers questions; the former upheld the Church which the latter laboured to pull down. His lordship was a firm supporter of that union between Great Britain and Ireland which in his earlier years he deprecated, and which

¹ Vide *Life of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle*, by W. J. Fitz-Patrick, Esq., J.P., vol. ii., pp. 527-383.

O'Connell unalterably opposed ; but O'Connell was the glory of the bar, and his great talents were recognised by Lord Chancellor Plunket, who granted him a patent of precedence, to which his learning in the law so well entitled him to.

On the 27th of February, 1832, this matter was brought before the House of Lords, when the Chancellor first defended his conduct in granting the patent, and next attacked the Orange rather than the Catholic agitators of the day. He said—

“He was responsible for having affixed the great seal to the patent of precedence to Mr. O'Connell. He did not stand up there as his advocate, nor for the agitators of either side, from both of whom he had received nothing but obloquy, which he valued for this reason, that, next to the approbation of good men, he most esteemed the obloquy of bad men. He, therefore, rested his defence on the same grounds as those who sat beside him. But he might also observe, that that proceeding was totally unconnected with any question of politics, and the patent of precedence was given to Mr. O'Connell only on account of his professional eminence. The ordinary way of granting a patent of precedence in Ireland, was to enable the man to whom it was granted to rank next after the king's attorney and solicitor general. That, however, had not been done for Mr. O'Connell. He had only been named to take rank above those gentlemen much his juniors, whom he had seen promoted over his head. Whatever he might think of Mr. O'Connell in a political point of view, it was impossible to deny that, in his profession, no individual exhibited higher attainments, nor was any man more worthy of the distinction he had received. That being the case, the Government was

bound to accord him the distinction. It was the object of a rational government not to be vindictive but just, and the gift of the patent of precedence was required by justice. He should have been happy if, by that mark of kindness, not incompatible with their duty, Mr. O'Connell had been induced to betake himself to his profession, in which he was entitled to expect the highest honours, but he could not regret what had been done. The noble earl opposite (Earl Roden) had expressed his disgust at the conduct of agitators. They were to be condemned, undoubtedly ; but if he was asked, who was the greatest agitator, he should say, that it was the person who collected together large mobs of ignorant persons—who addressed them in a manner calculated to raise their jealousies, and revive their prejudices—who addressed English people, and called on them to form Protestant Associations—telling them that he loved the Catholics as men, but that they were a set of people who wished to put down the Protestants and their religion. Such a person was the true agitator. Such a person, who thus collected these ignorant assemblages together, and scattered among them ambiguous—no, not ambiguous, but unfounded assertions,—such a person risked the making of Irish agitation not only formidable but desperate. To accomplish that fearful object in Ireland, all that was wanted was—not a war against the state—not a war against the tithes—but a war between the Protestants and Catholics.”¹

That the conferring the patent of precedence on O'Connell, was a graceful act on the part of the Chancellor to the Catholics of Ireland is a fact undeniable, and was accepted by many as such.

The parliament which had passed the Reform Bill, was dissolved on

the 23rd of December, 1832, and the first parliament elected under the new system of representation, assembled on the 29th of January, 1833. On the death of Earl Spencer, in 1834, by which Lord Althorpe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was removed to the Upper House, His Majesty sent for the Duke of Wellington, and directed him to construct a new ministry. On the 9th of December, Sir Robert Peel was gazetted as first Lord of the Treasury, the Duke of Wellington as Foreign Secretary, and Sir Edward Sugden, an English baronet, was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, an appointment thus denounced by Mr. O'Connell.

"He admitted that he was an able lawyer and an able advocate, but were there none such to be found at the Irish Bar? He (Mr. O'Connell) reviewed the past history of the Irish Bar, and described the genius and eloquence of Hussey Burgh, Yelverton, and Curran, and lauded Messrs. Holmes, Perrin, and Pigott, as men of the first abilities and learning of the present day. He deplored the bigotry which prevented men looking to the honour of their country, instead of being influenced by party spleen and bigotry, and treated the appointment of Sir Edward Sugden as an insult and gross injustice to the Irish Bar. But this (he said) had ever been the spirit of domination, pursued by the Tories towards this country, and instanced the appointment of Lords Redesdale and Manners, and Sir Anthony Hart and Sir Edward Sugden, all appointed by Tory administrations. Ponsonby and LORD PLUNKET were Irishmen, and they had been appointed by Whigs."¹

The Tory administration was short-lived. On the 17th of March following, Lord John Russell moved,

"That the House do resolve itself into a committee of the whole House to consider the temporalities of the Church of Ireland, with a view of applying any surplus of the revenues not required for the spiritual care of its members, to the general education of all classes of the people without distinction of religious persuasion." The ministry resisted the motion, a debate ensued, which was kept up with great vigour for four nights, and was brought to a conclusion on the 7th of April, when a division took place, and there appeared 322 for the motion and 289 against it, leaving ministers in a minority of 33.² Sir Robert Peel resigned, and was succeeded by the Whig administration of Lord Melbourne. Sir Edward Sugden's term of office was equally short. On Wednesday, 22nd of April,³ he sat for the last time as Chancellor under this short-lived administration, and then took his departure for England.

Lord Plunket immediately resumed his place as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Mr. Perrin being appointed Attorney, and Mr. O'Loughlen Solicitor-general. The latter stood for the borough of Dungarven, and was returned by an immense majority. The following day, the intelligence of his return arrived in Dublin, and was the cause of one of the *bon-mots* of the Chancellor which is thus reported in *Saunders' News-Letter* of the 7th of May, 1835:—

"COURT OF CHANCERY.—Yesterday.—*Hodgens v. Wheeler*.—When this motion was called on yesterday, an application was made to the court to allow it to stand over, on account of the Solicitor-general, counsel for one of the parties, being still at Dungarven.—Lord Plunket: I understand he's *returned* (*loud laughter*).—The case was then proceeded with."

¹ Saunders' News-Letter for Dec. 22, 1834.

² Alison's Europe, vol. vi., p. 142.

³ Saunders' News-Letter, April 23, 1835.

On the 2nd of June, his lordship dined as a bencher at the King's Inns. After dinner, his health was given amidst loud cheering; four young gentlemen at one of the student's tables evinced some symptoms of dissent, and for a moment withdrew to a side table. Unfortunately, however, they forgot to bring the decanters with them, and the remaining majority acting on the principle that "possession is the strongest point of law," kept to themselves the attractive beverage. The four dissenters immediately returned, and, amid general laughter, in which they heartily joined, resumed their share in the festivities of the evening. The room was crowded with barristers, students, and attorneys, and the occasion passed off in the greatest harmony and hilarity.

The change of ministry was far from lessening the fury of the Catholic population against the system of tithes, blood flowed in torrents throughout the country. The Established clergy reduced to a state of starvation, were forced, in their destitution, to distrain for their tithes, but none could be found so daring as to purchase the property so distrained. The Rev. Mr. M'Clintock had made a seizure in the neighbourhood of Newtownbarry, when twenty people were shot dead. At Carrickshock eleven of the constabulary were killed in endeavouring to protect a bailiff about to make a seizure for tithes due the rector of Knocktopher. The last scene of tithe carnage was enacted at Rathcormac when the police fired a volley on an unarmed crowd, many of whom fell killed and wounded. The combinations amongst the peasantry against the payment of tithes, and their determination to prevent all persons from purchasing at tithe sales, became more organised, and formidable each succeeding day.

The agitation went on increasing

in the early years of the present Queen. The bewildered government, the better to discover the plan of organisation, had recourse to a system of post-office *espionage* which was unknown to the country until 1844. In that year it transpired that the correspondence of Joseph Mazzini had been detained and opened under the auspices of Sir James Graham; the public affected considerable indignation, and a committee of investigation was appointed by the House of Commons. Amongst other facts which then came to light, we learn that, in 1832, the Marquis of Anglesea had applied for and obtained a warrant for the examination of private correspondence as it passed through the General Post Office, Dublin. In 1837 similar warrants were obtained by Lord Plunket and Archbishop Whately, then Lords Justices.

In the following year, May 1838, the tithes were abolished, twenty-five per cent. was struck off the incomes of the Established clergy, and thenceforward the landlords became liable to the parsons for the payment of tithe rent-charge. The Whig ministry now received the undivided support of O'Connell. Lord Normanby, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had found places for Catholic barristers, received Catholic notabilities at the Castle, made tours through the country, and liberated great numbers of persons from the jails. In 1839 he retired from the Vice-Royalty, and was succeeded by Lord Ebrington.

The death, in this year, of Archbishop Trench, placed the see of Tuam, worth £4,700 a-year, at the disposal of the Crown. Lord Plunket's son, the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Plunket was then high in the Church, he was a man devoted to his sacred calling, and upon him was the vacant mitre conferred. Lord Plunket was indebted for this, the richest of the many prizes he had won for his family, to Lord

Ebrington. Few men have been more frequently and more unjustly taunted with providing places for his family at the expense of Church and State than Lord Plunket. The Marquis of Londonderry, in his place in the House of Lords, repeated those accusations, which had also been made in the House of Commons. Lord Plunket then rose and administered to the noble Marquis the following rebuke, which the lovers of irony and cutting sarcasm will find both pleasure and profit in reading:¹—

“My lords, I rise, with your lordships’ permission, to address myself to the question before the House, and for the purpose of replying to one of the most unjust and most unwarrantable attacks that has ever been made on any individual within these walls. The noble Marquis began his observations with a declaration—which I give credit to, as I am bound to believe any statement made by a noble lord—that he had no personal hostility to me; but I leave it to you, my lords, to say, whether his conduct is consistent with that disclaimer of personal hostility. The noble Marquis, under the pretence of asking me a question, has not thought it unbecoming in him to go into a recital of all the falsehoods which newspapers have collected with regard to me or to my family. He has made himself the organ of all the calumnies which have been uttered against me, and without the slightest pretence whatever, has made an attack as bitter, as severe, and as unwarranted, as the slender abilities of the noble lord will allow him to do. Fortunately for me, the ability of the noble lord to strike, lags behind his inclination, as, in natural history, we see that the most venomous are among the least powerful of the animal creation. The noble lord complains that I cried ‘*Hear!*’

some observation of his. I certainly did so: but still am unconscious of having committed any great offence, the rather as I am not apt to complain myself when the noble lord deigns, in his own peculiar tone, to cry ‘*Hear!*’ to any remark of mine. My ‘*Hear!*’ I beg leave to remark, was at least not a scream—not a sound pushed beyond the usual limits of human exclamation—in fact, was not much calculated to alarm the ears or the feelings of my auditors. In this, I confess, there is a marked difference between us; but surely my vocal inability to cope with the noble lord ought not to be charged upon me as an offence. A noble baron opposite (Ellenborough) has defended the noble marquis’s proceedings as not inconsistent with the usages of the House. ‘My noble friend,’ said he, ‘having thought better of it, was by no means irregular in withdrawing the petition he rose to present.’ In this, the noble marquis, then, is only appearing in a new character, exhibiting his dramatic versatility. Allow me to congratulate him in eclipsing even himself as an orator and a logician. It is conceived to be a notable result of most specimens of human eloquence to convince others against their preconceptions, and persuade them to act according to the wishes of the speaker. For the first time, however, in the history of logic and oratory, we now have a ‘learned Daniel,’ who, in the course of his oration, actually persuades, not others, but himself, to act contrary to his own predetermination. The noble lord has frequently before persuaded others, who might otherwise have voted on his side, that to do so would be acting in the teeth of common-sense; for it is one of the shining attributes of the noble lord’s genius, that his support is injurious only to those who have the misfo-

¹ Vide Speeches of Lord Plunket, by J. C. Hoey, p. 436.

tune to count him as an ally; but this I believe is the first time that his *per contra* persuasive powers have been successfully directed against himself. Long, I trust, will they be so harmlessly directed, and long may they be as successful in persuading others to the reverse of his intentions as they have in the present instance, with himself. Before the noble lord had ventured to attack me as he did, and complain of the remuneration which I have derived from the public for my services, he ought to have made himself somewhat better acquainted with simple facts. Had he been present the other evening when I moved for returns of the appointment of Secretary to the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, he would have heard me state the object of my motion, and thereby have avoided wasting his time and eloquence this evening. I now tell the noble lord—not for his personal satisfaction, for with him I will hold no terms, and will offer no explanation whatever with a view to removing his dissatisfaction, but for the satisfaction of the House—the object I had in view in moving for these returns. Aspersions, the most unwarranted and injurious, were thrown out in another place against me with reference to the appointment of my secretary, and a notice of motion was given in the House of Commons for documents connected with that appointment. I, accordingly, for the purpose of meeting any calumniator who would dare to repeat these aspersions to my face in this House, came down and moved for similar returns to be laid before your lordships, so as to afford any noble lord who might be disposed to repeat the calumny an opportunity of doing so, and myself an opportunity, which, with God's blessing, I will never shrink from, of meeting, and exposing, and chastising, my calumniator. In moving for the returns, I also moved for returns of the

similar appointments made by my two predecessors in office, in order that your lordships and the public might clearly see, that the aspersions and calumny applied as much to Lords Chancellor Manners and Hart, as to Lord Chancellor Plunket. The noble lord has thought proper, on the authority of a newspaper statement, which, I assure your lordships, I have never read, and to which I am wholly indifferent, to state, that my family derive £36,000 a-year from the public, and concerning which he calls upon me for an explanation. I will not stoop to refute so extravagant a falsehood. I envy not the structure of understanding which could bestow upon it a moment's credence. What! are noble lords to be called upon to defend themselves in parliament against every stupid calumny which mortified but most impotent vanity, or the virulence of faction, may insert in a newspaper? I am surprised that even the noble lord could entertain such a monstrous proposition. He asks me, 'Have I made any inquiry as to the source or authenticity of the statement;' I answer him, 'No.' I would not lower myself in my own estimation by treating it otherwise than with silent contempt. I ask the noble lord, 'Have any statements ever appeared in newspapers touching his own personal affairs?' And, if so, 'Has he been called upon, as he calls upon me, in his place in parliament, to explain them away?' Was it ever, for example, stated—no doubt without any foundation—that the noble marquis applied to a certain prime minister for some remuneration or pension, which the said prime minister was cruelly unjust enough to refuse? Was the noble lord, in a word, ever called upon to explain to the public the amount and distribution of the large sums of public money which found their way to the pockets of the Stuart family? Certainly not; it was reserved for himself to set the prece-

dent of making a most senseless newspaper calumny the occasion of as senseless an attack on the individual calumniated. I state, then, that the newspaper allegation, on which the noble lord has grounded his attack, is totally and absolutely a falsehood. Whether it is quite fair and consistent with the usage of parliament and good society to make the allegations of a newspaper the pretext of calling upon any noble lord to enter into a statement of his family affairs, I leave it, after this emphatic denial, to the good taste and gentlemanly feeling of your lordships. I take leave of the calumny, with this assurance to the noble lord, that I am one who have never been a hunter after favours from any minister or government whatever. I am not one who has given his support or his opposition in parliament according to the mere dictates of vanity or personal interest, and I am one who never made a demand for public money which the individual from whom it was demanded, was forced to stigmatise as 'too bad.' The noble lord professes to entertain no feelings of personal hostility against me; I profess to entertain no such feeling against him; but this I tell him, by way of wholesome warning, that if he, on any future occasion, venture to indulge in rash attacks on my character, though I will not degrade myself by following the example of personal invective, he may perhaps have little reason, so far as the vanguards are concerned, to congratulate himself with a large balance on the credit side of the account between us. The noble lord has thought fit to catechise me as to the advice which I may have felt it to be my duty to give my Sovereign in matters connected with the office I hold under him. What right has the noble lord, or any noble lord, to ask me such a question? Or, on what ground should he venture to charge me with having deprived him of the

confidence of His Majesty, and to have given His Majesty counsel displeasing to a party who arrogate to themselves exclusive loyalty, while they are thwarting, by every means in their power, the King's government? Such questions and such charges are the mere ravings of dis-tempered vanity, and are not to be reasoned with by those who are capable of sound ratiocination. I can assure the noble lord that, so far from occupying the time of my Sovereign with discussions of the noble lord's transcendent merits as a statesman, an orator, or a logician, I have never wasted a moment of even my own time on either, and that the noble lord's affairs are to me a matter of as utter indifference as I am sure they must be to the rational portion of the public. This declaration may not be flattering incense to the noble lord's estimate of his own public merits, but it is a simple fact, which I trust will spare him much future fretfulness. I do not recollect whether there is any other point on which the noble lord is anxious to 'obtain some explanation.' If there be, and that he will have the goodness to remind me of it, I shall be very happy to afford him all in my power. Perhaps the little I have afforded will suffice him for the present; if not, let him hoist the flag, and I am ready for the combat. With respect to the members of my family, I have nothing to conceal in regard to any of them. If they hold public situations, they fulfil the duties attached to them, and are not, therefore, an improper burthen on the public. I have six sons, and I have certainly endeavoured to provide for them, as it is my duty to do. Two of my sons are in the Church, two at the Bar, and I defy even calumny to impeach their conduct at either."

The appointment of the Hon. Thomas Plunket, in 1839, to the Bishopric of Tuam, placed Lord Plunket under lasting obligations to the Government—obligations that

Lord Melbourne soon found it convenient to avail himself of. On the 15th of October, in the same year, he opened a correspondence with Lord Ebrington, the effect of which was that Lord Plunket should be induced to resign the Irish seals, for the purpose of making room for Sir John, afterwards Lord Campbell, then Attorney-general for England. On the 7th of June, 1841, Lord Plunket wrote to Lord Melbourne, "that it would be repugnant to his feelings to resign." On the 13th of June, Lord Plunket had an interview with Lord Ebrington, and then explained to him the reasons which made him unwilling to resign. On the 17th, the latter wrote to him, asking him to comply with his request as a personal favour to himself (Lord Ebrington). This closed the correspondence, and at two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the Chancellor, feeling "it impossible under the weight of the obligations he and his family had received from Lord Ebrington, to refuse compliance,"¹ resigned the seals.

On the following day this infamous job was announced, and caused an immediate and general outburst of public indignation—the Bar of Ireland was insulted, and public decency was outraged by the Government of Lord Melbourne, for the paltry purpose of enabling them to provide for a political partisan by the elevation to the Irish Chancellorship of Lord Campbell—a member of the English Common Law Bar, who had never in his life held a brief in any court of equity—who was altogether unpractised in the code he came to administer, and totally ignorant of Ireland, her Bar, her people, and her peculiar laws.

The general belief that Lord Plunket would retire from office on Monday, the 21st of June, 1841, filled the hall of the Four Courts, upon that day, with anxious and excited crowds.

Upon the columns around the

hall were affixed placards, signed by the father of the bar, summoning the entire profession to a general meeting, for the purpose of taking into consideration the appointment of Lord Campbell to the office of Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.

The Court of Chancery was, from an early hour, crowded almost to suffocation. The entire Bar seemed anxious to behold upon the bench, for the last time, one whose name had become a part of Irish history, and, who, in mental stature, was a mighty and almost unequalled giant.

The Right Honourable Sir Michael O'Loughlen, Master of the Rolls, was on the bench.

Amongst the members of the bar present were Serjeant, afterwards Baron Green, Mr. Smith, Q.C., afterwards Master of the Rolls; Sir Thomas Staples, Bart., Q.C.; Mr. Holmes, Mr. Warren, Q.C.; Mr. Gilmore, Q.C.; Mr. James Henry Blake, Q.C.; Mr. W. Brooke, Q.C.; Mr. Hickson, Q.C.; Mr. Brewster, Q.C., afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Mr., afterwards Judge Keating, Q.C.; Mr. G. Bennett, Q.C.; Mr. Collins, Q.C.; Mr. Hare, Q.C.; Mr. Scott, Q.C.; Mr. Hatchell, Q.C.; Mr. Bessonnet, Q.C.; Mr. M'Donnell, Q.C.; Mr. Monahan, Q.C. (now Chief Justice of the Common Pleas); Mr. Whiteside (now Lord Chief Justice); Mr. Napier, Q.C. (afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland); Mr. Molyneux, &c.

Lord Plunket took his seat upon the bench at the usual hour.

After having given judgment in two or three causes, in one of which he alluded "to the person who was to succeed him in the office which he then filled," he inquired whether there were any other causes, then remaining over, in which judgment had not been given, and received from the Registrar a reply in the negative. Serjeant Green then rose and addressed his Lordship in the following words:—

¹ Life of Lord Plunket, by his Grandson, vol. ii., p. 338.

"I presume, my lord, it is not your Lordship's intention to sit again in this court; I therefore rise, as the senior in rank of the members of the Bar now present, and with full concurrence of the brethren of my profession (here all the members of the Bar present rose simultaneously) to address to your lordship a few words before your retirement from that Bench over which your lordship has for many years presided." (Lord Plunket here rose from his seat, and advanced to the front of the Bench). The learned Serjeant proceeded—"My lord, we are anxious to express to your lordship the deep sense we entertain not only of the ability, the learning, the patience, and the assiduity, which have marked your lordship's administration of the high and important functions committed to your lordship's charge, but also my lord, of the courtesy, kindness, and attention, which we have all personally experienced at your lordship's hands, in the discharge of our professional duties in this court. We gratefully acknowledge, my lord, the disposition you have ever shown to accommodate us all—a disposition by which, we all admit, your lordship was ever actuated, without regard to personal circumstances, or to our political feelings or predilections; we trust, my lord, it will be said that this feeling, on our part, will be as general and as universal as the kindness on your part has been uniform and uninterrupted. My lord, it is needless for us to dwell here, for the purpose of commenting upon the talents and the endowments which have raised your lordship to the high position from which you are now about to retire. They are, my lord, recorded in our history; and they will long live among the proudest recollections of our countrymen. From a sense of these we offer to you our present tribute of the profoundest admiration and respect; and, my lord, it is gratifying for us to add, that at no

period of your lordship's career have they ever shone in greater lustre than at this moment. My lord, with warmest wishes for your lordship's happiness in that retirement, which none is more fitted than your lordship to adorn, we respectfully bid your lordship farewell."

When Serjeant Green had concluded his address, Mr. Goddard (solicitor) rose and addressed his Lordship in the following terms:—

"On the part of the Solicitors, my lord, I rise to say, that we certainly did not expect that your lordship would have retired from the Bench this day, otherwise I would have come better prepared to express to your lordship the sentiments we entertain upon the present occasion. We feel, my lord, so far as I have an opportunity of knowing, the highest respect for your lordship's character and worth, and in expressing the opinion of my own profession, I concur fully in what has been said on the part of the Bar. We hope your lordship will enjoy long life and happiness."

To this address of both branches of the legal profession, Lord Plunket answered:—

"It would be great affectation on my part if I were to say that I do not feel, to a considerable degree, at the prospect of retiring from a profession at which I have for a period of more than fifty years been actively engaged, a period during which I have been surrounded by friends—many of them warm ones (his lordship here paused, much affected)—without exception—many of them are now no more—some of them—nay, many of them, I see at this moment around me. This retirement from the active scenes in which I have been so long engaged, and which have become as it were incorporated with my life, I cannot help feeling, and feeling deeply. It has, however, been alleviated by the prospect of that repose, which is probably better suited to this period

of my life, and which, perhaps, would have earlier induced me to retire, but for events of a particular description, which have latterly occurred. But independent of this, I must say, that any pain I would have felt has been more than alleviated by the kind and affectionate address which has been offered to me by my friend Serjeant Green, and which has been so cordially assented to by the members of both professions. I am not unconscious that in the discharge of those duties, my ability for which has been so over-rated by my friend Serjeant Green, I have been led into expressions of impatience, which had been much better avoided. For any pain that I have given in doing so, or any feelings that I have hurt, I sincerely apologise, and I am grateful to the profession for not having attributed to inclination any such observations; and I must say, that whatever any such observations may have been, they never have influenced me; it is a sentiment that I trust never will influence me; and I am now able to say, that, in retiring from my profession, I do not carry with me any other sentiment than that of affectionate consideration for all and every member of the profession. Now, with respect to the particular circumstances which have occurred, and the particular succession which is to take place in this court, it will become me to say very little. For the individual who is to occupy the situation I now fill I entertain the highest political and personal respect—no one can feel it more so. But I owe it as a duty to myself, and the members of the Bar, to state, that for the changes which are to take place, I am not in the slightest degree answerable; I have no share in them; and have, neither directly nor indirectly, given them my sanction. In yielding my assent to the proposition which has

been made for my retiring, I have been governed solely by its having been requested, as a personal favour, by a person to whom I owe so much, that a feeling of gratitude would have rendered it morally impossible that I could have done otherwise than to resign. When I look at the Bar before me, and especially at the number of those who might have sat officially in this judicial place, I am bound to say, that for all those great ingredients which are calculated to enable them to shine as practitioners and members of the bar, or as gentlemen, for candour, for courtesy, knowledge, and ability, I challenge competition—I challenge the very distinguished Bars of either England or Scotland, and I do not fear that those I have the honour of addressing would suffer in the comparison. To them, for their repeated kindness, I am deeply indebted. I do assure them, when I retire into quiet life, I will cherish in my heart the affectionate kindness and attention I have experienced at their hands."

During the delivery of this speech, his lordship frequently paused, and appeared deeply affected, and the most still and breathless silence pervaded the entire court.

Lord Plunket then descended from the Bench, and, retiring from public life, spent his remaining years in the bosom of his family. In our Next we hope to lay before our readers the opinions of the press, of lawyers, and of statesmen, on that unjustifiable transaction. For the present we shall merely remark, that no other Chancellor on the long roll of Chancellors, if we except Lord Ely, who was deprived of the seals by Lord Strafford, in 1628, was ejected from office in so unprincipled and outrageous a manner as Lord Plunket was, in the year 1841.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

¹ Vide Dublin University Magazine, vol. lxxvii. p. 41.

MYLES O'LOUGHLIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOT FOR "THRUPPENCE."

EVERYTHING in life must have a beginning, but one feels disposed to question in one sense the general applicability at the present day of the saying of the Grecian sage, that—"The beginning is half of the whole;" for some beginnings are so exceedingly small as compared with their endings, and the probabilities of their leading to the results which ultimately spring from them so exceedingly remote; so many lives have for their turning-point such apparently mere accidents, and, from the world having become so much more populous, and pursuits so much more varied since the days of the sage, so many men are dependent upon accident, or what seems to be such, for their success in life.

People with "great capabilities" are elbowing each other at every stage. The more the facilities for education and enlightenment increase, the more numerous shall we find the band of men to become who are fitted for "great things" if they only have the opportunity.

Amongst so many, those will have the best chance of success who keep their eyes open, and vigilantly look around them to seize and utilise every honest opportunity for advancement which falls within their reach. And be it also remembered that although chances may come seldom, and to few, scarcely a tithe of those few are entirely worthy to profit by their chances. Amongst the multitudes who are pushing ahead in these "go ahead" times, the beginning is

often so far from being half of the whole, that many a youth of promise shipwrecks his own prospects for lack of that quality which to the young seems the least heroic, namely, steady, plodding perseverance. So many clever people wish to be brilliant, and to cut a dash in life, and cannot bear being dull: and, consequently, the plodding tortoises often beat the jaunty hares in the race. But is not this consolatory? Everybody is not clever by nature. But anybody can, by careful training and self-discipline, be steady and persevering. And steady perseverance creates at last an *acquired* cleverness. And when cleverness and steady perseverance combined fall in with that great treasure "opportunity"—aha!—it will be strange, *then* if no results follow! Such a beginning may almost safely be looked on as half of the whole in one sense of the word: that is to say, if we are content to admit that *humble success* may be looked on as just as much a "whole" as some very brilliant, startling, and world-wide success; and that, although everybody cannot shine before the community at large, there may, nevertheless, be just as great men in little places as in big ones. The same class of abilities which have enabled a Bismark and a Moltke to humiliate a nation, may be indispensable to enable the partners Smith and Jones to overcome all the difficulties and opposition which beset their course, from the day when they open a diminutive shop in a small country

town, till that of their retirement into private life with fortunes made, after the diminutive shop has developed itself into a great mart. And, are *they* to be denied the name of heroes? Or, on the other hand, *is it meet that they should despise the field of their heroism?*

But to our tale! We must make our beginning, or we shall never reach the ending. "Vorwarts!" as old Marshal Blucher would say.

That German word—*vorwarts*—by the way, was the motto, early in life, of him who is to be my hero. He was an Irish cobbler's son—a boy of an active and somewhat restless disposition. He had ever a great love for movement. On that account, until he began to have higher aims, he liked his father's pursuit exceedingly. The pulling through of the waxed ends was a real gratification to him. When he was sewing the heel on to a strong brogue, he would tug the stout threads home with a hiss of lively satisfaction, as much as to say at each successive stitch: "There, that's done, and well done, and will never budge; now for another, and another, and so *vorwarts!*—onward, till the work is completed!" He liked the word "vorwart," because while it implied movement, which he loved in his somewhat impetuous nature, it likewise implied *onward* movement—something to be done—to be worked at with vigour till it was finished; and, then something else to be commenced; and, if possible, done better than the last; the defects of each preceding work serving as examples of what was to be avoided in the next.

The reader will naturally wonder how an Irish cobbler's son should come to pick up German words. Now-a-days, when the reading of cheap newspapers is so universal, it is hard to say what kind of lingo may not be picked up by our smart country lads. Foreign intelligence is now the great topic of universal

interest; and with the grave accounts of battles on the field, and diplomatic encounters in the cabinet, are mixed up here and there anecdotes of life and character, such as would specially commend themselves to young minds. When Myles O'Loughlin was a boy, such a thing as a newspaper was scarcely ever seen in his father's cottage, aye, or in the houses of the well-to-do farmers around him:

Why, it is but a very few years since it was scarcely possible to find a copy of a daily paper on the day of publication in a country town; and, if you did find one, it was only by going from house to house to beg the loan of it.

Now, you are constantly tripping and stumbling over little newsboys in the streets, with armfuls of journals of every political hue. But in those days, if country folks had fewer opportunities for reading, they had a marvellous knack for digesting the little which they did read. Perhaps it was none the worse for them—this habit of mental digestion and reflection. But then, so few of them had anything literary to digest—and these few had so *very* little. Myles was one of the few. And this is how he came by his scanty library. He had been sent one day by his father to try to buy some fowls of a peculiar breed which he had taken a fancy to, at the auction of a deceased navy surgeon who had resided in the neighbourhood. While waiting till the auctioneer should repair to the farmyard, Myles turned into the dining-room to hear the bidding. Some very mouldy-looking books were being put up for sale. There was nothing taking in their aspect. The covers were dark and dingy; so were the edges. There were no names on the back, and they were tied round with a string; so that enlightenment as to the nature of their contents was out of the question.

"Here's an odd lot, ladies and gentlemen! You'll find it down in the catalogue as an odd lot. I can't, it is true, say anything about the contents; but I'm certain they comprise some most valuable reading. Will nobody favour me with a bid? Why, how you all were bidding just now, ladies and gentlemen, for that *Parlour Annual*, just because it had a gay cover on it! Don't turn away from this because it looks dark! The dark horse often wins, you know. Come now, what shall I say for the lot? There's five of them. Shall I say half-a-crown? That's only sixpence a-piece. What! no answer? Two shillings, then! Eighteen pence? Anything you like! The sale, you know, is without reserve, and we must be getting into the yard, to go in at the live-stock. What did I hear you say, young man?" (This last was to Myles, who had tried to make a bid, but suddenly found himself very hoarse indeed, so that his lips scarcely framed an intelligible sound. But the quick eye of the auctioneer had caught his own.) "Thruppence!" cried Myles, very loud indeed this time, and getting very red, and immediately putting up his hand to his mouth to conceal an "ahem" with which he involuntarily cleared his throat after the desperate effort. Myles could not understand why he was so shy, and so unlike his usual rattling self. But then he was not accustomed to "public speaking" except in school, where he knew all the audience, and could lick most of them "barrin' the master."

This "thruppence" was the first utterance which he had ever attempted really in public. No—it was the second. For had he not endeavoured to articulate "thruppence" a moment before—the endeavour, as we have seen, being a signal failure? So the loud "thruppence" was his second utterance, and nearly as much of a failure; because it made everybody look at

him quite hard, as much as to say, "Who are you, young sir?" But still it was in the main a success, for it had the desired effect. The auctioneer received it as a bid. But how did he receive it? With genteel derision!

"Now my dear young man"—(young *man*!—and the individual addressed was barely fifteen. Myles felt that he was being laughed at, and grew hotter than ever, and rather angry). "My dear young man, how *can* you? Surely *you* can have no idea of the value of literature, when you offer me threepence for a parcel of books which I have just set up at two shillings and sixpence. Just kindly favour me, my dear sir, with another bid."

"I'll wait till some other man has bid agin' me," said Myles, in quite a clear tone this time, for the "hem" had set his throat to rights; and he now knew how to pitch his voice.

The crowd laughed approvingly; some saying, "That's the boy for ye!" and others—"He's too many for ye, Misther Hammerdown!"

"Did I hear *you* say sixpence, sir?" said the auctioneer, addressing himself, as a last resort, to a shy young curate, who had been buying other lots. "I'll just give you one moment to examine the books, rather than let them go for nothing"—(and he proceeded to untie the string).—"See! *Anecdotes of Illustrious Warriors*, is the first of the lot, and worth half-a-crown itself."

"Now, you did not hear his riverence say 'sixpence,'" said a burly farmer, acting as mouthpiece for the meek clerical fledgling. "For his riverence was spaking to me, and not to you, Mr. Hammerdown."

"Well, then, if no advance, go they must." And the hammer descended with a sharp bang.

The bystanders cheered the victorious Myles, and then laughed when some one remarked how he held out one hand for the books, displaying the threepence in the

other, but keeping it a little in arrear, as though unwilling to pay till he had made sure of his money's worth.

"That lad'll *do*, never fear," said some one to his neighbour. And Myles heard the remark, and turning his head to see from whence it proceeded, saw that the speaker was his landlord. The lad pulled his forelock as he caught the squire's eye; and so he was at once asked his name.

"Myles O'Loughlin, please your riverence—yer honour I mane."

The squire smiled at the mistake, and said—"A Roman Catholic evidently, both by your name, and by your calling me 'your reverence.' Are you one of the O'Loughlins of Crannog?"

"Yes, your honour. A son of Peter O'Loughlin, the shoemaker."

"Oh, you're Peter's son, are you? A decent, hardworking man is your father. So hardworking, indeed, that I hardly ever see him, as his is an indoor pursuit. I've not been into his cottage for a couple of years, I'm ashamed to say. And when I was there, I don't remember seeing you there, my young man."

"Maybe I was at school then, yer honour."

"And what school do you go to?"

"To the Chapel school, yer honour."

"Of course, I might have guessed it," said the squire, turning to his companion. That's just the way of it. There are smart lads like this, growing up on my estate all around me, whom I never lay eyes on. Up till a very few years ago, the tenants used all to send their children to the Estate school. Then this [Chapel school, as he calls it, was opened; and half of them are whipped away from me; and they grow up without my knowing anything about them. Some of these fine days, some of the more pushing of these lads will be trying

to better themselves in the world a little; and they'll be coming to me for a character; and saying, when I look bewildered—"Of course yer honour knows me, I'm Paddy-So-and-So's son; and they'll be very much astonished and not a little offended when I have to tell them in all honesty, that I unfortunately don't know enough about their attainments or personal character to be able to give them a recommendation such as would be of any real use to them. Now, amongst the boys in the Estate school, there's not one of them I could not tell you what he'd be good for; and say at once whether or no he'd be fitted to any post to which he might aspire. Besides, one naturally finds it almost impossible to take the same interest in a lad whom one only beholds at chance times, in his father's cottage, or going along the road; as in one whom one sees once a-week, or oftener, in one's own school, and whose progress one can watch. However, it's their own look out."

"And do you not, then, order the tenants to send their children to the estate school?" asked the friend addressed.

"Order them? No! It's Liberty Hall with me. I expect to see my land farmed properly, and my people well behaved. I offer them every facility in my power for living prosperously and bringing up their children well. If they do not value the advantages which I proffer, or think that they can reap greater advantages in other ways, they are free to choose."

"But if the effects of the training which they choose for their young people in preference to yours should ultimately have the result of turning out a less diligent and intelligent race of farmers, shall not you yourself suffer thereby?"

"Scarcely! It is they who will suffer; not I. My plan is to give every facility for the advancement

of those who prove themselves deserving. The undeserving generally bring about their own collapse. The deserving ones, aided, if necessary by me, step into their shoes. But an undeserving man, who, in his youth, has been trained under my own auspices, need not expect my favour in preference to a deserving one who has been trained elsewhere. It is to the end, and not the means that I like to look."

"And yet, I doubt you would do more for an undeserving man whom you have known from a child than for an undeserving one whom you scarcely knew at all."

"That depends on the nature of the short-coming. Wilful defects would receive no favour whatever from me; but to natural defects I should be disposed to be tolerant. And of course when one has had every opportunity for studying the characters of those who grow up under one's own eye, one can do something towards eradicating those natural defects which one perceives in pliant youth, so as to preserve them from the catastrophe which might otherwise await them. If I saw one of my tenants' sons disposed to be slovenly and lacking in energy, and from his one-sided and faulty nature, likely, when he comes into the management of his father's farm, to be such a bad cultivator that the chances are I could not allow him to remain in possession; why, by anticipating such a termination and guarding against it by a special training of the lad in his school days, I should be the better able to assure to him a continuance in the home of his sires.

"It is to my interest to do two things:—1st, to provide that my land should be well farmed, which is a *sine qua non*; and secondly, that it should remain in the hands of the 'old stock,' whose sires have lived on these hills for generations. The clerical patrons of the other schools around us have not the same interest in these matters that I

must needs have, so the odds are that the pupils trained up under their auspices will not be so carefully handled with respect to their future walk in life (that is to say, those of them who are intended for farmers). And the result will be that those of the next generation of tenants who have not been reared up under my own eye, will in many instances lack that feeling of security in their tenure which is so indispensable both to the comfort and to the progress of their class."

"But perhaps by that time there may be a Land Bill which will give indiscriminate security of tenure, and make all your tenants—the bad and the good—alike independent of you."

"Never fear; I am quite confident that no government will ever pass a Land Bill which will deprive a landlord of the power of getting rid of a hopelessly bad tenant. If such a mistake were inadvertently to be made by any legislature, it would be found necessary in a very few years to correct it, in order that the progress of the country might not be retarded."

"What do you call a hopelessly bad tenant? A man who is always in arrear with his rent?"

"Far more than that, I can assure you! A man may pay his rent with the utmost punctuality (as many do from extraneous sources, or even, I will admit, from the produce of ill-cultivated farms), and yet have his fields full of weeds, a dirty, neglected habitation, and a squalid, untidy family. When once the people have had full time to know *what is what*, and to emerge from the state of semi-barbarism in which many of them now unhappily are, I shall not have much consideration for such folk! I shall insist on my farms being properly cultivated by civilised beings, or I shall 'know the reason why.' It would be mere weakness to go on for ever tolerating negligence and backwardness."

CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

SHORTLY after the conversation at the auction which we detailed in the last chapter, the squire had established night classes at his Estate school, for the benefit of such lads and young men as were anxious to advance themselves in the rudiments of learning, and yet were unable from their daily pursuits to devote any of the daylight hours thereto.

He found to his extreme satisfaction that the hindrance which deprived him of the presence of the bulk of the Roman Catholic children on his estate did not exist here. The night classes were soon crowded with youths of every creed. This fact was not only a source of great gratification to himself, giving him, as it did, the power of exercising upon all without distinction, the wished for influence for good; but it also tended to make him feel less bitter against the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, whom he had regarded as wilfully, and for no good or defensible purpose, separating from him a large section of his tenantry.

And before very long he was definitely informed that the reason why such efforts had been made to withdraw from him the younger pupils up to the age of 12 or 14, was merely that the Roman Catholic bishop, whenever he came on a confirmation tour, used to give a regular overhauling to the Priest, because his youthful catechumens were not sufficiently well up in the dogmas of their religion. They might be well enough up in the Scripture history, and in the moral lessons taught in the national school books; but this did not suit his right reverence's views at all. But then it was to be borne in mind that he was "a man under authority;" and just as the people were under their priest's orders, and the priest under his, so was he under

the orders of a higher dignitary still, and that dignitary, in his turn, was under the orders of "the Church," as they termed it; and we all know that in "the Church" in question it is not enough for people to be good "Christians:"—they must also be "good Catholics;" which entails a very rigid belief in doctrines which the early teachers of Christianity never heard of—doctrines which the invincible self-sufficiency of that "Church," and its confidence in its own infallibility, have induced it to annex from time to time to the original faith which we all profess. "The Church" would scarcely care, perhaps, to admit that she added these occasional doctrines as buttresses to prop up a system which she feared might totter and fall without such external aids. Yet such, in all likelihood, are the real motives which have from time to time actuated those worldly-wise men who have the management of "Catholicity" at head quarters, and know that, right or wrong, they must never give in or go back—they must always carry out their system without *harking back* in any one particular, because, forsooth, "the Church" builds her edifice upon her own infallibility.

We are usually a great deal too severe upon the priests and the people of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Can we not see that they are in a mess that they cannot possibly of themselves get out of? So they are obliged to make the best of it. If any of them are disposed to have inquiring minds, they are constrained to curb and keep in check the investigations of those minds; nay, their Church takes good care to din into their heads the conviction that a spirit of inquiry is grossly sinful; and she avails herself of the

regime of the Confessional to *inspect* each mind from time to time, and, with the aid of unpleasant penances and purgatorial fears, to nip in the bud each dangerous step towards intellectual religious emancipation.

Oh, it is a marvellously able system of discipline and supervision ! And there is just enough of truth in it all, to make its adherents believe in its falsities ! When they, any of them, hear people wondering how any reasonable and conscientious man can possibly belong to the Church of Rome, it is not to her weak points that they will thereupon look—not a bit of it ! They stand on the defensive, and pick out their strongest armour. “Can this, and this, and this, be wrong?”—they ask themselves respecting certain excellent doctrines of their belief, (which they profess in common with other Christians). And they will slur over the weak points if they think them weak points at all, (which very few of them do), and will say—“Our Church, which tells us that *those* things are to be believed and to be done, tells us the same of *these also* ; and is not she our infallible guide—founded upon a rock?”

Now, the worthy squire, who was a most earnest Protestant—for all that he did not make such a noise about his professions as some Protestants do—felt sincerely grieved to see relay after relay of the youth around him growing up by the force of indoctrination into a belief in dogmas which he looked upon as most pernicious error ; but what could he do ? He could not turn missionary. If he did, he would have a hive of hornets about his ears ; he would array against himself all the prejudices of the neighbourhood, and would signally fail ; more than this—he would be deprived, by such a course, of the influence which he already possessed over his tenantry for their secular advantage.

So, much as he might regret that it was for the express purpose of

being taught what he looked upon as false doctrine, that his tenants' children were being removed from under his ken at the Estate School, he could only say to himself—“Well, priest and parents are only doing what they conceive to be right. And it is their affair, not mine. Their intentions are devout, and I fain must honour them while I grieve at the results, both spiritual and temporal, to which these “good intentions” are likely to lead.

So he could only hope for the day when the State would step in and make such provisions for the distribution and management of her schools, that children of all creeds would be compulsorily mixed during their moral and secular training, with ample opportunity afforded at the same time to the most punctilious of their clerical trainers to impart dogmatic instruction at the proper time and place.

And, meantime, he rejoiced that at least his night school had not been assailed by that ecclesiastical system, which, in this unfortunate country, seems always stepping in between the people and their secular heads, in things secular, under the cloak of religion—from the smallest landlord, up to the very queen of these realms herself !

This has been a somewhat lengthened disquisition upon educational systems, and hierarchs and dogmatism ; but we trust in quitting the topic, as we now do, that it will prove to be not entirely an uninteresting one in these days when such subjects are in the minds of all who have any earnest regard for the future welfare of Ireland, and who have eyes which can discern the rocks and shoals in the midst of which the ship of the State is at present steering her somewhat perilous course.

One of the most diligent and painstaking pupils at the night school was Myles O'Loughlin. His education had fallen sadly into arrear

during the past two or three years, in the course of which he had to "stick to his last" very closely. An occasional scrawl to his sister in America was all the exercise he had for his writing powers. It was very seldom that he was called upon to make out an account for any of his father's customers; for their cobbling transactions were generally ready-money affairs—nay, sometimes even money did not pass; but milk, or potatoes, or a week's work, or a day's ploughing at the "wee bit of land," would be the price paid for the services of this mender of bad soles. And as for literature—we have already reminded the reader that in Myles's young days a newspaper, which is now a leading source of rural literary information, was scarcely ever seen in a cottage. "So much the better," many a one will say, who laments over the disaffection which incendiary prints are spreading daily and weekly throughout our land in this precarious era in which Progress is often suffered to degenerate into Retrogression, for lack of the necessary barriers and preventatives which should accompany the growth of Liberty, and guard against its conversion into License.

If Myles had not, however, that now universal magazine to study—the daily or weekly penny or two-penny paper—he had, anyhow, a readable book or two, and these he used to con over and over again. One of them was the anecdote book purchased at the navy surgeon's auction, which contained the story of Blucher, and told how he obtained the cognomen of "Marshal Vorwarts."

"I shall never be a field-marshal," Myles used to say to himself; "but I feel that I should like to be something more than a cobbler some day. It is a very good business in its way, and it might lead to my having at last a big boot and shoe shop in the county town; but still it's not just

my line, for all that. So while I mend brogues by day, I'll mend my learning by night; and maybe, some day or another, something will turn up."

His father had demurred a little at first to the night-school idea, for cobblers can work by night as well as by day; and so Myles was not in the same position as the most of the other pupils, who would have been lolling over the fire after a day's work in the fields, or would, perhaps, have been running about the country on their *caley* (i.e. chatting and flirting from house to house) if they had not been at school; so that their father's would only be too glad to get rid of them so advantageously. But Myles, though always a hard worker, promised his father to work harder still, if he would only let him off from seven to nine for three nights in the week. And his father, finding that he rather gained than lost by his son's increased exertions on the other evenings, soon became very well reconciled indeed to the new state of things.

And Myles unconsciously was learning a still more important lesson than even the schoolmaster could teach him all this while. For what are schoolmasters' lessons but mere formulæ? Learning to read, and write, and figure, it is true, are all very well in their way—nay, they are an almost indispensable stepping-stone to advancement of any kind. But they are not the only stepping-stone. Where would be the use of a step which would leave you planted in the mid-channel of a river when you wanted to cross to the other side?

While learning at school the mere mechanical process of writing a free hand, keeping accounts, and reading with fluency, Myles was learning over his *last* one of the most important essentials to success in life, namely, what energy and determination could accomplish; he was learning that "Where there's a will

there's a way," and that what to the slothful lad, or even to the lad of mere ordinary diligence in his business would have seemed impossible, was not only possible, but actually became easy at last from force of habit. One day, a year or so before the time we speak of, he had gone into a nailor's smithy, close by his father's cottage. He happened to remark on the difference of speed at which he saw a young hand and an older one were progressing. "Why Pat, what a lot more nails you could turn out in the hour than Mickey!" said he, to the elder knight of the anvil: "Mickey, my boy, your'e clane bate," he continued. "Ah! botheration now," said Mickey, "don't be bantering of me in that way! I'll bate him yet, shure hasn't he been at it nearly a year longer nor me?" And true enough, Mickey did beat his rival ere the year was out. Myles went in again one evening, just after the night school had started, to see if any of the nailor's lads would join it.

Not a word was to be got out of either Mickey or Pat, except—"Ah, now can't ye wait a bit till we're done, Myles?"

"Boys dear, but yez are going it hard," said Myles. "Is it a wager?"

"That ye'll soon know," said a third who was blowing the bellows

and watching the two with interest. All of a sudden Mickey shouted—"Done! I've done my hundred!" Pat threw down his hammer, scratched his head, and said, "Faith, and the little devil's bate me, indeed! Mine aren't finished yet, nor nearly!"

Myles always put by little incidents which struck him, as this did, in some quiet pigeon-hole of his mind, and brought them out again when wanted.—He wanted this incident again very soon, and used it to help his resolution to work *harder* than hard at the brogue mending, so that he might be able to get to the night school without suffering his father to look upon it as a hindrance to that "bread making" which each individual generally contemplates from his own immediate point of view.

Old O'Loughlin's first idea of the night school had been summed up in the proverb—"Half a loaf's better than no bread;" and he would go on to say—"Where'll be the good of your eddication to you, if it takes you away for six mortal working hours in the week? I'll warrant ye'll not be willin' to sup on that much the less of stirabout or praties for all that ye'll have earned the less for me!" But he soon began to admit that there was "something in the larnin' afther all."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST RUNG OF THE LADDER.

THE winter months were over. The light evenings were once more setting in, and the night school was, for the time being, accordingly brought to a close. The squire had declared the term ended in due form, after distributing prizes to the most proficient of the scholars, and furthermore complimenting them on their improved personal appearance.

"Why, there's that O'Loughlin there," said he; "just look, boys, and observe what a trim lad our

young shoemaker has become! Don't be uneasy, now, Myles, for they were most of them as untidy as you were, to begin with; and there's not one of them can come up to you for neatness now! But watch yourself, for some of them are treading very close upon your heels. Now, my lads, don't you feel your own self-respect increased now that you can meet me here any evening that I come down to see how you are getting on, and feel that although

more cheaply clad, you are dressed and brushed and washed as neatly as my son here, who has a man-servant to look after him? Is it not far better and far more comfortable, and infinitely more respectable to have your clothes well mended, and your shirts, aye, and your bodies clean, as well as your hands and face, and your hair cut and brushed, than to be coming in, as many of you used to do, like a pack of little ragamuffins, with dirty faces, hair in your eyes, and knees and elbows peeping out in all directions? Now, I've just one thing more to say. Strive to have, not only clean hands, but clean hearts also. Right glad would I be to superintend your soul's training, as I do that of your minds and bodies; but as that cannot be, I can only beg that each lad who comes to this night school may do his best to avail himself of the spiritual training which—whatever be his creed—is provided for him at other times and in other places."

The squire had found it hard work enough, with the aid of the master, to introduce habits of neatness and cleanliness at the first starting of the night school. When our hero first went there, he had his hair nearly six inches long, and in his eyes, over his ears, and sticking up on end in all directions. His coat (for he wore a coat and not a jacket), was a perfect marvel for tears and holes, and the sleeves, from the elbows down, hung perfectly open after the most approved of lady-like fashions. His face was usually adorned with two or three smudges of boot black, and his hands—well, there Myles thought he *had* the squire in those early days.—"Shure yer honour, and I could'nt never have clean hands and me a shoemaker, ye know! The wax will stick to my fingers, do what I can."

"Well, we'll give you a dispensation for the hands so long as we have all the rest as it should be. An American artisan, when his day's

work is done, will get into clean clothes as fast as he can after a good wash, and as you see him of an evening in a comfortable sitting-room surrounded by books and prints, and with perhaps a pianoforte for his daughters to play on and sing to, you would not know him for the same grimy man you had met in the factory a couple of hours before. Dirt, my boy, is only dirt when it is in the wrong place. The dirt of honest toil is an honourable badge so long as the labour lasts, but the moment labour is over, civilised humanity should hasten to be clean. If it does not, the dirt of toil becomes the dirt of negligence, and becomes a disgrace instead of an honour."

This speech rather astonished Myles and the other lads who were listening around him; but it had its effect, and, as they were constantly being kept up to the mark, and not suffered to forget, it was surprising to see the change which soon began to work amongst them.

When the school was dispersing, the squire called Myles to him to tell him of a requisition he had just had for the services of a boy of his age. A thriving solicitor in the county town wanted a trusty lad who could keep the office, sweep it out, light the fires, run messages, and do a little copying if necessary.

The squire had been speaking about his night school when in company with this solicitor, who forthwith asked him if he could furnish him with a youth such as he required.

"Would he have a chance of rising to better things if he had the right stuff in him?" asked the squire.

"He might rise to be a partner in the firm some day," said the man of the law, laughing.

"You laugh, but still you mean what you say?" rejoined the squire, inquiringly.

"Undoubtedly; but I should say that the prospects of such a contingency are very remote, unless you

have a prodigy among your country lads."

"Well, it's hard to define a prodigy. My notion of prodigies is that they are very clever abstracted beings, who are always doing the wrong thing because they are so very clever that their thoughts soar above the common things of every-day life. I'm thankful to say that I'm not troubled with prodigies; but I know of a lad with plenty of 'go' in him, and at the same time plenty of steadiness and determination. I think he is sharp enough to suit you, and persevering enough for the berth to be likely to suit him."

"I shall be very happy, with such a recommendation from you, Squire Heartman, to give him a trial."

And so the squire addressed Myles on the subject upon the evening in question. "You know Myles," said he, "there's nothing like getting your foot upon the ladder, no matter how low the first rung may be. If once you can establish yourself in the office with a good character for trustworthiness and smartness, and if you can manage to continue your education in your own hours—which, with the facilities afforded in the town of Y——, will not be a very difficult matter—I have no fears for your success. Mr. Vellum is a large-hearted man, and will be sure to give you a lift if he sees you steadily striving to raise yourself."

"I wish yer honour would spake to my father. I doubt he might not be agreeable to my going. But I myself would be very anxious for it, and very grateful to yer honour."

"Well, I'll go and see your father to-morrow afternoon. Good night, Myles!"

"Good night to yer honour! and I don't know how to tell you how much obliged I feel for your kindness."

Next day, true to his word, the squire presented himself at the O'Loughlins' cottage. When he reached its portal, the lower half of

the door was closed, the upper half, as is not unusual, open. The moment he was perceived there was a commotion inside, the result of which was a flight through the door of a regular covey of hens and chickens, which had been regaling themselves on the remains of the family's mid-day meal, which had consisted of a large *creelful* of potatoes, placed on a bench in the middle of the kitchen. Mrs. O'Loughlin came hurrying forward in the rear of the poultry, with many apologies for this fluttering reception.

"Indeed, an' Myles was tellin' us that yer honour would be quite shocked at the fowl being in the house; but they just came in, ye see, through the half-door when we warn't mindin' them; the craythurs smelt the praties, and wanted a taste."

With this she opened the lower half of the door, upon which there emerged from "amongst her feet" some three or four ducks which had been on a quest similar to that of the fowls, nearly upsetting the entering squire. The ducks rather gave the lie to the excuse about the hens having slipped in *unobserved*, since *they* could not have hopped in over the half-door, and, accordingly, must have been there some time; but the squire, being a man of polished manners, and unwilling to disconcert the worthy but tarradiddling dame, suffered the web-footed tribe to pass away unnoticed, and immediately changed the subject.

Inwardly, however, he thought to himself, "What a boon it will be to that fine lad to get him out of this atmosphere of slovenliness! I have no doubt that, such is their usedness to their sloppy, untidy ways, that they look upon him as rather priggish whenever he attempts to suggest a reform."

The good squire was not long in coming to the subject which had caused his visit. He dwelt on the advantages which were likely to

accrue to the lad if he was only steady and persevering—both which qualities, he said, he seemed to possess in a highly satisfactory degree. "Your son has made such progress in these six months past," said he to the old couple, "that I am sure he will continue to improve himself rapidly if he goes to the situation open to him. And, to tell you the truth, six months ago I could not have thought of offering it to him on any account. Neither in his exterior appearance, nor in his internal qualifications would he have then been in any way fit for the position. But it is evident to me, from the way in which he has fitted into his new grove, that it is one which suits his nature. So if you will trust your boy to my friend, Mr. Vellum, you may feel confident that he will do us all credit."

"Well," said old O'Loughlin, "I don't like to refuse yer honour anything, and if it was for yerself that ye wanted the lad, I'm shure he should go to you in welcome, let me be put about as I might. But though yer honour says it's for his good—which I'm sure it is—what am I to do widout him? I'm a gettin' old now, and can't work so speedy as I used to, and he's the only help I have. An' then he's only got his Sunday clothes that he could go in, for them cordhueroys—though they're a dale dacent nor the ould ragged duds he used to wear, before yer honour took notice till him, they'd scarce do for him to wear in a town."

"Make your mind easy on that score. I'll provide him with an outfit, if only you can make up your mind to dispense with his services. You said you'd give him me if I wished. Now, I ask you to give him to me; and then surely I can dispose of him as I will. He shall cost you nothing, and if he can't send you something out of his savings at the end of a year, why, I don't mind engaging to pay forfeit myself."

"Oh, your honour that's too much," put in Mrs. O'Loughlin. "Come, Paddy, tell his honour ye'll let the lad go for a while on thrial, and thin we'll see how we can do without him. Shure an' his honour would not propose it if he didn't know it would be for his good."

Seeing the old man still hesitating, the squire asked if there was any other objection.

After a great deal of pressing, he admitted that there was another, and a very strong one. "We're very poor," said he, "as yer honour knows: but then we come of a dacent ould stock; and I don't like the notion of a boy of mine becoming sarvant to 'orney Vellum or any one like him. If it was yer honour, it would be different, you know."

"Come, come! That's very false pride, if you'll allow me to say so. Why, if I was not myself, I'd as soon be Mr. Vellum as any one I know. He is a man who has worked his way up in the world entirely by his own ability and application to business; and never has there been a whisper against him of sharp practice or unkindness or harshness to any one. And besides, it's not to make him a mere office-sweeper all his life that I'm asking you to send your son to him. If I was not confident that it was an opening by which Myles could quickly advance himself, I would not for a moment suggest that he should go there."

"Well, I'd like to plaze yer honour, whatever comes of it; and so go he shall. I don't think that I'd have said that same word a twelvemonth ago; but, indeed the lad's much mended since yer honour took him in hand; there's no denying of it; and he sartinly seems to have more wish than most of the boys of his years that I know, to forrard himself, so I gives in, and may the Lord send him luck—and yer honour a blessin' for giving yerself yer own bother about him as

ye're doing. I hope he may live to show that he's a wee bit desarvin' of some of it."

So the affair was settled, and the squire soon after took his leave. In less than a fortnight, Myles had entered on his new career, looking not only presentable, but even refined in the new suit of dark tweed in which the good squire had rigged him out.

An Irish lad is like an Irish horse. The blood and the breeding are all in the race, and are ever ready to show themselves if only they get a chance.

Take a four-year old horse of fair appearance out of a countryman's cart; put him into a gentleman's stable, groom him well, feed him well, drive and ride him well, and treat him gently; and in due course of time you will have an animal which you would not be ashamed to show to the most expensively-disposed English breeders. For the bone, and the shapes, and the spirit are all there; it is only neglect and ill-usage which cause

many an animal of really noble parts to wear the aspect of a sorry garron.

The young Irish man is just the same as the young Irish steed. Whatever be his faults and his defects (and they are unfortunately many), the bulk of them may be traced to bad training and the tyrannical force of "circumstances." The seeds of good are all there if they only get leave to grow; but, unhappily the ground is choked up with the weeds of the bad habits of generations, nor is the halting and imperfect state of education which has hitherto been in vogue in this country at all equal to the task of eradicating these weeds.

As for the quadruped, so for the biped—the hand of an experienced trainer is needed, and we shall not witness the much-needed reformation of our national characteristics till our teachers have learnt to study their pupils' individual natures as closely as they expect those pupils to study their primers!

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW LIFE.

MYLES'S new life was a complete change to him, and everything about him seemed very strange at first. People were strange, and things were strange; and for many a day right glad was he when evening came, and he could retire to the solitude of his tiny bedroom, and think of home and the friends he had left behind him. About this bedroom we must say a word by and bye: but, in the first place, we must impart to our readers the geography of Mr. Vellum's office. "The office" consisted of four rooms—two below, and two above. In the front room below sat, or more frequently stood, Mr. Vellum's two clerks, wielding their pens at a high desk, alongside of which was

a counter dividing them from the clients who came in to transact their business. At the back was a little waiting-room where clients sat when they wished to see the great man himself. Sometimes he would come down to them there. Indeed, this was his most usual custom; and there was supposed to be a particular distinction conferred upon those favoured individuals who were admitted to the *arcana* of the snug business room above; for the back room above, removed from the noise of the street, and having the advantage of a beautiful view of distant mountains, was Mr. Vellum's own particular *sanctum*. The top front room was a small one, and was made a receptacle for tin boxes without end, and

books, and papers, in a great state of confusion. It was a dull room enough, for the window was muffled half way up so that it was impossible to see out into the sometimes noisy street below.

"This is to be your abiding place, my boy," said Mr. Vellum kindly to Myles when he arrived; "and I shall soon set you to work to tidy all these papers for me, if I find that you are smart, and can sort them properly according to their dates and endorsements. You see, you can't look out of the window when you've nothing better to do; but I'll try to provide you with something better to do. It'll be a nice *dull* piece of amusement for you, and will help to show me what you are made of. Your good friend, Squire Heartman, tells me you want to improve your education. Now, just take this book on 'Petty Sessions Practice.' Let it be your primer for improving your reading—aye, and your writing too—for you can copy out of it into a copy-book, passages which I will mark for you as useful to remember. By the time that you have read it through, and copied my marked passages, you will not only know how to read and write better, but you will also have a sufficient smattering of law to enable you to understand what is what in the business of the office; and you will thus become a more useful messenger to me. If you sit near the window, you can read to yourself in a low tone. You will not disturb me when the door is shut. Whenever you hear a whistle through this pipe, that shows that you are wanted downstairs. Put your ear to it, and hear what I say before you start, and, remember, don't follow the fashion of some of our town imps, and make a railway of the bannisters in going down. Bannisters are intended as a help to the hand—not as a tramway for a boy's stomach!"

"I don't think I'm likely to take the speedy way of going down, sir;

for it will keep me busy enough to manage the slow way at first. I'm not used to stairs; and if I sometimes make a stumble and a noise, as I did coming up just now, I hope you'll overlook it for a bit, just till I get more into the way of them, sir."

"All right, my lad! Getting upstairs is like many another thing—rather hard at first, but pretty easy when you've got into the way of it."

Myles liked his new employer. He was so pleasant to him, and so thoughtful. But still he felt dull enough for many a day in the little room with the muffled window, and among the dusty papers and tin boxes. The "perpetual motion" of his shoemaking work had become such a second nature to him that he could not bear to be so very quiet. He applied himself very hard, however, to the law-book, and though he found it fearfully dull at first, he soon began to take a thorough interest in it. For he determined to become master of the subject; and then the difficulties of it became quite an enjoyment to him—both those of understanding some of the tough words (for which he had recourse to a law dictionary which was on one of the bookshelves), and then of taking in the sense of the whole, when the several words were mastered. By and bye Mr. Vellum, as he had promised to do, set Myles to work at the sorting of the papers. In this apparently dull work he also began to feel a lively interest, simply from the feeling, as he was getting through their mazes, that he *was* getting through them. It was so much work accomplished—so much difficulty overcome; and it was positive enjoyment to him to see *order* growing up under his hand, from what had so lately been chaos.

Myles was not sorry to be quartered in the upper regions; for he did not take to the two clerks below, nor they to him. While Mr. Vellum treated him with a considerateness which he felt was more than he had

a right to expect, these two youths seemed to glory in snubbing him, and ordering him about as if he was a mere slave. He soon found out one reason for their hardness towards him. One day he accidentally overheard one saying to the other, "Call that little Papist pup, and make him take it." Upon which he was summoned to carry a note to its destination. His eyes having been opened by the appellation by which he had been designated, he soon began to discover that the clerks—especially one of them—had a most decided aversion to him because he was a Roman Catholic. "He'll always be spying upon us,"—he overheard his particular hater say one day—"and then he'll be telling the priest everything that goes on in the office."

Myles felt very indignant, and wished he had not heard this speech; for he could not regard the speaker with any patience for a long time after.

Our hero, although a very earnest believer in the dogmas with which he had been carefully inbred at the "Chapel school," was not what we call a "Papist" in the extreme sense of the word—that is to say, he was no bigot. And what was more, he had a detestation of bigotry which would seem rather remarkable in a boy of fifteen, were it not that bigotry is so common in Ireland that it is made the topic of almost universal conversation amongst high and low, though generally with this proviso—everybody for the most part denounces unsparingly the bigotry of the *side opposed to his own*, but most of us look on that of our own friends as only "laudable zeal."

Whatever might have been Myles's opinion respecting the extreme sentiments of some of his fellow religionists, it is beyond doubt that he had not much reason to admire the consistency of the two young men in Mr. Vellum's office. By the time

that he had become fully aware of the fact that they regarded him with aversion, on account of his creed, he had also been enabled to take the measure of their sincerity respecting their own. Their conversation on a Monday morning was a pretty good index thereto, and was not such as would be very edifying to a religious mind. It was usually devoted to criticisms on the attire or personal appearance of those of the female portion of the congregation whom they had ogled in church on the previous day, or on the "plaguey length" of the sermon. And sometimes one or both of them would shirk church altogether, if there was something in the wind more agreeable to their tastes. Now, Myles was a very devout lad; and though his devotions were, according to the belief of us Bible Christians, fearfully misapplied, although he prayed to the Virgin and the Saints, still he did so in the most earnest belief (mistaken though it was) that they heard his prayers, and that they could mediate for him with his Maker.

Is it not pitiable—is it not sad, when one witnesses such real and heartfelt devotion as is commonly to be seen amongst Roman Catholics—a devotion which too often serves as a well-merited rebuke to the coldness of Protestants,—is it not sad to see these earnest and pious people taught to "throw away" their prayers, by addressing them to any source but the Highest—to any ears but those which only and which ever are open to the petition of the lowliest and humblest of His servants?

Undoubtedly there is something in the system of Roman Catholic teaching which tends to make its disciples more devout than those of the Reformed Churches.

We, who pride ourselves on confining our religious addresses to the true source—why cannot we be as earnest as they? Why do we counterbalance and almost nullify the advan-

tages to be gained from the purity of our faith, by the remissness of our religious sentiments? Why do we suffer it to be said of us that those who are in error have a more lively and a more fruitful faith in their error than we have in that *truth* of which we are permitted to enjoy the blessings?

We, who pride ourselves on our Protestantism, do we ever reflect that we are the most caitiff traitors to Protestantism by exemplifying in our lives, and actions, and sentiments, so much that is contrary to the true spirit of the Christian religion? We follow our Saviour with our lips, but our hearts, too often, are far from Him! And then we have the hypocritical assurance to condemn the errors of people who are much more earnest and devout than we!

Of course it is very sad that they should live in error! But let us wait till we are spotless before we sit in acrimonious judgment on their error!

We have said that we would devote a few words to Myles's bedroom. It was the snuggest little place in the world. That is to say, *by comparison*. We speak of Myles's ideals, and of Myles's "world." Perhaps some young heir to £10,000 a-year might not have thought it snug. And, perhaps, the day might yet come when Myles's own ideal would change. To our hero's taste just then, however, there was nothing to be compared with that little bedroom. But then, what had been Myles's bedroom at his own home?

Half of the dark smoky kitchen was lofted over; and there, amongst bean stalks, chains of onions, old rakes and sieves, boot lasts, and a variety of miscellaneous lumber, was a ragged mattress of coarse linen stuffed with straw, and laid on the uneven boards. Up to this Myles used to clamber at night by a ladder rather too short, and with a side which was perpetually threatening to part company from the rungs, the

result of which would have been the speedy downfall of our young cobbler. The cat had a particular fancy of her own for getting up to the same loft, which she used to share with Myles; and he did not object to her company, save when she made herself unpleasant.

Now, to one who had been accustomed all his life to such a sleeping apartment, was it not a positive luxury to have a clean little garret in the roof of a slated house, papered all round and above—for even the ceiling was included—with well-selected prints from the *Illustrated London News*? There was a neat little French bed painted yellow, with brown stars on the four knobs; and the whitest of counterpanes, and there was such a tasteful set of crockery in the little washing-stand. And there were two flower-pots in the window, one containing actually a heliotrope in full bloom, and the other a plant of verbenä. And directly beneath the window was the rocky river, which seemed quite a companion to him in the solitude of his evenings, with continuous musical plashing over the stones. And beyond was a beautiful view of an undulating wooded country, and beyond that, again, a blue mountain, rising up against the sky.

Now, this snuggerly of Myles's was not in the building in which "the office" was situated, nor was it in Mr. Vellum's private house, half-a-mile out in the country. It was in the abode of an excellent and good-natured widow in the town, a letter-out of jaunting-cars, and a Quakeress. What wonderfully clean people Quakers are! How is it? Is it part of their religion? We know that outward cleanliness is an important part of the religion of Mussulmans. Do Quakers and Mussulmans act on the principle, that "cleanliness cometh before godliness?" It really looks very like it. And we must in honesty state our impression that Irish Roman Catholics, as a rule, neglect

that principle to a remarkable extent. They must not be offended at our saying so. We have been saying all that we honestly can in their behalf ; and now, as we wish particularly to write honestly, we must as honestly condemn them in this matter, and aver (an averment in which many unprejudiced observers will carry us out), that cleanliness, with the bulk of them, cometh neither *before* nor *after* godliness ! How is this ? Is it that the Roman Catholic population of Ireland represents for the most part the aboriginal population of Ireland ? Because, in books written no less than two hundred and fifty years ago, we find English travellers commenting in no measured terms upon the dirt of the native Irish ; so it seems that they have ever been the same. Or in other words, they were then in a state of barbarism, and they have not entirely emerged therefrom even now. But why not ? Have the civilising influences of resident landlords dwelling in their midst gone for nothing ?

Unfortunately, in times past, there has been too great a proneness on the part of Protestant landlords to do more for their Protestant tenants than for their Roman Catholic ones. But this sectarian feeling now scarcely exists amongst the highest orders. Perhaps, then, everything will soon become right, and civilisation will diffuse itself indiscriminately amongst the peasantry of all creeds. Alas, we fear not !

The exclusive system of Rome steps in as a bar to that union which might otherwise exist amongst us all. If the bigoted aversions of *some* Protestants is bad, the systematically bigoted exclusiveness of the Roman Catholic Church is far worse : it seems to be her aim to separate her adherents from admixture with Protestants, whether high or low ; and

until the Roman Catholic people of Ireland themselves, following the example of their co-religionists in other countries, shall arise and cast off the yoke of ultra-ecclesiasticism, we shall continue to see them as backward and as far from civilisation as the inhabitants of every country in the world which suffers itself to be *priest-ridden*.

Sooner or later the day must come in which the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland will liberate themselves from that thralldom which, assuming the sheep's clothing of "religious guidance," tyrannises over their manhood.

Even Spain has done it ! Our own country would scarcely have lagged behind *her*, but for the religious animosities still existent amongst us, which will enable the "hierarchs" to keep their following together for a brief while longer. But, in proportion to the arrogant pretensions of those hierarchs will be the hastening of the day of emancipation. Let us only hope that when our fellow-countrymen do cast off the yoke of ecclesiasticism, they may not do so in a spirit of irreligion ; and that their weariness of this sway may not excite in them feelings of lawless heedlessness of civil authority as well. It is against this fatal contingency that our statesmen should have the foresight to guard ; and if they apply themselves resolutely to the task of training our national youth aright, we may confidently hope that when the storm arises in which the Irish Celt will pitch ultra-ecclesiasticism overboard, the well-trimmed ship will weather the gale ; and when it has subsided, will be wafted gallantly along by the favouring breezes of constitutionalism to the haven of national prosperity !

A BRAVE FRENCH PASTOR.,

THERE is, in the south-west of France, a little seaport at the mouth of the Gironde, named St. Georges-de-Didonne, in Saintonge. It is in the depth of a bay shut in on the north by the cliffs of Valière, and on the south by those of Suzac, which jut out into the sea like the horns of a crescent. The houses, mostly alike, are humble, low-roofed with tiles, and whitewashed. They are scattered here and there amongst the windings of the sand-hills, without the least attempt at regularity, or the least sign of a road, and look like the stray tents of an encampment.

Here, at the beginning of the last century, a number of "the scattered flock of Israel"—as the afflicted professors of the reformed faith in France styled themselves—came to seek a shelter, when driven from the open country by the troops of Louis XIV., after the Revocation of Nantes.

"It was a quiet, melancholy spot, especially suited for prayer and lamentation. The sandy downs were covered, from spring to autumn, with flowers which, warmed by the fervent rays of the mid-day sun, incessantly exhaled their religious incense of wormwood and *immortelle*, while the distant wail of the rolling waves suggested the dying strains of the ancient song of captivity by the waters of Babylon."

In those isolated dwellings, set amid clumps of elms and clustering tamarisks, the fugitive families settled and increased, forming a community linked together by one elevated faith, and by many tender and solemn associations. Here groups of attached neighbours gathered about their devoted pastors, who minis-

tered to them under penalty of exile or death, and by their humble firesides recalled the conflicts and martyrdoms of their fathers.

Let us glance at the principal of those conflicts, those martyrdoms—all the result of a spirit of persecution that for long ages disgraced every country and every sect of Christendom.

The Huguenots or Calvinistic Reformers of France resembled our Puritans, allowing for difference of nationality. Their origin is to be sought in the middle ages among those thinking minds which first protested against the abuses of the papal and priestly powers. With the diffusion of the Scriptures, France and Germany became deeply stirred by a spirit of reformation. The ardent Swiss Evangelist Farel and others like him carried the flaming torch from place to place in France, and made numerous converts among rich and poor.

In 1524 Farel publicly sustained thirty theses on the points of difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. And when we are viewing the fearful persecutions afterwards suffered by the Huguenots, let us not forget that Farel was present at the burning of Servetus, and exclaimed, as the tortured "heretic" uttered his last prayer to God from the flames, "See what power the devil has over one who has fallen into his hands!"

Margaret, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I., King of France, embraced the faith that Farel taught, and many of the priests and nobility followed her example. Protestants of other countries were en-

¹ "Jean Jarrousseau, the Pastor of the Desert." By Eugene Pelletan. Translated from the French by E. P. De L'Hoste. London: H. S. King and Co.

couraged by the King to settle in France—in consequence of their literary eminence and value therefore to his kingdom. But afterwards, with a base inconsistency, Francis became a fierce persecutor. On one of his state tours he paused at six different places where martyrdoms were to take place! Yet he was not thought so irreclaimable, but that, in the year 1535, Calvin dedicated to Francis the volume of his *Institutes* just published. Thus drew on to its close the sixteenth century. The Reformation, half political and half religious, was working its way throughout Europe.

The alliance of Henry II. of France with the German Protestants brought peace and prosperity for a time to the Huguenot cause. But when the Guise family rose to power, dark days again set in. Under Francis II., the Huguenots suffered executions, confiscations, and punishments in all parts of the kingdom. Then commenced by the Huguenots under Condé the first of a series of wars waged to obtain freedom of conscience. We next see Catherine de Medicis removing the Guises with the aid of the Protestants.

In 1561, the Huguenots were freed from the penalty of death for their faith, and in the year following noblemen were permitted freedom of worship on their own estates. But the party of the Guises and the Jesuits again attacked and massacred the Reformers. War was resumed; the Duke of Guise was assassinated, and in 1563 the Huguenots again won a brief victory; being allowed the free exercise of their religion, except in certain districts and towns. Catherine de Medicis, however, hated the new faith, and became its deadly enemy. More battles under Condé and Casimir, and again the Huguenots won freedom in a hollow peace, which ended in the massacre of 3000 of them! again the Huguenots took

up arms, were defeated, and Condé slain. Henry of Navarre next appears at the head of the Huguenots, with Coligny for their military leader; and in 1570 they had won an amnesty, the free exercise of their religion everywhere except in Paris, and the possession of a number of places of worship.

Yet, only two years after, in 1572, the treacherous queen brought about the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. But the Huguenot cause still survived. The remnant flew to arms, and in 1573 obtained some important concessions.

After all the massacres and treacheries, they, in 1575, were freed from all restrictions, and obtained a number of places of security. Soon, however, arose the "Holy League" of Jesuits, with the King at their head, to crush the heretics. The sixth religious war was terminated as usual with concessions to the Huguenots.

But a seventh war shortly followed. And then there was a long interval of quiet for the harassed Reformers, until the League again attacked them, assisted by the Pope and Spain. All the privileges of the Huguenots were declared to be forfeited; and the eighth religious war took place under Henry of Navarre, as leader of the Protestant army, supported by troops from Germany and money from England. On the 13th of April, 1598, Henry of Navarre, having succeeded to the throne of France, signed the famous Edict of Nantes, by which the rights of the Huguenots were established and enlarged. For twenty years these rights were firmly exercised. Then the King, Louis XIII., his mother, Mary de Medicis, and the League, wrested by a mixture of force, bribery, and stratagem, the Protestant towns from their owners. Again the struggle went on. First one side, then the other gained the

mastery. But the Huguenots, on the whole, maintained their cause bravely until Louis XIV., instigated by Madame de Maintenon and his worthless confessor, Pere la Chaise, issued decree after decree, depriving them gradually of all their civil rights, and then endeavouring to crush them utterly. All their places of worship were ordered to be razed to the ground; all their schools closed. No minister was permitted to celebrate marriage or to baptise children.

The Duke de Noailles had a ferocious commission given him to proceed to the south of France with 30,000 Dragoons; and on approaching each town, sent orders to the Protestants to come out in a body, and abjure their faith. In this way he converted 240,000, in Languedoc, in one month. "I am by no means sure that they are all sincere," observed Madame de Maintenon; "but God employs innumerable means to bring the heretics to himself, and if the fathers are hypocrites, at least the children will be Catholics."

Admirable policy!

At last, in 1685, on the feast of St. Luke, the crowning edict of the 92 issued against Huguenots in this wicked reign was sent forth. All the pastors, on pain of death, were commanded to leave France in forty-eight hours, fifteen days being allowed to some as a special favour. But the flocks were forbidden to follow, as they were a most valuable and industrious portion of the manufacturing and maritime population; yet hundreds of thousands escaped. The roads were lined near all the out-posts, and Geneva, Germany, and England received with open arms the distressed outcasts. As to those unhappy people who had been terrified into an insincere recantation, they found themselves hardly dealt with, for when their real sentiments were discovered, they were at once put to death without mercy.

In 1685 occurred the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—and then everywhere the Huguenots strove to fly, and dreadful were their sufferings. Their marriages declared null, their children deprived of the right of inheritance, and forcibly shut in convents, their preachers indiscriminately put to death. From the vicinity of Nismes, where they had always been very numerous, thousands betook themselves to the mountains of the Cevennes, and worshipped together in solitary places. And another war was waged by them, under the name of Camisards, that opposed with wonderful success the royal forces. But this revolt was at last stamped out in blood and fire with circumstances of extreme cruelty.

The 18th century opened upon a quieter period for the suffering remnant. But in 1724 Louis XV. resumed the old severities. Then Montesquieu and Voltaire raised their eloquent voices for religious freedom. Louis XVI. ascended the throne, and the long and bitter conflict was suspended.

This is the period of the biographical story of the *Pastor of the Desert*, by Eugene Pelletan. The edicts of Louis le Grand, and his Revocation of the Edicts of Nantes, had made the "desert"—not a material desert of the country of Saintonge, but a religious desert, in which "the Israel of God" had no visible place of worship, and were reduced to hold their religious meetings in secret places, where they met in fear and trembling. There was a world of pathetic meaning in that phrase of the time—"Life in the Desert." Huguenot life, as far as civil laws could make it, *was* a desert. Conceive the state of things in which the families of Saint Georges were developed. "They," says the author, "having long lived in *constant preparation for martyrdom*, manifested a character of seriousness, and detachment from the pleasures of the

world, which, like a shade of sadness and resignation, spread over the cradles of infancy, and the walls of the houses.

"Their habits were austere in the extreme. All that by others was considered pleasing to the eye, was here rigorously banished. Not a luxury, not even the innocent one of a pot of flowers on Sunday, on the window-sill or the chimney-piece. Such magnificence, in the time of mourning would have appeared to them unbecoming—an insult to the chronic desolation of the Church."

The extreme poverty of the people may be easily imagined, cut off, as they were from all Catholic communities, and therefore from interchange of the products of their industry.

Pastor Jean Jarousseau, the highly honoured grandfather of the author, when commencing life, possessed a humble patrimony, consisting of a vineyard and a small house; but he committed the crime of going to Switzerland to learn the Protestant theology, at Lausanne, and the Intendant of his native district, to punish him, set fire to his vineyard, and pulled down his house. The meek and pious student, hearing of his loss, said, "Job would nevertheless have envied my lot." The Bible with him solved every difficulty, and its pages always furnished consolation.

He went through his course of theology "at racing speed, it must be owned—picking up here a dogma, there a little sacred history, and finishing with a little music, as much as sufficed for keeping time in psalm-singing. . . . The faculty of Lausanne had to educate for martyrdom rather than for controversy. The study of Latin and Hebrew was certainly superfluous for those who were learning to die. Heart sufficed. Pastor Jarousseau, in this respect, was the best theologian of the faculty."

To maintain an existence after the destruction of his little property was a problem. He solved it in a man-

ner that has hardly been equalled, probably, even among the hard-faring students of frugal Scotland, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," was the motto of a great Edinburgh Quarterly. Pastor Jarousseau cultivated theology on snails:

"He used to go in the morning, before the dew was off the ground, to the borders of the lake, to collect a dishful of snails, and cook them over the embers for his breakfast. His dinner was generally included in his breakfast. After having concluded his daily studies, he returned to Saintonge on foot, by unfrequented roads across the mountains; supping generally on a crust of bread, obtained from some munificent goat-herd, and sleeping in his cloak in the open air. When bread failed him, he sang a psalm to supply the deficiency; and as he kept a strict account of his life, he once wrote in his journal, 'I supped to-day on a verse.'"

He entered on his pastorate with every expectation of martyrdom. He had been following the Pasteur Gibert in his dangerous journeyings between the Seudre and Gironde, and was present at the tragic preaching in the forest of Valeret, when several women were mercilessly slain, and Gibert there fell, mortally wounded by a ball in the chest. Jarousseau then took up the mantle of this Elijah, "and from that time he went about, night and day, mounted on a borrowed nag, his Bible in one pocket, and psalm-book in another, evangelising and baptising all around, and, as before, bestowing not a thought on that merciless creditor—the morrow. He followed the Scriptural precepts *literally*. When he hungered, he knocked at the door of a believer's house, prayed for God's blessing on it, and asked for hospitality. If the door should close against him, he would shake off the dust of his feet, and depart to knock elsewhere. He was once reproached for his indifference

regarding a livelihood, and was offered a small prebend. He replied, "I will not deprive myself of any opportunity of testifying to the omnipotence of God. Manna falls only in the desert."

The marriage of Jarousseau to the mother of Eugène Pelletan was strikingly characteristic both of their own simplicity and admirable qualities, and the perilous life that lay before them. It is beautifully told. "How did the Pastor happen to marry this pious housewife? this visible providence of his home? Well, of course, as he did everything else, by a stroke of inspiration. He thought that a pastor ought to take unto himself a wife, as an example.

"I have no family," he used to say, "and am, therefore, deficient in one virtue." But, notwithstanding his appeals to his heart, he was conscious of no preference for any one sheep in his flock. He therefore prayed to the Lord to select him a companion, and he awaited the passing of some unknown Rachel across his path.

She came—a young girl who attended his Sunday preachings, and wept behind her Bible for the Pastor's wrongs.

"Why do you weep thus?" the Pastor once asked her.

"I can scarcely say," she replied; "but I cannot help thinking that you, who have brought the good God among us are yourself living by chance, and have no fireside at which to warm yourself when the day's work is done."

"The hour has come!" he murmured in an access of pious emotion.

For a moment he reflected.

"Tell me, my girl; should he, whom God selects to be unto thee as another self, be obliged, on account of his faith, to wander over waste lands, through rain and wind, without even a stone on which to rest his head; what would you do in such a time of trial?"

"I would follow him."

"And if, some day, after a long absence, you saw him brought back, stretched on a litter, wounded; his face overspread with the pale hues of dawning eternity; what would you do? Would you weep for *him* or for *yourself*, as did the patriarchs at sight of Joseph's bloody garment? Think well now, before you speak."

"I would place my hand on his heart, and if it still beat, I would say, 'God be praised!' and then I would dress his wounds."

"And, if you should hear that on another occasion he had been made to mount, barefoot, on a scaffold, stripped to his shirt, holding a flaming torch; and that there, in the presence of an assembled crowd, and in the midst of drums beating to drown the voice of his prayer, a cord, yet damp with the death-agonies of some murderer, had been placed round his neck?"

"I would fall on my knees, I would pray to God to extend towards me the grace of this holy martyr's spirit, and then I would look up to heaven and wait."

"Anne Lavocat," said the Pastor solemnly, "you have spoken according to my own heart, and I see by your words that you are sent to me by Him who 'tempers the wind unto the shorn lamb.' Wilt thou be unto me what Rachel was unto Jacob? I have nothing to offer you but a share in my dangers, and, perhaps, widowhood on the morrow."

The young girl gazed on the Pastor—that elect and most holy man—with an indescribable expression of honest surprise.

"What are you saying, monsieur? I am not worthy to fasten your cloak! But should you ever deign to call me your servant, I am ready to follow you even to the grave."

The marriage ceremony—after fourteen days and nights of watching and praying, in order thoroughly to understand their own hearts—was

performed in the open air near the sea.

On the fifteenth day, the Pastor sought his betrothed, and the betrothed placed her hand in his, in the presence of her father and mother, according to the agreement between them. On the evening of that day, he led her, with four witnesses, to the border of the warren at the back of the sand-hill, and there on a block of stone, an improvised altar, he placed the cup of wine and the broken bread ; and, opening the Bible, said, with his hand on the sacred page, " I take thee, as in the presence of God, for my wife ; and I give myself unto thee for eternity."

" Then, handing the bread to his betrothed, he added : ' Take ; this is my body ; ' and giving the cup of wine, he again added : ' Take ; this is my blood.' She took, *first*, of both the bread and the wine, then returned the cup to her husband. He placed his lips on the yet humid spot which the young girl's lips had just tremblingly pressed. He felt his heart overflow in this mystic kiss, and his first tear of love fell into the cup, mingling with the symbol of the blood of Christ.

" Thus it was that the Pastor Jarousseau married Anne Lavocat, in the month of June, at nightfall, on the sandy downs, perfumed with *immortelle* and sea wormwood, under the holy light of the moon—that living word of the loving God ; far from the noisy haunts of men ; in presence only of immensity and eternity, brooding over the nuptial altar in their majestic and mysterious silence ; while the gently-flowing waves on the sea-shore murmured in subdued tones their ever-sounding hymn."

Could any marriage ceremony in the world exceed this in sacred sweetness and tender beauty ?

It was blessed from the beginning and to the end. She had a small farm, a milch cow, and a humble dwelling-house and warren, alto-

gether barely sufficing for daily bread. By rigidly economising, she reared a family of six children on this small income, " bringing them up in the fear of the Lord, and in habits of frugality and temperance."

Jarousseau was now one of six pastors elected for the service of the Huguenot congregations in the departments of Saintonge, Angoumois, and Bordelais. And this service was very likely to lead to exile or the gallows. He " prepared himself for either alternative, for on the very day on which he held his open-air preaching, he made his will, more as an act of faith than for any other purpose, seeing that he had nothing to bequeath but his example, and his cast-off garments. Since then he had regularly every night, before laying his head on his pillow, examined and regulated his mind. After this internal preparation for whatever might happen, he awaited, as he said, with a heart at ease, the Lord's visit."

Happily he was favoured by the governor of the district, who sent for him to his chateau. " Listen, my friend," he said, " I know what your occupation is, but I mean to ignore it. Since you insist on having a flock, lead it to feed wherever you like, on whatever pastures you choose, provided only it is not in public, nor on the highways. But understand me, there must be no scandal. When a child is born among you, it must be baptised by the curé ; and when a girl is married, it must be in the church. And should it ever be my duty to seek you, I shall always take care not to find you. But you must help me in this."

" Would your lordship, under these circumstances, point out my line of conduct ?"

" The devil, my man ! I can't show you how to elude my justice. Have a retreat in your house, or elsewhere. It matters little to me. It is no business of mine, provided you are hidden ; only, whenever I send to ar-

rest you, the drums shall be beat at the entrance of the village."

So the Pastor each night concealed himself in a hiding-place in his house, reached by stairs cut in the thickness of the wall.

And he used great discretion in his preachings. Every Sunday he notified to his flock the place of meeting for the following Sunday. Sometimes it was in the Suzac forest; sometimes on the sandy downs of Saint-Georges; at other times in a cave in the cliffs, or under ash-trees, bordering a pond.

The faithful flocked to these meetings from a distance of six leagues around, across unfrequented paths; the men armed with long iron-tipped sticks, the women hidden under their old-fashioned hooded-cloaks. On arrival, they placed their *merreau*—a sign of mutual recognition—in the hands of the elders of the church, and silently took their places side-by-side, with heads bowed, and hands resting on their sticks. Then the Pastor, mounted on a hillock, in default of a pulpit, or leaning against the trunk of some old tree that bent weeping over him, commenced Divine service by reading and commenting on a chapter of the gospels."

Does not this recal the scenes that took place among the Covenanters of Scotland? But the following is unique, as far as we know. The picture is one of the most poetical imaginable, and worthy of any painter or poet.

"When the troops were scouring the country, Pastor Jarousseau sometimes found it impossible to preach on shore on Sundays. On these occasions, two or three decked boats, belonging to fishermen or pilots, would stealthily leave the harbour of Saint Georges before daybreak, and glide out to sea with all sails set, until out of sight of land, then they closed together; the hatchways were opened, and the faithful, who had been hidden below, came upon the decks, while the Pastor, standing on

the binnacle of the centre boat, where he seemed lost in the immense void of the horizon, raised his head, sang a psalm, and then preached; after which, dipping his hand into a bucket of salt-water, he baptised the newly-born, initiating them in advance, by this bitter baptism, into a life of persecution."

Such was the preaching on the open sea, where boundless space formed their temple, the vaulted heavens its roof, and a few planks floating on the heaving waters its floor. . . . At nightfall, the boats, to elude suspicion, returned separately to the harbour of Saint Georges. Frequently has the man on watch at the helm of some Breton vessel entering the river, heard in the distance and darkness of night, the solemn, mournful sounds of men's and women's voices singing, and has crossed himself to charm away the spectres of the abyss, imagining that the sounds arose from the depths of the sea."

But with all the Pastor's discretion, one of his preachings, on the verge of the Suzac forest, was interrupted by the military, and he was shot at, wounded, and made prisoner. For the deeply-interesting scenes that follow, we must refer the reader to the book itself. We can only give a slight view of the great act of simple heroism which at last brought relief to this down-trodden community of Saintonge, and contributed to far larger results than the noble Pastor dreamed of.

The prayer-vessel at sea is plunged into the midst of a frightful storm. A bride, who had been married on board, is drowned. Her bridegroom goes mad. At the gathering of the people in the presence of the military, the dead girl lying on a stone bench in mournful beauty, Pastor Jarousseau prayed and spoke:

"My friends," He said, "God is good, and though He has taken the poor martyr laid on that bench as a victim, His purpose is doubtless, by this sacrifice, to redeem us from ser-

vitude. Hitherto we have prayed in the desert, and, when unable to find a place for prayer on shore, have gone out upon the ocean. Now, however, earth and sea seem simultaneously to reject our prayers. What can this mean, but that the last hour of the Gospel has arrived, or that the hour of our deliverance is at hand? The first supposition is blasphemous; the second, therefore, must be the true one. I have questioned the Holy Spirit, and, if I am not guilty of presumption, the Spirit has answered thus: 'You have a good king, who is now raising up an oppressed people; you are shot down, and cast upon the waves, as, in former times, the first Christians were thrown before wild beasts. Seek him! tell him of your martyrdom, for if he is good, he will render you justice.' This is what has been suggested to my soul."

And on this idea he acted, and himself went to Paris,—a six weeks' difficult and perilous journey on horseback. There his escape from confinement in the Bastille for life was almost miraculous. His place in that horrible prison was prepared for him before he set out, though he was entirely ignorant of the fate intended for him. On entering the great city, he was robbed of his horse; but the gentleman who possessed himself of it, was arrested as Jean Jarousseau. There is delightful humour in the account of the simple pastor in Paris. He reminds us of the Vicar of Wakefield. He was successful in his endeavour to plead his people's cause with Louis XVI. in person, assisted by the philosopher, Malesherbes, who brought the Pastor to the presence of the King at Versailles.

Here is a portrait of Jarousseau: "The man looked robust, though his hair was prematurely whitened by mental or bodily fatigue, probably by the two combined. He wore the large round hat of Saintonge, a grey camlet jacket, knee-breeches the

same, and buckled shoes. His peaceful countenance, expressive of simple kind-heartedness, his thoughtful and spiritual glance, his square forehead, furrowed by a long, perpendicular line between the eyebrows, all testified to a character of combined energy, frankness, resolution, and enthusiasm."

"Louis XVI. wore a peach-coloured coat, of a hue between a dirty white and faded pink, embroidered with blue silk on the collar and round each button-hole; and a powdered wig, terminated by a half-detached queue, and a pair of crumpled and smoke-dyed ruffles."

The King, upon whom rested already the shadow of the terrors of the coming revolution and the guillotine, was melancholy, weak, and vacillating. He was visibly embarrassed in the audience chamber.

"Monsieur Jarousseau, what request have you to make?" he said, in a tone of extreme weariness.

"Sire, I come to lay at your Majesty's feet the prayers of the Protestants of Saint Georges-Didonne, your faithful subjects of Saintonge, and to say, with all due respect to those whom God has placed in authority over us: firstly, that religious persecution is contrary to Scripture; secondly, that it is unjust; thirdly, that it is impolitic."

"And, fourthly, interrupted Louis XVI. (who strove to infuse firmness into his *role* of king by tension of will, and who, by the very effort of this tension, generally went beyond the mark), that my ancestors and I, from father to son, have blindly pursued a wrong course, without perceiving its results. I know, beforehand, what homily you are about to deliver me, *Monsieur le Pasteur*, for it has been incessantly dinned in my ears. I have read your letter, and before that, a heap of memoirs on this eternal subject; and I must say, am not much impressed, either by your reasonings, or those of your allies, the philosophers. I have

sworn to put down heresy. I will keep my word. I have but to restore to you your churches, and your public worship, and give you, consequently, besides liberty of conscience, the equally sacred gift of liberty of thought; and, in these times of spreading impiety and disturbance of mind, when all men are seeking for change, ruined France would soon see a stranger in the place of the throne of Saint Louis. It is not possible to worship two Christs here; for I must account before God for the just preservation of the faith confided to me. Is there, then, so great a difficulty in going to mass, and praying as our fathers have done for the past eighteen hundred years? I, myself, go to mass."

This abrupt commencement of the conference quite disheartened the Pastor for a moment. He stood as petrified, without a word to say; the well-arranged speech had gone from his memory!

"What, in fact, do the Protestants desire of me?" resumed Louis, with renewed animation. "They complain, and the philosophers also complain, of being oppressed. My frontiers are no longer guarded; they may go where they will to drink of their cup, and eat their consecrated bread in honour of Calvin; and take with them their wives and children, their Bibles and property. Let them depart, if France does not suit them. The way is open. Who keeps them back? But they prefer being factious in feeling, if not in deed, and filling the country with their lamentations. Very well," he added, with raised voice, "I will allow no rebels in my kingdom. Mark my words! And were I now to fulfil my duty, as the elder son of the Church, and in observance of my coronation oath, I should send you to the Place de Grève, for having infringed my orders. What would you do then? Come, answer?"

The Pastor, looking at Louis XVI with a serene dignity of expression,

which seemed to change the position of royalty, enthroning it within himself, replied:—"I would wait death, sire, as calmly as I now stand here; and I would go to await you there above." . . . Gazing on the face of Louis, he added, "You are not the King; the King would not have spoken thus."

A blighting glance shot from the eye of Louis, and died away instantly into an expression of melancholy; but the next moment, raising his head, and growing in height with the mysterious dignity of dynasty authority, "Explain yourself!" he exclaimed.

The Pastor did so, with all his heart and soul, in a moving speech, concluding:—"Yes, sire: God has said to this ruler over a portion of the world, 'Thou hast a million of Protestants—thy children and mine; they are humble-minded labourers, faithful and pious; they lead a life of austerity, and ask nothing but the permission to be what they are, and to thank the Lord publicly,—the *God* of all, who commits His vengeance and anger to none.'"

The Pastor kneels.

"Ah, sire, help me to find my King—the King whom I have learned to love in the desert, and not the one whom I have just heard. I have never thus bent before living man; but now, I kneel here in the dust, to which we shall all return, to conjure you not to repress the feelings of your heart, which naturally incline to justice, for I see by your emotion that the merciful God smiles encouragingly on me."

The King showed emotion.

"Monsieur le Pasteur Jarousseau," he said, in tones of prophetic sadness, "arise, the time is at hand when kings will no longer be addressed on bended knees."

Then, as if thinking aloud, he complained somewhat bitterly of his hard fate.

"What do people require of me; and why do they come thus, from all parts, to importune me—to ask for

liberty of conscience, as if I, a son of Saint Louis, could make a compact with heresy."

The conference abruptly concluded.

"Monsieur Jarrousseau, you may retire; my orders shall be addressed to you to-morrow."

Malesherbes brought the answer to the Pastor. "It is evasive, as I anticipated. His Majesty puts aside the question of principle. He merely accords to *you personally* permission to preach; but it must be in secret, in secluded spots, and closed houses; a tacit permission, in fact, conditional, precarious, and liable to be withdrawn on the least suspicion of anything that can be called heresy by those who are only too willing to do it. It is very little, still it is something; the first step in the right direction—it is the anticipation of liberty of conscience. Sooner or later he must accord the same permission to other pastors. Your journey here will have had a happy result; it will have created a *precedent*. Now, a precedent is everything with a king, whose will acts only little by little at different times, and who would more readily do a just act if he thought he had previously willed it. You may therefore depart in peace."

We must give the closing scene of the Pastor in Paris:

"After so rapid a succession of overpowering emotions, the Pastor, on finding himself again at the Hotel de la Providence, experienced the ineffable relief of one who, after having been beaten about on the waters, at last reaches the shore, and feels that he is himself again.

. . . "The next day he went out early to recruit his spirits with the health-giving morning air, but had no sooner set foot in the street than he had a second hallucination, which threatened, though in a very different way, to deprive him of what little consciousness he fancied he still retained. Standing before

the hotel door was the familiar form of Misère, saddled and bridled as on the day he lost her. He thought at first that a mirage was tempting him with a cruel mockery.

It was nevertheless his mare, beyond a doubt. She, too, recognised the Pastor, and in default of speech to express her happiness, expanded and contracted her nostrils, and snorted loudly. A police officer held Misère's bridle, and behind him stood a patrol of the watch, keeping guard over a young man wearing ruffles and a sword at his side. The Pastor, at a single glance, recognised the treacherous cavalier who had abused his confidence. "Monsieur," said the officer, "please to verify your account, and give me the receipt."

The Pastor opened his valise, and duly recovered his shirt, his socks, his goat's milk cheese, his bag of prunes, his bundle of herbs for fevers, and the other bundle of herbs for *migraine*—all things that he had highly prized; the memoir alone was missing, but, in its stead, some unknown hand had slipped in a gold snuff-box, bearing on its lid a portrait of the King, and around the portrait was written: "Given by Malesherbes to the Pastor Jarrousseau." He put the snuff-box into his pocket, and closed the valise.

"And the money?" inquired the police officer.

"What money?"

"The money in the saddle-bag."

The poor man had forgotten the saddle-bag; he hauled it up from under the baggage, and, judging by its bulk, concluded at first that it must be three-quarters empty; but on opening it, found in its depths a hundred coins of spotless brilliancy, fresh from the mint.

"The money does not belong to me" he said, holding the bag toward the officer.

"Pardon, Monsieur! the King gives it you, in defrayment of the

expenses of your journey, and that you may distribute alms in his name amongst the poor of your parish. And, now, here is the culprit. As he belongs to a good family, the royal clemency allows of his being sent to the colonies; but his father does not wish to infringe on your rights of private justice—therefore sends him here to receive whatever punishment you choose to inflict.”

The Pastor plunged his hand into the bag, drew out a handful of coins, and gave them to the prisoner.

“What are you doing?” said the officer, shocked at this immoral proceeding, which seemed like an encouragement to new crimes.

“*Ah, parbleu*, my friend! would you have the young man tempted to steal again?”

“In truth,” said the prisoner, “you owe me this amends.”

“How so, my friend?”

“For having gone to prison in your stead.”

“To prison in my stead?”

“When you lent me your horse.”

“I lent you my horse!”

“You are too generous to belie me. I thought I had to do with a well-conducted horse, and not one suspected of heresy, and belonging to a still more suspicious master. In this belief I dismounted at an hotel, when a stir arose around me, and the next moment the police-officer you see there took me by the collar, and said, ‘Monsieur Jarousseau, I arrest you.’ In vain did I protest I never bore the name of Jarousseau. He said not another word, but opened your valise, took out your memoir, read it rapidly, looked at the signature, and then said, ‘All right, follow me!’ And he led me to the Bastille.”

The Pastor looked at the officer. “Does the young man speak the truth?”

“Yes, sir, the intendent of your province had denounced you as a dangerous preacher, and the lieutenant de police had given in your

name at all the hotels in Paris, with orders to arrest you on your arrival; but they must afterwards have discovered that it was a mistake, for it was ordered, on the contrary, to treat you with respect, and supply your wants.”

“God is doubly good!” exclaimed the Pastor, joining his hands. “If this young man had not borrowed my mare (somewhat forcibly borrowed, I admit), I should have been at this present time confined in some dungeon, there to remain for the rest of my life.”

The return of the Pastor to his home and flock was radiantly happy and triumphant.

“On arriving at St. Georges, the pastor found the people lining the roads. Forewarned, doubtless, by some voice in the air, or some watches on the sandhill, they had hastened to meet him, dressed in their Sunday’s best, and bearing branches of trees in their hands.

“My friends,” he said, “throw away those branches; they recall thoughts inapplicable to any human being. Kneel, and let us sing a hymn of deliverance; for, though I bring you nothing definitive, I have at least a promise of liberty of conscience.”

He dismounted, knelt in the dust of the harvest-laden ground, under the glorious sunshine, amongst the prostrate crowd, and sang, as in the presence of God, the hundred and third Psalm—a song of thanksgiving.

This mission to Versailles was in the year 1776; the Act of Toleration, continually urged by Malesherbes after the Pastor’s visit, was not granted till 1787; and, though it secured anything but such toleration as Protestants now enjoy, yet it was violently opposed by Parliament and clergy—excepting one bishop, who made a noble answer to one who had brutally appealed to Louis XVI. for persecution. “My Lord, I have consulted my crucifix,

said de Brienne; to which the Bishop of Dole rejoined, "In that case, it was your duty *to state its answer correctly*. If 'Nobleness of virtue,' as an old writer says, 'is a glory gotten by courage of manhood, good conditions, chaste living, and by laudable honesty,' then was the Pastor of the Desert a noble man.

He lived to a great age among his children and grandchildren, who, says Eugène Pellatan, cherish the highest possible reverence for his memory, regarding it as their title of ancestral nobility.

His grave is in his own meadow, whence he derived the support of his frugal household; and though it has no tombstone, it is a most honoured spot. There, in accordance with the holy man's dying wish, his children and his children's children often gather to kneel and pray.

We can warmly commend this translation of the "Pastor of the Desert," by Eugène Pelletan—an author almost unknown in England—"except by a work written in a very different style, and which conveys no idea of the varied charms of tender grace, wit, humour, and heightened morality, inherent in the character of the writer," and, we would add, in the work before us.

Mr. Pelletan adds to his book, "*Pièces Justificatives*, containing extracts from historical writings by A. Crottet and Ch. Coquerel: the former entitled, *Histoire des Eglises réformées de Pans, Gomozac, et Mortagne, en Saintonge*; and the latter, *Histoire des Eglises du desert*; also an extract from Ch. Weiss's *Histoire des Réfugiés Protestants*, besides others, showing the truthfulness of the events recorded in the tale."

M. B.



CAGLIOSTRO ; OR, THE LIFE OF A CHARLATAN.

(CONTINUED.)

IN London, according to his own account, the Egyptian Masonry was not without success, and some disciples having followed him from the Continent, he determined to hold a lodge in his house. Here, as at Paris and Mitau, he made use of pupils. "On this occasion," says the inquisitor, "a singular accident occurred to him, the cause of which he pretends to be entirely ignorant of. Some ladies and gentlemen having petitioned for authority to make use of the crystal vase, &c., in the same manner as himself, he granted his permission accordingly ; but their labours proved so unfortunate, that they beheld the apparitions of monkeys and devils, instead of angels, as they had expected."¹

From one of his friends at Passy the Count had obtained a letter to Mr. Thomas Swinton, a retired wine merchant, who was connected with the *Courier de l'Europe*. Here Beppo made the crowning mistake of his life, for although he did not undervalue the advantages of having his pretensions supported in this paper (which was then considered as the best authority on foreign news) ; and although the *Courier de l'Europe* actually upheld his visionary claims, as a scion of the royal house of Trebizond, he failed to secure its continued services, and excited the hatred of its editor to such an intense degree that nothing delighted him more than any piece of gossip damaging to the reputation of the Count de Cagliostro.

Cagliostro took a house in Sloane street, living next door to the Swin-

ton just mentioned, by whom he was introduced to the Chevalier de Morande, the editor of the *Courier de l'Europe*, and one of the greatest blackguards that ever lived.

If the Count is to be believed, Swinton wished him to give public audience to the sick, as at Strasbourg, and also having desired to become his apothecary—a keen eye to the main chance. These baits not catching the fish, he sent his daughter with a note to this effect :

"Je sais que vous avez fait gagner de l'argent à beaucoup de monde ; j'ai une famille nombreuse ; il faut que nous mangions. Si vous me faites gagner de l'argent, je serai votre amis et le *Courier de l'Europe*, serai votre eloge, sinon.

This note (which we give only on the Count's authority) had no effect. on Beppo, who little thought what a tremendous engine of attack and provocation he was defying. De Morande, the editor, had also a private grudge to settle with the Count, who had told him he cared not what he might write about him.

Charles Thevenot, self-created Chevalier de Morande, was the son of a lawyer, and was born in 1748, and was educated at Dijon, where the regularity of his studies was frequently interrupted by his wild freaks. His father having refused him some money, in a fit of pique, he enlisted as a Dragoon. From this situation he was rescued, on promising that he would settle down to the study of the law. This good resolution did not last long, and he went to Paris, where he soon attracted the attention of the police by his drunken

¹ Life of Joseph Balsamo, p. 165.

and dishonest mode of living. His family obtained a *lettre de cachet*, and he was imprisoned for fifteen months. On his enlargement he quitted France for England, where he commenced the trade of pamphleteer and journalist. Wit or eloquence he had none, and supplied their place by coarse personalities, and denunciations of the existing order of things. He extorted a pension from Louis XVI. by threatening to publish some particulars of the early life of Madame du Barry; and when Louis XVII. ascended the throne, and the periodical bribe was discontinued, he put his threat into execution. The *Courier de l'Europe* under his management acquired the reputation of being an authority upon continental news. Perhaps his relations, as a spy of the French police, might give him uncommon facilities for obtaining accurate accounts of what was passing.

We may add, that at the revolution he returned to Paris, but failed to gain any position among the leaders, and becoming suspected as a royalist, he perished in the massacres of September. Such was the man whose enmity the quack had provoked—a man devoid of principle, a thief, a libeller, a government spy, yet possessing powerful influence, which he wished, as a conscientious merchant, to sell to the highest bidder. Was there any wish on the part of the French authorities to decoy the Count back into the dominions of the most Christian king? The matter is by no means incredible, for Beppo contrived to render himself obnoxious to a variety of people, particularly since the publication of his *Lettre au Peuple Française*, in which many notabilities are not very gently handled. There might also have been an idea on the mind of De Breteuil and the Queen's

friends, that the Count might have in his possession some damning evidence against the Cardinal. All this is merest supposition, but that there existed the desire to induce Balsamo to revisit France seems indisputable. On the twentieth of August, 1786, there came to Sloane Street the Secretary of the French Ambassador, M. d'Arragon, with the welcome news that His Most Christian Majesty had graciously been pleased to allow him to return to France.

"But have you received these orders from His Majesty?" inquired the Count. To which the politest of secretaries replied, that if the Count would take the trouble of calling upon the ambassador between eleven and twelve the day following, M. Barthelemy would give him every satisfaction.

Accompanied by M. Bergeret de Frouville, and Lord George Gordon, whom in some inexplicable manner he had got into his net,¹ the Count repaired to the Hotel de France at the time named. M. Barthelemy had not expected two witnesses to the interview, and wished to converse alone with the Count, but Lord George Gordon insisted on being present.

M. Barthelemy. Count, I have orders to allow you to return to France.

Cagliostro. I have come here with pleasure, to receive His Majesty's orders.

M. Barthelemy then produced, not an order from the King, as the Count had expected, but a letter from the Baron de Breteuil.

Cagliostro. Is it possible to recognise an order like that? To enter the Bastille, to quit it, to leave Paris, did I not receive a *lettre de cachet*, signed by the King himself? Will a single letter of M. de Breteuil's suffice to revoke the positive orders of the

¹ Swinton introduced him to Cagliostro, and his lordship was present when M. d'Arragon waited upon the Count.

King? I tell you, sir, I know neither M. de Breteuil nor his orders. I recognise only the King, the sovereign of the French. I speak to you with my usual freedom. I am not come to you as being a minister, but as a Frenchman, of whom all the world speaks well, and I beg you will let me have the letter of M. de Breteuil, or at least a copy of it?

Barthelemy. Count, that is impossible. I understand all that you say. I have executed my orders, and do not wish to enter any more details.

There was certainly nothing unreasonable in the Count desiring something more than a verbal permission to re-enter France. As he himself put it, "What must I have replied to the Governor of Boulogne or Calais, when they demanded by what authority I landed at France, after the prohibition of not re-entering it on pain of disobedience?"

A month later, *Barthelemy* offered the Count a *lettre de cachet*, which empowered him to return to France, until judgment had been pronounced in his cause against Chenon and De Launay. Of course he saw that, the moment that case was decided, he was liable to arrest, and so declined the treacherous-looking kindness.

To return, however, to De Morande: it would appear that amongst other rhodomontade the Count had asserted in some public company that the lions and tigers in the forest of Medina were poisoned by eating the flesh of hogs' fattened on arsenic for that purpose by the astute Arabians. This was a source of considerable merriment for De Morande who did not fail to ridicule so extraordinary an assertion. This move was promptly checkmated by the Count, who printed in the *Public Advertiser*, of September 3rd, 1786, a letter addressed to the *Sieur Morande*, which must have been read with very curious feelings by that valourous gentleman.

After some preliminary sarcasms the Count observes: "En fait de physique et de cheymie les raisonnemens proment peu de chose, le persiflage ne prouve rien; l'experience est toute. Permit me, then, to propose to you a little experience, which will divert the public either at your expense or mine. I invite you to dejeuner for the 9th of November next, at 9 a.m.; you shall furnish the wine and all the accessories, and I, myself, will provide only a pig, fattened according to my plan. Two hours before the dejeuner you shall see it alive, fat, and healthy; and I will not come near it until it is served on the table. You shall cut it in four parts, and having chosen that part which best pleases your appetite, shall give me what portion you think proper. The next day one of four things will be certain; either we shall both be dead, or we shall neither of us be dead; or I shall be dead, and you will not; or you will be dead, and I shall not. Of these four chances I give you three, and I will bet you 5000 guineas that the day after the dejeuner you are dead, and I am alive and well.

The ex-Dragoon, wanting courage, moral and physical, declined this sinister invitation; but not liking to see five thousand guineas slip away from his grasp, proposed to have the bet decided by an experiment on some carnivorous animal.

This showed an opening in his armour which the Count's sword easily penetrated. The reply which *Cagliostro* made to this proposition contains a passage of concentrated scornful hate which we quote.

"This is not my proposition: such a guest would only very imperfectly represent you. Where would you find a carnivorous animal which was amongst its own species what you are amongst men? Wills are free. It is not your representative, but you with whom I wish

to treat. The custom of combat by champions has long gone out of fashion ; and even if I allowed you to put it again in force, honour would forbid me to war against the champion you offer. A champion should not be dragged into the arena—he should there shew his willingness ; and however little you know of animals, you must be aware that you cannot find one, flesh-eating or grass-eating, who would be your champion.”

The victory was with the Count, but it was one of those victories which are more disastrous than defeats ; it fanned the flame of Morande's enmity to a white heat, and it became his business to collect all the scandal that he could rake together tending to defame the friend of humanity—true or false, so that it blackened the character of the illustrious stranger, in it went. Nor did it matter if these libels contradicted each other. Believe either or both, or if neither, at least carry away with you a general feeling that the Magician and Doctor is a quack, an imposter, and the worthy editor of the *Courier de l'Europe* has attained his purpose.

His persistent attacks on the Count had the effect of bringing upon that unfortunate gentleman many unwelcome acquaintances. Priddle, who had behaved so scurvily in the arbitration case, now took out a writ for £60 for legal services, and one called Sachy took a writ for £150, for medical aid rendered whilst at Bordeaux.

Morande asserted that the Count was an imposter ; that his wonderful cures were but tricks ; that he derived money from the apothecaries who sold the drugs which he prescribed ; that his Egyptian Masonry was a bubble ; that he had never been in Egypt in his life ; that he had lived in London, in 1772, under the name of Balsamo ; that his real name was Ticho ; that his father was a poor Neapolitan ; that if he was not a

Neapolitan, he was a Sicilian or Calabrian ; that he had cheated his creditors in every part of Europe ; that he had been a valet-de-chambre and a barber ; that he had been ignominiously expelled from St. Petersburg ; that his wife had been the mistress of M. du Plaisir ; and that he had been chased from Paris by the police. These, and similar charges, were hurled at the Count, in the coarse denunciations of De Morande.

The Count sought to counteract the effect of these libels by the publication of a *Lettre au Peuple Anglois*. In this peppery production he attacked all the confraternity of his enemies with right good will. Priddle, the knavish attorney, who had succeeded in enforcing his trumped-up claim for the services he had *not* rendered in 1776, comes in for a full share of his denunciations, and also Reynolds, Scott, Aylett, &c. The best specimens of the Count's powers in the line of vituperation are in the passages relating to De Morande, which we have already quoted. His piety also is strikingly conspicuous, as in this passage relating to the editor of the *Courier de l'Europe*. “I leave to his own disgrace a writer whom France rejects, whom England disavows, and whom Europe has long estimated rightly. He is at liberty to continue to injure me—I shall not appeal to the law. The unfortunate man has a wife ; he is the father of three children. I place my vengeance in the hands of Him who will not punish upon the children the crimes of the father. It may, perhaps, be slower, but it is not less certain. My confidence in that supreme Being has never been deceived ; I have always seen justice make itself known sooner or later, and the wicked finish miserably.”

He has then the impiety to specify some instances of Divine judgment upon his enemies :

“Madame Blavary repaid my benefactions by delivering me into

the hands of two rogues.—*She is dead.*

“Miss Fry did not long have the enjoyment of the fortune she obtained from me.—*She is dead.*

“Mr. Broad, the friend, the spy, the witness of Miss Fry, was in the prime of life.—*He is dead.*

“Mr. Dunning, Miss Fry’s counsel, having been chosen to bring about the triumph of a cause manifestly unjust.—*He is dead.*

“Mr. Wallace, my counsel, in place of defending me, delivered me to the mercy of the arbitrator chosen by Miss Fry.—*He is dead.*

“Mr. Howarth pronounced against me an unjust sentence, which condemned innocence, and left perjury unpunished.—*He is dead.*

“Madame Gaudicheau, sister of Miss Fry, accomplice of her, and of Scott.—*She is dead.*

“Mr. Crisp, Marshal of the prison of the King’s Bench, cheated me in concert with Aylett, of fifty pounds worth of plate. The situation he held was a lucrative one ; he has been reduced to beggary, and has *died in a hospital.*

“Vitellius, having betrayed my confidence, his culpable indiscretion rendered him an accomplice in a theft, of which he is believed to have shared the fruits. He has been confined in a prison for vagabonds.—*He has died there.*”

Of the four of his persecutors, two, Reynolds and Aylett, had decorated the pillory ; Saunders had lost his fortune, and been clapped in gaol. Of Scott, the account is somewhat hazy ; “he lives at this moment alone, without relations, without friends, in far Scotland.”

Cagliostro was not without disciples in his sojourn at London ; the author of a little French periodical of the period—*L’Impartial*—tells us that “his house was assailed by crowds of the curious, of every rank and quality.” *L’Impartial* himself could not resist the temptation of visiting a man so celebrated. The

Count did not impress him very favourably. “There is nothing in his figure which promises an extraordinary man.”

Amongst his acquaintances was De Louthembourg, the painter. Finding the constant persecution of Morande by no means agreeable, living also in daily fear of arrest, for debts true or false, he determined to quit London.

The Count cannot boast of having had many bubbles in England ; those, whom in the first instance he cheated, turned the tables upon him completely, and the ugly bird of prey was stripped of almost every feather.

The British rogue has a knack of utilising even his own failings, superstitions, and weaknesses. And Thevenot, self-called de Morande, once in his life, and from the basest motives, performed a public service in unmasking the clever imposter, whose sophistry and humbug had deceived half the continent of Europe.

Things having then a gloomy appearance, the Count left the seaphic Countess in charge of the De Louthembourgs, and departed from London, never to see it more.

From London to Basel, where one of his rooms was devoted to the mysteries of Masonry. Here he formed a lodge, styled the Mather Lodge of the Helvetic States. Men and women alike were admitted as members, and he communicated, or promised to communicate to his disciples, the mysterious power of communion with the world of spirits, by means of pupils. Here he built one of those architectural toys—a Chinese pavilion, in which he said his disciples were to undergo the physical and moral regeneration.

A moral regeneration our Beppo needs greatly, but Grand Caphtism and Chinese pavilions will not avail for that.

Here his arts are said to have had a mortifying failure. He made the

acquaintance of a nobleman, whose daughter had fallen into a state of melancholy mania, or rather, partly feigned it, in order to see a lover, whose addresses were not favoured by her father. The Baron was extremely attached to his daughter, and deceived by the fame of the wonder-working Count, determined to apply to him for the restoration of his daughter's health. Cagliostro saw, did not divine in the least the real cause of her *malaise*, but, with quack intrepidity, undertook her speedy cure. Meanwhile, the lady, having accurately estimated the Count's character, induced her lover to bribe him on their behalf. It was arranged that the Count should profess to have discovered by his own native skill, that the lady's disease was mental and not physical, and that the only chance of saving her life was to unite her with the obnoxious lover. So far the affair promised well for Balsamo. A handsome bribe in hand, the aid and friendship of the young couple, and the reputation for wisdom in the detection of the real cause of the lady's illness, would all help him to more dupes. Unfortunately, for Beppo, the Baron by chance overheard a conversation between the young folks, and was touched by their evident affection for each other, and by the manly sentiments and bearing of his daughter's lover. Kind-hearted, and not very strong-headed, he interrupted their *tête-à-tête*, and consented to their immediate union. Cagliostro, ignorant of this, after a *seance* of the Egyptian lodge, held at the Baron's house, undertook to restore health to the lady, a daughter to the Baron, and to the lover the object of his desires. All their desirable ends were to be

attained by giving the lady in marriage to her lover. This advice he gave out of deep knowledge of providence and science, and in gratitude for the Baron's hospitality. But the Baron told him plainly that he was an impostor, that his advice was prompted, neither by science nor humanity, but by the 300 zecchine which he had received. To this was added the information that the lovers were already married, and that the Count must immediately pack up his Egyptian temple, and all the rest of his magic frippery, and find himself other quarters.¹

At Basel he had intelligence that Lorenza's conscience was growing more troublous every day, and that out of the reach of his piercing eye and heavy hand, beyond the pale of his spells, she had told some strange tales concerning His Excellency. So Beppo sent for the seraphic Countess, who came in company with the De Loutherbours, and, as soon as she rejoined him, we find her before a magistrate at Bienne, where he had hired a house, solemnly denying her former statements, and declaring that the Count had always been the very paragon of honour and religion.

From Bienne, they departed for the baths of Aix. Here, also, there is a strange lack of dupes. The Egyptian wine is no more esteemed than the mud in the gutter; the Restorative Powders are a drug in the market. The Warsaw incident has spread widely, and even alchemists are suspicious; nay, the charms of the seraphic Countess (perhaps she had neglected to take the Restorative Powders), are getting dubious, are on the wane, and, henceforth, attract no gudgeons.

Still on the move, the worthy

¹ This anecdote forms the fable of "Il Cagliostro. Commedia di cinque atti in prosa. 1791." The author professes to have given the facts of Cagliostro's stay in Basel with only such changes as were necessary for theatrical purposes. The play is brisk and cleverly written. One of the subordinate characters is a hunchback, whom Cagliostro proposes to cure by ordering him to stand for long periods with heavy weights upon his hump.

couple go to Turin. Is Europe in arms again them? is there an organised conspiracy to destroy the friend of humanity? Hardly had the Count unloosed his shoe-latchets, when he was honoured with a message from the King to quit his dominions without loss of time. Genoa and Verona also appears to have been visited; and next we have him at Roveredo, but "Nature's unfortunate child" here also endures persecution, for after a short time had elapsed, the Emperor Joseph II., having a paternal interest in the good health of his subjects, prohibited the Count from practising medicine, for the Grand Cophta had by this time almost degenerated into an ordinary empiric. Here he founded a lodge, the patent of which is dated 5781. Seeing no more chances of acquiring money at Roveredo, he retired to Trent, "and soon after a little book was published entitled, *Liber Memorialis de Caleostro dum esset Roberti*, in which the charlatan was lashed with unmerciful severity, and his frauds and quackery exposed. This stinging work, written in biblical style, obtained the name of the gospels of Count Cagliostro."

He entered Trent, we are told, with a large chest of gold, and a letter of credit for 10,000 thalers. Here he expected to make converts to Egyptian Masonry, but was woefully disappointed, "thanks," says the pious inquisitor, "to the watchful care of the Prince Bishop, to whose court he had procured access by means of his boasted discoveries in physic and chemistry."

This want of success was becoming a serious matter. Beppo was getting impecunious again, and had to pawn a diamond ring; from which of his dupes it was obtained does not appear.

The prospect was indeed black. France, and many parts of Italy he is banished from by express orders. London would be an uncomfortable

place to return to; and, on the Continent, where was there a country which had not rung from end to end with the fame of his former exploits? Where could he hope to be secure from meeting some old bubble of his, who might exact payment for injuries unredressed?

Where shall he seek rest for the sole of his foot? where shall the weary friend of humanity find refuge from the persecutions of the world?

One word has been whispered to him for long years—Rome. Lorenzo seems always to have retained something of good in her nature, and one is more disposed to pity, than to censure her harshly. She had longed for years to return to the place of her birth—to see the faces of those she left behind—to hear the voices of those she loved. A weariness seems to have rested upon her in the midst of their greatest grandeur. Envy not, O Innocence, your fallen sister, her magnificence for vice sups daily at a barmacide's banquet, with dead-sea fruit for dessert.

Madame la Comtesse de Cagliostro, dressed in shining silk, glittering with diamonds, surrounded by admirers—looks back, and wishes with bitterness of heart that she were once more a poor girdle-maker's daughter, Lorenza Feliciani, of whom we spoke in the early part of this history. So she grew eloquent upon the advantages which might result from a visit to Rome, and being a clever woman, had not much difficulty in persuading some of her husband's intimate acquaintances, that they thought so as well; and Beppo, who might not have complied with his wife's wishes, or paid much deference to her professed opinion, was decided by these parhelion opinions, and resolved to try his fortune once more in the Sacred City.

At Trent, too, he played the Pharisee, and delighted his confessor with the earnestness of his

expressions of regret for his promulgation of Masonry, and of his eager desire to return to the bosom of the holy Roman Church. So well did he counterfeit the possession of religion, that it would not be surprising if he had adopted finally that monkish profession for which he was educated. Be sure the good priest was very proud of the wonderful man whom his eloquence had converted. Be sure that he had no vision of a man strongly resembling his convert observing, to a lady very like the seraphic Countess, "How finely I have gulled the holy father!" Notwithstanding his conversion, he still had letters from his masonic disciples, and replied to them in that mystical oracular style for which the symbols of Egyptian Masonry afford such material. Meanwhile Lorenza's heart is rejoiced at the prospect of once more seeing Rome, and the voice of conscience, never quite stifled, becomes louder day by day.

In Rome they arrived at the close of May, 1789, and, for some time, his excellency had the good sense to remain as quiet as possible. For the benefit of those who like to visit the shrines of genius, let us say that he first took furnished apartments in the Strada d'Espagna, and afterwards hired a house in the Piazza Farnese.

But this quietude did not suit the constitution of the Count. His spirit chafed at the inactivity of his life, and so, when his cautiousness had somewhat subsided, he began to be familiar with the Freemasons; and although he declined to attend their meetings, he had no compunction in accepting an invitation to a banquet given in his honour. Not liking to miss an opportunity, he delivered a glowing eulogium upon Egyptian Masonry. They desired him to found a lodge, which he appears, after some hesitation, to have done. A lodge for ladies was projected, but did not come into

operation. Meanwhile he appears to have obtained great influence over his Roman disciples; was styled by them, in reverential manner, "Father," and spoke to them patriarchally, as his "children."

Persons of education were heard to argue that Cagliostro was Apollonius Tyana, visible again in the flesh by the process of metempsychosis.

He also continued his correspondence with others of his masonic children in various parts of Europe, letters not only of advice and counsel—but one at least to a Paris correspondent, requesting him to procure some money from a third person, and in return for this good office, promising to appoint him his vicar-general. Money was daily becoming scarcer, cash low, credit exhausted, jewels fast going to the Mont de Piété; and over all was the grim shadow of treachery. If Lyons had a Judas, might there not be in Rome some faithless follower who would deliver him to the priesthood, for the modern equivalent of thirty pieces of silver.

The vigilance of the Holy Office was unceasing, but the Count hoped to escape it; he again went through the farce of confessing to a priest, a ceremony which deceived no one.

To his masonic friends he confessed this little trick played off upon the priesthood, and with braggadocia talk endeavours to keep up the flagging courage of himself and his disciples. He relies upon their zeal and devotion, surely he who has escaped from the terrors of the Bastille may hope to elude St. Angelo, and if he is taken prisoner the Egyptian Masons must set fire to the Castle, if it be necessary to his release.

Rome, after all, was barren soil, and he determined to leave it. He petitioned the States-General for permission to return to France.

His desire to quit Rome was doubtless increased by a whisper

which reached him from some friend in need, that there was danger in store for him, as the Holy Office had its eye upon his movements.

Beppo's faculties must have been dimmed by premature decay, for he did not act with the promptitude which had marked his palmy days.

Instead of flying, he paid no attention to the hint, a fresh warning from the same quarter was also disregarded, and he did not even take the precaution of destroying his masonic correspondence.

If we are to credit the pious inquisitor's narrative of the medical exploits of Count Cagliostro whilst at Rome, we must suppose that his hand had lost its cunning, since the days of Strasburg and Bordeaux. The Emperor Joseph II., probably prevented an increased death-rate by stopping his pill-making proceedings at Roveredo.

The end was approaching. Cagliostro, look in thy magic mirror, canst thou not see danger drawing nigh?

Let the pupils look in the vase of clear water; can they not see the papal sbirri conducting them to St. Angelo? Summon the etherical genii by thy power as Grand Caphta, and see if they do not counsel thee to keep beyond the shadow of St. Peter's dome.

Warnings were in vain. On the twenty-seventh of December, 1789, he was arrested. His papers and effects were seized, care being taken to procure an inventory of them from the Count, lest he should bring charges similar to those which he had made against Chenon and De Launay.

Then commenced the interrogations by which it was attempted to extort the truth from the unwilling lips of their prisoner, and by dint of much perseverance they appear to have got some truth from him—a great achievement in dealing with dealing with Beppo Balsamo.

So many years, however, had

elapsed since the habit of truth telling had left him, that there was still a good deal of doubt as to the reliability of his communications.

At first their efforts had little success. Perhaps the Count thought he was still haranguing a circle of masonic philosophers at his hotel in Paris.

He repeated the wonderful tale which he had related to the Parliament of Paris, and then finding them dubious, he asserted that he was a descendent of Charles Martel.

His mode of life had engendered in the Count a dire disease; he was never, that we know, seized with the scribbling fever, but he was enraptured at the sound of his own voice; and if the holy fathers would only possess their soul in patience, and let the torrent of fluent nonsense flow on unimpeded from his lying lips, they were certain to entrap him in a mass of contradictions which would aid in forcing the truth from him.

Moreover, Lorenza, who was also arrested, made a full confession, and, thanks to her and the documents in their hands, they were able to put leading questions to him, which were difficult to avoid. The priests were particularly anxious to obtain full particulars respecting Freemasonry, for it was widely believed that these associations were in league for the destruction of monarchy and religion. Among his papers were these two:—

No. I.

On the 20th day of the 8th month.

The Grand Master being employed in his operations, after the usual ceremonies, the pupil, before seeing the angel, said:—

I find myself in a dark room.

I see a golden sword suspended over my head.

I perceive Louth—g arrive.

He opens his breast, and shows a wound in his heart. He holds out a poniard to me.

G. M. Is he employed in the service of the Grand Cophta?

P. Yes.

G. M. What else do you see?

P. I see a star.

I see two.

I see seven.

G. M. Proceed.

P. Louth—g has retired—The scene changes—I see angels, &c.

No. II.

Extract from the proceeding of the lodge held on Saturday, the 12th day of the second month of the year 5558.

All the masters, except Brother Elias, being present.

The operations were directed by the Venerable Saba II.

OPERATIONS.

After the usual proceedings, the seven angels, with their cyphers, presented themselves before the pupil.

P. The Grand Cophta descends and kisses his hands, and has his cypher on his breast.

He salutes me with his sword, makes a circle in the air, pronounces the word *heloim*, and places the point of his sword upon the earth.

G. M. Tell him in the most respectful terms, that a particular friend of his, passing through this place is exceedingly desirous of seeing our lodge at his return; and that we are anxious to know his orders on this subject.

P. You may permit him to enter; and after some conversation, Alexander is to begin the operations.

G. M. Are we to be decorated in our badges?

P. Yes.

G. M. Shall I assist as grand master?

P. Yes.

G. M. Is Alexander to operate as usual by means of the vase, or is he to enter into the tabernacle?

P. He is to operate in the usual manner.

G. M. This lodge is only held in presence of the masters; shall the mistresses assist at the next?

P. Assuredly.

G. M. Shall all the masters appear in complete uniform on the festival of the 3rd of May?

P. Yes, all except Brother Elias, who will be absent.

G. M. Has he any more orders or instructions to give us?

P. No.

G. M. Do we dare to ask his blessing?

P. He stretches forth his hand, and says that he gives it you with all his heart.

G. M. Are the angels still with you?

P. Yes.

G. M. Throw yourself on your knees, tell them to make their adorations with us, and recommend our lodge to their special care.

The adorations having been made, the lodge was instantly closed.¹

When they inquired the meaning of this mysterious rigmarole, the Count replied, with frankness and truth, that he had not the remotest idea of its hidden purport. Listen to this dialogue:—

Q. Have you ever doubted as to the propriety of exercising the rites of your Egyptian Masonry?

A. Ever since I left London I have been in great doubt whether it was not improper.

Q. Did you ever forbid your disciples to write to you on this subject, whilst in Italy?

A. Yes.

Q. Why?

A. Because I knew that the rites of the Catholic religion were universally practised throughout Italy; and that in other countries there were a variety of religions.

Q. Is the Egyptian Masonry,

¹ Life of Joseph Balsamo, p. 196.

then, in opposition to the Catholic faith?

A. I truly think so: and principally in that part of it which regards the pupils.

Q. How could you believe that, on these occasions, you were assisted by the special favour of God?

A. I do not understand what you say. *I do not rightly comprehend my own meaning*—I can only say that I lament my unhappy situation, and demand spiritual assistance. I have been led into a hundred thousand errors in regard to religion.”¹

With such incoherent matter he endeavoured to beguile his priestly examiners, asserting, recanting, affecting pity or indifference, as the whim seized him.

As to the pupils, on another occasion, he assured the worthy fathers that all this “originated from the special protection of the Divinity; that the Supreme Being had deigned to grant him the beatific vision, on purpose to enable him more effectually to propagate and enforce his Egyptian Masonry, to prove the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, to convert the incredulous, and to succour and support the Catholic faith.”

But Lorenza was more tractable, and confessed that on many occasions the pupils were prepared beforehand. Sometimes, however, they were quite strangers to the Court, and the only explanation she could give was a suspicion of witchcraft.

When she asked Beppo to let her into the secret, he had told her that she had not courage, to attain success in the mystery. She added that, on commencing his operations, he struck his foot thrice against the ground saying “I do this in consequence of the power which I have received from the Grand Cophta.”

To further inquiries the Count replied that he had never employed the devil in any of his operations (?), nor

never made use of any magic or superstition whatever.

When hard pressed by these persistent priests who had determined to extort everything from him, he would fly into a passion and launch into a volley of abuse against his examiners.

But it would be tedious to follow the trial throughout all its long length. He confessed, retracted, and confessed again, to-day acknowledged that his Egyptian Masonry was a huge system of deceit, to-morrow asserted that it was a means of spreading the Catholic religion, one day freely confessing his impositions, and another asserting that the revelations of his pupils, his prophecies, and all the rest of his quack wonders, were the result of the favour of God. “I understand,” said he (and the passage is worth quoting as a swindler’s view of the whole duty of man), “that those who honour their father and their mother, and respect the Sovereign Pontiff, are beloved of God. So, in the same manner, all that I have done, I have done by the order of God, by means of the power which He has communicated to me, and to the advantage of God and His holy Church; and I am able to give proofs of all that I have said and done, not only physically, but morally; for, having served God merely for the love of God, and by the power of God, He has entrusted me with a counterpoison to confound and combat the venom of hell; and if I have done wrong, the Holy Father will punish me; if I have done right, he will recompense me.”

With a flash of the old spirit, he added, “And if His Holiness had these interrogatories given him this very night, I prophesy that I should be set at liberty to-morrow morning.”

Perhaps the Holy Father did not

¹ Life of Joseph Balsamo, p. 201.

see the interrogatories, and hence the non-fulfilment of this bold prediction.

The examinations being finished, Cagliostro was allowed either to accept the services of the advocate usually employed in the defence of prisoners before the Holy Office, or to employ others. He chose the ordinary defender, Signor Gaetano Bernardini ; but to take away any possible chance of complaint, he was associated with Signor Carlo Luigi Constantini, advocate for the poor. But their efforts in his defence would have been unavailing, the Freemasons and Illuminati were the bugbears of the priests, and they were not likely to let so famous a leader of them slip through their fingers. Indeed, the counsel seem to have counselled submission, and Cagliostro accordingly requested spiritual aid, was then put under the care of "a learned and devout priest," and exhibited the "liveliest marks of contrition and repentance, and persisted in the same sentiments."

At length, in March, 1791, judgment was pronounced. We quote the sentence in full, the absurdity of condemning a man to perpetual imprisonment for Freemasonry is very striking. Balsamo, the quack, swindler, forger, and assassin, was not considered deserving of punishment ; it was at Balsamo, the Freemason, that the vengeance of the Vatican was levelled.

"Joseph Balsamo, attainted and convicted of many crimes, and of having incurred the censures and penalties pronounced against formal heretics, dogmatics, heresiarchs, and propagators of magic and superstition, has been found guilty, and condemned to the censures and penalties denounced, as well by the apostolic laws of Clement XII. and Benedict XIV., against those who in any manner whatever favour or

form societies and conventicles of Freemasons, as by the edict of the Council of State against those who are guilty of this crime at Rome, or any other place under the dominion of the Pope.

"Notwithstanding this, by way of special grace and favour, this crime, the expiation of which demands the delivery of the culprit over to the secular arm, to be by it punished with death, is hereby changed and committed into perpetual imprisonment in a fortress, where the culprit is to be strictly guarded, without any hope of pardon whatever. And after he shall have made abjuration of his offences as a formal heretic, in the place of his imprisonment, he shall be absolved from ecclesiastical censures ; and certain salutary penances is to be prescribed to him, to which he is hereby ordered to submit.

"The manuscript book, which has for its title 'Egyptian Masonry,' is solemnly condemned, as containing rites, propositions, a doctrine, and a system which opens a road to sedition, as tending to destroy the Christian religion, and as being superstitious, impious, heretical, and abounding in blasphemy. This book shall, therefore, be burnt by the hand of the hangman, and also all the other books, instruments, symbols, &c., appertaining and belonging to this sect.

"By a new apostolic law, we shall confirm and renew not only the laws of the preceding pontiffs, but also the edict of the Council of State, which prohibits the societies and conventicles of Freemasons, making particular mention of the Egyptian sect, and of another vulgarly called the Illuminated ; and we shall enact the most grievous corporal punishments, and principally those provided for heretics, against whosoever shall associate, hold communication with, or protect these societies."¹

¹ Life of Joseph Balsamo, p. 239.

The last home of Cagliostro was in the cells at the old castle of St. Leo, which were partly in the Castle itself, and partly excavated out of the rocks on which it stood. This gloomy prison between Urbano and Pesaro, three hours from St. Marino, and seven hours from the Adriatic Sea, was horrible merely to behold. The galleries have been divided in solid compartments; the old, dried-up cisterns have been made into ditch bottoms for the greatest criminals, and the surrounding walls have been successively raised until the only chance of evasion is by a single staircase cut in the rock, and guarded night and day by sentinels. It was into one of these cisterns that Beppo, by "special grace and favour" of the Holy Father, descended, in 1791. In this silent, solitary horror, where no fresh breezes from heaven could penetrate, where no human voices were heard, and where the human face divine never smiled upon him, he languished for years. His only communication with mankind was when the jailer raised the trap to let down the rope which bore his food.

In the last months of his life the tardy humanity of the governor rescued him from this horrible den, and placed him in a ground-floor cell, where long afterwards might be read sentences written upon its walls by the unfortunate Cagliostro. The last was dated March 6th, 1795.¹

Alas, poor Beppo, trapped at last! After so many successful evasions, justice, heavy-footed, heavy-handed, hath seized thee in her unrelaxing grasp.

Of what avail now are thy magic crystals and divining rods, the cunning fables of miraculous age and supernatural power? Is there no hope of escape? Money and courage alike are wanting. The days of Cellini are over. No prisoners escape through these frowning portals. The friends of the "friend of humanity" are too busy cutting each other's throats to pay attention to him. Nought remains for Beppo but to eat prison-fare, and think of the happy times when, as Grand Cophta and gifted physician, he gulled one half the world.

So the weary minutes, hours, days, pass away, and none think of the solitary prisoner of St. Leo, except, perhaps, the self-styled "Chevalier" de Morande, in want of a paragraph to fill the *Courier de l'Europe*, or the poor relations at Palermo, unless, indeed, in her religious seclusion at the monastery of St. Appolonia, the widowed Countess mourns her mate.

So the time passed by, until one day, in 1795, the gaoler entering the cell found cold and stark the body of Joseph Balsamo.

The lying spirit had fled—whither?

The silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken, but the mourners went *not* about the streets because this man went to his long home. And why?

There is something of the divinity yet remaining in our nature, and "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

WILLIAM E. A. AXON,
F.S.S., M.R.S.L.

¹ Schlosser's Hist. of the Eighteenth Century, 1845, iv. 469; and Correspondenza Segreta, 1791, pp. 157, 163, 167.

CESARINE DIETRICH.¹

THERE is evidently a fashion in ethics. It is considered perfectly right and proper for a stranger in a ball-room, after a few words of introduction, to clasp in his arms a young lady he has never seen before, and whirl her round to the accompaniment of music. But, should he on the following day, be so ill-advised as to venture to touch the damsel's waist or shoulders, an indignant brother or father would, in all probability expedite his departure from the house in an ignominious manner.

It is the custom in our world and in our literature, to ignore the existence of certain phases of society, which nevertheless are illustrated by facts taken from every-day life, and related in the most undisguised manner in the morning journals waiting for us on the breakfast-table. With us, ordinarily, a novel begins with the introduction of the hero to the heroine, either by his rescuing her from some of the dangers familiar to the readers of fiction, or in some other equally interesting way. The book then follows the course of their loves ; which naturally cannot run smooth, or else they could not go through three volumes. And after a greater or smaller number of adventures, of forgeries, of undetected murders, and other hidden crimes, the villain is unmasked, and punished, in a way he would seldom be in reality, and the lovers are joined together in the bonds of wedlock. Courtship and the feats of police-officers occupy many pages of our stories ; but the description of unlawful passion is not permissible.

With our neighbours across the channel the case is very different.

Their object is to hold the mirror up to nature, and to reflect the different aspects of the human drama that is played around them, and as few young girls read novels in France—at all events, openly—they are not afraid of contaminating the pure. They depict what meets their eyes, the good and the bad ; and they no more dream of disguising certain self-evident occurrences or palpable truths for fear of the consequences of their being openly told, than a demonstrator of anatomy is afraid on the score of decency to describe the human frame. As many worthy people think that ostrich-like the best way of conquering vice is to shut their eyes to its presence, French novels are tabooed, as a rule, from well-disposed households, on the score of their presumed immorality. Whether the pictures of society drawn in elegant diction and half-veiled phraseology, by Honore de Balzac, Eugene Sue, George Sand, Edmond About, Octave Feuillet, and other French writers, are more likely to teach evil to the daughters of England than the reports of the divorce and police courts, and the accounts of the grossest “scandals in high life,” set forth in the public press, with a minuteness, a plainness of expression, and a realistic clearness that must carry considerable enlightenment with them, is a question into which we will not now pause to inquire. What is certain is that French authors, have a much larger field of operations in their romances, and that consequently they possess greater opportunities of studying the human heart and analysing closely human passions.

¹ “Cesarine Dietrich,” par George Sand. Deuxieme Edition. Michel Levi Frères, Editeurs. Paris, 1871.

Few living novelists on the other side of the Channel have a deeper knowledge of mankind in general, and her own sex in particular, than Madame Dudevant, better known as George Sand. This lady, who has composed over seventy works of fiction, is one of the ablest as well as most prolific of Gallic romancists. In her earlier efforts, she advocated for the female sex, the same moral, or to speak more correctly, the same immoral liberty assumed by men for their own. In her later productions her sense of right acquired its natural sway, and woman occupies the position intended for her by her mental and physical characteristics and by the laws of society. But Cesarine Dietrich, though unquestionably a powerful creation, is not one in accordance with truth. No doubt we are all more or less inconsistent, especially women, but there are certain grooves within which our consistency or inconsistency move, and no other. The coward, we are told by eminent physiologists, will never, even during sleep, dream of performing a brave action, nor will the courageous man run away from his foes during a nightmare. The leopard cannot change his spots, and the upright man will never do a mean action. Neither will a high-minded woman stoop to solicit a man who does not really love her and who is another woman's husband. Unquestionably passion might blind her, and with female vanity she might think herself beloved, when she is only admired, or when she dazzles and surprises. But, then, one like Cesarine is incapable of feeling a real passion, and to attribute to a person who cannot experience an all-absorbing sentiment an action that could only be perpetrated under its influence, is to be untrue to art and to nature.

Altogether, *Cesarine Dietrich* is not a pleasant book to read, and

though like all the author's works, it is cleverly written and commands attention throughout, it is laid down at the end with a sense of disappointment. Of the three principal characters—that is, Cesarine, the Marquis de Rivonniere, and Paul Gilbert, not one inspires us with respect and sympathy. Cesarine is beautiful and charming. She has a pure and statuesque contour like a Hebe; she plays the piano like Arabella Goddard, and rides like Miss Hengler; she is wealthy, witty, and fascinating; she is a metaphysician and a critic. She possesses every quality and merit, except the trifling one of a tender woman's heart. Paul Gilbert, with all his sturdy independence and his stocity, is by no means an amiable being. A sense of self-reliance is doubtless very meritorious; but to find a young fellow of two or three and twenty, cold, passionless, wrapped up in self, and apart from the companions and pleasures usual to his age, is to meet with a repulsive individual. Moreover, the effect produced is still more disagreeable when we perceive the immaculate philosopher suddenly form a very common-place connection with an illiterate and ordinary girl. As for the Marquis de Rivonniere, his love for Cesarine after having been made a laughing-stock of for years, and kept on hand for the gratification of a selfish vanity, after seeing the hopelessness of his attachment, is no longer an affection that can impress respect, but degenerates into a contemptible weakness unworthy of a man, a weakness that ought to have been torn from the breast of one endowed with ordinary strength of mind.

When Madame de Nermont, a middle-aged lady of good family, and who is supposed to be the chronicler of the fortunes of the heroine, entered the establishment of M. Dietrich on the death of his wife, Cesarine was only fifteen years of age. M. Dietrich, her father, a German mer-

chant established in Paris, had realised a considerable fortune, destined for his only daughter, and he entrusted the completion of her education to Madame de Nermont. He had already himself experienced some difficulty in the management of the young lady, for he was energetic, active, and obstinate, and his daughter was fond of discussion, and being possessed of high intelligence, in addition to her feminine artfulness, she invariably had the last word, and she was always in the right. Madame de Nermont, who was received and treated with a deference seldom exhibited in England towards a mere governess, succeeded in gaining the confidence of her pupil, or at least as much of it as any person could be expected to do. She superintended the studies of Cesarine until the latter became of age, when Madame de Nermont continued to reside with her as a friend and companion, without accepting any further remuneration for her services. Cesarine acquired knowledge with wonderful rapidity, and often outstripped her teacher. She was endowed with comprehension, memory, logic, and penetration, but appeared deficient in sensibility and enthusiasm. Her temper was excellent; nothing ever caused her to display petulance and pettishness. Her father, at first, considered the best system of education to be that where the inclinations of the pupil are systematically opposed. "We can never obtain our wishes in this world," he would say, "so let us not accustom our children to have their's gratified." But on the other hand, would reply the governess, "If we cannot obtain the gratification of our desires when we are grown up, let us at least have it when we can; and let our children be happy while they may." At last the lady prevailed. M. Dietrich ceased to interfere in the management of Cesarine, who gradually acquired such sway over all who surrounded her as to be practically her

own mistress. As for her Aunt Helmina, who dwelt with them, though an excellent housekeeper, and a capital hand at ordering a dinner, or planning a fête, she was no more able to control her niece than a child of five years would be able to drive a steam-engine.

Teacher and pupil had frequently metaphysical arguments, in which the latter frequently uttered smart sayings, but displayed very little real kindness of heart. On one occasion she admitted she never placed any food within reach of her little bird, for fear that the bird, being independent of her, would no longer care for her. As for his sufferings in her absence, she never troubled herself about that, and remonstrances only brought forth subtleties and pleasantries. But, at all events, if Cesarine was not gifted with an exquisitely sensitive soul, Madame de Nermont firmly believed her to be born with a lofty mind, and to experience an inborn hatred and contempt for every kind of evil.

The period of mourning for Madame Dietrich having expired, the retired merchant gave, in his villa in the Bois de Boulogne, frequent receptions, which were attended not only by the numerous members of his family, but by many distinguished guests. In all these assemblies Cesarine reigned paramount for her beauty, her wit, her charm of manners, her calm composure. The Dietrichs were a clan of parvenus; she alone possessed the graces of a gentlewoman, and she was looked up to by her uncles and her aunts, and her cousins, with a sort of admiring worship. Her father's brother, Karl, regarded her with unsophisticated adoration; he made her valuable presents unknown to his children, and he would have handed to her, had she wished it, the key of his cash-box without asking questions.

Among the numerous aspirants to Cesarine's favour the Marquis de Rivonniere was prominent. He was

descended from ancient lineage ; he was rich, handsome, well-bred, and accomplished ; nevertheless his suit did not prosper. He was received as a friend, and that is all he could obtain. A fine and exquisitely trained lady's horse, he had presented to Cesarine, was returned to him on the pretext that it was over-trained ; his attentions were received with an air of cool and indifferent superiority that ought to have been very galling to a proud and sensitive mind ; his mental qualities were dissected with the serenity of a physiologist examining the ganglia of a frog. In vain the Marquis endeavoured to propitiate Mdlle. de Nermont ; all he could succeed in obtaining was to be admitted to M. Dietrich's receptions, until even his patience being exhausted he disappeared for some months. When he returned he handed back such letters as he had received from Cesarine, letters that could be read in public for all they contained. He also confessed to Mdlle. de Nermont that, in order to endeavour to forget Cesarine, he had played the part of Don Juan in a village near Paris, his victim being a pretty girl of tender years. And then again, regarding his case as hopeless, he once more went away, without once meeting the cruel one, whose image he could not tear from his heart.

Cesarine, although she did not care a rush for the Marquis, yet when Mdlle. de Nermont placed before her the packet de Rivonniere had given her, she descended on the fickleness of men, and could not conceal a tear of spite when she threw the irreproachable missives into her drawer. For it is a peculiar trait in women that often they wish to win men's love, giving them nothing in return. If a man, having in vain endeavoured to secure the affections of a girl, who only leads him on to satisfy her vanity, becomes tired of his bondage, and shakes off his fetters, behold his enslaver con-

siders herself ill-used, and is ready to cry with rage, especially if he attaches himself to another woman. For as Alphonse Karr wittily observes, a woman has a lover not so much because she cares for him, as to take him away from some one else.

Various other suitors arose around Cesarine, but with the same want of success. Many followed her ; no one was permitted to approach her. When she appeared in public, whether it was at the sea-side, at the Bois de Boulogne, or in her box at the opera, a legion of adorers attended in her wake, but they all fared alike. At last she attained her majority, which auspicious event was celebrated by a splendid ball. For the first time in his life Paul Gilbert entered the drawing-rooms of M. Dietrich, for hitherto he had limited himself to visiting his aunt, Mdlle. de Nermont in her own apartments, which were situated in a detached building. Paul was austere as a Spartan, independent as a red Indian, and ungallant as an Arab. Left almost unprovided for by his father, he had been brought up by Mdlle. de Nermont, who loved him as her own child. When he had reached the age of eighteen, she had enlisted on his behalf the sympathies of M. Dietrich, who was quite willing to procure him a suitable situation, and to aid him in his career. But Paul refused ; he would owe nothing to favouritism ; he would allow no one to help him forward. He entered a publisher's office without any remuneration beyond his maintenance ; he read, he studied, he rose, and by dint of indomitable industry and perseverance, at the age of twenty-four, he was in receipt of a fair salary, and was rapidly working his way upward. Though not handsome, he was distinguished and prepossessing in appearance ; but he had refused every introduction to Cesarine, in whose favour he did not appear by any means predisposed. He had seen

her at a distance, and had never noticed her, which want of good taste and gallantry galled the proud beauty, who considered every man was bound to worship her. Provoked at the sneers of Cesarine as to her beloved nephew's supposed want of breeding and knowledge of society, Mdle. de Nermont induced Paul to accept M. Dietrich's invitation on the present festive occasion.

The delighted aunt was very pleased at the success her Paul had achieved at the ball, and at the praise M. Dietrich had bestowed on his manners and his talents, when, to her great surprise, she found her pupil and her nephew ensconced in a secluded bower full of flowers, in tête-à-tête, whilst the conversation she overheard was a series of squibs, in which each party endeavoured to overpower the other. Cesarine rose with flashing eye and angry looks. She said to her friend that her nephew was witty, but heartless. She had received him as a sister, intending to win his friendship and esteem, as the adopted son of her adoptive mother; she could see herself (Mademoiselle de Nermont) how her advances had been met. His unconquerable aversion against her was so unreasonable, that she must withdraw from the contest, and, so saying, she retired.

On the other hand, the cool-headed Paul, who seemed much moved, confided to his relative, when they were alone, that he had received a note, in a handwriting resembling hers, requesting him to proceed to a certain spot; that he had beheld there the lovely Cesarine, who asked him to sit beside her on a couch; that she had declared she wished to win his friendship, and to conquer his prejudices against her; that she had brought against him, as alternate batteries, her powers of seduction and her powers of sarcasm; that she had asserted he loved her, and begged him to con-

fess it; that a conversation ensued that he could not repeat, his mind being still in a whirl; that he thoroughly disliked Cesarine; and that, as to her fascinations, though they could not fail to make an impression on a young man, they could have at best but a temporary effect, and he was quite sure the occurrence would soon be obliterated from his mind, and, at all events, it would not cause him to overlook even a wrong comma in revising his proofs.

When, on the following day, Mademoiselle de Nermont expressed her displeasure as to her conduct to Cesarine, no longer her pupil, but her friend, that promising young lady swore that wishing to make Paul Gilbert love her, she had conceived a passion for him herself, and which, was so sincere and real, that she was desirous of being married to him.

Mademoiselle de Nermont, who had been seriously angry, and had threatened to leave the house, never to return to it, now thought that Cesarine had really taken leave of her senses; but M. Dietrich entered the room, and his daughter asked formally his permission to wed Paul Gilbert, to whom she had spoken but once in her life, and who thoroughly disliked her. As for the poor Marquis de Rivonniere, who had so long waited for her, he might go to Jericho. Here we have a surprise to the reader, but it is a surprise at the expense of probability. It is quite true that women have but little conscience in these matters; that they possess scarcely any sense of gratitude; that the love and devotion of a man's life goes for nought; that a mere caprice with them has more influence than any arguments of sense and reason. But it cannot be true that a girl of twenty-one, endowed with an exceptionally logical mind, with critical and discriminative powers like Cesarine's, and devoid of passionate impulse and romantic tendencies, a

girl of ambitious ideas, and accustomed to all the luxuries that wealth can purchase, should suddenly be inspired with an irresistible desire to unite herself to a penniless man, merely because he refuses to yield to her fascinations. And in this we see even so profound an observer as George Sand at variance with nature, for, as we have already remarked, there is a consistency even in inconsistency.

M. Dietrich, who entertained a sincere respect for Paul's character, acceded at once to his daughter's whim, but Mademoiselle de Nermont strongly opposed it for obvious reasons; and absolutely refused in her nephew's name. Cesarine, however, insisted, and even informed M. de Rivonniere of her intentions, without mentioning the name of the lucky swain. The marquis received the news publicly with affected indifference, but privately he assured Mademoiselle de Nermont that he would kill the intended husband of Cesarine, whoever he might prove to be.

When Paul returned from a journey in Germany, whither he had been sent by his employer, Mademoiselle de Nermont, who had been very uneasy on his score, related to him all that had transpired with reference to himself. He not only expressed his total dislike of Cesarine, but he confessed a very pretty little story. He, the young stoic, the stern Spartan, had a young girl waiting for him in an out-of-the-way apartment, with a baby in her arms, which was learning to lisp the name of "papa" at his approach. He had been strolling, two years before, on the banks of the Seine, when he heard the shrieks of a female on the point of drowning. He plunged after her, and saved her: she was a lovely creature of sixteen, the daughter of a laundress, and she had been driven to commit suicide by her betrayal and abandonment by a Parisian lover. He mother

wished to precipitate her into sin, but Paul found her honest employment, and placed her under proper care. Marguerite, learning to look upon him as her saviour, gradually conceived a passion for him; she pined, and became thin and ill, until Paul, though unable to return her love, took pity upon her, and offered her a home and his friendship. She gladly accepted, and thus it was that Paul had contracted a union, which, under the circumstances, he did not think necessary to sanctify with the blessings of the Church.

On the morrow of this revelation, Mademoiselle de Nermont was introduced to her nephew's little family. She was surprised at the beauty and grace of the young clear-starcher—for she still followed her occupation—and delighted with her and the baby. She soon, however, perceived that her nephew was not altogether happy, and that it was hardly to be expected that an unsophisticated, illiterate, and unrefined girl should inspire a strong attachment in the bosom of a man of considerable intellectual attainments. Marguerite loved Paul with enthusiastic admiration; whilst Paul received her homage and devotion with a very tepid affection, which was not increased by the bitter memory of her fault. Such, however, appears to be the case in most love affairs. The one side loves, the other graciously consents to be worshipped.

When Mademoiselle de Nermont confided to Cesarine her nephew's private marriage—as she euphemistically described the transaction—the wilful beauty cried bitterly, and for days seemed to suffer deeply. But she soon discovered the true version of the adventure, by introducing herself to Marguerite on the plea of furnishing her with work. Cesarine easily unlocked the tongue of the simple-minded clear-starcher; she learned the history of M. Jules, the

student who seduced her, of the money compensation offered by him, which she refused, of her subsequent acquaintance with Paul, of her feelings for him; and every petty sentiment of her life was laid bare before the skilful cross-examination of Cesarine. The result was this. Cesarine was determined more than ever to become Paul's wife, and she openly said so to Mademoiselle de Nermont. His stoicism, his self-denial, his manly self-assertion endeared him to her more than ever; his coldness piqued her, and so roused her vanity; and she began to scheme as to the best method of separating him from Marguerite and the child, for whom, nevertheless, proper provision should be made.

Meanwhile the marquis had set on foot a system of espionage to discover who was the chosen one of Cesarine, and, at the same time, he abstained from visiting her. But when he ventured to call upon her, he received such a wiggling from her and from her father, as to confuse and bewilder the poor man who made the most profuse apologies; and her victory was complete, when, at a subsequent interview artfully managed at a florist's, she implored his friendship as a sister, expressed her regret at her not having fully appreciated him before, and whilst avowing her love for another, she threw herself in his arms theatrically, enslaving him more than ever. She thus thought to have propitiated the marquis, who, for the time, was totally unnerved, and to have prevented a hostile meeting between him and Paul.

Cesarine was fast becoming the mistress of the situation. Her father had agreed to all her wishes; the vengeance of de Rivonniere was paralysed; Mademoiselle de Nermont was reduced to silence; it only remained to conquer Paul, and to separate him from Marguerite. Paul, in his turn, was greatly displeased at the visit of Cesarine, and it only

tended to increase his inveterate dislike for her. He assured his relative that he was perfectly satisfied with his present love, that he was neither romantic nor poetical, that he preferred a calm content to a feverish and brief rapture, and that should the temptation become too strong for him, he would, rather than yield to it, wed lawfully Marguerite. Mademoiselle de Nermont stood aghast at this last threat. According to her notions—which obtain in the bosom of many a mother on this side of the Channel, as well as on the other—it was preferable for Paul rather to have a mistress and an illegitimate child, than to give his name to a woman who had once fallen. Moreover, Paul argued that it was better to endorse the past of a girl who had tripped, than to be dependent on a haughty and imperious woman. At all events, Marguerite could never inspire him with jealousy; and if he were not her first love, he, at least, was certain of being the last.

In the pursuit of her scheme, Cesarine sent for Marguerite under the pretence of giving her some valuable lace to dress. Marguerite, who did not even know the name of the grand lady who placed her carriage at her disposal, proceeded joyously like a merry child on the lucrative and pleasant mission. The splendour of the furniture, of the jewels, the profusion of wealth in the sumptuous home whither she was introduced, dazzled and confounded her. Cesarine apparently wished to tempt her to leave Paul by displaying abundant riches, and by promising to endow her with the means of purchasing some of the luxuries that were scattered around her. But here an unpleasant adventure occurred, leading to a discovery, which probably has already been made by the experienced reader. In the Marquis de Rivonniere, who happened to come in, the clear-starcher detected the

unfaithful M. Jules who had betrayed and deserted her. The marquis, of course, declared it was a mistake, and Marguerite was dismissed from the apartment; but to the quick eye of Cesarine nothing could be concealed, and de Rivonniere had to make full confession. He added that he had offered her a pocket book with fifty thousand francs, which she had indignantly refused. Cesarine at first suggested that Paul should be informed of the circumstance, so that he might dismiss at once all idea of marrying Marguerite; but the marquis stating that he would be ready to meet Paul and to give him all necessary satisfaction, Cesarine quickly recalled her words, her desire naturally being to avoid the threatened duel, and declared that Paul need never know it. But it was too late; she overrated her influence with the marquis, who had promised to regard her as only a brother, and to treat as a friend the man of her choice. His passion he could not conquer; he was torn to pieces by the pangs of disappointed love and by a jealousy which he had no right to display, but which was directed against Paul. So he addressed a letter to Marguerite, enclosing the title-deeds of a farm in Normandy, which she was advised to accept without saying anything to her lover.

Of course, Paul discovered the deeds, and returned them to the marquis with a challenge; for, according to his theory, the world could not hold Marguerite's first lover and himself, and by spilling her seducer's blood her sin would be purified. He might, if he survived, bestow upon her his name without any taint upon his honour, and it would then be as if de Rivonniere had never existed. This remarkable argument, which is essentially French in style, seemed to be considered as very reasonable by Mdle. de Nermont, to whom as is customary under these circum-

stances, he addressed a long letter containing his last wishes; and he prepared a few lines of farewell to the mother of his child in case he fell.

It was the marquis instead who fell, stricken down by a bullet in the lungs. As a brave man he forgave his antagonist, shaking hands with him on the ground. For days and weeks the patient lay between life and death, watched by Cesarine, who expressed her sincere sorrow at his condition, and by Paul who had been converted from an adversary into a well-disposed, admiring friend. Cesarine, be it observed, had somehow discovered it to be her duty to attend the bedside of the dying man, whom she had disdained and trifled with during life.

One day M. de Valbonne, an old companion of the marquis, had called upon Mdle. Dietrich, and telling her that, according to the most eminent surgeons in France, the wounded man, though apparently rallying, could not in reality survive three months, he added that the marquis had signified by signs his wish to make her his universal legatee, and in order to be enabled to do so he desired that a marriage *in extremis* should be celebrated between them. Cesarine readily consented, partly, it is to be presumed, to make such reparation to the marquis for his blighted hopes as she was able, partly, perhaps, owing to a certain ambition to be a marchioness, and partly to show her utter indifference for Paul. And immediately after the duel the eyes of Marguerite had been opened to the highmindedness of her lover; she ceased to be querulous and complaining, and she began to understand the magnitude of the sacrifices he had made for her; whilst he on his side appreciated more than he had ever done before her endearing love and devotion for him, which, if not always judiciously exhibited, at least were profound and

all-enduring. Mdlle. de Nermont easily persuaded Marguerite to return Cesarine her lace and to accept no more work from her, be it ever so remunerative; whilst Cesarine took an early opportunity of bearding the lion in his den. One morning she called unexpectedly on Paul; the usual fencing between them occurred. She commenced by laughing off her supposed passion for him. He declared he never for a moment entertained any other thought than that she was playing with him for her own amusement; he reproved her for her pride, and for her persistence in doing good to others in spite of themselves; and he emphatically asserted that he never would be beholden to her for aught in the world; that she should never help him in his work, never feed his child or nurse him, never possess herself of his secrets, his affections, his confidence. Undismayed, Cesarine answered in calm and honied tones, apologising for her interference in his affairs, which had been meant kindly though it had been misinterpreted, and advised him to legalise his union with Marguerite who fully deserved it. He thanked her, and in his turn counselled her to make happy the marquis, if he survived, by espousing him.

Previous to the wedding day a contract was drawn up in which Cesarine renounced all the marquis's property to his relations in case of his death; whilst on his side the marquis gave up all personal rights over Cesarine, insisting at the same time on her continuing to reside with her father; and in the improbable event of his being restored to health it was expressly stipulated that she should be free to live with her husband or not, according to her wishes. Cesarine returned at the same time the family diamonds to her intended sister-in-law, immediately winning her favour by this disinterested act. The bridegroom,

whose wound had got well, but whose constitution was said to be hopelessly shattered, was wheeled on the happy day in a chair to the presence of his bride and of the few friends who had been invited to witness the ceremony. He looked frightful; his ghastly pale and haggard countenance rendered it difficult for Cesarine to repress a scream; and when the Mayor asked her the usual formal questions, her heart sank within her and her voice refused to render its usual service. But a few words were whispered in her ears, and she suddenly exclaimed in firm accents, "Yes, I say!—thrice yes!"

The magic words uttered by M. de Valbonne were, "Paul is married."

The religious rite was performed by a Protestant pastor, that being Cesarine's creed; and on its conclusion the bride appeared radiant and smiling; and whilst she congratulated Paul, who was one of the guests, he whispered to his aunt, "You have been deceived, and I have been very unjust. She is an excellent and kind-hearted woman."

In truth, Paul had decided on legalising the tie with Marguerite because her fault had now been wiped out with the blood of the marquis, and because the Viscount de Valbonne had assured him that, right or wrong, the marquis had been jealous of him, and the only way to render his last hours less unhappy would be for Paul to wed Marguerite, so as to render any further rivalry on his part impossible.

A few days after the mockery of a union which had rendered Cesarine a marchioness, her husband was accompanied abroad by M. de Valbonne, by Dubois, his old and faithful valet, and by a skilful physician; whilst Cesarine retired to her father's estate at Mireval. All intimate intercourse had in reality at this period ceased between Mdlle. de Nermont and Cesarine, who evidently was not happy, and

who treated her former governess with a cold restraint. The newly-made wife was pale and silent, ate little, and said less; and the two women who had formerly been on such terms of intimacy together now only exchanged remarks on the most commonplace subjects. To occupy her active mind the marchioness engaged herself in electioneering on behalf of her father, who was triumphantly elected a deputy. Then she wrote a philosophical work, which she submitted to the judgment of Paul, who spoke highly of it, and who called on the marchioness to point out the faults and the merits of the treatise, which he suggested should be rewritten. From that time an intellectual friendship was entered into between Paul and Cesarine, and during the winter he became a regular visitor to the house. When Mdlle. de Nermont observed to Paul, as to whether it would not be proper to write to M. de Valbonne, consulting him on the subject, Paul laughed at her scruples, saying that it would be a ridiculous vanity on his part; and that, even supposing Cesarine ever entertained a girlish fancy for him, it must long ago have ceased to exist.

In the spring, Paul's financial position having greatly improved, he hired a small country house near Paris, and every evening he spent a few hours with his aunt and Cesarine. When his little Pierre had an attack of the small-pox, nothing saved the child's life but the unremitting attention of Cesarine—who watched the little sufferer day and night—and the skill of the physician she procured from Paris. And thus she invaded his household, established herself in his home, helped him in his work, fed his child, healed him, and did all he had declared she never should do. How often is such the case with us all, when a woman is in question!

An overpowering sense of jea-

lousy began to seize poor Marguerite, and slowly purged her vitals in secret. It was not directed personally against the marchioness, whom she loved and admired, but she could not conceal from herself that his visits at Mireval imparted to him more pleasure than her simple conversation. The open-minded Marguerite unburthened herself of her griefs to the marchioness herself, who with admirable tact and temper endeavoured to soothe the unhappy, half-educated, and not robust-minded creature, and the clear and limpid glance from Cesarine's calm blue eyes served to quiet for awhile Marguerite's unjust reproaches; but she soon commenced again, until Mdlle. Nermont scolded her, threatening her with Paul's displeasure. Subsequently to this interview Paul wrote to say that whilst blaming Marguerite's senseless complaints, and extolling the marchioness's nobleness of disposition and indefatigable kindness, he thought it advisable to abstain for awhile, to please his wife, from spending his evenings with them.

Both Paul and Mdlle. de Nermont really believed now that they had altogether misjudged Cesarine, and that they had attributed to her feelings which had only existed in their imagination. But certain conversations between the two ladies revealed the extraordinary system of ethics of Cesarine, who confidently asserted that Paul still loved her, that she was his intellectual companion, whilst his wife was only his female mate, and that he had a perfect right in seeking in other women's society the recreation he could not find in that of his wife. However, she indignantly repudiated any idea of impropriety or of mere passion which she did not feel, and in which she would have scorned to indulge had she felt it.

During this time M. de Valbonne wrote short and obscure letters with

reference to M. de Rivonniere, who was described still as being in a very precarious condition. One night when, after a prolonged absence, Paul and his wife were leaving Mdle. de Nermont and the marchioness, with whom they had dined, the father was startled at the announcement of the arrival of the marquis in apparently perfect health. The dead man had been restored to life notwithstanding the surgeons. Cesarine, for once, lost her presence of mind, and appeared perfectly dismayed. When she had accepted him she had probably anticipated being soon left a widow ; but to be tied to a man she did not love was a fate she had not foreseen. She received him with an attempt at composure, until the hour of nine struck, when the marquis gave what seemed signs of intoxication. His faithful valet, Dubois, escorted him home, whilst Mdle. de Nermont, who had privately conversed with Dubois, informed Cesarine that her husband was—insane. During the whole night the marchioness was a prey to terror and to despair. When her father came in the morning she vowed that she would never see her husband again, and desired that immediate steps should be taken to have him confined in a lunatic asylum. However, M. Dietrich had already consulted his son-in-law's physician. The marquis was not exactly mad ; he was subject to nocturnal accesses of delirium, being otherwise perfectly lucid and calm ; no tribunal could find him a lunatic and deprive him of the control of his property. An unrequited love had impaired his intellect, and a requited love might restore to him his unimpaired faculties. Instead of leaving him, his wife should devote herself entirely to him ; and M. Dietrich urged upon Cesarine the necessity, after having caused him so much misery, of endeavouring to cure him and make him happy. Paul, who came in just then, and

who was consulted, gave his advice in still stronger terms, impressing upon her that her duty was with her husband, that in sickness, in trouble, and in misfortune she should be always beside him to cheer him, to comfort him, to soothe him. "Is it you that advises me to be his wife?" the lady asked in cold and bitter accents. "Well, you shall be obeyed."

On the same day Cesarine took up her abode at the residence of the marquis, accompanied by Mdle. de Nermont. The access of the marquis that night began later and was slighter ; his malady daily improved, and he was restored to complete sanity with a speed that even Dr. Forbes Winslow could seldom have witnessed in his practice.

On the other hand, poor Marguerite, who had been ailing for some time, and who had been under the doctor's hands without avail, was gradually becoming worse and appeared to be sinking. On one occasion she unburdened her mind, to Madame de Nermont, of a great misdeed she had committed. A letter, addressed to Paul, had arrived a fortnight before, and she had never delivered it to him. She, Marguerite, knew that she was in the way in this world, and wished to die that Paul might be happy with the woman he loved. So she systematically disobeyed the physician's orders, that she might perish sooner ; she took no medicines, she exposed herself to cold, she lay on her chest and stifled her breathing that she might suffocate herself. Mdle. de Nermont's indignation at the letter she held in her hand, the unfortunate young woman thought, was directed against herself, and she begged entreatingly for forgiveness for having detained it so long. The scene ended by Paul entering the room and snatching up the epistle, which was written by the lovely marchioness, and which he quickly scanned. Cesarine

told him she had obeyed his behests, she had gone to him she did not love, and whose wife in reality she should soon now become. But she knew Paul loved her as she loved him, and before belonging to another, she must be his. They must spend a day together, which would be a day of bliss ever memorable in their lives; after which they would separate, each to follow his or her duties in the world. She would fix a time which she would communicate to him, when she would frame some excuse for their common absence.

This very pretty note was received with a burst of wrath scarcely warranted by the circumstances, and somewhat in contradiction with Paul's previous character. At all events he burns the missive, he clasps his wife to his breast, extolling her unpretending love and heroism, and vowing constant and true affection for ever. Of course Marguerite regains her bloom and beauty and contentment. Of course the next message from the marchioness was consigned to the flames; and of course Paul and Marguerite live together ever after in prosperity and happiness.

On the day in which the marchioness had appointed to spend with Paul, she called at seven o'clock in the morning at his office to fetch him away. As he stayed at home expressly she did not meet him, and after she had returned

thither three times, Mdlle. de Nemont, to spare her further humiliation, told her in few words she knew all, and parted from her for ever. The former governess then took up her abode with her nephew, and devoted herself to nursing Marguerite's next baby.

The only occasion when Paul met the fair marchioness, subsequent to these events, was in the wood of Fontainebleau, and he narrowly escaped being ridden over by the bold Amazon, who mockingly requested him to move out of her way. She was followed by the Viscount de Valbonne, who, from her disappointed suitor and declared enemy, had now become her shadow, and was always in attendance upon her, while the marquis was labouring under the illusion that he was tenderly beloved by his wife. Indeed, the position of the trio, as described in Parisian society, reminded one of Paul de Kock's well-known novel *La femme, le Mari, et l'Amant*.

Such is the outline of a story often illustrating ideas totally opposed to ours, and containing thoughts, opinions, philosophy, and sentiments frequently at variance with those we are accustomed to hear and to witness. A story which, notwithstanding some glaring inconsistencies and improbabilities, cannot fail to engross the attention of the reader and to rivet his interest.

J. P.



QUICKSILVER.

GOD said to man, whom he had made in His own image: "Let him have dominion over all the earth!" and man, from the day of creation to our own, has laboured hard to make himself master of the world. For, like all other gifts from on high, that power also has to be earned in the sweat of his face, and the ground that was cursed for Adam's sake yields no longer willing obedience to its sinful master. Nevertheless, there is no man so poor but he can control all that he sees, no race so brutal but it makes all Nature serve and work for its benefit. Even on the confines of the habitable world, where the blessed light of day shines but for a short time, and ice and snow sit a barrier to all life and enjoyment, even there man still succeeds in ruling the elements, and employing the scanty supplies that the earth can yet furnish. The low-creeping moss and tiny sweet berries preserve his health, while the grossest food gives him support and warmth; the monster of the seas gives him bones for his arrow-tips, and timber for his fragile boat; the sea lion furnishes oil for his lamp, and the very ocean supplies him with a house which he rears by the aid of huge masses of ice.

Among all the vassals, however, the goodly crowd of metals are his most useful servants, his best friends. Buried deep down in the bosom of the earth, hiding themselves in darkest corners and remotest chambers, they seemed to have fled from his all-absorbing rule. As if anxious to avoid the slavery that awaited them in his service, they had run into tiny veins, split into thin leaves, scattered into minute grains, to escape his attention: here they covered their bright splendour with unsightly

clay; there they mixed with worthless earths, and often they allowed the merry waters of mountain-streams to roll over them and make them invincible. All in vain! For man seized upon the last of the fugitives, whose bright faces he caught here and there on the surface; he followed them on lonely paths through the mountains; he pursued them with spade and pickaxe into the very bowels of the earth; he sank shafts and filled them with monstrous machines, that forced them to come forth from their hidden recesses, and seized them wherever his knowledge revealed to him their retreat. Then he carried them triumphantly up to the surface of the earth, beat and stamped, ground and crushed them, threw them into furious fire, until they yielded to his stern will, and assumed the form which it pleased him to give them; he chilled them, and hardened them, and at last took them into his service, forcing them to do his bidding, and to aid him in becoming truly the master of all the earth. For man had dominion given him over the inert materials, as well as over the living creatures of the earth. Hence the true poetry of mechanics, attractive in all its marvellous doings, and more charming in its daily results than the wildest dreams of creative fancy. Let those who will, see nothing but masses of clanking iron and huge incessant fires, nothing but tall chimneys and clouds of black smoke; to the imaginative, even smoke and the vapour we call steam becomes an embodied genie, who raises man to the clouds, and at whose feet the earth opens at command; and those who yield themselves to the spell are led through subterranean ways

to the secret chambers of the treasures of Nature. Or, led by the same obedient slave, they find themselves in gardens more enchanting than any Aladdin ever saw—gardens of vast extent and varied beauty, covered with transparent crystal, containing all beauteous things that Nature produces, or the immortal mind of man creates, with the flowers of all zones and the fruits of every land, with living marvels all around, and fountains throwing out liquid gems, with a night as dazzling as the days are brilliant. And this is the romance of reality.

For man has dominion over all the earth for some good purpose; he is the steward only, and, far from indulging in wanton destruction, he makes his vassals his faithful servants, his attached friends. Even the humblest of Nature's children becomes useful, when he names it, and by his heaven-born instinct assigns it its duty. The air has to fill his bellows, and the fire to work like a slave by night and by day; the water must fertilise his gardens, and the stones afford him dry paths; the falcon hunts for him, the fir-tree carries him across the ocean, the very worm serves him as bait, and the lowly herb restores him to health.

But of all his servants, the metals, those kings of the old alchemists, which were so nearly related to the great heavenly bodies that they bore their names, have ever been his most useful vassals, his best friends. As he learnt to know them and to employ them, they changed his whole manner of life, and he counts his own history from the age of bronze and of iron. He subjected them, one by one, to the manifold evolutions of the great workshop in his brain, and gave to each a life of its own.

Thus he saw at a glance the stubborn strength and the enduring power of iron, and called it up from its dark hiding-place to become his workman, to subject the whole world

to him by its strength, and to embellish it by its numberless uses. He summoned it to check and control the beasts of the earth, and iron changed into a supple, cunningly-woven chain to fetter the wild bull; it became a bit and a spur to master the proud, prancing horse, a sharp-pointed staff to strike even the huge elephant with terror, a solid cage to hold the lion, the king of the beasts, and a slender hook to catch the fish in his subtle element. Man ordered it to conquer the earth itself, and as plough it drew cruel furrow in its bosom to bear abundant fruit for his support; it became an axe to fell the loftiest trees, a saw to divide the gigantic trunks; and then it assumed a thousand varied forms to build him his house, to hold it together against wind and weather, and to protect it with lock and latch. The very Proteus of the metals, it took a new shape, and conquered even the hard rock, smoothed it, and shaped it into beauteous forms, or piled it up higher and higher in majestic temples and lofty cathedrals; or it took the tallest of pines on high mountain-chains and bound them with clamp and clasp to form a vessel, and held it as anchor to the bottom of the mighty deep. Soon there was no work done in kitchen or parlour, in workshop or laboratory, in which iron did not show itself an ever-ready, ever-handy assistant, yielding with willing obedience to man's will, and obediently assuming every shape he desired.

Man rejoiced in the skilful labourer, and devised new and harder tasks; he lent the whole power of his mind to make new inventions, which iron had to help him in carrying out, and, ever hand in hand, the master and the servant went onward on their path of improvement. The more docile the metal showed itself, the more rapidly man's progress made itself felt on the earth; and with the labour he performed by the

aid of iron, his own spiritual power increased by degrees. Whatever had appeared impossible before, iron had to achieve. Long had the great streams of the earth impeded the commerce of men; for they defied structures of fragile wood, and of massive stone, when high floods gave them unusual power, or huge drifting blocks of ice made playthings of pier and bridge. At last, here also iron came to the aid of man, and once more obeying his ingenious command, it stretched out into long rods and slender beams, chained them one to the other, and, lo and behold! the gossamer chain-bridge hung high and safe above the furious waters, and man could defy now, on his part, the power of the conquered element. And when he had thus overcome the last obstacle that impeded his free control of space, he became impatient of the swiftness of the horse even, and, bending his mind to devise some more rapid mode of overcoming space, he invented a new service for his trusty servant. Iron was tortured and twisted anew, until it assumed the form of colossal wheels, huge levers, caldron, and pipes—and the engine was ready to bring with its own amazing uses the power of steam into the service of man. The new servant became the most powerful and the most delicate of instruments; here moving machinery of gigantic proportions, and there printing the tiniest characters on silk and on cotton. It carried man with amazing rapidity from land to land, from continent to continent; and as the cunning web of the spider holds the strongest of her enemies helpless in its meshes, so the iron net of railroads and steamers held the very earth captive at the will of man.

Even greater things, however, he demanded of the faithful metal, which he had discovered possessed a marvellous gift, appearing in many ways not inferior even to the instinct

of living creatures. You must show me the way, he told the willing servant, across the pathless ocean! and iron changed into a small needle, and as compass and sextant it became his unfailing guide over the broad ocean and around the whole globe. But when man rose against man, and fierce war raged through the land, even then he bethought himself of his faithful friend, and iron came to his aid, now as a sharp sword, and now as a gun or a cannon. Thus in peace and in war, on land and at sea, the useful metal is by his side, ready to do his bidding, to assume any shape, and to serve him in small matters and in greatest. In like manner man has taken them all, from the precious gold to the worthless lead, and made them his servants. But there is one among them, more highly gifted than all the others, of fairest form, of strangest shape, and of rarest usefulness.

This is the metal which takes its name from the winged messenger of the gods, and is known among us as mercury, though its bright face and wondrous quickness make it perhaps more generally familiar as quicksilver. These features were so striking and so exclusively peculiar to the ever-changing metal, that already the ancients bestowed upon it like admiring names. To the Greeks it was liquid silver; to the Romans, with a poetry rare among the stern, matter-of-fact people even, living silver; the latter name, however, seems in classic writers to have been confined to the pure mercury found in its brilliant beauty, whilst the former was reserved for the metal when artificially produced. For the ancients were already fully acquainted with the "Changeful Damsel" among the stern metals, as an old alchemist quaintly called it on account of its slippery, coquettish nature, now alluring by its lovely beauty, now deriding by its swift escape. Among its many forms, which it assumes, is one called

cinnabar, of a resplendent red, which was well known more than four hundred years before Christ, and found abundantly in Spain, where, by one of those strange combinations produced by the universal rule of the Roman, Athenian philosophers acted as officials in imperial mines. That able but disorderly writer, Vitruvius, confounds this cinnabar—on account of its red colour, in all probability—with the more familiar minium, an entirely different product, used to mark certain passages in manuscripts and almanacs, and thus become the ancestor of our miniature. He states, however, correctly the picturesque manner in which it presented itself to the eye of the astonished miner; for he says, “When they dig minium, and iron tools wound the rock, big drops of living silver flow from the place.” Pliny, in his more prosy manner, simply states that there—in the mines of Spain—there is “a rock which continually sweats mercury, and which the Greeks call cinnabar;” so that there can be no doubt as to the identity of this curious metal in Roman mines and our quicksilver. The question has, however, been raised more than once, because of its being so frequently mistaken for minium, and even called by that name. Pliny himself designates it thus wrongly in his interesting description of the locality, from which, in his day, the most valuable cinnabar was sent to the capital. “Rome,” he says, “obtains its minium almost exclusively from Spain. The most famous comes from the region of Sisapo in Boetica. The mines belong to the Roman republic, and no other property is so jealously guarded as this. The cinnabar is not allowed to be prepared on the spot; but it is stamped as brute ore and sent to Rome, about ten thousand pounds a-year. In Rome it is washed and prepared, and a special law fixes the maximum price, at

which it may be sold by the merchants.” Now Pliny’s Boetica is the Andalusia of our day, with a part of Granada; and in this same district are still the famous mines of Almaden, the one great support of the Spanish crown, without which Spain would have long since been utterly bankrupt.

The subject was one of no slight importance to the Romans, for cinnabar was used largely for the purpose of painting. Its bright red adorned the statues of the gods as they were carried in solemn procession through the wards of the capital; and even the great generals, who entered the city in all the pomp and circumstance of a full triumph, did not disdain its use. Sir Humphrey Davy recognised its use even in some paintings of disintombed Pompeii, and probably it served still higher purposes in the mysteries of unholy worship. Mercury, as such, was also well known already as useful for purposes of gilding, although the modern art of using it in the shape of an amalgam was not familiar to the ancients. They contented themselves with putting the mercury in a layer on vessels and ornaments of silver and copper, and then pressing thick plates of gold upon it, cementing the whole together. Whilst our gilding, therefore, wears off even by mere daily use, and when not exposed to the baneful effects of wind and weather, we are told by the great art-critic, Winkelmann, that antique gildings look now as fresh and as beautiful as if they had just come from the hands of the gilder. Hence they had also learned already to burn their magnificent dresses, embroidered heavily with gold, and, by the aid of quicksilver, to rescue the gold from the ashes.

How far it was used, even then, for medicinal purposes, we can hardly decide; for while some authors mention it as an element in certain salves which were oddly

enough employed at festive meals, Pliny represents it correctly as a poison, and objects to its use in medicine, even for external application, as fraught with too much danger. The confusion in the mind of these authors, when they come to speak of the mysterious metal, is often amusing: Pliny thinks it so poisonous that no vessel can hold it, aware as he was, probably, that it cannot be kept in metal vessels, because it would at once form an amalgam with the metal; while, on the other hand, Dioscorides states that it was generally stored up in glass vessels, but that he has seen it also in boxes of lead, tin, and silver, which is simply impossible. Its fluidity, however, seems to have puzzled the ancients sorely; and the amazement of Vitruvius is comic in the extreme, when he describes how a stone, weighing a hundred pounds, put on a vessel filled with living silver floated on it, without making an impression on the surface! This, also, is of course erroneous, for the stone does make an indentation, more or less deep according to its specific gravity, as mercury is only about thirteen times heavier than water; but it is curious that the same experiment, which so astonished the learned Roman, is in our day repeated daily for the visitors of the mines of Idria, where huge stones are placed in the enormous iron kettles filled with newly-obtained mercury. It is strange that we find no trace in ancient writers of the preparation of artificial cinnabar, highly valued as this costly material was by the men of those days; but there is only one allusion found to what is called making mercury solid by the aid of sulphur, and that occurs unfortunately in the pages of the false Democritus.

This secret, like many others connected with our strange metal, was known only to the great race who kept all the valuable knowledge of the world in the days of universal

war, and through the well-named Dark Ages—the Arabs, who were also well acquainted with the deadliest form which mercury ever assumes, the so-called corrosive sublimate, and described it as a violent and acrid poison.

The alchemists, those noble searchers after truth, who paved with their errors and disappointments the roads on which modern chemistry steps safely to the great goal of Truth, surrounded mercury with a poetic crown of glory. In their labours to wring from Nature the secret of the philosopher's stone, and of changing all viler metals into noble gold; in their efforts to realise the existence of an elixir of life; in all their mad pursuits, which blend the sublime with the ridiculous as no other work of man has ever done, and contain, amid much that is absurd, numerous traits of touching self-denial and unsurpassed perseverance,—in all of these mercury was the one great master among metals, without whose aid nothing could be obtained. How these poor, ignorant, but earnest and devoted workers worshipped the mysterious metal, and tried, by all the means known to their budding science, to force it into their service! Its changeableness was their despair. Not in vain had they named it mercury, when they expressed the sympathetic relation which they fancied to exist between the seven known metals and the seven planets; whilst gold remained to them the image of the bright sun, and silver the representative of the pale moon, quicksilver bore the likeness of the messenger of the gods, with his winged foot and mobile mind. So they fasted and prayed, and chastised themselves into a proper frame of mind, to become masters of the volatile servant; and then, with exalted hopes and a glance to the Master of all things, they heated and cooled, digested and distilled, analysed and

amalgamated the unlucky metal, in order to find the animated mercury, as they called the future substance which was to make the philosopher's stone, and the more mystic philosopher's mercury, from which they expected still greater but unknown wonders. They believed even in predestination as required for the happy issue of the work. Alas! they were predestined only to work out all the errors of human knowledge, and to clear the way for their successors in ages long to come. Their success was limited to chasing the metal from one shape to the other; now changing from living silver into the red lion, then into cinnabar, the dragon's blood, and back to the milk of the black cow. Even Geber, the acknowledged master of many a science, became, as the unfortunate author of the first book on chemistry ever written, a byword among men. Dr. Johnson tells us how, on account of his uncouth language in this work, his name has been transmuted into Gibberish for the use of indignant English tongues. To him mercury was the dearest among the rare and aristocratic substances with which he loved to deal, and, with sulphur and arsenic, one of his three elemental chemicals, of which all metals on earth were made. He dwelt with intense pleasure upon the fact that even gold, the sovereign of them all, with its superior weight, its passing beauty, and its triumph over fire, was dissolved by mercury, and swallowed up by its bright globules as easily as sugar in water.

The alchemists failed in their end, but they have taught us much about quicksilver. For we would err sadly, if we were to look upon them as lost in error altogether. If Wisdom in their days wore the fool's cap, there were wise things said and done even in the wildest vagaries; her secretary, as he has been called, Common Sense, made notes of the good, and

all was put down in a kind of shorthand, strange and odd to our ear, but intelligible to the initiated. The vocabulary was made awful and hideous on purpose, to keep off the profane; but fair Science came out at last unscathed, for Truth cannot be destroyed nor concealed; and thus it appeared that philosophy, like the toad, ugly and venomous at first sight, bore "a precious jewel in its head." It was not for such triumphs, it is true, that the great Dominican, Thomas Aquinas, was enrolled among the saints of the Church; but it is a fair question among men of science, whether this canonised alchemist achieved any greater triumph on earth than his discovery of the word amalgam, and its meaning. Now we all know that mercury bears such marvelously strong affinity to certain metals like tin, lead, and silver, that it opens them up, so to say, and forms with them a homogeneous liquid or paste; but Aquinas was the first to ascertain and state this fact in a manner which made it useful to science, and to call the compound, that resulted from the mixture, by the name which it still bears.

Quicksilver is not a common metal, but found only in a few portions of our globe, and then in various forms. Here, it surprises the miner by suddenly leaping forth in bright, silvery globules, and running fast to hide in dark corners, now scattering into almost invisible atoms, now running together and forming large, lustrous balls. Then, it appears as cinnabar in fibrous or ill-shapen masses, sometimes crystalised and sometimes hid under a dark, unseemly covering, but occasionally shining forth in brilliant red, with the splendour of the diamond. Then, again, it conceals itself carefully under the form of some other metal, as native amalgam, or, in rare cases, is found as ready-made medicine in the form of calomel.

China and Japan produce some quicksilver, for they send to the markets of the world the best cinnabar which there appears, but to this day little is known about these mines and some others in Thibet. The so-called virgin cinnabar, which is mainly imported from Asia, is made from the rare specimens of native cinnabar found there and ground fine; it is by far the most superb in colour, and the most highly prized by artists and manufacturers; the larger portion is probably made artificially in China as in Europe, and for that purpose large quantities of mercury are actually carried back to the Celestial Empire.

Quicksilver is found in the Venetian Alps, where new mines have recently been opened with a promise of great gain; in Bavaria and Bohemia, and a few other localities, which have, however, been abandoned of late on account of their small yield, with the exception of here and there a small mine. There is a curious theory about this decline of formerly productive mines entertained by older authors. They state that mobile quicksilver cannot rest, even when rockbound, but ceaselessly works its way upward, and from great depths penetrates, by the process of sublimation, into the veins and crevices of overlying formations. This theory is supported by the fact, that in almost all the formerly rich mines, quicksilver was actually found close to the surface, often immediately under the turf; whilst no ore has of late been discovered at a lower depth.

On the whole, there are only four important points on our globe where quicksilver is mined to advantage; in Peru, in Austria, in Spain, and in California. Of these the smallest production is that of Huancavelica, in Peru, where cinnabar is impregnated in layers of sandstone and limestone. It is curious how the vanity of man here,

as in Spain, first led to the discovery of the precious metal. For, as the great Triumphator Camillus, painted himself red with minium, so the Indians of Peru used to adorn themselves on festive occasions with the same colour, obtained from the same metal. The first regular mining dates only back as far as the year 1566, when the Spanish Government caused the province to be examined, and mercury was found in numerous places. When Peru became independent, the mine of Huancavelica became, of course, national property, and was farmed out by the Government. It is the highest mine on earth, being fifteen hundred feet above the Peak of Teneriffe; but it produced a rich harvest until the madness of an official nearly destroyed it for ever. The development of the silver mines of the republic, and the wasteful manner of using mercury in them, had led to an increased demand for the metal. This induced an unlucky superintendent, goaded on by his superiors, and anxious to distinguish himself, perhaps also to add to his riches, to order the massive pillars of valuable ore to be pulled down, which had been left standing in order to support the enormous weight of the upper service. The haste to be rich had its unvarying effect: the rock came down, the mines were destroyed, and owner and agent alike were severely punished for their insane cupidity.

Far away in the heart of Europe and the centre of the Julian Alps, there lies a valley of wondrous beauty; huge walls of bare rock rise to vast height all around, and shut off the secluded plain below from the rest of the world. The upper parts of the mountains are again crowned with grand old pine-forests; below the rocks, spreads a beautiful carpet of green meadows and magnificent woods, while here and there tall masses of rock jut out into the valley, looking

defiantly down upon the peaceful scene below, and crowned with chapel and church. A poor peasant—so goes the legend—once came here to select some timber for the woodenware he was making, and placed a few tubs into a well to be seasoned over-night. What was his surprise, when he poured the water off next morning, to find at the bottom a glittering mass of silvery metal! Soon skilful miners and cunning goldsmiths came from Italy, and the place became known; but only to be made the scene of strife and bloodshed. Now the Venetians would fall with an armed force upon the German miners, and now the great Maximilian would send troops to drive out and destroy the covetous invaders. For centuries the mines have produced most abundantly, but of late they have become less profitable, and the Austrian Government, always wanting money, is anxious to [sell them. The ore is here roasted in extensive works, and the smoke, which contains the volatile metal, is carried into enormous iron retorts. The cast-iron pipes are forty feet long and three feet wide, suspended [in the air, and resting only upon a few slight supports. As the constant smoke keeps them too warm for condensation, a little aqueduct, following above, trickles continually cooling showers upon them; once a-year only the fires are allowed to go out, to clean and repair the whole apparatus. The soot in the cylinders a loose, black, fatty substance, contains the mercury in countless tiny globules, some of which run out in beautiful silvery whiteness; others have to be whipped from their unsightly retreat; the soot is beaten with small brooms, and soon the silver snakes are seen to glide out of the dark mass, as if anxious to escape in all directions. Then the glittering mass is gathered in sheepskins, tanned with alum, or in cast-iron bottles of enormous size, to be sent all over the world.

Sad, however, is the penalty which the vicious metal extracts from those who thus force it to the light of day. Quicksilver evaporates at a temperature lower than that which we maintain in our houses, and its vapours are poisonous. Hence all miners pay with their health; they become feeble and nervous, their whole system becomes deranged, perpetual trembling seizes their limbs, and they die at an early age. When mercury escapes by chance, it murders like an assassin in the dark. Thus it happened in a vessel, which in 1820 came to the Spanish coast with some mercury in its hold. By an accident the quicksilver ran out of a few rotten bags, and found its way into the hold; soon every piece of metal in the ship was covered with a mercurial coating, and every man on board was salivated violently, and sick unto death. The same tragedy occurred in Idria on a larger scale. In the year 1803 foul air set the mines on fire, and the mercurial vapours developed on that occasion poisoned thirteen hundred workmen, the larger part of whom never recovered. The water, by which the fire had been quenched, was pumped into the river Idria, and was still so laden with deadly fumes, that all the fish were killed, except the eels, who, being proverbially used to being roasted alive, defied even the poisonous metal.

On a similar occasion, in Spain, a pious Franciscan monk seized a crucifix, and, bidding the frightened workmen to follow him into the burning mine, went in to put out the fire: neither he nor any of his devoted men were ever seen again. This occurred in the famous mines of Almaden, which lie amid the Black Mountains of La Mancha, so dear to all lovers of Cervantes as the scene of the inimitable exploits of Don Quixote. It has its name—the mine—from its first masters, the Arabs, who, in the course of time, fell heirs to the Roman State pro-

perty, and worked it with brilliant success. One of their Caliphs had in his gardens at Cordova a gigantic shell of porphyry, filled with glittering quicksilver, which was evermore flowing out and in. It stood in a pavilion, the sides of which were lined with ebony and ivory of such exquisite polish, that, when the rays of the sun fell upon them, their splendour dazzled and blinded the eye. But when great guests were to be shown the marvels of the palace, an Arabic manuscript says, the Caliph ordered all the doors around to be opened; the full sunlight then shone upon the ever-flowing mass of silver, and the reflection fell on the eye of the beholder like living flashes of lightning, and the pavilion seemed to toss like a vessel on the stormy waves.

The indolent Spaniards have rarely attempted to work their magnificent mines themselves, but farmed them out to bankers and companies, mostly of foreign race. Among these was the great house of Fugger, those grandest of merchant-princes in the small town of Augsburg, one of whom could haughtily warm the Emperor Charles V. by a fire made of his own obligations and evidences of debt to the great banker! They held the mines for more than a hundred years, and brought large numbers of German workmen there, whose industry and skill soon raised the production immensely. In 1835 they were pawned, in like manner, to the Rothschilds; but at present they are worked with great energy and by means of the best scientific aid, at the expense of the Government, which derives by far the largest portion of its income from this locality. The town itself, with its clean, straight streets, and tidy, well-kept houses, presents a very different aspect from the other miserable villages of La Mancha, and the surrounding country, though sterile and stern like that of most mining districts, is not devoid of

beautiful mountain scenery and extended views. Even the entrance to the mines differs altogether from that of similar works elsewhere. From the level valley a long tunnel-like shaft leads to the very heart of the mine; it is built of massive hewn rock, wide enough for carts with two horses abreast, and has granite sidewalks; at the end you come to steps and stairs, which lead to the lower parts, where you find yourself immediately beneath the town of Almaden. The working was formerly done by criminals condemned to hard labour for life. From their prison, which still stands there, a relic of former barbarism, they were led in the morning by a subterranean passage to the mines, and back again at night. Thus they literally never saw the light of day; after a few years their health failed, the poisonous vapors nestled in their system, and they died, hailing the King of Terrors as a welcome friend. This cruelty drove them at last to despair; in the beginning of the last century they set the woodwork, which then lined the mines throughout, on fire, and thus made them inaccessible for years. Now, none but skilled labourers are employed, who work only six hours a-day, and are well paid. Yet they also soon succumb, for the air is so deadly that no animals live down there, not even spiders? and the rats, who alone were able to resist the vapours, have disappeared since the last fire.

The scene below is beautiful. Where the work is going on, vast masses of cinnabar, dark-red and sparkling with unearthly splendour, hang on the walls; here and there crystals of marvellous beauty shine from between the dark rocks, and in many places cavities and crevices are filled with the pure metal; so that, under the miner's tool, as the rock breaks asunder, silvery drops as large as a pigeon's egg suddenly roll forth, and, leaping on the ground,

fall into a shower of resplendent beauty. The ore is subsequently distilled by means of enormous fires, for which prodigal Nature furnishes bountifully the material; for all the mountains around, for miles and miles, are covered with a cistus, an evergreen shrub, which, at the proper season, covers the country with a carpet of white, and whose resinous branches burn with a heat equal to that of the best coal.

The richest of all regions, however, is the youngest—California. Here, where Nature seems to have scattered with unlimited liberality her greatest treasures broadcast over the land, vast stores of mercury are found, the most important, if not the most valuable of the mineral products of this wonderful country. To the four mines, which already produced more quicksilver than all other countries together, there have quite recently been added two new ones, in Chapman Valley and Pope Valley, which give promise of a vast increase of the wealth of California, and have completely changed the commerce of the world. Formerly, mercury was exported from Europe; now, America is not only independent, but actually sends it back to the Old World, and enables men there, as well as in Peru, to work even the poorest of silver ores. Thus silver, which had remained behind gold, since the great discoveries in California, Australia, and Asiatic Russia, can now be obtained again in larger quantities, and, thanks to the new supplies from the Pacific, the balance is likely to be restored.

If we ask, finally, what use man makes of the wonderful metal, so beautiful in appearance, so deadly in its effects, and so highly valued for its services, we find it nowhere employed for itself, like the more precious metals, but an invaluable aid to man in various ways. Its very dangers are converted into healing powers, and, as calomel, it is used with surpassing effect, either directly,

mixed as in bitter irony with tender rose leaves, or in numerous combinations with other substances. As corrosive sublimate, it enters into countless salves of more doubtful usefulness; and as mercury itself, it is infused into anatomical preparations, to preserve them for purposes of study. No chemical laboratory can, of course, dispense with its valuable services, were it only in the form of a bath, to catch gases. The manufacturer employs it largely for dyeing and similar purposes, and the man of science learns to value it as a friend above all others in the thermometer and barometer. He wanted to measure that imponderable and yet universally present substance, heat; and quicksilver willingly helped him, because of its exquisite susceptibility and readiness of expansion which it alone could show, as the only fluid-metal on earth. Man wanted to weigh the very air he breathes, and quicksilver again offered to do it, as no other fluid is so heavy, and a column of twenty-eight inches of mercury suffices to show what water could have done only in a tube of thirty-two feet. By the aid of these instruments, man can now measure the warmth of his room as well as that of whole zones; he can adapt the temperature of his bath to his wants, and of vast buildings to purposes of brewing and distilling. The mercury aids him in measuring the height of mountains and warns him of approaching storms; it counsels him in his work in the fields, and on his voyages over the oceans; it aids the engineer in his levelling, and the the philosopher in his subtlest researches.

In other cases it is mixed with sulphur to make artificial cinnabar, and immense quantities of mercury are annually consumed for this purpose. It is ground to extreme fineness, and then comes into the market as vermilion, which is highly valued in the arts, as a pigment, for

the purity and permanency of its tint. But by far the largest proportion of all the mercury found on our globe is sent by man in search of the precious metals, which force cannot bring forth from their hidden recesses, and which now, with the aid of the alluring powers of quicksilver, are tempted to the light by its gentle, persuasive power. For it possesses a truly wondrous power to compel gold and silver to leave their natural form, and to combine with itself; and hence the poorest ores, which by no process of beating and heating can be made to surrender the treasures they hold, are covered with mercury, and behold the insidious friend winds its way into every chink and crevice, and licks up the precious metal wherever it can be found. Then the whole mass is exposed to a fierce heat, the volatile mercury is forced to surrender its prey; it rises in vapour and smoke, and leaves the glittering gold and silver in almost perfect purity behind. The same process of amalgamation leads to gilding, for here also

a mixture of gold and mercury is put on silver, copper, or brass, and the metal is then heated; the mercury again escapes, and the gold remains firmly fastened to the inferior metal, which is said to be "fire-gilt." The process is obnoxious on account of the injurious vapours which it evolves, and largely superseded by the galvanic method, which is safer and cheaper; but the gilding wears off sooner. Not less beautiful is the method by which mercury serves to make mirrors. Tinfoil is spread on a hot slate-plate, the quicksilver poured on it, and then the plate of glass pressed carefully under the surface of the mercury, so as to avoid the particles of dust which always settle there. The glass is then heavily weighted, the quicksilver runs off in glittering rills, and the mirror is perfect. But here also the danger has driven man's ingenuity to rid himself of the beautiful vassal, with the fair face and the fatal poison behind it, and nowadays mirrors are simply silvered.



MODERN POETS.

THE publication of the "Biglow Papers," by Lowell, marked an era in American literature. Their undoubted cleverness, their political allusion, their humour, and their mongrel dialect, created quite a *furor* in the United States, and Englishmen were equally ready to buy and to praise. In a biography of Edgar Allan Poe, bearing date, London, November, 1852, the following remarks occur:—"We are now beginning to get acquainted with writers amongst the Americans who are really national, in the sense that American apples are national. Emerson has a distinct smack of the rich and sunny West, just as the honey in Madeira tastes of violets. Lowell's humour in the 'Biglow Papers' is as gloriously Yankee, as Burns's humour is gloriously Scotch." Since the opinions in these paragraphs were expressed, there have been many quaint and clever additions to the library of American humour: Artemus Ward, brimful of shrewdness and sarcasm, bristling with odd allusions, droll, grotesque, mirth-provoking, like a porcupine's quills. Scores of essentially intellectual men find pleasant relief in his pages from study and toil. One of the ablest physicians of the day, (who, like the genial author of "Artemus Ward," died far too early), had always ready a sly quotation from Artemus, and a ringing laugh and twinkling eye to accompany it. Then we have, among the Yankee humourists, "The Heathen Chinees" (Mark Twain), and the "Hans Breitmann Ballads," able, funny volumes, distinctively

American. That Mr. Leland has an intimate knowledge of his German compatriots is evidenced by his happy burlesque of their manners, and their bastard gutterals. That he is capable of, and has achieved, far higher things, will be abundantly seen by those readers who accompany us to the close of this article. Mormonism has been a very fertile theme for prose-writers, but the poet has had little to do with Utah and the besotted followers of the prophet, Joe Smith. "Saint Abe and his Seven Wives" is a tale of Salt Lake City, written evidently by a writer who has a copious command of vigorous verse, and is well accustomed to employ it. The dedication to old Dan Chaucer is sprightly, musical, poetic. The author regrets the,—

Maypole dance and Whitsun ale,
Sports of peasants in the dale;
Harvest mirth and junketting,
Fireside play and kiss-in-ring;
Ancient fun and wit and ease—
Gone are one and all of these.

The lovers of "l'Allegro" will recall to memory, when reading these pleasant lines, the vivid imagery and tuneful fancies of the grand old bard, who, shut out from the beautiful on earth, had the fair vision of Paradise, its glories and its song, unrolled in prodigality before his inward view. Milton sang,—

These delights, if thou canst give
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

A cheerful couplet, certain to find favour with such poets as the author

¹ "Saint Abe and his Seven Wives." Strahan and Co.

"Poems." By C. G. Leland. Trübner and Co.

"Gaudeamus." By C. G. Leland. Trübner and Co.

"The Legend of Phyllis." By William Sawyer. Longmans.

"A Vision of Creation." By C. Collingwood. Longmans.

of "Saint Abe." He sings like a merry minstrel,—

Honest Chaucer, thee I greet
In a verse with blithesome feet ;
And tho' modern bards may stare,
Crack a passing joke with care !
Take a merry song and true,
Fraught with inner meanings too !
Goodman Dull may croak and scowl :
Leave him hooting to the owl !
Tight-laced Prudery may turn
Angry back with eyes that burn,
Reading on from page to page
Scrofulous novels of the age !
Fools may frown and humbugs rail,
Not for them I tell the Tale ;
Not for them, but such as thee,
Wise old English Jollity !

An exordium imbued with such buoyancy of feeling, and so fluent in rhythm, promises well for the poem which follows, and a very clever, capital one it is. A party, en route for Utah,

The wondrous City of the Saints,
have the tedium of their long journey beguiled by "The Boss's Tale," narrated by their driver, the hero of the story.

Joe Wilson is the boss's name,
A Western boy well known to fame ;
He goes about the dangerous land,
His life for ever in his hand ;
Has lost three fingers in a fray,
Has scalp'd his Indian too, they say ;
Between the white man and the red
Four times he hath been left for dead ;
Can drink, and swear, and laugh, and brawl,
And keeps his big heart thro' it all
Tender for babes and women.

Joe, with this tenderness, his penchant for femininity, is deeply in love with a lively little widow, Cissy, with rosy lips, shining face, and

Skin whiter than a new-laid egg.

An apostle, as grey as a badger, and 'cute as an opossum, one Hiram Higginson, becomes the rival of the big waggoner, and

Every night
He squeezed her hand a bit more tight ;
And every night he didn't miss
To give a loving kiss to Ciss ;
And tho' his fust was on her brow,
He ended with her mouth, somehow.

The apostle reads the Book of Mormon to the fickle widow, who thinks it

A book of blessed light.
That holy man expounds it clear ;
Edification great is their !

The epilogue of the narrative is concisely told,—

The Apostle beat and I was bowl'd ;
but Joe Wilson believes that Ciss repented when repentance was too late, and would much have preferred

For company,
A brisk young chap, tho' poor, like me,
Than the sixth part of him she's won—
The holy Hiram Higginson.

The driver, shading with sunburnt hands his eyes from the dazzling light, announces *Sodom* in sight, and there, in a mighty valley, before the expanded eyes of the traveller,—

'Mid peaceful gleams
Of flocks and herds and glistering streams,
Rose, fair as aught that fancy paints
The wondrous City of the Saints.

A light, but not a shining one, in the fertile valley of the city of the Saints is Brother Clewson, otherwise Saint Abe. His notions of discipline are loose and irregular, his years declining to "the sere and yellow leaf," and his seven wives are so many thorns in his connubial couch. In a summer evening dialogue his merits, or rather demerits, are freely discussed by Bishop Pete and Bishop Joss, for in the virtuous city of Utah, as elsewhere, pulling one's neighbour to pieces is a favourite pastime. Bishop Joss loquitur :

If all the Elders of the State, like you, were
sound and holy,
P. Shufflebotham, guess our fate were far
less melancholy.
You are a man of blessed toil, far shining
and discerning,
A heavenly lamp well trimm'd with oil,
upon the altar burning.
And yet for one of us with equal resolution,
There's twenty samples of the Cuss, as
mean as Brother Clewson.

STRANGER.

St. Abe ?

BISHOP JOSS.

Yes, *him*—the snivelling sneak—his very name provokes me ;

Altho' my temper's milky-meek, he sours
me and he chokes me.
To see him going up and down with those
meek lips asunder,
Just like a man about to drown, with lead
to sink him under.

He stoop'd a mighty heap too much, and
let his household rule him ;
The weakness of the man was such that
any face could fool him.
His house became a troublous house, with
mischief overbrimmin',
And he went creeping like a mouse among
the cats of women.

This is not the spirit desirable in a
Mormon elder, he must be resolute,
vigorous, hale, youthful—his wives
are then blithe, meek, and con-
tented.

They sew, they spin, they darn, they hem,
their blessed babes they handle,
They never form a theme for them who
love to chatter scandal ;
When in their midst serenely walks their
Master and their Mentor,
They're hush'd, as when the Prophet stalks
down holy church's centre !
They touch his robe, they do not move,
those blessed wives and mothers,
And, when on one he shineth love, no
envy fills the others ;
They know his perfect saintliness, and
honour his affection,
And, if they did object, I guess he'd settle
that objection.

Of the seven wives of the worried
Saint Abe,—

Every face but one has been
Pretty, perchance, at the age of eighteen ;
Pert and pretty, and plump and bright ;
But now their fairness is faded quite.

This galaxy of faded beauties is
photographed in a few lines,—

Sister Tabitha, thirty odd,
Rising up with a stare and a nod ;
Sister Amelia, sleepy and mild,
Freckled, dudu-ish, suckling a child ;
Sister Fanny, pert and keen,
Sister Emily, solemn and lean,
Sister Mary, given to tears,
Sister Sarah, with wool in her ears ;—
All appearing like tapers wan
In the mellow sunlight of Sister Anne.

The shepherd of this once fair flock
has been, in his earlier days, when
"juvenile and curly," a handsome
fellow ; he is still,—

Clear-eyed, fresh-skin'd, if a trifle yellow.
His locks, though still an abundant crop,
Are thinning a little at the top.

But he is perplexed in thought,
moody, restless, trying to solve the
problem of life, and more than half
disposed to believe that polygamists
are in error. He sees in the fair
face of Sister Anne sufficient beauty
wholly to please and satisfy him.
She is

Frank and innocent, and, in sooth,
Full of the first fair flush of youth,

the emblem of a sweet, blooming
English girl,

Not gushing, and self-possessed, and bold,
Like our Yankee women at nineteen,
But low of voice, and mild of mien.

A group of emigrants, lounging
in the main street of Utah, is pour-
trayed admirably, the youngsters,
brown, weary, and with wondering
eyes, the women ragged, wretched,
and half dead. Their fathers, hus-
bands, brothers, stand and sit beside
them.

Gaunt miners folding arms upon ' their
breasts,
Big-jointed labourers looking ox-like
down,
And sickly artisans with narrow chests,
Still pallid from the smoke of English
town.

Hard by to these a group of Teutons stand,
Light-hair'd, blue-eyed, still full of Father-
land,

With ocean-loving Northmen, who grow
gay

To see the mimic sea gleam far away.

The Mormons mingle among this
gathering from many nations, and
speak eagerly to them of Utah and
its many blessings.

The land of honey you behold,
Honey and milk—silver and gold !

But the doctrine of Mormonism is,
that labour precedes enjoyment, and
to attain milk and honey man must
comply with the curse of Cain, and
earn the gifts of the earth by the
sweat of the brow. Within the Syna-
gogue the Prophet delivers a sermon,
showing how the fair city of the
Saints was founded, and the method

by which it can alone be kept in a flourishing condition.

I say just now what I used to say,
Though it moves the heathens to mock
and laughter,

From work to prayer is the proper way,
Labour first and religion after.

Let a big man, strong in body and limb,
Come here inquiring about his Maker,

This is the question I put to him,
"Can you grow a cabbage, or reap an
acre?"

What's the soul but a flower sublime,
Grown in the earth and upspringing
surely?

FEMININE WHISPERS.

O yes! she's had a most dreadful time!
Twins, both thriving, though she's so
poorly.

To make a Paradise of this earth,
you must sow, harrow, dig, and
drain.

Labour's the vine, and pleasure's the grape,

In Utah, idleness is not encour-
aged; activity at home and abroad
is the order of the day. The Prophet
loquitur,—

Learning's a shadow, and books a jest,
One book's a light, but the rest are
human.

The kind of study that I think best,
Is the use of a spade and the love of a
woman.

Here and yonder, in heaven and earth,
By big Salt Lake and by Eden river,

The finest sight is a man of worth,
Never tired of increasing his quiver

He sits in the light of perfect grace
With a dozen cradles going together!

FEMININE WHISPERS.

The baby's growing black in the face,
Carry him out—it's the heat of the
weather!

The secession of Saint Abe, or, to
use the Yankeeism, his "skedad-
dling" from Utah, and the sin of
polygamy, falls like a thunderbolt
in the elders sitting gravely in
session.

Six sad female figures moaning,
Trembling, weeping, and intoning
"We are widows broken-hearted,"
Abraham Clewson has departed,

rush with unseemly noises into the
assembly. And a letter, written

with great freedom and vigour, from
Saint Abe himself is read aloud.

I couldn't bear to say good-bye, and see
their tears up-starting;

I thought it best to pack and fly without
the pain of parting!

He writes words of comfort and
consolation to one and all of his
wives, Amelia, Fanny, Emily, Mary,
Sarah, and to Tabitha he sends "a
tender kiss of healing."

O Brigham, think of it and weep, my firm
and saintly Master—

The Pastor trembled at his sheep, the sheep
despised the Pastor!

A poor, spiritless monogamist,
Saint Abe marries, in a legitimate
way, Sister Anne, and

From Eden hand in hand we go, like our
first parents flying.

Full of wit, satire, and humour,
and evidencing in every page the
man well accustomed to deal with
the niceties of poetic expression,
this very clever poem will probably
prove to be written by a poet fami-
liar to all lovers of American litera-
ture. It is more than likely that
the fertile mind which produced the
"Biglow Papers" has now written
for our amusement and benefit the
rhyming tale of "Saint Abe and his
Seven Wives." Many a hearty laugh
will be provoked by its drollery and
fun. Essentially national in its
theme, it is *cosmopolitan* in its jollity
and *verve*.

The author of the "Hans Breit-
mann Ballads," Mr. Charles God-
frey Leland, has in his nature a
fine vein of romance and sentiment,
and he generously proffers to the
public now, "The Music Lessons of
Confucius, and other Poems." The
great sage of the flowery land is,
through the death of his mother,
bowed down by an acute sorrow,
and flies to music for comfort and
forgetfulness. By dint of unceasing
application and incessant desire,
Confucius conjures up and describes
the very form and features of the
great composer, whose airs he is
studying.

A man of middle stature, with a hue
Half blended with the dark and with the
fair;

His features long, and large sweet eyes
which beam

With great benevolence—a noble face !
His voice is deep and full, and all his air
Inspires a sense of virtue and of love.

The story is told in graceful blank
verse. The spirit of true poetry is
present in very many of the poems
in this very elegant little volume ;
and there is a lyrical flow in the
rhyme, which makes it sweet and
attractive. In "*De Apibus Mortem
Dominæ Lugentibus*," the death of
the Dacian queen bee girl is the sor-
rowful theme.

The saddest sound upon earth below,
A murmur of grief for a maiden gone,
And the bees are mourning Melittion.

Subject and treatment are equally
happy and effective.

There is a certain amount of origi-
nality and quaintness in the poems
of Mr. Leland, which are very ac-
ceptable. In "*The World and the
World*," "*The Riddler*," "*Mine
Own*," and others, these excellent
qualities are vividly apparent. Many
of them are very brief, mere little
scraps of song, but dainty, airily-
conceived morceaux, such as one
loves to read and to remember. We
transcribe at full length a poem,
which fairly represents the style and
thought of Mr. Leland.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

I have two friends, two glorious friends—
two better could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they
meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves—ten
years ago in Spain

The second drowned near Alicante—while
I alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come
floating thro' the night,

And grieve to see them fade away in early
morning light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land
is leading a lordly life ;

The second has married a mer-maiden, a
beautiful water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and
Sea—with a few, I trust, on high,

'Tis a matter of small account to me, the
way that I may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood,
or swing on the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is
all the same to me.

Half-a-dozen songs and more on
the events of the American War of
Emancipation close this charming
little volume. Mr. Leland also comes
before us in another neat little
volume, as a translator from the Ger-
man of Joseph Victor Scheffel. In
his preface to "*Gaudeamus*," Schef-
fel is stated to be "at present the
most popular poet in Germany." With a wine-drinking nation he may
well be so, for his verses are full of
loud, roystering fun and bacchanal-
ian enjoyment. He has also the
merit of wedding geology to rhyme,
and founding a new school of hu-
morous poetry, "that of the bur-
lesque-scientific and historical, which,
though by no means pretentious, has
at least made the world laugh hearti-
ly." In an introductory memoir of
Joseph Victor Scheffel, we find that
the poet was born in the year 1826,
at Karlsruhe, in Baden, the son of
a veteran officer ; he distinguished
himself as one of the best pupils of
the Lyceum in his native town, and
then devoted himself to the study of
law at the University of Heidelberg.
It was there that his geological songs
originated. Scheffel regularly at-
tended a course of scientific lectures
which Pastor Schmezer delivered,
and "the latter was certain to find
as regularly on the following morning
of his lecture a poetical resume of it
on his desk, in the form of a humour-
ous poem." The names of the
poems tell their own story, and we
trust it is no heresy to say that
humour out of such subjects must
be considerably strained and dis-
torted. We quote a few of the titles,
"*The Megatherium*," "*Guano Song*,"
"*The Ichthyosaurus*," "*Granite*,"
and from the third poem some stan-
zas, in which the reader may, or may
not, see fun.

The Plesiosaurus, the elder,
Goes roaring about on a spree ;

The Pherodactylus even
Comes flying as drunk as can be.

The Iguanodon, the blackguard,
Deserves to be publicly hissed,
Since he lately, in open daylight,
The Ichthyosaura kissed.

The end of the world is coming ;
Things can't go on long in this way ;
The Lias formation can't stand it,
Is all that I've got to say.

So the Ichthyosaur went walking
His chinks in an angry mood ;
The last of his sighs extinguished
In the roar and the rush of the flood.

The drinking songs are alive with
the reckless joviality of the true
toper, hilarious, jolly, ringing with
the loud laughter of license. A very
good specimen is

WINE OF SIXTY-FIVE.

In a tavern, in cool, pleasant weather,—

I know not the name or the sign—
Three travellers were drinking together
The noblest Palatinate wine.

In grand ruddy Römers was blinking
The fine pearling Rieslinger gold,
And vines on the trellis were winking
In moonlight from grape-eyes untold.

The first, a far-travelled and wary
Philologist, spoke out his mind :
"This was made by the fire-sprite and fairy,
With ether and sunshine combined.
So it glows and it flows ever finer ;
Spirit-sparkling, soft-rythmic we mix ;
Like Ionian drink-songs in minor,
When sung by Homeric bricks."

The second, a dried-up old fellow,
Who the law of the Romans professed,
"Proficiat," said he, "it is mellow,
What we sip is not far from the best.
Who sees not when Bacchus's donum
In this glass gleams like gold i' the sun,
That the Justum, æquum, et bonum,
In this Roman are blended in one."

The third one, while trimming the tapers,
Said modestly next, "Do ye see
I'm no poet, and none of the papers
Get writing from fellows like me.
But I tell you, my heart rattles quicker
When such wine as I've got here I
swills ;

It's an out-and-out beautiful liquor,
God bless them Palatinate hills !"

Meanwhile, with a spear on his shoulder,
By the bridge went a fourth man along ;
And waving his weapon, the holder
Sang out to the night-wind his song.
"Ye gentlemen, hear what I'm singing :
The public need sleep—do you mind ?
Eleven o'clock has done ringing ;
You must all go to bed, or be fined !"

Herr von Rodenstein, who pawned
three villages to supply liquor for
the orgies of himself and his thirsty
boon-companions, and finally be-
queathed his drought to the students
of Heidelberg, is a Falstaffian proto-
type of the deep drinker. We have
the authority of the *Athenæum* to
pronounce the translations of Mr.
Leland clever, and fairly correct
ones. Some miscellaneous poems
terminate this entertaining and jolly
little work, among them is one appro-
priately entitled

THE JOLLY BROTHER.

BY COUNT ALBERT VON SCHLIPPENBACH.

Ein Heller und ein Batzen
Die waren beide mein
Der Heller ward zu Wasser
Der Batzen ward zu Wein.

A farthing and a sixpence,
And both of them were mine ;
The farthing went for water,
And the sixpence went for wine.

The landlord and his daughter
Cry, both of them, "Oh, woe !"
The landlord when I'm coming,
And the daughter when I go.

My shoes are all in pieces,
My boots are torn, d'ye see ;
And yonder, on the hedges,
The birds are singing free.

In bidding a cheerful farewell to
"Gaudeamus," we would especially
commend to the reader the poem of
"Hesiod," full of music in thought
and expression. The translator's
vale "To the Reader" is very amu-
sing and witty.

Mr. Sawyer, who lately issued a
little volume with the somewhat fan-
ciful title of "Ten Miles from
Town," now publishes "The Legend
of Phyllis." A reviewer in the
Morning Post gives an analysis of it,
which, with some other remarks, we
transcribe :—

Demaphöon, the son of Theseus,
tossed rudely by the wind and wave
on board of the Minotaur, finds
safety on

A long tongue of the barren Thracian
coast,
Sterile with tamarisk growth and arid
grass.

Lycurgus's daughter, Phyllis, welcomes the wanderer and his companions in peril with Grecian hospitality. They are lodged in a stately palace of jasper.

Wondrous was the place
And fair, for therein all the arts of Thrace
Contended, and its wall the spoils of war
Made glorious. And therein Demaphöon
And all his folk abode in festival,
Lacking no tending, and the meanest ate
The meat of kings.

But with the approach of winter the joyful revellers think of home, urging Demaphöon to return. He, amorous, wishes to remain beside his beloved Phyllis, but the clamour increasing, he takes farewell of the fair Queen, and—

Swift of flight

The ship sped, curving to the breeze,
which bears Demaphöon and his comrades to Athens. Ere leaving he promises to return. Time passes, and the lover comes not; wearily by the foam-marked margin of the sea Phyllis paces expectant, watching the white sails of all ships, hopeful of Demaphöon. At length he comes, but the Queen is dead and metamorphosed into a tree. Such are the old Grecian myths, and reading them, we breathe an atmosphere purely poetic. Throwing his arms passionately

About its girth

Demaphöon clasped and kissed the silver
rind,

And as he knelt thus, lo! a miracle!

The human heart that stirred within the
sap

Quickened with love as at the touch of
Spring

Auroral flushes panted through the tree.

Mr. Sawyer ends his beautiful story with well-poised lines:—

The pitying Eros this

Accorded, and in memory thereof

Throughout the winters of all after-years

The almond blossoms come before the
leaves.

This is a dainty little tale, very well versified. The following poem, "Eudoria," is less happy, and there is an affectation of metre in it which is eccentric without being in any way attractive.

There is considerable polish and epigrammatic neatness in some of Mr. Sawyer's poems. One entitled "Angelica" concludes thus:—

Spare her, Immortals, spare

Till all our days are done—

Your heaven is full of angel forms,

Mine holds but one.

The "Rose Song" is graceful and lively, and has an echo of Herck in it:—

Roses round me flying,

Roses in my hair,

I to snatch them trying,—

Darling, have a care!

Lips are so like flowers,

I might snatch at those

Redder than the rose leaves,

Sweeter than the rose.

Of that morbid melancholy which blurs the face of so many a modern Muse with almost purposeless tears, Mr. Sawyer is happily innocent. His song is of summer days, apple blossoms, maidenhood, with its tender fancies and desire for love; of youth

Clad in suit of iris hues,

Hawk on wrist, with bells and jesses,

Eyes of liquid browns or blues.

He moves the heart to emotions of the mildest possible form,—he takes no pleasure in harrowing the feelings with tales of dire distress, and ordinary every-day tragedy he would seem to have little sympathy with. There is a certain effeminacy, too, in his thought and feeling, but he has lyrical faculty of a true stamp, graceful expression, and a cultivated sense of musical sound. Mr. Sawyer's little volume will find many warm admirers among readers of poetic literature.

Mr. Cuthbert Collingwood, M.A., Oxon, the cultivated author of "A Vision of Creation," tells the reader, in an able preface, that the purpose and avowed aim of his poem is to reconcile the simple account of the creation as narrated in the first chapter of Genesis "with the recognised facts and sequences of modern Geology." Brilliant with blue and gold, the outer covering of the volume is an artistic and attractive one. Dr.

Collingwood's fame as a naturalist and botanist naturally prepares his readers for descriptive passages of truth and beauty. A sagacious observer of nature, and gifted with an easy, fascinating style, he treats his lofty theme with power, grace, and dignity. The subject of the poem is divided into eight books, and the

blank verse is unaffected, fluent, neither deficient in ornament nor strength. An earnest-hearted, sincere man, Dr. Collingwood can now add poetic laurels to the trophies which he has won by scientific travel, and patient, careful study of zoological and botanical facts.

APRIL RAIN.

THE bright, the beautiful April rain
Comes from the bursting cloud again ;
Each drop seems a pearl from the bracelets bright
That clasp the arms of the spirit of light,
 The angel of love,
 Who dwells above,
And breathes on the world the spring-breath of delight.

Oh ! it comes, it comes, in eloquent showers ;
Till earth like a bride puts on her flowers,
Till a garland as bright to the valley is given
As the coronet grand on the brow of heaven !
 Hark ! hark ! how it drips,
 As if fairy lips
Joy-kisses were pressing upon the green leaves !

Oh ! it comes, it comes, the beautiful rain,
To the winds and the flowers who are friends again,
Who seem like young lovers, when quarrels are o'er,
To love even fonder than ever before—
 Kissing proudly away
 The last tears that lay,
To dim their sweet looks of unspeakable joy !

Oh ! it comes, and *it melts like its sister*, the snow,
Into daises and snowdrops to cheer us below ;
Then who can help loving the sweet April rain,
For it teaches us *nothing leaves Heaven in vain*—
 And loves to reveal,
 What all happy hearts feel,
All that's bright, bless'd, and beautiful, comes from above ?

ST. JAMES'S.

ST. JAMES'S, the metropolis of the English Court, has little of antiquity to recommend it to our respect. The old palace, with its patched-up gatehouse, and a glimpse of Holbein's ceiling through the chapel window on the right, are the principal olden features; *au reste*, the palace is of all periods; though the ancient hospital, which the edifice replaces, was of the Norman times; remains of stone mullions, labels, and other masonry, found in 1838, on taking down some parts of the Chapel Royal, show the hospital to have been of the Norman period. Little more than a century and a half ago, the parish of St. James's was described as "all the houses and grounds comprehended in a place heretofore called St. James's Fields, and the confines thereof," and it was not until the reign of Queen Anne that it acquired the distinction of the Court quarter. St. James's may, indeed, be said to bear about the same relation to the other portion of the West End as the City does to the metropolis. The best view of western London is that to be obtained from the gallery of the summit of the York Column, from which, it will be remembered, was sketched the large engraving published with the *Illustrated London News* in 1842; from this point may be seen to advantage the magnificence of Regent Street, and the skill of the architect, Nash, in the junction of the lines by the Quadrant; though, before the removal of the colonnade the effect was much finer than at present.

The Park and the Palace appear to be of contemporaneous date. Henry VIII. gave Chattisham, and other estates in the county of Suffolk, in exchange for the site of the hospital and grounds; and he pro-

ceeded to demolish the greater part of the old fabric and construct the present palace, which Stow calls "a goodly manor," it having formed part of the manor of Hyde, the property of the abbot and monastery of St. Peter at Westminster. At the same time Henry enclosed the fields in the immediate neighbourhood, which now form St. James's Park, with the apparent intention of converting it into a royal chase; within which the parks were to be appropriated as nurseries for the deer. In a proclamation, dated July, 1546, he declares, "Forasmuch as the King's Most Royal Majesty is much desirous to have the game of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron, preserved in and about his manor of his Palace of Westminster, for his own disport and pleasure;" and with a conveniently large latitude of definition as to what he considered the neighbourhood of his palace, he proceeds to mark out the boundaries of his royal preserve, as being "from his Palace of Westminster to St. Giles in the Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, to Hampstead Heath, and from thence to his said Palace of Westminster, to be preserved and kept for his own disport and pleasure and recreation; his Highness therefore straitly chargeth and commandeth all and singular his subjects, of what estate, degree, or condition soever they may be, that they nor any of them do presume or attempt to hunt or hawk, or in any means to take or kill any of the said game within the precincts aforesaid, as they tender his favour, and will eschew the imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his Majesty's will and pleasure."

Thus would have been formed a

belt of royal hunting-ground. But Henry did not long survive: the plan broke down, and the City corporation continued to hunt the hare at the head of the Conduit, where Conduit Street now stands, and kill the fox at the end of St. Giles's. A century later we have record of this rural and sporting character. Mr. Fox told Mr. Rodgers that Dr. Sydenham, the celebrated physician, was sitting at his window, looking on Pall Mall, with his pipe in his mouth, and a silver tankard before him, when a fellow made a snatch at the tankard, and made off with it. Nor was he overtaken, said Fox, before he got *among the bushes in Bond Street*, where they lost him. Then Pennant tells us that the late Carew Mildmay, Esq., used to say that he remembered killing a woodcock on the site of Conduit Street, at that time an open country. Mr. Coke, in 1833, told Haydon, the painter, that he remembered a fox being killed in Cavendish Square; and that where Berkeley Square now stands was an excellent place for snipes.

Of Henry's palace but little remains, except the entrance gateway; the ornamental carving over the small external door in the right tower contains the initials "H. R.," still visible. But the whole of the gateway has undergone change, and so also has the entire front of the palace towards Marlborough House, by the introduction of ranges of windows, instead of some half-dozen pigeon-holes, from which the fair ladies of the Court were permitted to peep forth at the fields and pastures with which the palace was originally surrounded.

Hollar's view of the palace, in 1650, shows the gateway and portion eastward; the latter was destroyed by fire on January 20th, 1809, and has not been entirely rebuilt. Holbein is said to have furnished the original plan of the palace; but this is doubtful. "Only a part,"

says Brayley, in 1829, "of Henry's building now remains, and that in a purer style of architecture than any of the other designs of Holbein. In the filling in of the spandrels of some of the arches the Florentine (or rather, Flemish) manner is conspicuous, particularly in the chimney-piece of the presence-chamber, the ornamental compartments of which contain Tudor badges, and the initials 'H. A.' united by a knot, and surrounded by a crown: from this latter circumstance we may infer that the palace was originally built for the reception of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn." Here also are sculptured the lily of France, the portcullis of Westminster, and the rose of Lancaster.

The lofty brick gate-house in Hollar's view has not a clock; but the front of the courtyard, with the meeting of Mary de Medecis and her daughter Henrietta Maria, in 1638, shows a dial, which must have belonged to a previous clock. The gate-house bears upon its roof the bell of the great clock dated A.D. 1731, and inscribed with the name of Clay, the clockmaker to George II. It strikes the hours and quarters upon three bells, requires to be wound every day, and originally had only one hand. This clock was under the care of the Vulliamys, the royal clockmakers, from 1743.

An amusing anecdote is related of this clock, in "Curiosities of London," p. 571, by the author, who received it orally from the late Mr. Vulliamy, of Pall Mall:—"When the gate-house was repaired in 1831, the clock was removed, and not put up again, on account of the roof being reported by the surveyor as unsafe to carry the weight. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood then memorialised King William IV. for the replacement of the timekeeper: the King having ascertained its weight, shrewdly inquired how, if the palace-roof was not strong enough to carry the clock, it was

safe for the number of persons occasionally seen upon the roof to witness processions and the company on levée and drawing-room days. This was unanswerable; the clock was forthwith replaced, and a minute-hand was added, with new dials: the original dials were of wainscot, in a great number of very small pieces, curiously dovetailed together."

We get a glimpse of the gateway a century since, in the background of Hogarth's picture of the rake arrested by bailiffs, where the chairs (sedans) are arriving on a Court day; and the houses in St. James's Street still have their signs, including the barber's pole, this being before the year 1765, when all signs were taken down. This is conclusive; although Hogarth cannot always be relied on for the accuracy of his London backgrounds.

It has already been stated that the presence-chamber is understood to be part of the manor-house founded by Henry VIII. The north gateway also formed part of the building. For many years after its erection it stood quite in the country, and an idea of this state of isolation may be gathered from Hollar's engravings, already referred to.

To enumerate the events of the history of St. James's Palace, from the death of Henry to the Revolution, would be to write a history of the Government during that period. The stream of events ran away rather from St. James's during the years of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. Edward and Elizabeth rarely resided here; but Mary made it the place of her gloomy retirement during the absence of her husband, Philip of Spain; and here she expired. With the prolific race of Stuarts it came to be used as a royal nursery. The manor house, with all its appurtenances, except the park and the stables at the mews, was granted in 1610 to Prince Henry, who had boxes kept in the palace to

receive penalties on profane swearing. He occupied St. James's until his premature death in 1612. The astonishment he expressed at his father's keeping "such a bird" as Sir Walter Raleigh locked up in a cage will be remembered. For him Raleigh prepared his "rare cordial," but in vain. His life might have saved the land from the horror of the subsequent civil war, and his brother Charles from the scaffold. The first of the Stuarts may have intended to make St. James's the residence of the Prince of Wales, the principal town residence being Whitehall. Henry was succeeded by his brother, afterwards Charles I., who retained through life a partiality for St. James's Palace. He enlarged it, and most of his children (including Charles II.) were born here; and here he deposited the gallery of antique statues, principally collected for him by Sir Kenelm Digby.

In this reign was fitted up the chapel of the hospital, on the west side, as the Chapel Royal, between the Colour Court and the Ambassadors' Court. Here Charles I. attended divine service on the morning of his execution; "from hence the King walked through the park, guarded with a regiment of foot and partisans, to Whitehall." (White-lock's Memorials," p. 374.)

During the Civil War, St. James's became the prison-house, for nearly three years, of the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth. On the 20th of April, 1648, the Duke of York, who had been taken prisoner when Fairfax entered Oxford, thus effected his escape from St. James's, as narrated in the Stuart Papers, he being then in his fifteenth year. "All things being in readiness on the night of the before-mentioned day, the Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and when supper was ended they went to play at hide-and-seek with the

rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half-an-hour in searching for him, at the end of which time he most commonly came out of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practice it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-hour before they could reasonably suspect he was gone. His intentions had all the effect he could desire, for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself; but instead of doing so, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then slipping down by a pair of back stairs which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back door from the said garden into the Park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman, who brought a cloak, which he threw over him, and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, where one Tripp was ready with a hackney coach."

It is needless to pursue the adventure further in detail; suffice it to say that the Duke, in female attire, succeeded in reaching a distant vessel, which was waiting for him below Gravesend. Thus the greybeards were outwitted by a mere boy. James himself has recorded, with a natural feeling of triumph, the pottering search set on foot as soon as the Prince was missed:—

"He had not gone," he says, "above an hour, before they began to miss him and search for him in

every room in the house, where not finding him, they sent immediate notice of it to Whitehall, and to the General, Sir Thomas Fairfax. Hereupon there were orders issued out that all the passages about London, especially the Northern road, and those towards Wales, should be watched—imagining that he had either taken that way or towards Scotland." Orders were also issued to guard all ports, but James had left Gravesend before the despatch arrived. The pursuit was not relinquished till news had been received of his landing in Holland.

At "St. James's House" Monk resided while planning the Restoration, "in the apartment of the Prince of Wales." After the Restoration, James occupied the palace, which must have continually recalled the gratifying recollection of his first successful exercise of that reserve, which he afterwards indulged to such an extent. The palace is spoken of by his contemporaries as splendidly furnished. Some rooms were embellished with pictures of Court beauties, by Sir Peter Lely. Here the Duke lost two sons, Cambridge and Kendal. James's daughters were born and married here; and here also was born his son, the first Pretender, by Mary of Modena, whose chamber being situated near some back stairs, gave colour to the ridiculous story of his having been a spurious child, smuggled into the palace in a warming-pan, and thence to her Majesty's bed, in the great bedchamber. Queen Anne (then the Princess Anne) describes St. James's Palace "as much the properest place to act such a cheat in."

This strange story was, however, controverted with all sorts of circumstantial evidence, among which is a small folio pamphlet, entitled "A Full Answer to the Depositions, and to all other of the Pretences and Arguments whatsoever, concerning the Birth of the Prince of Wales. The Intreague thereof detected.

The whole design being set forth, with the way and manner of doing it. Whereunto is annexed a Map or Survey Engraven of St. James's Palace, and the Convent there. Describing the place wherein it is supposed the true Mother was delivered: with the particular Door and Drapery through which the child was convey'd to the Queen's Bed-chamber. London: Printed for Simon Burgis. 1689." On this map or survey are shown the "convent" (occupying the site now the fore-court of Marlborough House), the "chappell" (now the Lutheran Chapel), with the "closset above" (the royal pew), and the other parts of St. James's Palace. The course by which it was asserted that the alleged suppositious child "was conveyed to the Queen's bed-chamber" is indicated on the plan by *dotted lines*. A portion of this course was through the "closset" of the chapel, to which access was gained by a staircase then existing on the northern side. The plan of the chapel, closet, and adjoining house (now the organist's residence) on this map corresponds exactly to the existing building.

The "chappell" here mentioned is the present Lutheran chapel, having been the "Queen's chapel," erected for the use of Henrietta Maria, after her marriage to Charles I., in the new court now called the *Friary*. The imprudent erection of this chapel in a puritanical age is intimately connected with the domestic dissensions of Charles, and gave great offence to his subjects. The number of priests congregated here under the direction of Cardinal Howard, her Majesty's Almoner, and their interference with the private concerns of the Court, were a constant source of annoyance to his Majesty. When, on one occasion, they sent to complain to him that the chapel at St. James's was progressing but slowly towards completion, "Tell them,"

he said, petulantly, "that if the Queen's closet [where they then said mass] is not large enough, they may use the great chamber; and if the great chamber is not wide enough, they may make use of the garden; and if the garden will not suit their purpose, they may go to the Park, which is the fittest place of all."—(Dr. Rimbault, *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series). This is a very significant suggestion.

This chapel is often mentioned by Pepys, in his "Diary," as used for Roman Catholic worship for the accommodation of Catherine of Braganza and her suite, and it continued to be applied to the same use during the reign of James II. The first stone was laid by Don Carlos Colonna, and the Queen first heard mass there on Sunday, September 21, 1662, when Lady Castlemaine, though a Protestant and the King's mistress, attended her as one of her maids of honour. Pepys describes "the fine altar ornaments, the fryers in their habits, and the priests with their fine crosses, and many other fine things." From this statement it would seem that the chapel was *rebuilt* for Charles the Second's queen, which seems hardly likely. It is more probable that it was only refitted for Roman Catholic use; the interregnum had, no doubt, swept away its altar and its ornaments. It was in this chapel that James II., two days after the death of his brother Charles, openly insulted the prejudices of his people, and infringed the sanctity of the Court, by publicly attending mass, surrounded by all the insignia of royalty, and the splendid paraphernalia of the Romish Church. He was attended both to and from the chapel by the band of gentlemen pensioners, his life-guards, several of the nobility, as well as by the Knights of the Garter in the collars of their order.—(Dr. Rimbault.)

The German chapel was originally situated in the interior of the palace

of St. James's, and was founded by Queen Anne and her consort, Prince George of Denmark, about the year 1700. In 1781 the German congregation exchanged chapels with the French Chapel Royal; and when this was burnt down, in 1809, the congregation used the German Chapel, commencing service at ten o'clock, and making room for the Germans at half-past eleven. Mr. Husk, in *Notes and Queries, ut supra*, conjectured the Lutheran Chapel subsequently to the reign of James II. to have been appropriated as a place of worship for such of the followers or domestics of the reigning king as professed different forms of faith from those of the Anglican Church; since as late as 1834 a "Dutch Chapel" (in which a French service was also performed at another hour of the day) was maintained in the middle court of St. James's Palace, to which it had probably been removed, on the declination of the present German chapel to the Lutheran worship, soon after the arrival of George I. The edifice had also been occasionally used for Anglican worship at such times as the chapel next the Colour Court was under repair; it was so used eight years ago. Mr. H. G. Bohn, the publisher, states that he received his early German education in the Lutheran chapel, in the royal pew, a capacious room in the gallery. The Hanoverian *Gesambuch* was always there, and his stentorian German chants were astounding. The last chaplain was the late learned and pious Dr. Küper, tutor of the lamented Princess Charlotte, and he must have held the appointment upwards of sixty years. The chapel was designed by Inigo Jones, who, it will be remembered, was surveyor of the works to Henry, Prince of Wales, and had "for his fee iij s per diem."

The glory of the Chapel Royal is the superb ceiling, painted by Holbein in 1540, and one of the earliest specimens of the new style

introduced by him into England. The rib mouldings are of wooden framework suspended from the roof above; the panels have plaster grounds, the centre displaying the Tudor emblems and devices. The subject is gilt, shaded boldly with bistre, the roses glazed with a red colour, and the arms emblazoned in their proper colours; leaves, painted dark green ornamented each subject. In 1834, when the chapel was enlarged under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke, the blue ground was discovered, as were likewise some of the mottoes in the small panels; thus, "STET DIEUX FELIX: HENRICQ REX 8—H A. VIVAT REX 1540. DIEV. ET. MO. DROIT," &c.

The musical establishment of the Chapel Royal, *i.e.*, choir and choristers, dates from the reign of Edward IV., when boys were *impressed* for the royal choirs, to serve the King's chapel. Tusser, the "Husbandrie" poet, was, when a boy, in Elizabeth's reign, thus impressed. The gentlemen and children of the Chapel Royal were the principal performers in the religious dramas, or *mysteries*; they were afterwards the children of the revels, and were formed into a company of players. In 1731 they performed Handel's "Esther," the first oratorio heard in England; and they continued to assist at oratorios in Lent so long as these performances maintained their sacred character entire.

"Spur-money," a fine on all who entered the chapel with spurs on, was formerly levied by the choristers at the door, upon condition that the youngest of them could repeat the gamut; if he failed, the spur-wearer was exempt. In a tract of 1598 the choristers are reprov'd for hunting after spur-money; and a cheque-book, dated 1622, contains an order decreasing the custom. It is related of the Duke of Wellington, who, by the way, was an excellent musician, that one morning in 1850 he entered the Chapel Royal "booted and

spurred," and was, of course, called upon for the fine. But his Grace called upon the youngest chorister to repeat his gamut, and the "little urchin" failing, the impost was not further demanded.

Formerly, when the Sovereign attended this chapel, a nobleman carried the sword of state before him, and heralds, pursuivants-at-arms, and other officers, walked in procession; and so persevering was the attendance of George the Third at prayer, that Madame D'Arblay, one of the robing-women, tells us the Queen and family, dropping off one by one, used to leave the King, the parson, and his Majesty's equerry, "to freeze it out together." In this chapel were married Prince George of Denmark, and the Princess Anne; Frederick, Prince of Wales, and the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha; George the Fourth and Queen Caroline; Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; and the Princess Royal and the Prince of Prussia. Before building of the chapel at Buckingham Palace, her Majesty and the Court attended the chapel of St. James's.

To return to the royal occupation of St. James's Palace. James II. partly resided here, when he, *perforce*, invited his ouster and son-in-law, William, to take up his abode in it, and received in return notice to quit his throne. The old romantic Lord Craven, who was supposed to have been privately married to James I.'s daughter, the luckless Queen of Bohemia, and who was thus destined to witness the whole of the troubles of the bright dynasty of the Stuarts, happened to be on duty at St. James's when the Dutch troops were coming across the Park to take possession of it. Agreeably to his chivalrous character, and to his taking warlike steps to no purpose, the gallant veteran would have opposed their entrance; but his master forbade him, and he marched away, says Pennant, "with sullen dignity."

A sad scene of unkingship followed the arrival of the Prince of Orange, December 18th, 1688. Within three days afterwards the peers assembled, and the household and other officers of the abdicated sovereign laid down their badges. Evelyn describes the scene:—"All the world goes to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a greater court. There I saw him. He is very stately, serious, and reserved." King William occasionally held councils here; but it was not until after the burning of Whitehall, in 1697, that the palace of St. James's became used for state ceremonies; whence dates the "*Court of St. James's*." William and Mary, however, resided chiefly at Kensington—kingly Kensington, as it was thence called,—and St. James's was then fitted up for George, Prince of Denmark, and the Princess Anne, who, on her accession to the throne, considerably enlarged the palace. Lady Strafford, the wild daughter of Rochester, who lived in France, because England, she said, was "too dull" for her, used to relate sad stories of the orgies in Anne's palace; but these are thought to have been nothing greater than a drinking-bout of her husband, who unluckily taught his wife to drink too.

Anne, between her Protestant accession and her exiled Popish kindred, her imperious favourite, the Duchess of Marlborough, and her quarrelling and fluctuating administration, had an anxious time of it. She is said to have inherited her mother's fat with the father's dulness. She was a well-meaning and fond, but sluggish-minded woman, with no force of character. Her temperament was heavy and lax; she did not know what to do with her political perplexities; and the screw-up of her nerves with strong waters appears to have become irresistible. Swift gives a curious account of her. "There was a drawing-room to-day at Court," says Swift, writing from Windsor,

"but so few company, that the Queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us, round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her ; when she was told dinner was ready, and went out." Horace Walpole called her "the Church's wet-nurse, Goody Anne," and "that silly woman, Queen Anne."

About this time Addison wrote, in the *Spectator*, this nice distinction of the Court quarter, which is nearly as applicable to the manners of the present day as it was to the life of a century and a half since:—"The inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside ; who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together."

George I., who "could speak no English, and was past the learning of it," lived in St. James's Palace like a quiet private gentleman of independent fortune. His evening parties consisted of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer Englishmen, who amused themselves at cards, under the presidency of the Duchess of Kendal (Mademoiselle Schulemberg), the King's German mistress, who had apartments in the palace ; as had also Miss Brett, the King's English mistress. When seeking pleasure out of doors of an evening, the King went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sat like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's box, with a couple of Turks in waiting, instead of lords or grooms of the bedchamber.

The old King, who was "rather dull than lazy," liked to look upon pretty faces, but was sadly worried

for this pleasure. In the first days of the new Court, one evening the King was agreeably surprised by the sudden return of Lady Mary Wortley Montague to the party which were assembled in his room, and which she somewhat strangely pleaded a previous engagement for quitting. She returned, borne in the arms of Mr. Secretary Craggs, junior, who had met her going away, and seized hold of the fugitive. He deposited her in the anteroom ; but the doors of the presence-chamber being hastily thrown open by the pages, she found herself so astonished and fluttered that she related the whole adventure to the no less astonished King, and actually commenced the story with, "O Lord, sir, I have been so frightened!" At that moment the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who entered with the usual obeisance, and with as composed an air as if nothing had happened, when the King inquired whether it was customary in England to carry ladies about "like sacks of wheat." "There is nothing," answered the adroit secretary, "which I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction."

Towards the close of this reign Horace Walpole, then a boy of ten years of age, had a longing to "see the King," and his wish was gratified in the following manner:—"My mother," says Walpole, "carried me at ten at night to the apartments of the Countess of Walsingham, on the ground-floor, towards the garden of St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt the Duchess of Kendal's apartments. Notice being given that the King was come down to supper, Lady Walsingham took me alone into the Duchess' anteroom, where we found alone the King and her. I knelt down and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother. The person of the King is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was

that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches, of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue ribboned over-all. So entirely was he my object that I do not believe that I once looked at the Duchess; but as I could not avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his Majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady."

Another of the mistresses, a German, whom the King made Countess of Darlington, was "as corpulent and ample as the Duchess was long and emaciated." "She had two fierce black eyes, large and rolling, between two lofty, arched eyebrows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck," &c.

Strange scenes occurred in this loose establishment. Three of the King's granddaughters were lodged in the palace at the same time; and Anne, the eldest, a woman of a most imperious and ambitious nature, soon came to words with the English mistress of her grandfather. When the King set out for Hanover, Miss Brett, it appears, ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment into the palace garden. The Princess Anne, offended at her freedom, and not choosing such a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up again. Miss Brett as promptly reversed that command; and while bricks and words were bandied about, the King died suddenly, and the empire of the imperious mistress was at an end. This account of the *fracas* is from the chronicles of the time.

We may here record another act of this King's reign, from its singularity. He entertained the entire Court of Common Council at a banquet at St. James's Palace in 1727, which courtly hospitality we do not

remember to have been repeated; Court and City being by no means well balanced in these matters.

George II. could speak English after a fashion. While Prince of Wales he had quarrelled with his father, and had been ordered to quit St. James's with all his household. Though a great formalist, he was an alarming gallant. Stories are told of his cuffing his ministers, and kicking his hat about the room; and he is understood to be the *King Arthur* of Fielding's "Tom Thumb." His Queen, Caroline, was an excellent wife, and was charitable to her husband's irregularities; and is said to have shortened her life by putting her rheumatic legs into cold water, in order to be able to accompany him in his walks. Here in St. James's Palace, as well as at Kensington, she held her literary and philosophico-religious levees; and here, also, she brought together the handsomest and liveliest set of ladies in waiting ever seen on these sober-looking premises before or since.

The Queen's ladies here alluded to were the famous bevy of the Howards, Lepells, and Bellendens. George II., when Prince of Wales, and living in this palace with his father, had probably made love to them all. He was a parsimonious prince. Miss Bellenden, who became Duchess of Argyle, is said to have observed one day to him, as he was counting his money in her presence, "Sir, I cannot bear it. If you count your money any more, I will go out of the room." Another version of the story says that she tilted the guineas over, and then ran out of the room while the Prince was picking them up. This is likely, for she had great animal spirits. When the Prince quarrelled with his father, Miss Bellenden is thus described, in a ballad written on the occasion, as making her way from the premises by jumping gaily down-stairs:—

But Bellenden we needs must praise,
Who, as down the stairs she jumps,
Sighs over the hills and far away,
Despising doleful dumps.

Gay calls her "smiling Mary, soft
and fair as down."

The occasion of the rupture between George I. and his son was curious. Like most sovereigns and heirs-apparent, they were not on good terms. The Princess of Wales had been delivered of a second son, which was to be christened; and the Prince wished his uncle, the Duke of York, to stand godfather with his Majesty. The King, on the other hand, peremptorily insisted on dividing the pious office with the officious Duke of Newcastle. The christening accordingly took place in the Princess's bedchamber; and no sooner had the Bishop shut the book, than the Prince, furiously crossing the foot of the bed, and heedless of the King's presence, "held up his finger and forefinger to the Duke in a menacing attitude" (as Lady Suffolk described the scene to Walpole), and said, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you" (meaning, in his broken English, "I shall find a time to be revenged"). The next morning Lady Suffolk (then Mrs. Howard), while about to enter the Princess's apartments, was surprised to find her way barred by the yeomen with their halberds; and the same night the Prince and Princess were ordered to quit so unexpectedly, that they were obliged to go to the house of their chamberlain, the Earl of Grantham, in Albemarle Street. This incident was made ludicrous in the ballad,—

A woeful christening late there did
In James's house befall;

and the King's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it. Though printed on the coarsest paper, sung about the streets, and sold for halfpence, these ballads often came from no mean quarter, or were purchased by people of rank to pass off as their own.

On the death of Queen Caroline, George II. brought over from Germany a Baroness de Walmsden, and created her Countess of Yarmouth. On the Countess's settlement in her apartments, Lord Chesterfield found one day, in the palace antechamber, a fair young gentleman, whom he took for the son in question. He was, accordingly very profuse in his compliments. The shrewd lad received them all with a grave face, then delightfully remarked, "I suppose your lordship takes me for *Master Louis*, but I am only Sir William Russell, one of the pages." Chesterfield piqued himself on his discernment, which, however, here failed him.

There is another St. James's anecdote of Chesterfield, which shows him in no very dignified light. Mrs. Howard had the apartments in the palace which had been occupied by the Duchess of Kendal. The Queen had an obscure window, that faced into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one Twelfth Night, at Court, had won so a large sum of money that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the Queen inferred great intimacy, and thenceforwards Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour from the Court; and finding himself desperate, went into the opposition.

The King was not allowed to retain undisturbed possession of his mistress Howard. One night Mr. Howard went into the quadrangle of St. James's, and, before the guards and other audience, vociferously *demand*ed his wife to be restored to him. He was, however, soon thrust out, and just as soon soothed, selling (as Walpole had heard) his noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of £1200 a-year.

George II. was stern to his son; and once expressed himself so far

from desiring the Prince's recovery, from a dangerous illness, that he considered it would be an object of the utmost regret. On the evening of the Prince's decease, the King had just sat to cards, when a page brought from Leicester House the information that the Prince was no more. The King did not testify either emotion or surprise. Then rising, he crossed the room to Lady Yarmouth's table, who was likewise playing at 'cards, and, leaning over her chair, said to her in a low voice, in German, "Freddy is dead." The King then withdrew; she followed him, and the company broke up. This was told by one of the party to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. By the way, the wing of the palace facing Cleveland Row was built for Frederick Prince of Wales, on his marriage.

The state rooms of the palace were enlarged at the accession of George III., whose marriage was celebrated there, September 8, 1761. The Queen was received at the garden gate by the Duke of York; in the garden the King met her; she would have fallen at his feet; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments. "The Queen," says Walpole, "was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-coloured velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes halfway down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth three score thousand pounds," &c. The Prince of Wales (George IV.) was born here August 1762, and christened at St. James's, September 8. "The Queen's bed," says Walpole, "magnificent, and they say in taste, was placed in the great drawing-room. Though she is not to see company in form, yet it looks as if they intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted."

The Court was held here during the reign of George III., though his domestic residence was at Buckingham Palace. At the garden entrance Margaret Nicholson made her insane attempt upon the life of the King, on the morning of August 2, 1786. As his Majesty was stepping out of his post-chariot, the woman, who was waiting there, pushed forward, and presented a paper, which the King received with great condescension. At that instant she struck a concealed knife at his breast, which his Majesty happily avoided by bowing as he received the paper. As she was making a second thrust one of the yeomen caught her arm, and, at the same instant, one of the King's footmen wrenched the knife out of the woman's hand. The King, with amazing temper and fortitude, exclaimed, at the instant, "I have received no injury; do not hurt the woman; the poor creature appears insane." This account is given by Mrs. Delany, in her "Letters," who adds, "His Majesty was perfectly correct in his humane supposition. The woman underwent a long examination before the Privy Council, who finally declared that they were 'clearly and unanimously of opinion that she was, and is, insane. The instrument struck against the King's waistcoat, and made a cut, the breadth of the point, through the cloth. Had not the King shrunk in his side the blow would have been fatal. Margaret Nicholson was committed to Bethlehem Hospital, as a criminal lunatic, and was removed, with the other inmates, from the old hospital in Moorfields to the new hospital in Lambeth, where she died May 14, 1828, in her 99th year, having been confined in Bethlehem forty-two years." Upon one occasion she addressed the following strange note to the matron of the hospital:—

"Madam,—

"I've recollected perhaps 'tis necessary to acquaint you upon

what account I continue here yet, *maim*, after making you privy to my great concerns, *madam*. I only wait for alteration of the globe which belongs to this house, *maim*, and if the time is almost expired, I wish to know it, *maim*. Though I am not unhealthy, yet I am very weak; know, *maim*, therefore, I hope it won't be long, *maim*.

"I am, madam,

"Your most obedient,

"M. NICHOLSON."

On January 21, 1809, the east wing of St. James's, including their Majesties' private apartments and those of the Duke of Cambridge, was destroyed by fire. A maid servant was found suffocated in the apartment where the fire is supposed to have originated. This wing was not rebuilt, but the remains were repaired. The whole of the palace was repaired between 1821 and 1823, when was added a magnificent banquetting-room, decorated in the style of Louis XIV.'s time, when the staircase and other improvements were considered to render this a most convenient *suite* of rooms for state purposes.

In 1814, in the dingy brick house on the west side of the west quadrangle, Marshal Blucher was lodged. He would frequently sit at the drawing-room window, and smoke, and bow to people, pleased with the notice that was taken of him.

In January, 1827, the remains of the Duke of York, who died at Rutland House, Arlington Street, lay in state in St. James's Palace. King William IV. and Queen Adelaide resided here; but since the accession of her present Majesty, St. James's has only been used for levees and drawing-rooms, and other Court ceremonies.

We shall now sketch the principal portion of the palace. The gate-house, facing St. James's Street, enters the quadrangle named the Colour Court, from the colour of the

military guard of honour placed here. In this court one of the three regiments of foot-guards is relieved alternately every morning at eleven o'clock, when the keys of the garrison are delivered, and the regimental standard exchanged, during the performance of the bands of music. Westward is the Ambassadors' Court, where are the apartments of the Duchess of Cambridge, which face Cleveland Row. Beyond this court is the Stable Yard, anciently the stable-yard of the palace. Here, upon the site of Stafford House, was the Queen's library, built by Kent, for Caroline, consort of George II. Here, too, was Godolphin House, the last London residence of Charles James Fox.

Eastward of the gate-house are the offices of the Board of Green Cloth and the Lord Steward. Beyond are the gates leading to the quadrangle, known of old as the Chair Court. The state apartments, in the south front of the palace, face the garden and St. James's Park. They are reached by the great staircase, the *entrée* gallery, the guard chamber (its walls covered with weapons in fanciful devices), and a similar apartment. Here are stationed the yeomen of the guard; and the honours of the guard chamber are paid to distinguished personages on levee and drawing-room days. The yeomen are considered to be constantly on duty in this palace; and the muster-roll is called at twelve every morning in the guard-chamber. When the sovereign dined in state, it was the duty of the yeoman of old to bring up the dishes, as well as keep order in the presence chamber. The dress of the yeomen, as worn in the reign of Charles II., continued unaltered until our time; but it has been much modified.

The corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, changed from Pensioners by William IV., dates from the reign of Henry

VIII. In 1745, when George II. raised his standard on Finchley Common, these "gentlemen" were ordered to provide themselves with horses and equipment, to attend his Majesty to the field. Their present uniform is scarlet and gold; and the corps carry on parade small battle-axes covered with crimson velvet. On April 10, 1845, on the apprehension of a Chartist outbreak, St. James's Palace was garrisoned and guarded by the gentlemen and yeomen.

Beyond the guard-chamber is the Tapestry Room, hung with tapestry made for Charles II., and representing the amours of Venus and Mars. Here the sovereigns of the House of Brunswick, on the death of their predecessors, are received by the Privy Council, and from the capacious bay-window are proclaimed, and presented to the people in the outer court, where are the sergeants-at-arms and household trumpeters. The proclamation of her present Majesty, June 21, 1827 was an atouching spectacle. The young Queen and her august mother, the Duchess of Kent, having arrived from Kensington at St. James's, passed through the state rooms to the presence chamber. The arrangements in the courtyard presented a very picturesque appearance. A guard of honour of the Life Guards frouted the palace; a little in advance stood the Queen's marshals, sergeant trumpeters, and the household drums and trumpets, in state uniforms. North of the space between the guards and the palace were the sergeants-at-arms on horseback, bearing their large gilt maces, and wearing silver collars of SS. On the opposite side, near to the window at which her Majesty stood, were the heralds and pursuivants, dismounted and uncovered. At ten o'clock the military band struck up, and the Park and Tower guns fired a double and royal salute, at the conclusion of which the Marquis of

Lansdowne, President of the Council, led the Queen forward to the open window. The exclamations of joy were heartfelt and startling. At the first shout of gratulation the young Queen burst into tears, which continued, notwithstanding an evident attempt on the part of her Majesty to restrain her feelings, to flow down her pale cheeks, until after a graceful recognition of the people, her Majesty retired from the window.

Meanwhile, the heralds had taken up their station between the window at which the Queen was standing, and silence being obtained, the proclamation was read: at the closing words, "God save the Queen," Clarencieux King-at-Arms (who wore a splendid tabard, richly embroidered with gold, and a gold collar of SS.), gave the signal by waving his sceptre; a flourish of trumpets was then blown, and the Park and Tower guns again fired a salute in token of the completion of the ceremony.

The spectacle presented at the palace window during the reading of the proclamation was of a singularly beautiful and affecting description. In the centre stood the young daughter of old England's royal line, suddenly summoned to assume the difficult and perilous office of earthly ruler and preserver of the interests of a great nation; in this position stood the youthful Queen, bathed in tears, nearly overwhelmed by the more immediate pressure of the circumstances by which she was surrounded, and the warm and heartfelt outpourings of an affectionate people. Directly on her Majesty's right hand stood the Marquis of Lansdowne; to her left stood Viscount Melbourne, her Majesty's prime minister; close behind, forming a semi-circle, were to be seen most of the members of her Majesty's Government and household. A little on the right of the Marquis of Lansdowne stood her Royal Highness

the Duchess of Kent, who watched intensely every movement of her illustrious Queen and daughter, and during one part of the ceremony appeared to be deeply affected.

To return to the palace *suite*. Next to the Tapestry Room is Queen Anne's Room, the first of the four great state apartments, and that in which the remains of the Duke of York lay in state. This apartment opens by the ante drawing-room, leading, by three doors, into the Presence Chamber, or Throne Room, beyond which is the Queen's Closet. The throne, at the upper end of the Presence Chamber, is large and stately, and is emblazoned with arms. The window draperies here and in the Queen's Closet are of splendid *tissues-de-verre*. The entire *suite* is gorgeously gilt, hung with crimson Spitalfields damasks, brocades, and velvets, embroidered with gold; and the Wilton carpets bear the royal arms.

The pictures in the state apartments include portraits of our sovereigns, commencing with Henry VIII.,; pictures of battles, &c. George IV. formed here a fine collection, to which was added, in 1828, Haydon's "Mock Election," which the King purchased of the painter for five hundred guineas.

Enough has been said to show that the Palace of St. James's during the time that it was the royal residence, notwithstanding the dulness of its outward appearance, has witnessed merry doings within its walls. Somewhat incline they did to romping. To such a pitch had their waywardness risen about the time of the accession of George III., that it had attracted the attention of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who made desperate efforts to establish a mission within the walls; to introduce Whitfield; and at one time, it would appear from her letters, that she even flattered herself that she had made an impression upon the mind of one maid of honour. The project failed;

but what the preaching of the pious Countess could not accomplish was effected in a good measure by the watchful and wary discipline of the consort of George III.

Amongst the memories which haunt the walls of St. James's are many grades—from the appearance of the King and Queen at the balcony, to see the treasure captured by the *Hermione*, in the Spanish galleons, go down St. James's Street and along Pall Mall, to the imposing procession of the periwig-makers of London, to present their petition that his Majesty (then in his twenty-fifth year) would most graciously condescend to wear a wig, for the encouragement of their trade.

Gaming was once a pastime at Court, which the subjects of the sovereign were permitted to witness. At certain seasons George I. and II. played at hazard, in public, at the groom-porter's, in St. James's Palace, when the nobility, and even the princesses, staked considerable sums. This gaming in public was discontinued in the reign of George III., but the office of groom-porter is still kept up, and the names of three groom-porters occur in the enumeration of her present Majesty's household.

A table is kept in the palace for the officers of the Foot and Life Guards on duty; the latter are stationed at the Horse Guards, and patrol the Park during the night.

The Board of Green Cloth is the general name of the office of the Lord Steward, and is so named from the table at which the Lord Steward and his officers sit. Dr. Johnson describes it as "a board or court of justice, held in the counting-house of the King's household, for taking cognisance of all matters of government and justice within the King's Court Royal, and for correcting all the servants that shall offend." To the Board belongs the sole right of arresting within the limits and jurisdiction of the parks. Illegal arrests

were punishable with imprisonment. Striking within the King's Court was punished with the loss of the right hand and forfeiture of lands and goods, and heavy money fines.

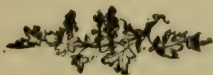
Chamberlayne thus describes the execution of this barbarous sentence :—"The sergeant of the King's wood-yard brings to the place of execution a square block, a beetle, and a staple and cords to fasten the hands thereto. The yeoman of the scullery provides a great fire of coals by the block, where the searing-irons, brought by the chief farrier, are to be ready for the chief surgeon to use. Vinegar and cold water are to be brought by the groom of the saucery ; and the chief officers of the cellar and pantry are to be ready, one with a cup of red wine, and the other with a manchet, to offer the criminal. The sergeant of the ewry is to bring the linen to wind about and wrap the arm ; the yeoman of the poultry, a cock to lay to it ; the yeoman of the chandlery, seared cloths ; and the master cook, a sharp dresser-knife, which, at the place of execution, is to be held upright by the sergeant of the larder, till execution be performed by an officer appointed thereunto. After all, the criminal shall be imprisoned during life, and fined and ransomed at the King's will."

In the warrant-book of the Board, June 12, 1816, "Order was given

that the maids of honour should have cherry tarts instead of gooseberry tarts, it being observed that cherries were at threepence per pound." Henry, Duke of Kent, when lord steward of the household, in part of the reign of George II., had £100 allowed him, and sixteen dishes daily at each meal, with wine and beer. The poets-laureate used to receive their annual tierce of Canary wine from this office. And "yeoman of the mouth" was formerly an office held under the Board of Green Cloth.

Plum broth, or porridge, was eaten as soup at Christmas, at St. James's, during the reign of George II. ; and a portion of it was sent to the different officers of the royal household. The following were the ingredients of the Christmas stock:—

Leg of veal, 40 lbs.
 6 shins of beef.
 50 fourpenny loaves.
 Double refined sugar, 60 lbs.
 150 lemons and oranges.
 6 dozen sack.
 6 dozen old hock.
 6 dozen sherry.
 40 lbs. raisins.
 40 lbs. currants.
 30 lbs. prunes.
 Cochineal.
 1 oz. nutmegs.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cinnamon.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cloves.



THE FORTUNE OF LAW.

I WAS chatting on day with an old schoolfellow of mine, who, though young, was a barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

"People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to any credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your last cases"

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon finds fine things in him. There is nothing like gilding to hide imperfections and bring out excellencies. But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now: it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentlemen who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work, at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses

to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labour and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success,

"Near the town where the trial was to take place, lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive me over next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest. "After breakfast the next morning, my host drove over in his dog-cart to the assize town. We were just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down, curling himself up, and holding his

hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade him let the lad alone, and not be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite council, who characterised the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom we had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before! An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognise me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him till I saw that he was getting irritated and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and restless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked, in a casual tone—

"'You are married, Mr. Myers?'

"'Yes, I am.'

"'And you are a kind husband, I suppose?'

"'I suppose so: what then?'

"'Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers?'

"The plaintiff's counsel here called on the judge to interfere. The ques-

tions were irrelevant and impertinent in the matter in question.

"I pledged my word to the Court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I repeated my question.

"'I've a boy and a girl.'

"Pray, how old are they?'

"'The boy's twelve, and the girl nine, I b'lieve.'

"'Ah! Well, I suppose you are an affectionate father, as well as a kind husband. You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?'

"'I don't see what business it is of yours. No! I ain't.'

"'You don't knock your son about, for example?'

"'No! I don't. (He was growing downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

"'You don't pummel him with your fist, eh?'

"'No! I don't.'

"'Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner?' (and I rapped the table with my knuckles).

"'No!' (indignantly).

"'You never did such a thing?'

"'No!'

"'You swear to that?'

"'Yes!'

"All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face: I now turned towards him and said—

"'Look at me, sir! Did you ever see me before?'

"He was about to say No again: but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

"'That will do,' I said; 'stand down, sir.—My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath.'

"I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness-box, he of course confirmed the statement.

"The Court immediately decided

that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning, the decision would

inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connection."

THE WORKER TO THE DREAMER.

FLING gway thy idle fancies,
 They but weaken heart and brain—
 Break the pleasant dreamy fetters
 Of romance's shining chain.
 Come out from the misty kingdom—
 Thou has lingered there too long.
 Come out girded as for battle,
 Armour true and spirit strong.

Sit no longer by the waters—
 Harkening to their murmurs sweet—
 Up! while yet the morning shineth—
 Then go forth with earnest feet!
 Cast away thy idle dreaming;
 Work with ardour, willing, brave,
 For, oh dreamer! life is action;
 And to act—a duty brave.

Steep and rugged is the mountain,
 Yet the faithful toilers say,
 When they gain its hallow'd summit,
 "Blessed was our weary way."
 So to thee, when thou hast battled
 Bravely, nobly, for the right—
 Will thy labour, though a burden,
 Seem, with sweet content, but light.

Truth and error wage a warfare,
 Constant in this world of ours;
 We have need of champions fearless—
 Come from dreamland's rosy bowers!
 Cast away thy idle fancies;
 They will cumber thee in life,
 Be henceforth a warrior mighty—
 Earnest in a glorious strife!



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THE OLD NORSE MYTHOLOGY.

PART II.

IN a former paper in the *Dublin University Magazine* (Oct. 1870), will be found a sketch of the early history of the Æsir, their primal abode in Asia, their forced emigration thence under their pontiff chief, to whom was afterwards assigned the style and power of the god, Odin, whose worship he superintended, the progress of the emigrants westwards, and their settlement in Sweden. The author of the *Edda* assuming all this as well known to his readers, informed them that Gylfa, the sorcerer King of Sweden, at the time of the descent of the Æsir, paid a visit in disguise to the chiefs of the new-comers, in order to test their powers whether of a secular or spiritual nature. In this introduction Snorro copied the plan of the "Vafrudnis-mal," which he had before him in the Elder *Edda*, merely changing the personages. In the original, Odin, as *Gangrad*, went to sound a gigantic genius; in the copy a mere king, endowed with a knowledge of magic, tries the abilities of Odin and his people.

The Æsir having a supernatural knowledge of Gylfa's designs, lay spells on his senses, and instead of the rough, unfinished quarters of the intruders, he finds a succession of regal halls of amazing height, and covered with golden bucklers. The splendid rooms are filled with parties of noble-looking folk, some carous-

ing, some employed at games of skill, and others at military exercises. He takes notice of one man near the entrance occupying his leisure with flinging into the air and catching seven straight-bladed and sharp-pointed swords, and allowing no one of them to bite the dust. Contrary to ancient custom this *prestigeateur* asks the visitor his name and business. He announces himself as a traveller in search of knowledge, Gangler by name, and demands in his turn, who are these three lords sitting on thrones, one placed above the other. "He on the lowest throne (answers his guide) is King *Har* (Sublime), the one next above him is called *Jafnhar* (Peer of Sublime), the highest is *Tredia* (the Third). Har next demands Gangler's business, and, having learned it, welcomes him to Asgard, and invites him to meat and drink. "Not for that I come," said Gangler, "but to meet a more able man than myself, who can instruct me." "Your object shall be attained," rejoined Har. "Stand as you are, and propose your questions."

The framers of the Norse Mythology were not distinguished by attention to correctness of locality, or probability of incidents, after obtaining any data they might demand. Gylfa was a mortal man though a magician. He is said to have visited Asgard; but that city was in Asia,

and at the time of his visit, the Æsir, its rulers, were somewhere in Sweden. We may put the heavenly Asgard out of question, for even the composers of myths nowhere related the visit of a mere mortal to heaven before his death. But all pagan myths being either corruptions of the truths revealed to Adam, or wild inventions of unphilosophical minds, it is useless to expect causation or consistence in them. If *Har* and *Jafuhar* and *Tredia* were not added by Snorro, or some other Christian poet, they embodied a dim tradition of the Mystery of the Holy Trinity, which many believe to have been revealed to our first parents. It is well if the answer given to Gangler's next question was not tampered with by the Christian compiler. He asked who was the first or the most ancient of the gods, and the following explanations were given by the three crowned beings, whom the commentators are puzzled to particularise.

"*Him* we call *Alfader*, but in the ancient tongue he has twelve names. He enjoys eternal life, and governs the world, great things as well as small. He formed Heaven, Earth, and Air. He made man and gave him a soul, which shall never die, even after the body has crumbled into dust. All just men shall live for ever with him in a place called *The Ancient*, or the Palace of Love and Friendship. But the wicked shall descend to *Hela* (death), and thence to *Niflheim* (cloud home), the dwelling of the reprobate, which is placed in the ninth world."

The answer to the next question sadly jars on the understanding after this fine exposition. Q. "Where was the *Alfader* before the earth and men were created?" A. "With the Frost Giants." Now the Frost Giants stood in the same relation to the Æsir or beneficent gods as the Persian demons, the Jins and Deevs to the genii of *Orosmanes* the Powerful and Good Principle, and what

business could the *Alfader* have among these evil beings? The Manichean system of good and evil influences co-existing, and either unable to bring the other into complete subjection, pervades the Norse Mythology, and in divers places Sæmund and Sturlesson introduced greater confusion and inconsistency, by leavening it with some revealed truths. The occasional investing of Odin, himself a created being, with attributes of the Creator, is a case in point.

Proceeding with the information dealt out to Gangler, we find that in the centre of the inferior world was a great pool, from which issued the following rivers—"Anguish, Enemy to Joy, Abode of Death, Perdition, Vacancy, Tempest, Whirlwind, Roaring, Howling, Abyss." These were flowing long before the earth was formed. Their direction was northwards, and as they advanced farther from their source, they finally froze, and the fount being inexhaustible, fresh bodies of the undesirable waters washed the masses of ice, and congealed around them. The world, or primal chaos, was not however, left trusting to this mighty mass of ice, the rivers which augmented it, and the pool which supplied the poisonous streams. Farther to the south was a world of fire, under the charge of the great power *Surtur*, and at first it would seem as if the antagonistic things were too much divided to have any effect on each other. But as the huge heap of ice enlarged itself, it gradually narrowed the great abyss which separated Hell from *Surtur's* domain, and sparkles and loose brands from his flaming world came in contact with the pestilent vapours which floated over the icy mass. Drops of water being thus produced, they united and formed the substance of the first created being, the giant *Ymer*. In the *Edda* this wonder is said to have been wrought "by the power of *Him* who

governed," but it is very probable that these words were interpolated by the Christian scribe. Ymer, after the usual stretch of nine days devoted to wonder at himself and everything round him, a world of fire in the south, a world of wretched solid coldness in the north, and an apparently bottomless abyss in his neighbourhood (his lodging must have been on the frozen slabs), began to find *ennui* creeping over him, and slept away as much of his time as he could. During a trance a young giant and giantess issued from his left arm-pit, and others from the soles of his feet. Loneliness was thus banished, and, better still, the colony were under no fear of starving. The cow *Adumla* came to life in the same mode as the giant. She supported her own life by licking the hoar frost and the salt off the rock, and rivers of milk which ran from her four teats supported the giants. So says the story, as told by Snorro, but the inventor ought to have accounted for the presence of the rocks. Up to the birth of the giant there was nothing to be found but a body of flame on the south, a body of ice on the north, and a chasm between, at the bottom of which there might or might not be heard the gushing of the terrible hell-rivers and the ever-raging storms.

The Evil Giant race have come into being, and what sort of a world would ensue under their management must ever remain a mystery, as a better race soon arose to push them from their ice-slabs. The cow persisted in licking one particular slab or rock, and persisted to some purpose too, for a complete being, of supernatural qualities, issued on the third day from the spot on which she had been exercising. This was the god *Buri* (Producer) whose son *Bor* (Produced), being wedded to *Beltsa*, a maid of the giant race, three sons, *Odin*, *Vili*, and *Ve*, blessed the union.

This marriage did not establish concord between the giants and the godlike descendants of *Buri*. The three sons of *Bor*, viz., *Odin*, *Vili*, and *Ve*, seizing on *Ymer*, otherwise *Cergelmer* or *Chaos*, slew him, haled his body into the Central Void (*Ginnungagap*), and formed earth, sea, air, and the heavenly bodies, out of his corporation. His bones furnished the rocks, his flesh the arable land, his hair the herbage, his brains the clouds, and his blood was sufficient to furnish fluid for rivers, lakes, and the all-encircling sea. It also served the good purpose of drowning all *Ymer's* race, one only excepted, *Bergelmer* by name. This lucky giant found an opportunity to construct a skiff, and make his escape. If *Sæmund* or *Snorro* did not invent this giant, he must have owned his existence to a confused tradition of *Noah* and his *Ark*. *Bergelmer's* wife must also have been saved, for the giant race were continued. The three sons of *Noah* furnished the idea of the first three Norse gods, as well as of the three sons of *Saturn* in classic mythology, if the mystery of the Holy Trinity, in a misty and degraded form, did not originate it. We could pass the construction of the globe with indifference, but the formation of the great empyrean vault from the skull of *Ymer* is too much for us; and, indeed, its support by the four dwarfs, *Austri*, *Vestri*, *Northri*, *Suthri*, standing at the four cardinal points of the flat earth, has little of the sublime about it. The shining bodies in the great cupola above were volumes of flame wrested from *Muspelheim* (the fiery world in the south), and projected upwards by the hands of the giant sons of *Bor*. Before that, as is revealed in the *VOLUSPA*, "The sun knew not *her* palace, nor the moon *his* powers, nor the stars their appointed places." The earth, as fashioned by *Odin* and his brothers, was flat, with a bristling ridge of rocks round it, a

defence against the *Jotuns* or giants. Round this defence went the restless sea, which was again enclosed by another circle of rocks, *Jotunheim*, or the Home of the Giants. This is our own impression, as the learned are not agreed on the subject. The notion, however, receives strength from the escape of Bergelmer in a ship from the newly-created earth. He evidently did not embark to re-land on the unfriendly soil. So his destination must have been the rough outside refuge aforesaid. If this theory is not approved of, no other habitation seems to have been at the disposal of the giants but the great heap of ice on the north outside the earth. For it must be borne in mind that the earth was made and suspended (we are left in ignorance as to how the last operation was performed) in the Great Void of Ginnungagap, between the flaming world of *Muspelheim* on the south, and the immense mounds of ice on the north.

We can trace in the *Jotuns* of the Scandinavian myths, and the Titans of those of Greece and Rome, and the Egyptian Typhon and his partisans, relics of the traditions which were rife among Noah's immediate descendants, concerning the rebel angels, and perhaps the antediluvian giants, the offspring of the sons of Seth and the daughters of Cain. Of course the classic poets and the Norse *Scalds* fashioned on the traditional truths a varied embroidery of their own invention.

The earth is as yet without inhabitants, and it was not the interest of the beneficent *THREE* to leave a scene fitted for the enjoyment of rational and sentient beings, useless and joyless. Walking by the shore one day, they found thrown on the strand a splinter of ashwood, and another of alder, and taking these *finds* in hand, they formed therefrom a man and woman. Life and a soul were communicated by Odin; reason and movement by Vili; and the senses

and their uses by Ve. The man continued to bear the name of the tree (*Aske*), from which he had his substance; the woman that of *Embla* (alder), and in the beginning they and their progeny enjoyed lives full of happiness on the earth—a dim remembrance of the Mosaic Paradise. It is not easy to ascertain from the text whether the place assigned to them, *Midgard*, was a strong fortress in the centre of the earth, or the whole surface of the land, with its bristling defence of rock, inside the ocean rim. The creation of man, body and soul, by a creature only a degree or so higher in being, is not very intelligible, but students of the *Edda* must get round such obstacles as well as they can.

The management of space and locality by the *Scalds*, is not very intelligible, and *Sæmund* and *Snorro* took but little trouble to clear away the obscurity which prevailed among their authorities. The Great Ash-tree (*Iggdrasil*), springing up through *Midgard*, is so high that *Asgard*, the habitation constructed by Odin for himself and his family (we hear no more about his brothers), and the other members of the *Æsir* population, is shadowed by its branches. So far that is intelligible, so is the throwing out of one root below the earth into the inferior region of death, *Hela*; and so is the pushing out of another under the abode of the giants, whether they dwelt among the heaps of northern ice or among the rocks which confine the outer sea. But far from being easily understood is the position of the third root—viz., under or in the neighbourhood of *Asgard*. If this heavenly city is not on the upper or convex side of the blue vault it must be very little below it, and, certainly, just under the topmost boughs of *Iggdrasil*. Now the position of a tree's root up among its branches, conveys at best a discordant and unsightly image.

There is another unsatisfactory

arrangement in which *Bifrost*, or the rainbow, figures. It is understood to be the bridge which extends from Asgard, high among the foliage of Iggdrasil, down to Midgard, which lies round its stem. But every Norse woman and child could see that the extremities of the bridge rested on the earth, and, therefore, it could afford no transit from any point of earth to a locality high above the clouds. The only rational adjustment would be,—Asgard in position at the central or highest point of Bifrost, and Midgard where it stands. Then might the gods descending from Midgard step from the summit of the rainbow to a convenient platform on the heavenly land, or, more conveniently still, use a plank connecting bridge and domain. The giants kept a watchful eye on the beautiful medium of approach to Asgard, in order to surprise the *Æsir* at some unguarded moment; but a perpetual fire was maintained along its whole course, whose red and yellow hue scared the Jotuns; and besides, they knew that *Heimdall*, the Watchman (*Watch-god* does not sound well) of heaven was at his post at the landing-place, and would not fail to give them a warm reception.

Under the root of the Great Ash-tree which penetrated into the country of the Giants, existed the well of Wisdom and Prudence under the charge of Mymir, who drank a cup of it every morning. By the root which ended in the land of the *Æsir*, dwelt the three *Norns*, or Fates,—*Urda* (the Past), *Verandi* (the Present), and *Skulda* (the Future). An inconsistent incident in the daily life of the gods, though sublime and beautiful in conception, was their daily ride from Midgard to the well *Urda* (the Past), in Asgard, and there holding council. Their course was along the splendid arch Bifrost, the gods in their golden armour flashing back the sun's rays; the goddesses, in their rich and

sparkling array, colour, and form, certainly not selected from a modern book of fashions. But what were they doing in the morning at Midgard?

The root of the Great Tree which penetrated through the abode of men into the domain of hell, was subject to the continual biting of serpents, and four stags were ceaselessly careering through the branches and gnawing the bark. The Norse poets had received the patriarchal tradition of the destruction of the earth by fire, and this terrible idea had a much stronger effect on their minds, naturally disposed to gloom by their climate and modes of life, than the exhilarating one of the Glorious State of the BLESSED which would succeed it. The *Ragnarok*, or Twilight of the Gods, with their complete destruction, ever impended like a gloomy curtain over their mythic conceptions.

Let us not be here understood as ascribing the invention of the Norse scheme of Mythology, to bards or philosophers born and bred in Scandinavia or Iceland; the genuine *Æsir*, *i.e.*, Odin and his people, brought it with them from some place in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, when disturbed by the Romans. The Manchean belief prevalent in Persia had made conquests outside, and hence the theory of the Co-existence of the Good Principle and the Evil One, and the inability of either to subject the other, or completely obliterate its influence. The climate and mode of life of the Asiatic colony, after they had settled in their new and bleak territory, tended to throw an additional gloom over their dreary belief.

The reader (we presume one new to the subject) has been made acquainted with Odin, the Ares, and Zeus, and Hermes of the Scandinavians in one: Let us look after the other personages of the Norse Olympus.

Frigga was the Juno of the Northern Jupiter. She is not to be confounded with Freya, the Venus of the Scalds. Frigga was as benign to women in their sorest needs as Juno herself. She knew more of the future than any of the deities, but was very chary of sharing her knowledge with any one.

Thor, whose business was to launch the thunder against evil doers, was the eldest and greatest son of Odin, and the most dreaded of the giants. When he put on his belt of power, it increased his strength by one-half, and when the most redoubtable inhabitant of Jotunheim saw him grasp his hammer with his iron gauntlet, and poise it in act to throw, he was struck with terror. His mastery over the thunderbolts gave him a resemblance to Jupiter, and his intense desire ever to hold "battle and conflict" with the hereditary foes of the Æsir, gave him a resemblance to Mars. Thor would wade the deepest water; when he chose to use a chariot, a pair of he-goats were yoked to it.

The following series of delusions practised on Thor, formed a portion of the Mythic system of all or most of the Aryan peoples, and have been preserved in the fireside stories of Slavonians, Celts, and Teutons. They are told in a modified shape in the fortunes of "Jack the Giant-Killer," and in the Irish Ossianic legends, *Fion Mac Cumhaill*, and his wife *Grainne*, practising them on a red-headed giant of Caledonia.

The god setting out in his chariot drawn by two he-goats, stopped the first night at a peasant's house; killed his caprine steeds, and invited his host and his host's family to join him at supper. He also directed them to break none of the bones, but wrap them carefully in the skins. Next day he found one of his beasts lame of a hind-leg, and would have killed the peasant's son

for breaking the bone in order to get at the marrow. This fact must have been brought from the east, for it enters into the Aryan folk-lore;—see the "Greedy Mason" in the *Fireside Stories of Ireland*. Next night Thor and his companions slept in a large empty house, but a violent earthquake, accompanied by a frightful shock being felt, they retired to an outer chamber, and remained undisturbed.

Next morning Thor was awaked by a continuation of the noise, and found it was the mere snoring of a mighty giant lying near; that the house was nothing but his glove, and the outer chamber its thumb. This terribly annoyed his self-pride. The giant, who was called Scrymner, made part of the travelling company next day, and when they all lay down to rest, and were supposed to be asleep, Thor struck the giant on the head or the face at intervals, three mighty blows with his hammer. The big man merely yawned each time, and complained of a leaf, or a bit of clay, or the feather of a bird which had dropped on him. Thor would have been now dismayed if he had been capable of fear. Next day they approached Utgard, and Scrymner parted company before entering the city, comforting Thor with the news that he himself was only a dwarf in comparison with the citizens within.

New humiliations now waited on the god. He found the courtiers and king of immense size; was set to eat against one of the inmates, and came off victor; but in a race which he tried with another, he was shamefully outrun. Being requested to lift up a large cat, he was only able to draw up her back a little, and cause her to raise one paw an inch or so. A horn filled with liquor was handed to him, and after three god-like pulls, the liquor had not sunk an inch. To crown his chagrin, he was brought to one knee in a wrestling-match with a toothless

hag, in presence of the whole court. He left the city next morning very crestfallen, but was restored to self-complacency, by an explanation made by the king, *Utgard Loke* (Scrymner in disguise), who accompanied him to some distance. "His rival at the board was *Fire*; it was with *Thought* he contended in the race. The cat was the serpent *Jormungard*; the liquor which he had drunk made the sea withdraw several feet from the land, and the hag was *Death* herself."

When the explanation came to an end, the enraged god would have demolished the deceitful magician with a blow of his hammer, and smashed the walls and gates of his city into fragments; but city and city's chief had vanished into thin air. This clever giant had been killed with the first blow of Thor's hammer, the night before last, but it had fallen not on his head, but a mighty stone fixed in the right place.

The beautiful and benign Balder of the Scalds, the second son of Odin has his classic counterpart in Apollo, and his Celtic other self in Bright Baal; who was, probably, the same with the Assyrian Bel. No weakness or vice is attributed to this Darling of the Æsir; but he was too amiable to be spared to them, and he was obliged to descend to Hela before his time, notwithstanding the precautions taken by his kindred to avert his fate. When we come to speak of the individual fortunes and adventures of the gods, Balder shall not be neglected.

Niord presided over the winds and waves, being the Irish "Mananan, son of Lear," the patron of the Isle of Man, the Roman Neptune, and the Grecian Poseidon. Having espoused Skada, daughter of a mountain giant, the pair, when the first bloom was brushed off their felicity, found they might have done better. She did not love coast scenery, nor the view of the sea in storm or calm. He could not abide in the hills.

So, after mutual toleration for a season, they separated, and Skada enjoyed the chase of the wild beasts among the rugged hills.

The children of Niord were Frey and Freya. The last-named is the same as the Irish *Aoine*, the Roman Venus, the Grecian Aphrodité, the Syrian Ashtaroth, and has left her name to the sixth day of the week.

It has always been a mystery to us why the early missionaries to Ireland should have allowed the names of gods, not worshipped by the natives, to be given to the days of the week, Sunday excepted. They are literally *Domhnach*, Lord's Day; *Dia Luain*, Monday; *Dia Mairt*, Mar's Day; *Dia Ceadaoin*, Odin's Day; *Dia Dardaoin*, Thor's Day; *Dia Haone*, Venus's Day; *Dia Sathairn*, Saturn's Day. It probably arose from their wish to have uniformity in the entire European calendar, and as they could not induce the Teuton peoples, nor those of southern Europe, to remove the names of their disreputable divinities from the days of the week, they were obliged to be content with an undesirable uniformity among the western Celts.

Freya was, in one respect, as cruel as her Hindoo representative, Kali. She careered in battle-fields among the dying, and selected one moiety of the expiring heroes for herself, the other half she left for Odin. Some say that the Danish *Fruer*, the German *Frau*, and the Dutch *Vrouw* (woman), are modifications of the name of this goddess.

In her fortunes, Freya more resembled her Egyptian counterpart, Isis, than the classic Aphrodité. She was espoused to Oder, and bare him a daughter, the most beautiful *Nossa*, after whom everything beautiful was named in the North. Oder leaving Asgard for a tour through all the countries of the world, Freya followed him fast and far, and continually shed tears of gold, bewailing her loss. Isis endured similar sorrow in her search after her spouse, Osiris.

Ceres was no less afflicted, and her wanderings were not less extensive, nor less fatiguing, the only difference being in the object of the search, as her fatigues were endured for her lost daughter. There were several other goddesses whose functions were not very distinctly marked. Two only are represented as virgins, namely, Gefiona and Fylla. They were kept in countenance by Minerva and Diana in the classic Olympus.

Among the gods, Heimdal is distinguished by his patriotism, and his never slumbering watch over the safety of Asgard and its dwellers. His stronghold is at the point where *Bifrost* touches on the northern Olympus, and there he continues on the alert night and day. His sleep is as light as that of a bird or a hare. He can see the distance of a hundred leagues in the darkest nights, and can hear the grass growing on the ground, and the wool growing on the body of the sheep. When he breathes into his bugle the sound is heard as far off as the moon.

In a household tale belonging to all the Aryan peoples, the hero is assisted by a wonderful group of followers, each possessing one of Heimdal's supernatural gifts. Our now dying-out fireside lore embodies many an old myth as well as this, but in an altered and degraded condition.

There were other gods besides those mentioned, but they would not repay the expense of many sentences lavished upon them. When we come to speak of some of the remarkable events in the history of Asgard we shall probably make acquaintance with one or more of them.

In the sunny south of Europe the climate imparted a comparatively cheerful spirit into the Pagan system which prevailed. The Titans indeed gave trouble at the beginning, but they were soon subdued, and effectually prevented from doing mischief, and as early as Homer's time, say 900 A.C., Jupiter and his gods and

goddesses ate ambrosia and drank nectar, without dreading any change for the worse in their condition. Æschylus, indeed, hints in the "Prometheus Bound" that among the hidden decrees of destiny there was one which boded him evil. The idea, however, was not generally entertained, and people ate, drank, made marriages, diligently kept certain festivals, some of them of a riotous or lascivious character, and made as much of the present life as they could.

In the bleak north it was not so. The severe climate, the long hours of darkness, and the life of rapine and bloodshed which prevailed, flung a darker gloom over the "grim idolatry" of Scandinavia. The evil powers were merely kept in check, and in the end they and the beneficent powers would mutually destroy each other.

Loke was the Ahriman and the Typhon of the North, some of his proceedings being tinged with a spirit of grim humour. The *Loda* of Macpherson was provided with a name made up from *Loke* and *Odin*. We do not remember to have met with it in any of the genuine remains of the Irish or Scotch Gael. *Loke* belonged, in a certain sense, to the *Æsir*, but one of his wives was the giantess *Angerbode* (messenger of evil), and their offspring consisted of the wolf *Fenris*, the great serpent, *Jormundgard*, and the queen of the dead, *Hela*. Two of these children, in union with their father, were to be the destroyers of the gods when their "twilight" would arrive.

Frigga, though most reticent on the future destinies of gods and men, could scarcely avoid making revelations of some kind in a matter so intimately affecting the general weal. So as in many other recorded cases, where the restless inquirers into their future fortunes did all in their power (vainly, however, in nearly every instance) to frustrate the decree, they sent to *Jotunheim*, and had the bane-

ful young triad brought into their presence. The serpent was at once flung into the sea which surrounds the earth, but he soon increased so much in size, that, encircling the earth's rim, his mouth and tail came in contact, thus illustrating the couplet in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," concerning,—

The sea-snake tremendous curled,
Whose dreadful circle locks the world.

Hela not exhibiting any very hostile dispositions, the gods contented themselves with her appointment as guardian over the melancholy residence deep below the earth, where all who had the misfortune of dying by any but the hero's death should linger out a cheerless existence till the end of the present world arrived, bringing destruction on men, giants, and gods. Hela's melancholy abode consisted of large gloomy apartments, enclosed by strong gratings, whose wires were strong iron bars. Her hall was *grief*, her table *hunger*, her waiter *delay*, her door the *precipice*, her porch *weariness*, her couch *leanness* and *sickness*. The half of her own person was covered with a blue skin, and her countenance was fearful to behold.

The young wolf was kept under the eyes of the gods, but his size, his strength, and his ferocity, increased so rapidly that they began to fear for their safety. To ascertain his powers they submitted some heavy chains to his inspection, asking him if he thought he was able to break them. He answered they might make the trial, and in effect allowed himself to be tied up head, body, and limbs. But no sooner did he make a vigorous effort than his bonds flew in pieces like bits of rotten tow. He was not unsusceptible to renown for strength, and when they exhibited some new ligatures, the strongest, in fact, which they could get forged, he consented to another tying up, though he entertained some doubt of success. This time he was obliged to put forth his powers; he swelled himself out, he

strained his muscles, and at last made such a mighty effort that the shackles were broken, and fell to the ground.

Odin was now obliged to send Skyrner, the messenger of Freya, into the country of the black giants, to get an infrangible chain made by a certain dwarf, a master among artificers. Having received the article, a much more slender one than Fenris had already broken, he showed it to him, gave him due praise for the mighty strength he had already exhibited, requested another trial, and exhorted him not to despise the chain for its slender make, for it was stronger than it seemed, and promised that he should be left in peace after this third proof of his mighty powers, which would now be made known through the world.

The prospect of universal fame incited the wolf to endure the next trial. But he looked at the slim band with considerable distrust. "I am willing to run a risk," said he, "for the sake of glory, but as there is a chance of my failure, and of your not giving me my liberty after it, I demand the hand of some one of the Æsir in my mouth, to be dealt with according to my own will, if I am not set free. The gods looked at each other with discomfort in their countenances, till Tyr, the most fearless of the fearless, came forward and offered himself as sacrifice. The slight chain was then flung round the demon's body and limbs, and such an exhibition of strength, rage, and desperation ensued, as never before was witnessed by gods or men. The beast rolled, twisted, worked with his limbs, howled, and foamed, but the slight ligature held out. Finding his efforts vain, he roared to Tyr to come forward, and undergo his punishment. This the brave divinity did, and ever afterwards he was obliged to content himself with the use of one hand. To set their minds more at ease, they let the end of the chain down through a hole

made in a mighty stone, and wound it round another of smaller size, but which could not be pulled up through the hole. The foam that issued from the monster's mouth while he kept fearfully howling was so abundant that it formed the pestilent stream of *Vasu* (sin).

The amount of destructive fury lodged in Fenris's constitution towards the world's end, when he would succeed in bursting his bonds, may be conceived. The mighty serpent, *Jormundgard*, would be little less bitterly disposed. He would be acutely mindful of the punishment inflicted on him by Thor, in the manner about to be described.

It will be recollected that *Jormundgard*, under the figure of an ordinary-sized cat, was one of the agents in the series of mystifications above related, and on him Thor was resolved to wreak his resentment. Presenting himself under the appearance of a stripling to the giant Hymer, when going on a fishing excursion, he begged permission to accompany him, and obtained it after some trouble. Hymer giving him directions to procure bait, he pulled the head off one of the largest of his (the giant's) bulls, and thus provided, they held on into the deep. The giant managed the helm, the god plied the oars, but he rowed so fast and so far that Hymer at last begged him to stay his hand. "They were far beyond the good fishing grounds, and probably in the neighbourhood of the great serpent." This was what Thor wanted. Clapping his bait on his hook, he gave it a powerful heave, and to the bottom of the sea it sunk within a short distance of the nose of the foe. He seized it with great eagerness, but was equally eager to relinquish it when he felt the barbs and point of the hook inflicting acute pain in his throat. He rushed here and there, lashed the water up into the clouds, and pulled the boat with inconceivable

rapidity through the water. Thor, however, was not one to be circumvented. Holding the line (a mighty cable) with one hand, and his dread hammer in the other, he pushed his feet through the fore part of the boat, and fixed them firmly against the rocks at the bottom of the sea. Then drawing the terrible head above the water, he struck dismay into the spirit of the hellish creature by the dreadful glance he fixed on it. It vomited floods of poison on him, but, regardless of its attempts, he raised his hammer, and the next moment the monstrous head would be crushed out of all form, but for Hymer's interference. Feeling the boat sink, he drew his knife across the cable, and back again into his element went *Jormundgard*, safe for the time. The incensed god striking the giant with his open palm, he sent him headlong after the serpent, and waded disconsolately to land, without troubling himself with Hymer's difficulty about getting home. Thus were Fenris and *Jormundgard* prepared by deep resentment for the final struggle. Their sire had no less provocation, thus afforded :—

There was a disagreeable impression among the *Æsir* that Balder, the Bright, the Beautiful, the Joyous, and Joy-giving, was doomed to visit the dreary halls of Hela, long before the Ragnarok. His mother, Frigga, feeling this affliction much more deeply than the rest, and frightened by an awful dream, sent to her son, solemnly conjured fire, water, iron, and all metals, rocks, and stones, clay, trees, birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles, not to harm her child. All solemnly swore to gratify her as well as themselves, for all loved Balder. No danger being now apprehended, the gods held a joyous festival on the exercise ground before Walhalla, every one flinging every kind of missile—metal, wood, stone, &c., at the invulnerable young god, and enjoying his exemption from wound or bruise. Loke enraged at the

sight of this triumph, presented himself before Frigga, disguised as an ancient dame, and asked the cause of the splendid spectacle before them. The happy mother, too happy to be susceptible of mistrust, explained, and the crone thanking her for the information, asked if she were sure that no creature had been neglected in the general oath of loyalty. "Not one," said she, "but a tender, weak, and insignificant plant which grows on a tree to the west of Walhalla, the misletoe." Loke did not trouble Frigga with his company much longer. He soon had the fatal parasite in his possession, and then took his stand beside the blind god Hoder, who was sitting apart in a melancholy mood. "Why are you not honouring our darling Balder as the other inmates of Asgard?" "Alas, my want of sight prevents me from taking a good aim, and a cast going wide of the mark would only excite general merriment at my expense." Take this slight javelin in your hand, throw it with a good will, and I shall take care to direct it. The blind god complied, and the miserable little twig, directed by Loke's accursed fingers, transfixed the radiant joyous being, and left him lifeless on the grassy plain. The grief and consternation which seized on the splendid assembly can scarcely be imagined. Amid universal wailing the bodies of Balder, of his wife Nanna, who expired for grief, and of his favourite horse, were laid on the funeral pile and consumed.

A feeble hope was entertained that the bright being might be again restored, and *Hermode* the Swift, son of Odin, taking his father's steed, rode down into and through the dark outer avenues of Hela, for nine days and nights, and at last arrived at the palace of the goddess. There he spent a night conversing with Balder and Nanna, and next day urged his suit on the dread

divinity of Hell, that Balder might be restored to the region of enjoyment, light, and activity. The reply was, that if all creatures were found to weep for the dissolution of the god, he should again enjoy the sights, sounds, and life of his former existence. *Hermode* quickly made his way to the upper world, gave in his report, and once more all creatures were appealed to for an exhibition of their sorrow for the loss of Balder. All complied without exception, and the messengers despatched throughout the world, were returning in joy, when an end was put to all hope by the answer received from the sorceress, *Thok* (supposed to be Loke in disguise), from her cavern by the way-side. "Thok will weep with dry eyes over the funeral pile of Balder. Let Hela retain her guest." Thus was Balder, the light and life of Asgard, lost to it for ever.

Archæologists of the class to which the late Henry O'Brien belonged, and to which the living Marcus Keane belongs, maintain that the revelation of a *Man-God*, who should give up his life for the salvation of the human race, and be put to death in the flower of manhood, was preserved among the Pagan nations in a more or less corrupt form from the age of the Flood downwards. If this theory be founded in truth—and it has great probability in its favour, the legend of the glorious Balder and his early death was the re-casting of the traditional truth in a mythic legend. The belief that Balder would be among the few gods restored to their former glory and power after the dreadful Twilight, adds strength to the opinion.

Loke was not punished on the spot, after committing the foul crime. The Champ de Mars of Asgard was an asylum, and the murderer escaped for the moment.

But the hearts and minds of the *Æsir* entire were bent on his capture

and punishment. He had a house constructed from which he could detect the approach of an enemy in any direction, yet he was almost surprised by his relentless foes, and merely got time to escape to the adjoining river, where, in the shape of a salmon, he bade defiance to nets and spears for some time. But he was captured, obliged to resume his own shape, and pinioned down in a gloomy cavern. There a serpent was set right over his head, and from its mouth venom ceaselessly fell, drop by drop on his visage. This horrible torture, however, was partially suspended. Signie, the devoted wife of the sufferer, hastened to his relief, sat by his side, and held a cup under the source of the liquid poison till it was full. She then ran with it to the stream, and while she was going and returning, Loke was obliged to endure the hateful dripping. This punishment was to endure till the world's end, when the chains of Fenris and of himself would be broken, and the serpent coming to their aid, they would make the deadly assault on Asgard. The Scald, who imagined the devotedness of Loke's wife, cultivated a spot of greenness and beauty in the rugged field of his imagination. He knew something of the economy of the heart. Even Nero experienced disinterested affection in *his* "twilight."

Mahomet, when enlarging to his followers on the social economy of his paradise and its ministering houris, and the original inventors of the Walhalla of Odin, were wise in their generation. Your Mussulman puts the dread of death beneath his feet while thinking on his immediate entry into the sensual elysium. The Norse warrior was as insensible to the death-pang and its accompaniments. Would not his spirit, when disengaged from its fleshly bonds, be again enjoying the combat of heroes above in the spacious field before Asgard, and when wearied

with his martial sport, would not he luxuriate on boar's flesh and delicious mead? The boar Scrimner was daily slain for the repast of gods and men (Odin only excepted). The hundreds of thousands of heroes selected by the heavenly maidens, the *Valkyriur* (choosers of the slain), perishing heroically on the battle field, and conducted by these comely viragoes to Odin's halls, all found enough to satisfy their appetite on the one very useful animal, and the morning after the repast he was found enjoying life and bodily vigour.

The idea of the momentary suffering of the boar is not so pleasant in connection with the food of the heroes, but there is nothing in the slightest degree disagreeable in the economy of the beverage. A wonderful goat gambolled about the courts of Walhalla, and the grassy plain before it. She browsed on the leaves of the tree *Lerada*, and from her udder issued such abundant floods of mead as sufficed, and more than sufficed, for the refreshment of all the inmates of the great palace, which matched in commodiousness the hundred-gated Thebes.

Alas, Walhalla and its heroic inmates, and its feasts of brawn and mead, and its daily recurring heroic sports were not to endure for ever. Three years of perpetual winter would arrive, bringing with them misery and suffering. Three other years would follow, distinguished by all the crimes of which human nature is capable. Fenris, getting rid of his chains, would swallow up the sun, another monster extinguish the moon, and the great serpent, rising from the sea, inundate the land. Earthquakes would ensue and mountains be overturned. The "Great Ash-tree," so intimately connected with the well-being of gods and men, would shake, and give signs of destruction. Surtur at the head of his fiery demons, would

ascend the heavens by the shining bridge, *Bifrost*, breaking it down behind them, and as we find the serpent and wolf battling on their side immediately after on the plain of heaven, it may be taken for granted that they ascended in their company. Heimdál, during these dreadful advances, has not neglected his duty. The gods at the braying of his bugle, have assembled; Odin, in his shining arms, assails Fenris, but the dread savage swallows him at a gulp. Not with impunity, however, *Vidar*, of whom we have scarcely heard till now, placing one foot on the monster's lower jaw, and seizing the upper one in his hands, tears him asunder, and he perishes. Thor has at last the satisfaction of effectually using his hammer on the serpent's head, but he himself perishes with him, being suffocated by the floods of venom which he has vomited out. Other single combats take place generally with results of mutual destruction, Heimdál and Loke thus destroying each other. To finish the sublime, world-witnessing tragedy, Surtur, the fiery principle, scatters his brands on every side, and the dying and the dead, gods, men, and giants, the old earth and all that is on it are consumed. Whether the Christian editors added or not the rather tame sequel about to be told, is more than we shall venture to decide.

The ALFADER having seen the destruction of his world, including the mere human creatures, and the spiritual beings, good and evil, will cause a new and more beautiful earth to rise from the watery deep; and the Gods,—*Vidar* and *Vale*, and the sons of Thor, *Moda*, and *Magna*, who have not perished in the general destruction, shall dwell in happiness in the plains of India. To these will be added Balder, and his faithful consort Nanna, and the blind Hoder, rescued from Hela. A man and woman,—*Lif* and *Lif-thraser*, have been preserved under

a hill, and the numerous race descending from them will enjoy a life distinguished by innocence and happiness. The new world will not be in want of light. Before the sun was swallowed by Fenris, *she* had brought to the world a lovely daughter. The moon had probably thought of providing a male successor.

In the former abodes of death, none were received but those who had died of illness or old age. But the new hell will be a place of torture, to which all murderers, oppressors, adulterers, and other workers of evil, will be condemned.

This supplement was scarcely imagined by Scald or Pagan priest. Indeed, it is very probable that Sæmund, or some contemporary, introduced some Christian leaven into other portions of the Edda, as well as this conclusion. We find no idea of a SUPREME RULER in any mythology with which archæologists are acquainted, and can see no reason for imputing more theological knowledge to the grim, unfeeling priests of the Norse worship than to the more humane officials of Greece, Rome, Egypt, or in Hindoostan. What was the first process in the infancy of any mythological system but the ignoring of the attributes, and even the existence, of the GOD of Adam, Noah, and Abraham, and the imputation of certain supernatural powers to the heavenly bodies, the forces of nature, the passions of living creatures, the spirits of dead heroes, and, in some cases, to a scarcely self-conscious spirit pervading the earth? It would be the next thing to an impossibility for minds accustomed to the dread or reverence of every visible thing, or invisible influence around them, to conceive the idea of a Self-existing, All-wise, and All-powerful BEING, without beginning and without end, so as to hold spiritual communion with Him.

It may be freely granted that

Plato and a few other enlightened classic sages may have arrived at some of the chief truths of natural religion, but they were as a few isolated pebbles among the number, covering miles and miles of a sea-beach.

Some of the inconsistencies of the Pagan scheme exhibited in the Edda, may be easily accounted for. The Æsir (Asiatics), who colonised Scandinavia from some district between the Black and Caspian Seas, brought a mythic system with them, more or less cheerful. Additions chiefly of a more gloomy character, were adopted from the system es-

tablished among the aborigines of Scandinavia, whom the new-comers reduced, but did not desire to exterminate. The poets would throw into the heterogeneous mass some additional inventions of their own, as Homer and Ovid invested their gods and goddesses with faults and weaknesses not credited by the people in general, and involved them in adventures in which they appeared to little advantage. To circumstances such as these we may attribute some irreconcilable circumstances to be found in the perusal of the time-honoured Edda.



LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

LORD PLUNKET (*continued*).—The obtursion of Lord Campbell on the Irish Bench evoked a storm of indignation throughout the country. The press, both in England and in Ireland, inveighed against it as a profligate job, perpetrated by a falling ministry, and aggravated by the indelicacy and indignity with which it was accompanied towards one of the most illustrious men of his day. The junior members of the Bar of Ireland held a meeting on the 22nd of June, 1841, which was presided over by Thomas Dickson, Q.C., father of the Irish Bar. Two hundred barristers attended this meeting. The formal preliminaries having been complied with, the venerable chairman rose and said :

“Before I enter upon the business for which this meeting has been assembled, I wish to give public notice to the gentlemen present, that Lord Plunket will hold a farewell levee for the Bar, at his residence, on to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, and I am perfectly sure, that it is only necessary to make that announcement, to induce every gentleman here to respond to it. I have also to state,

that it is the opinion of every gentleman of the Bar, with whom I have communicated upon the subject, that the most respectful manner in which we can appear at his Lordship's levee is in full dress and Bar costume. I think it necessary to state this, because, this being a farewell levee, it might, otherwise, be supposed that it should be attended without the Bar costume.”

Having commented on the absence from the meeting of the seniors of the Bar, he continued :—“With the exception of Mr. M'Donnell, the requisition, by which this meeting was convened, was not signed by a single senior.¹ When I thus speak of seniors, I do not mean the members of the Inner Bar alone, but those gentlemen whose long standing and experience in the profession, entitled them to seniority. With respect to the distinction between the Inner and the Outer Bar, I would not, upon any occasion, be the first to come forward and acknowledge it. I feel it peremptory upon me to state, that gentlemen of the longest standing, and greatest experience at the Bar,—nay, more,

¹ NOTE.—The following is the list of the barristers who signed the requisition :—Thomas M'Donnell, Q.C. ; William Elliott Hudson, Robert Molesworth, G. M'Dowell, F.T.C.D. ; I. S. Townsend, J. Lloyd Fitzgerald, George Battersby, C. J. Trench, Edmund Kelly, W. T. Lloyd, Isaac O'Callaghan, I. C. Lowry, R. C. Walker, Henry O'Hara, Michael Barry, John Deane, Henry Colles, John Waller, Horace Townsend, Charles Granby Burke, Torrens M'Cullagh, Thomas Fitzgerald, William Roe, George Crawford, J. Barry, T. Kennedy, J. S. Close, Thomas Davis, A. I. Meiley, Colman O'Loughlan, M. O'Donnell, A. M'Carthy, John Lonergan, R. Hobart, W. H. Stafford, R. Thompson, Arthur Symes, Hercules Ellis, G. R. Leake, H. G. Curran, E. T. Watters, T. I. White, R. Sheppard, T. O'HAGAN (now LORD CHANCELLOR of Ireland), Horace Fitzgerald (now a Judge in Trinidad), I. O'Hara, M. I. Barry, J. M. Loughnan, W. I. Pepper, E. Flower, D. Stack, L. Waldron, W. B. Campion, T. Somers, R. W. Swan, I. H. Workman, T. Galway, J. Kirwan, R. Foley, David (now Sergeant) Sherlock, H. B. Rathbone, I. H. Wauchob, W. Wiley, R. Ince, I. O'Donnell, T. Jones Walsh, J. F. Fitzgerald, Denny Lane, L. M'Donnell, A. H. Kent, E. Lawless, W. Keogh (now second Justice of the Court of Common Pleas), W. P. Creed, A. S. O'Gorman, P. R. Webb, S. Grehan, R. R. Moore, Edward W. Costelloe (now a senior Crown Prosecutor on the Connaught circuit), J. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Minnit, E. Clements, J. B. Murphy, J. S. Green, J. Short, J. W. Boyse.

I have been directed to state upon behalf of three gentlemen especially, that they entertained no objection to this meeting entering into any such resolutions as it may think proper, provided they did not purport to be resolutions of the Bar, as a body, but the resolutions of the requisitionists; and that if any resolutions purporting to be the resolutions of the Bar, as a body, should be passed, to a certainty they would be immediately followed by a counter-meeting, and counter-resolutions. That state of things, in my humble opinion, would be fraught with the most disagreeable consequences to the Bar. It had been stated at the time Sir Anthony Hart was removed from the Chancellorship of Ireland, that one of the reasons alleged for his removal, was, that the office of Chancellor was not merely judicial, but that it was a state office connected with the ministry of the day. Therefore there was a great distinction between the office of Lord Chancellor and any other judicial office. The situation of any other judge was merely administrative, but the office of Lord Chancellor was connected with the political department of the State. That argument was urged upon both Houses of Parliament upon the occasion of Sir Anthony Hart's removal, and there, therefore, appeared to be a strong difference between the office of Lord Chancellor and any other judge.

"I am anxious to prevent any differences of opinion taking place between members of the Bar by resolutions being entered into here, and counter-resolutions entered into elsewhere; and with great deference, but with the most perfect sincerity, I beg to suggest to the good sense of the gentlemen present, not to enter into any discussion, but to adjourn [at this suggestion the meeting resounded with cries of "No! No!" from all sides]. I do not wish to be understood as proposing that

course for their adoption. It is for the meeting to decide, and it is for me to hear their arguments."

Immediately after the venerable chairman had resumed his seat, Mr. Ellis proposed the first resolution—He said:

"Father of the Bar of Ireland—The absence of senior members of our profession, to which you have just now adverted, affords me, at all events, a fair excuse for rising, at this early stage of our proceeding; and frees me from the charge of presumption, in venturing to propose a resolution, which, whether it be considered in a professional or national point of view, is one of deep interest, and of high importance.

"It is no doubt true, sir, as you have observed, that in this court, crowded though it be with barristers to the very walls, there are not many of the seniors of our profession; but I cannot bring myself to attribute the absence of these gentlemen to disapproval of our proceedings—I cannot bring myself to think it possible that members of the Irish Bar can be found so devoid of every sentiment of patriotism—so destitute of all interest in the dignity of their profession, and in the honour of their country—as to sanction directly, or to support indirectly, the appointment of Englishmen and Scotchmen to the Irish Judicial Bench, except upon terms of perfect reciprocity to Ireland. But if, indeed, such men exist, it appears that they are ashamed to show their faces to the public; for although our proceedings have been all open and well known—although this meeting has been regularly convened, according to established form, by you, sir, as father of the Bar—they have hitherto had prudence to absent themselves, and the decency to remain silent.

"I have the honour, sir, to propose to the assembled Bar of Ireland, the following resolution:—

"That inasmuch as all judicial appointments in England are made

for the English Bar, so all judicial appointments in Ireland ought to be from the Irish Bar.

This resolution speaks for itself. It asserts a single fact, and expresses a single opinion. The fact asserted by my resolution is, that all appointments to the English Judicial Bench have been made, without exception, from the Bar of England. The truth of this assertion is unquestioned and unquestionable.

“The opinion which my resolution expresses, and which I respectfully, but earnestly, urge this great meeting to affirm, is, that whilst this rule of promotion governs the English appointments, a similar rule of promotion ought also to govern the appointments in Ireland. That inasmuch as the English Judicial Bench is thus filled, without exception, from the Bar of England, so also ought the Irish Judicial Bench to be filled, without exception, from the Bar of Ireland. If it be right, and just, and honest towards the English Bar, and towards the English people, that the Judicial Bench in England should be filled by English lawyers, is it not also right, and just, and honest, towards the Irish Bar, and towards the Irish people, that the Judicial Bench in Ireland should be filled with Irish lawyers? The principle involved in this resolution is merely the principle of equality between the British and the Irish people—a principle for which the Articles of the Union profess to be a guarantee, and for which the honour of England is pledged to be a security—a principle upon which alone the Union can be insisted on by any Irishman of honesty, or submitted to by any Irishman of patriotism. Without the admission of this principle, both in theory and practice, never can there—never ought there to be peace in this country; and he who denies this principle, declares eternal war with Ireland.

“I have said that no appoint-

ment of an Irish lawyer to the English Bench was ever effected,—one such appointment was, indeed, attempted. The case is notorious; and never ought that case to be erased from the memory of the Bar of Ireland. In 1827, Lord Plunket, who is now ignominiously thrust out of office, to make way for a Scotchman, was appointed to the Mastership of the Rolls in England. How did the English Bar act in that case? The English Bar, upon that occasion, declared ‘that no judicial appointment in England ought to be made except from the English Bar;’ and so just and true was that declaration then thought to be, and so fully and strongly did the public opinion in England support the English Bar upon that occasion, that a strong government was forced to yield to it; and Lord Plunket resigned his office. Is this principle true and just in England, and not true and just in Ireland? Yes; it is true and just also in Ireland; and nothing is wanting to its maintenance, but a manly and united assertion of it. I have heard some assert that the Bar of Ireland was inferior in legal knowledge to that of England; but I have not yet met with any one hardy enough to maintain that the Irish Bar was inferior to the English Bar in courage and in manly feeling. Approve yourselves in this respect, at least, their equals. As the English Bar acted in the case of Lord Plunket, so let the Irish Bar act this day in the case of Lord Campbell. I do not ask the Bar of Ireland to make a precedent, but only to follow one which has been already made, and which has proved successful. This do, and you shall be saved for ever from provincial degradation.

“I have carefully avoided making any observations which could awaken political feelings; and I have framed my resolution with a similar object. Ireland is the only party I ask you, by this resolution, to sustain. The

resolution which I have the honour to submit to this meeting of the Bar, is not a Whig resolution—nor a Tory resolution—nor a Repeal resolution—but an Irish resolution; and in calling upon you to affirm the principle embodied in my resolution, I do not call upon you to support the Whigs, or to maintain the Tories; but to support the dignity of your common profession; and to maintain the honour of your common country.” Mr. John Lloyd Fitzgerald seconded the resolution.

Mr. W. T. M'Cullagh said—“Father of the Bar of Ireland, your predecessors in that chair presided over a high-minded and honourable, because an honoured and respected, profession. We are met here to day to defend that honour—to declare that we are the true and legitimate sons of the men of better days—to resist, by legal and temperate expostulation, the invasion of our privileges and the subversion of our rights. We have been told, sir, that we have no rights—nor right to speak of rights. I have been told, sir, by men for whose bearing and station I entertain the highest respect, that it is our duty to submit unobtrusively to every and to any mistake of the prerogative—to every and to any caprice of party power. As a lawyer and a free man, I deny it. I know my duty to authority. I am no advocate for treating authority with disrespect. If the Queen shall be so misadvised as to send an unfit stranger here as Chancellor, our duty, which we lament, is to obey. But until such an irrevocable act is done—until an opportunity for remonstrance has been had—until the ministerial counsellors of the Crown have been reasoned with upon the injury and insult they are, perhaps, heedlessly about to inflict—I say we have a clear and indisputable right to assemble here—here in our own halls—not to question or to beard the prerogative of the Crown, but

respectfully to deprecate its misdirection and misuse. Every prerogative of Majesty is exercised through the medium of ministers. Why? It was not always so; why has it been made so? Wherefore, if not in order that the feelings and the interests of those with regard to whom the prerogative is exercised should the more directly and distinctly be expressed and made known? I trust, sir, that there is spirit and independence enough remaining in the outer bar to disregard the threat which has been this day resorted to, and that before we leave this room we will, without either heat or passion, but in the calm and deliberate language of free and educated men, express, as is our right and I think our duty to do, our conviction that the minister who bids her Majesty send a foreign Chancellor here, does a grievous wrong to our profession. But I am told that to remonstrate, or to petition, is unconstitutional. Sir, this is new doctrine in these days. If we came here to enter into any discussion for frustrating an act of prerogative when complete, that would, I own, be unconstitutional; if we came here to question the Queen's authority, or dispute her prerogative, that would be unconstitutional; if we assembled here to hector one another on to wild or rash resolves, that might be unconstitutional; but to tell me that to meet by deliberate requisition, to lay our dutiful and loyal remonstrance at the foot of the Throne, against an unpopular and injurious act, does violence to the letter or the spirit of the constitution, is unfounded in reason, fact, or history. Thank God, we are here without party distinctions.

“And are there no solid objections to Sir J. Campbell? What does this stranger know of equity? What does he know of the peculiarity of the Irish statute law? What does he know of the customs or things, such as he would have

daily to adjudicate upon? What right on earth has he to thrust himself upon a hostile Bar? Sir, it is no mean element of the due administration of justice, that mutual respect and good will should subsist between the Bench and the Bar; but what good will can be imagined towards a man who must be held down upon the woollack by the sheer power of the Crown? Or what respect can the accomplished practitioners of our Chancery Bar feel towards a man, whom they will have to school in the rudiments of Equity practice before he can venture on the most ordinary decisions? Or is it because this intruder on our legitimate honours and emoluments has submitted to be passed over in his own country, that he is to be flung to us? Sir John Campbell was Attorney-General in 1837, when the English Mastership of the Rolls became vacant—why was he not made an Equity judge then? Sir John Campbell was Attorney-General when the English Seals were given away—why was he not made Chancellor of England then? And are we to be told that any tame offcast from the Bar of England is good enough for the highest place before our Bench? But, forsooth, we are illiberal; not more so, at all events, than the Bar of England proved themselves when our illustrious countryman, Lord Plunket, was named to an office among them. Sir, this cry of illiberality is a wretched affectation, 'tis the whine of a spirit that has not the energy of self-respect, or of country, or of freedom.' This is that candour which Canning so happily described as belonging to

The steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country but his own.

"Liberality is a fine thing when we can afford it; all I contend for is, that we cannot afford it here. Think

what the Bar of Ireland was when every ray of talent in the kingdom was drawn magically to this dome, as to a mighty focus, each lending its contributive aid to enhance the light and glory of the nation—a glory which you, by your cowardice, may hide for a season, but which, I tell you, lives in the memory of the the country, and shall never pass away. What was that glory?—a borrowed, lent, mimicked, alien, imported, Caledonian lustre? No, a thousand times, no. 'Twas the indigenous glory of a self-judged people. And if you want your profession to regain the lofty rank it once enjoyed—if you desire the Bar of Ireland to be that which it formerly was when Plunket thundered, and Bushe shed exceeding light, and Curran pierced the gloom of unhappy times with an eloquence rending and scathing even as the lightning—if you have a memory, or a pride, or a hope in you for the honour of the Irish Bar, I call on you to pass this resolution as one man."

The Father of the Bar then proceeded to put Mr. Ellis's resolution, and his demand, "that all who were of opinion that it should pass would say aye," was answered by a united shout of assent from the entire meeting. Upon his putting the question in the negative, there was not a single voice raised for its rejection. And when the venerable chairman announced that the resolution had passed unanimously, the intelligence was received with a burst of applause, and cheering, and clapping of hands, which continued for several minutes."

Mr. Battersby¹ said, "he had come to the meeting without any previous communication with the gentlemen who had procured it to be called, and without knowing what resolutions were to be proposed; but upon such consideration as he was

¹ Now one of Her Majesty's Counsel and Judge of the Provincial Court of the Arch-bishop of Dublin, up to the passing of the Irish Church Act.

enabled to give the subject there, he was quite confirmed in the opinion that it would be better not to pass the resolution then in question, as he thought it would have the appearance of a direct attempt to interfere with the prerogative of her Majesty,¹ and he would therefore move, as an amendment,—That the Father of the Bar be requested to take measures for having the first resolution published. Mr. Battersby said he most cordially concurred in the first resolution. He came there to support such sentiments as it expressed ; and although he respected old age, and was willing to admit that seniority, when it combined judgment matured by long experience with the confidence and decision of character which a life of upright and independent exertion confers, entitled the possessor to all the deference that youth could bestow—yet, if from an old age too much advanced to retain anything of original vigour, or from that over-caution or too-anxious concern for personal interests, which sometimes attend the decline of life, those who ought to lead shrink from their proper place, he thought it no reproach if juniors should step forward to occupy the post which their natural leaders deserted ; and for himself, if he stood alone, he would abide by the terms of the one resolution. But before they adopted another resolution, not well considered, but going beyond the original object of the meeting (as he understood it), they ought to pause. To say that even the second resolution trenched upon the prerogative of the Crown, or that that meeting could contemplate, much less attempt, such a thing, was a mere chimera—it was simply ridiculous. Her Majesty could, of course, appoint whom she pleased ; her right to do so was unquestioned

and unquestionable.¹ But surely it was no encroachment on that right, humbly to pray her Majesty, that in its exercise she would be graciously pleased to treat her Irish subjects as the equals, and not as the inferiors, of her English and Scotch subjects ; and as she confides to members of the English and Scotch Bars, respectively and exclusively, all judicial offices in England and Scotland, that so she might be graciously pleased to confide all judicial offices in Ireland to members of the Irish Bar. He did deny the assumption—for it was assumed, though he never heard it asserted—that there was not a man in Ireland fit to fill the office of Chancellor. The Bar of England affect to despise us, and they will do so justly, if we tamely submit to the indignity ; as it is, they find their account in it, for the administrators of public affairs seem to consider their representation of themselves and us correct, and that they only are worthy to occupy all the judicial places in the colonies. And although our laws differ from those of England, and persons brought up at the Bar there are unacquainted with the peculiarities of our laws, as well as with the persons and characters of those who administer them here, and the manner and habits of the people for whom they are to be administered, none but an Englishman is thought competent to fill the highest judicial situation ; and yet, some think the Irish Bar not inferior to any other of her Majesty's subjects, either in loyalty to her illustrious house and person, or in capacity, natural or acquired.

“It is disheartening and degrading to find the honourable distinctions, which have been looked forward to as the just reward of a life of meritorious exertion, conferred on strangers, without any demerits on

¹ Query, Would the English Bar be so sensitive about Her Majesty's prerogatives, if a member of the Irish, and not of the English Bar, were appointed Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain ?

our part; unless, indeed, our birth in Ireland be such. We, every day, see the result of this course. A gentleman arrives from England, who can scarcely pronounce our names, much less know our characters, and then, either at random, or from some cause, which nobody but himself can devise, promotes obscure and undeserving persons above their equals and superiors. This is our situation, no matter what party is at the head of affairs.

“*Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur achiivi.*” Fair and honourable competition is denied us in all cases alike; principally owing to our own paltry and disgusting feuds, which render each of the parties that distract the country ready to submit to any indignity, provided it confer a temporary advantage over its opponent. In England it is otherwise, and when an Irishman was appointed Master of the Rolls there, that Bar sunk all differences, and headed, as was said, by Sir Edward Sugden, unanimously resisted what they thought an encroachment. Had they admitted Lord Plunket, there would have been reciprocity at least; but they can hardly blame us if we follow the example they have set us. Our leaders, it seems, fear to resist; but if we must submit, it should not be without complaint—that last and most pitiful resource of the aggrieved. To return, however, to the resolution. Her Majesty has the undoubted power of nominating the individual, and to use the words ‘rights of the Bar’ might seem to imply that these rights were invaded by the Crown. The resolution ought, in his opinion, to be altered.”

A second resolution was proposed by the late lamented Thomas Davis, and also carried, to the effect that a committee should be appointed to prepare an address to her Majesty, embodying the sentiments of the first resolution, and that it should be signed by the Father of the Bar

on the part of the profession, and forwarded to the Home Secretary for presentation.

A committee of the Irish Bar was appointed pursuant to this resolution. It met in the Law Library, at noon, on the 23rd June. Mr. H. Ellis was elected chairman of that committee. At five o’clock it had prepared the Bar Address. The draft of the address was committed to Mr. Ellis, who was charged by the committee to take the necessary steps to insure its presentation to the Queen.

In obedience to the direction of the committee, he had the address engrossed on the night of the 23rd of June; on the 24th it was brought to the Father of the Bar, and he affixed his signature to it. On the same day it was transmitted to the Home Office, together with a letter to Lord Normanby (at the time Home Secretary), requesting, on the part of the Bar of Ireland, “that he would present the address to the Queen at the earliest opportunity, and that he would lend to it such support as his knowledge of the talents of the Irish Bar, and of the disposition of the Irish people, would induce his lordship to believe it merited.”

The Bar Address reached the Home Office. It was acknowledged, but not presented. It was, however, published in every newspaper in Ireland, and supported by the entire Irish press with a noble unanimity. Every journal, every public body, every private individual in Ireland denounced the Campbell job. The waves of popular indignation rose hourly higher and higher, and beat against the tottering fabric of the Melbourne Administration. The general election was at hand—the terror of the Government was extreme. Its last hope lay in the Irish constituencies. Lord Campbell was kept out of sight, and it was proposed to conciliate those constituencies by cancelling his appointment. A moment more and the

cause of justice would have triumphed, when one hundred and forty-four other members of the Bar rushed to the assistance of the trembling Government, protested against the prayer of the independent portion of the Bar, and enabled the Government, sheltered by their eminent names, to consummate the projected insult to the Bar and people of Ireland.

This celebrated protest was published in the *Evening Mail* of the 30th June, 1841. After reciting the proceedings of the Bar meeting of the 22nd of June, the protest proceeded in the following words:—"Having considered these resolutions, we, the undersigned members of the Irish Bar, deem it incumbent on us to state that we were not present at the above meeting. That we were adverse to the holding of it, and that we do not approve of

the principles of its proceedings. In thus declaring our opinion as opposed to that of a respectable portion of our profession, we do so in a spirit of perfect good feeling towards them, and we think that the most direct, plain, unequivocal, and manly course we can take, is to give our names to the public, and simply to express our individual *but concurrent dissent* from these resolutions."¹

On the 23rd of January, 1841, Lord Plunket held his last levee at his house, No. 18, Stephen's Green, N. Nearly all the judges, the serjeants, her Majesty's counsel, and the whole strength of the junior Bar attended. He then withdrew from public life, and spent much time on the Continent. At Rome, amidst the monuments of five-and-twenty centuries, he found much to amuse a fancy enriched in classic lore. Hewas then in his eighty-second year, but

¹ NOTE.—The following is a list of the names of the "Concurrent Dissentients:"—
 INNER BAR.—RICHARD W. GREEN, Serjeant; George Bennett, Q.C.; F. BLACKBURN, Q.C.; WILLIAM BROOKE, Q.C.; H. D. Grady, Q.C.; RICHARD KEATINGE, Q.C.; A. BREWSTER, Q.C.; George Blake Hickson, Q.C.; J. H. Blake, Q.C.; S. Collins, Q.C.; T. B. C. Smith, Q.C.; John B. Gilmore, Q.C.; John Smith Furlong, Q.C.; Thomas Staples, Bart., Q.C.; Henry Kemmis, Q.C.; Robert Haire, Q.C.; J. B. West, Q.C.; J. W. Bell, Q.C.; Maxwell Blacker, Q.C.—OUTER BAR: Robert Holmes, John Adams, J. R. Cooke, Thomas M'Kane, J. W. Ardill, LL.D.; Nicholas Mansergh, Peter Barlow, S. W. Creighton, John George, John F. Fosbery, Henry H. Joy, N. B. Rutherford, Bartholomew Clifford Lloyd, J. Freeman Hughes, Espine Batty, Francis Ball, John Adair, John O'Dwyer, Charles T. Webber, William Armstrong, James Hawkins, J. Hastings Otway, Richard Tudor, John Gumly, LL.D.; John G. Smyly, Walter H. Griffith, John Hunter, John Chambers, Daniel Kinahan, Francis Goold, Henry Carey, Wynham Goold, Arthur Edward Gayer, LL.D.; Robert R. Warren, Mountford Longfield, Francis M'Donagh, J. Haddock, Thomas Rice Henn, George Bruce, George Tomb, JAMES WHITESIDE, Christopher Coppinger, Carew Smyth, Richard Ga'de, Thomas Wright, Townsend M'Dermott, G. Digges La Touche, James Doherty, D. R. Courtney, James Rogers, Thomas De Moleyns, Henry Martley, Matthew O'Connor, Oliver Sproule, Robert Bowen, Robert F. Franks, Richard Martin, Joseph Moore La Barte, E. H. Scriven, Richard Rose, Henry M. Pilkington, R. Chambers Walker, John Mackay, Simeon Hardey, Frederick Lindsay, Dominick M'Causland, Thomas R. Miller, R. Cotten Walker, Edward Pennefather, jun.; Echlin Molyneux, Charles Maturin, Daniel McCarthy, John F. Lynch, James J. Hardey, James Wynne, Thomas Vesey Nugent, James Haire, T. W. White, W. W. Lynch, Llewellyn Nash, Robert Longfield, William Gorman, Robert St. George Mayne, Joseph O'Leary, J. F. Townsend, Samuel Yates Johnstone, W. H. E. Woodright, Robert O'Reilly, C. D. Savage, Robert Smith, John Glascott, N. D. Lane, Robert Vance, L. G. Rynd, R. J. Lane, Samuel Head, E. H. Hatchel, W. H. Filgate, Edward Wright, Robert D. McCreedy, William Smith, Charles Hill, James B. Hewson, J. G. P. Atthill, William Conway Morgan, Chichester Bolton, M. Atkinson, Edward Spencer Dix, William Meara, H. M. Quinan, Edward H. Burroughs, John S. Townsend, jun., George Dy. Stephens, Gabriel Stokes, William Westropp Brereton, Samuel Ferguson, John L. Brien, William Murray, William Cotter Kyle, William Monk Gibbon, LL.D.; W. B. Drury, Robert James Berkely, John Keown, John Lyons, Thomas Jones.

"his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated,"¹ and he still found pleasure in musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol. Each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, were at once present to his eye. He remained in the Eternal City until the spring of 1843, and then returned to Ireland, and settled at Old Connaught, in the county Wicklow, where he had little to occupy his once active mind.

The dotage of old age came there upon him, and the mighty mind of Lord Plunket was gone for years before death came to him with a merciful release. At length, surrounded by his children, and his children's children, he breathed his last, on Wednesday, the 4th of January, 1854, being then in his 90th year.² On the following Saturday, his corse, attended by many faithful friends and mourners, was borne to Mount Jerome Cemetery, near Dublin, and there, in the family vault of the Plunkets, was interred all that remained of one of the most distinguished and best of Irishmen whose names are recorded on the pages of history.

Lord Plunket's term of office had extended over ten years; and from the decrees made by him during that time there were thirty-eight appeals taken, and of these eighteen were affirmed, and twenty reversed. In one case, *Stokes and Heron*, he made a decree which Sir Edward Sugden reversed, but, on appeal to the House of Lords, the three Law Lords concurred in reversing the judgment of Sir Edward Sugden, and affirming that of Lord Plunket. In the case of *Creed and Creed* also, Sir Edward Sugden reversed Lord Plunket's decree, which the Lords also set up.³

We should not omit another case of conflict between the judg-

ments of Lord St. Leonards (Sir Edward Sugden) and Lord Plunket, in which the latter had decidedly the advantage—*Shaw v. Lawless*.⁴ It was heard before Lord Plunket in 1833—his decree was reversed by Sir Edward Sugden in 1835—but the House of Lords, on appeal, restored the decree of Lord Plunket.

As an orator Lord Plunket was unsurpassed—we believe we may say unequalled—by any of his contemporaries. A few may have displayed more elegance of style and greater powers of pathos; but in close, sustained reasoning, conveyed in the clearest and choicest language, in powers of sarcasm and of passionate invective, he was without a rival. As an extemporaneous speaker, his mastery of the resources of the English language was superior to that of the eminent men who contended with him at the Irish Bar; and in that respect he has never since been equalled. Lord Brougham, in his interesting sketch of Chief-Justice Bushe, speaks of "the condensed and vigorous demonstration of Plunket;" and of "those marvellous figures sparingly introduced, but whenever used, of an application to the argument absolutely magical." He speaks also of his "chastened abstinence," and "absolute freedom from all the vices of the Irish school"—qualities which he awards equally to the eloquent and accomplished Bushe. Mr. William Henry Curran, in his "Sketches of the Irish Bar," published in 1822, thus describes Plunket when in the maturity of his powers as a lawyer:—"Of all the eminent lawyers I have heard, he seems to me to be the most admirably qualified for the department of his profession in which he shines. His mind is at

¹ Deuteronomy, xxxiv. 7.

² Vide "Dublin Evening Packet," of Saturday, 7th January, 1854.

³ Vide Note by William Dwyer Ferguson, LL.D., to Life of Lord Plunket, in White-side's "Early Sketches of Eminent Persons," p. 192.

⁴ Vide 5th Vol. of Clarke and Finnelly, House of Lords Cases, p. 139.

once subtle and comprehensive : his language clear, copious, and condensed : his powers of reasoning are altogether wonderful. Give him the most complicated and doubtful case to support—with an array of apparently hostile decisions to oppose him at every step—the previous discussion of the question has probably satisfied you that the arguments of his antagonists are neither to be answered nor evaded—they have fenced round the rights of their clients with all the great names in Equity—Hardwicke, Camden, Thurlow, Eldon. Mr. Plunket rises—You are deeply attentive, rather from curiosity to witness a display of hopeless dexterity than from any uncertainty about the event. He commences by some general undisputed principle of law, that seems, perhaps, at the first view, not to bear the remotest relation to the matter in controversy ; but to this he appends another and another, until by a regular series of connected propositions he brings it down to the very point before the Court, and insists—nay, demonstrates—that the Court cannot decide against him without violating one of its own most venerated maxims. Nothing can be more masterly than the manner in which all this is done. There is no ostentation of ingenuity or research. Everything is clear, simple, and familiar ; you assent without a struggle to each separate conclusion. It is only when you are brought to the ultimate result that you startle at the consummate skill of the logician, who, by wily and imperceptible approaches, has gained a vantage-point from which he can descend upon his adversaries and compel them to abandon a position that was deemed impregnable. But Lords Hardwicke, Thurlow, Camden, &c., are said to be against him. The advocate accordingly proceeds to examine each of these authorities in detail—he analyses their language by distinc-

tions that seem natural and obvious, but which in reality are most subtle ; he shows how capable it is of various interpretations ; he confronts the construction contended for by conflicting decisions of the same judges on other and similar occasions ; he points out unsuspected anomalies that would arise from adopting the interpretation of his adversaries, and equally unsuspected accordances with general principles that would follow his own. He thus goes on, until by reiterated processes of matchless sagacity he has either neutralised or absolutely brought over to support himself all the authorities upon which his opponents most firmly relied ; and he sits down leaving the Court, if not a convert to his opinion, at least grievously perplexed to detect and explain the fallacies upon which it rests. . . . There is one peculiarity in his powers which, to be adequately comprehended, must be actually witnessed—I allude to his capacity (in which he exceeds every public speaker I ever heard) of pouring out, I would almost say indefinitely, a continuous unintermitted volume of thought and language. In this respect I look upon Mr. Plunket going through a long and important argument in the Court of Chancery to be a most extraordinary exhibition of human intellect. For hours he will go on and on with unwearied rapidity, 'arguing, defining, illustrating, separating intricate facts, laying down subtle distinctions, prostrating an objection here, pouncing upon a fallacy there, then retracing his steps and re-stating in some original point of view his general proposition ; then flying off again to the outskirts of the question, and dealing his desultory blows with merciless reiteration wherever an inch of ground remains to be cleared ; and during the whole of this, not only does not his vigour flag for a single instant, but his mind does not even pause for a topic, an

idea, or an expression." The same writer observes, "That Plunket's language and views in the House of Commons discover a mind that has thoroughly escaped the noxious influence of his professional habits. He has shown that it is possible for the same person to be a most subtle and dexterous disputant upon a technical subject, and a statesman-like reasoner upon a comprehensive one."

In the month of November of the succeeding year, 1855, a meeting¹ of the Bar, convened by requisition, was held in the Barristers' Library, Four Courts, for the purpose of considering the propriety of raising a testimonial to the memory of the late Chancellor, Lord Plunket.

Sir Thomas Staples, Father of the Bar, having been called to the chair, Sir Colman O'Loughlen and Mr. Robert Johnson were then appointed secretaries to the meeting.

The Right Hon. William Keogh, her Majesty's Attorney-General (now one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas), proposed and the Right Hon. Abraham Brewster, Q.C., afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, seconded the first resolution:—"Resolved—That we desire to express our deep respect for the memory of the late Lord Plunket, as well as our admiration of the integrity, learning, eloquence, and ability which so eminently marked his illustrious career in the University, at the Bar, in the Senate, and on the Bench."

The Chairman put the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Right Hon. Joseph Napier (afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland) moved the next resolution:—"Resolved—that it is our wish to record these our sentiments by an appropriate testimonial to his memory."

"Lord Plunket" he said "entered the Dublin University at the early age of 15. Though opposed to and confronted with the ablest competitors, he became more than ordinarily distinguished in classics and science. In the celebrated year 1782 he was a Scholar, and in 1784 he achieved a signal collegiate triumph. In 1787 he was called to the Irish bar, and if any young friends wished to see a specimen of his earlier powers let them read his speech before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. The Duke of Wellington was on that committee. Plunket was there with other able men, Beresford, Burrowes, &c. That speech of his in vindication of the rights of the minor scholars, was a miracle of eloquence and argument. It was thus interesting to see how deeply he laid the foundation of his future eminence and success. His love of classical lore and of logical acquirements, not crammed for a temporary purpose, but sedulously cultivated, adhered to him throughout his career. He used to say that many of his happiest thoughts were gathered from his perusal of Livy and Sallust, rather than from the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes. It would be indeed desirable if his speeches were collected and published. They would form a delightful and valuable study. The Attorney-General had alluded to the noble stand he made in the House of Commons against the proposed Act of Union. He struggled to the last with all his energy and ability, to withstand what he believed would be detrimental to his country, but the moment the die was cast, the moment the irreversible junction had taken place, then he realised his maxim, *fieri non debet factum*, and his after life was an attempt by every exertion to falsify the predic-

¹ For a full report of this meeting, vide "Freeman's Journal" and "Saunders's News-Letter" of the 28th November, 1855.

tions he had made with regard to the effect of that measure." Our narrow space prevents us from giving the remainder of this eloquent speech *in extenso*. Having spoken at great length on the gigantic intellect and the qualities of mind and heart which made Lord Plunket the first man of his time, he thus concluded—"Where are the mighty men of former times? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality, and yet let the name and dignity of Plunket live on in the affectionate remembrance of a grateful people.

"Gone, all are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
But true men, like you men,
Will remember them with pride."

The Right Hon. James Whiteside, Q.C., seconded the resolution. He said—"An unexpected compliment had been conferred upon him, in asking him to address his brethren of the Bar on that solemn and affecting occasion, when they met to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of departed greatness. Meetings of that description of the Bar were rare, because nature was not prodigal of great men. They were now about to pay a mark of respect to one of the greatest advocates, and to the greatest man the country ever produced. They found him at the Bar contending against men who for the variety and splendour of their abilities were never surpassed at any profession, and in the Irish Parliament thundering invectives into the ears of ministers who could

not be moved from their purpose by his eloquent fury.

"Allusion had been made to the speeches delivered by Lord Plunket, but there was one occasion to which he should refer, for if he believed that Lord Plunket had done what he was falsely charged with doing, on the trial of the unfortunate Emmett, it would be his (Mr. Whiteside's) duty to resist the vote they were called upon to give.¹

"It was said that he insulted a dying and defenceless man. The answer was that it was false, absolutely false. He conceived it to be an important question to discuss, and he had read all the reports he could meet with of that painful trial,² and was unable to find a trace of the fact.

"It was not, then, true that Lord Plunket insulted that unhappy man, but it was true that the Attorney-General of the day requested Lord Plunket, when Emmett offered no evidence and would not suffer his counsel to address the court, to make that speech in order that he might deliver a practical exhortation to the rest of his Majesty's subjects, to warn them from pursuing the same course as the misguided but brilliant young man who stood there, with no fearing heart, in the dock. The memory of Lord Plunket, then, was clear of the heavy stain which was attempted to be cast on it.

"Lord Plunket reached the Bench ; his course through life was brilliant, but we cannot forbear to notice the close of that distinguished life. He was expelled from the

¹ NOTE.—Plunket was one of the counsel for the prosecution on the trial of Robert Emmett, and his conduct on that occasion exposed him to great and unmerited reproach—so much so that he was compelled to resort to a public vindication of his character. It was industriously circulated that he had been a constant guest of Emmett's father, at whose table he had inculcated political principles upon the son which now brought him to his grave ; and to give credit to the rumour, a passage was interpolated in the report of Emmett's address to the Court, in which the dying enthusiast was made to pronounce a bitter invective against "the viper that his father had nurtured in his bosom." Mr. Plunket instituted legal proceedings against a London journal in which the libel was inserted, and obtained a verdict. He also published an affidavit positively denying every material fact in the accusation.

² Vide Ridgeway's Report of that trial.

Bench, not by his political enemies, but by his political friends; he was expelled against the sense of the profession, against the opinion of the people, and under extraordinary circumstances. He was thrust aside in his old age after he had, by his surprising eloquence, done the greatest service to the party to which he lent his talents. Some said it was a job, but he (Mr. Whiteside) said it was an experiment made to discover whether the honest, independent policy of the Bar of Ireland still existed. Let the Bar ask themselves, would this have occurred if they were true to themselves? If their most able advocate, after a life of distinction, could be thus dealt with, what might not be done with themselves?

"It was incumbent on the Bar to consider it well, if they intended to preserve their existence. He (Mr. Whiteside) felt as an Irishman, when he was called to such a meeting as that, it was his duty to speak what he honestly believed; he would gladly second the resolution, and he was sure that no monument that could be raised to the memory of Lord Plunket could be too beautiful to record his virtues, his talents, and his patriotism."

Mr. Hercules Ellis "had not intended to speak, but he wished to advert to some observations of Mr. Whiteside's to the effect that the removal of Lord Plunket from the Bench had been an experiment, to test the power of resistance to aggression possessed by the Irish Bar. He (Mr. Ellis) had protested, on the struggle made by the Irish Bar, against that aggression, and a resolution was passed, claiming for the Irish Bar the privilege of having judicial situations in Ireland filled from amongst their own body, as the same privilege had been always maintained by the English Bar. It was due to the men of the Irish Bar, who had acted nobly and strenuously in resisting that aggres-

sion, to state that Mr. Whiteside was not amongst the supporters of that resolution. (*Laughter and cheers*).

"But there was a dissentient resolution, to the effect of entailing on them for six years after, the humiliation of an English Lord Chancellor (Sir Edward Sugden). That counter resolution was signed by 144 members of the Bar, whilst the honourable men who resisted the infliction of that humiliation were black marked, and were now many of them dispersed over the earth. He (Mr. Ellis) felt it a duty that it should not be said that such an aggression had been made without a manly effort to withstand and oppose it." The resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

The Solicitor-General (Right Hon. John D. Fitzgerald, now one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench) moved that a committee be appointed, with power to add to their number, to carry this purpose into effect.

Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C. (now Lord O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland) seconded the motion. He said, "He was sure there was no man in Ireland, who felt the honour of his profession and the character of his country, who would not rejoice to co-operate in paying a tribute to the memory of one whose faculties and noble endowments contributed so much to exalt the one and the other. There were some questions upon which some of them did not agree with Lord Plunket; many of his acts of which some might disapprove; but be their sect what it might be—be their party what it might be, they would all recognise him as a great Irishman, great in understanding, great in resolution, whose glory was the common possession of them all. In the early part of his public life, when great men were amongst them, when genius had still its career in Ireland, when national

spirit was permitted to enlarge the faculties and ennoble the minds of Irishmen, he stood in the first rank of that illustrious array of statesmen and of lawyers who had left to them, in the remembrance of their great endowments and their high achievements, a possession which they could never willingly let perish.

“When Plunket passed into a higher sphere of action and matched himself with the powerful statesmen of England, they all knew what triumphs his masculine eloquence achieved : what respect his classical intellect commanded, and how from time to time he advanced the landmarks of liberty and human progress, and they well knew with what moral power he sustained himself in circumstances of trial, of embarrassment, and discouragement in a strange legislature, and at the same time sustained the reputation of his native land.

“They had heard of the eloquence, wit, and learning of Plunket, and the forensic powers of Plunket ; but he (Mr. O’Hagan) could only say this, that they should above all remember the moral aspect of Plunket’s character, and as Irish barristers, remember the manly independence and self-sacrificing public spirit which he displayed at the various parts of his long career.

“They should remember that they were told to maintain the independence of their profession, and when they were told that it lay with themselves to say whether they ought to be exalted or trampled under foot—that it was by individual independence and individual purity they would be enabled to maintain the independence of that profession,—let them remember that Plunket was a struggling man, when he met few in the world to worship him, and few to smile upon him, and, while being poor, felt within himself the impulse of that ambition which conscious power and powerful talents might have justified him in cultivat-

ing. Plunket even then preferred duty to place or riches, and was content to descend to the humble position of an Irish working barrister, to abandon the inducements of great offices, and the glory of political distinctions, when he could not enjoy them in entire consistency with his principles and his honour.”

The resolution was then put from the chair and carried unanimously.

Serjeant Howley moved that Serjeant Berwick and Mr. Robert Longfield be appointed treasurers, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to carry out the purpose of the meeting.

Mr. Butt, Q.C., said, “I have been requested to second the resolution which has just been proposed. So much has been said, and well said, that even at an earlier hour of the day I could only claim the privilege of expressing how deeply I feel the honour of being permitted to take any part, however humble, in the demonstration of to-day, in this tribute of respect on the part of the Bar of Ireland to the memory of that great Irishman to whom we pay our homage.

“May I add that since I entered this room, as I heard preceding speakers refer to the angry and stormy scenes of political strife in the life of this great man, whose fame is now the common property of us all, I could not help feeling the contrast which is exhibited, and the unanimity with which men of all creeds and parties have united this day to do homage to his memory? And yet at no period of his life—not in the noblest pride of his intellect, not in the zenith of his popularity, not in the highest exaltation of his power—could such a meeting have been assembled to do him honour. Not when in the Irish House of Commons he nobly fought the battle which he believed to be that of his country’s independence. Not when, in the British Senate, he advocated with matchless power the claims

of multitudes of his Catholic countrymen to a full participation of all the rights of the British Constitution. Since half a century ago he filled the office of Attorney-General, to the hour that removed him from the scene of busy life, could it have been possible that all creeds and parties at the Irish Bar could have united to pay to his living intellect the homage which cheerfully and with one heart and soul we offer to his memory when he is gone?

"May I venture to paraphrase one of those sentences in which his genius has expressed majestic thoughts in words that are immortal, and say that for those precious inheritances which belong to us in the genius of our great men, as well as for the muniments of our properties:—'Time has his hour-glass as well as his scythe, before which the noblest virtues and the highest intellects must be mown down. If in the one hand he carries the scythe, in the other hand he bears the hour-glass, by which are meted out the moments which conserve, as they pass, the memories of departed greatness, and year by year and day by day confirms to them the veneration which we pay to the recollection of the historical past.'"

This resolution also passed unanimously, and the meeting separated.

The charge brought by Mr. Ellis, at the above meeting, against the 144 members of the Bar who dissented from the resolutions adopted at the Bar meeting of the 22nd of June, 1841, called forth the following attempt at explanation in the shape of a letter signed, "An Irish Barrister."

"THE IRISH BAR.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY

"EXPRESS."

"SIR,—The observations of Mr. Hercules Ellis at the late meeting

of the Bar, in reference to the address to the Queen, adopted by certain members of the Bar on the 22nd June, 1841, on the occasion of Lord Campbell's appointment, and the protest against that address of the 30th June, 1841, being calculated to create mistaken impressions in the public mind as to the nature and effect of those proceedings, as if the former were calculated to support and the latter to degrade the independence of the Bar,—I think it due to the honour of the profession of which I am a member, as well as to the character of the individuals who signed that protest, to call public attention to the real facts of the case:

"In the first place, then, the address, though adopted at a meeting over which the late Mr. Dickson, then the Father of the Bar, presided, was only signed by 130 members of the profession, while the protest was signed by 144 members, including amongst the latter some of the most eminent names at the Bar, such as the late Lord Chancellor Blackburne, the present Master of the Rolls (the Right Hon. T. B. C. Smith) Baron Greene and others, none of whom, from their position and prospects at the Bar, can be suspected of having entertained any strong desire to establish the principle of invariably appointing an Englishman to the Irish Chancery Bench to their permanent exclusion from that office.

"In the next place, there was a still larger body of the profession, including the present chiefs and very many of the existing judges of the three law courts, who, while they abstained from signing the protest, nevertheless, absolutely refused to sign the address.

"Why did they do so? It could not have been from any principle of subserviency, for by refusing to sign the protest, they committed them-

¹ "Daily Express," 5th or 6th December, 1855.

selves to the assertion that the appointment of Lord Campbell was an insult to the Irish Bar, and could not be defended, and so far made themselves obnoxious to the dispensers of patronage at the other side of the water.

"What, then, was the true ground of the objection to the address? It was that the latter embodied and affirmed a principle that no friend to Imperial connection, to the thorough union between this country and Great Britain, could conscientiously sanction, viz., that none but members of the Irish Bar should be appointed to the Irish Bench. Such a principle is of course wholly untenable in the present relations between the two countries—nor if tenable is desirable.

"Can any one think that it would have been for the interest of Ireland, or even beneficial to the Bar itself, that an impassable barrier should have existed to the promotion of such men as Lord Redesdale, Sir Anthony Hart, Lord St. Leonard's, and the late Mr. Justice Burton, to the Irish Bench." [The writer has here failed to inform the public how many members of the Irish Bar were appointed to the English Bench from Lord Redesdale's time, 1802, to the departure of Sir Edward Sugden (Lord St. Leonards) from Ireland in 1846.]

"No, the truth is that, whether wilfully or ignorantly, the promoters of the movement in question have given it a wrong direction. Instead of insisting on a reciprocity which would have commanded universal support, they insisted on exclusion and suppression which no one could logically maintain, unless he were prepared to vote for a repeal of the Union.

"These, sir, were the reasons why so large a portion of the profession, either actively protested, or altogether abstained from participation in that address; and in my opinion it reflects no small credit on

the profession, that no feeling of personal disappointment or professional slight could render them blind or insensible to what was due to the interests of their country.

"Yours, &c.,

"AN IRISH BARRISTER."

Returning from our digression to the object of the Bar meeting of 1854—subscriptions were rapidly collected, and artists were invited to send in models or drawings for the proposed monument. Several designs were sent, and the committee selected the one forwarded by P. Macdowell, R.A., and that gentleman was commissioned to execute a life-like statue of Lord Plunket. In 1863 this work of art was set up in the Hall of the Four Courts, on a pedestal of polished Sienna marble, on which is placed this inscription:—"ERECTED BY THE BAR OF IRELAND." But Plunket needed no monuments of stone or of brass to perpetuate his memory. Well might he have said, in the language of the great Roman author,—

"EXEGI MONUMENTUM AERE PERENNIOUS."

Of that statue, many who remember Lord Plunket speak in terms of admiration.

It is unquestionably a fine work, though it has scarcely enhanced the high reputation of the sculptor. The modelling of the head is said to be admirable. The massive brow, the rugged features, the grave, severe, and thoughtful expression of countenance, are pourtrayed, we are told, with great truthfulness and power. Objection has, however, been taken to the style of costume selected—viz., the ordinary evening dress, tight body-coat, knee-breeches, and silk stockings of half a century ago. It is next to impossible in sculpture to render such a costume either graceful or dignified. Considering the place in which the statue is erected, it would have been more appropriate had Lord Plunket been represented in his robes as Lord

Chancellor, and we are satisfied that had this been done, Mr. Macdowell would have produced a much more impressive work.

Lord Plunket was succeeded at his death, in his title and estates, by his eldest son, Thomas, Lord Bishop of Tuam; and he having died, in 1867, without issue male, the title descended on his nephew, the Rev. and Hon. William C. Plunket, the present Baron, whose brother, the Hon. David Plunket, Q.C., now represents in the Imperial Parliament the University of Dublin, and who, to adopt the language of Mr. Gladstone, ever "uses those gifts of eloquence which he had so well inherited,"¹ on behalf of that University where he received his early training.

We have now brought our brief memoir of Lord Plunket to a close. Although occupying a place during four numbers of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, and extending over many pages, it is nevertheless but a short sketch of the public life of that great Chancellor. We have seen how from a comparatively humble origin, he acquired, long before the weight of years oppressed him, a coronet for himself, a mitre for his son, and honours and position for the rest of his family. His eloquence has long gained for itself the highest prize of fame. In a period eminent for intellectual distinction, both in Ireland and in England, he won for himself universal admiration. The labours of his contemporaries, too, were splendid. The whole period, from his call to the Bar to his last great speech in favour of Reform, was an unrelaxing struggle of the most powerful, practised, and vivid ability; and it is doubtful whether the force of the human mind exhibited in those remarkable days greater feats than Lord Plunket had accomplished—especially in the British Parliament. With the remembrance

of Pitt and Fox exacting the highest standard of parliamentary eloquence,—and with such men as Brougham, Canning, Romilly, Wyndham, and Horner, not ingloriously contending for the inheritance of their predecessors—we omit Grattan, for he was of an order quite distinct, and of another age of intellectual heroes—there appeared no room at the feast for a mere Irish pretender like Plunket. Irish eloquence was then a derision. "Our speech betrayeth us." Even Grattan's divine inspirations required the approving seal of Pitt before the House of Commons acknowledged that power which Chatham alone equalled. Plunket's certificate of character from the Irish House passed for nothing in England. It rather operated against him, for where so much had been expected there must be a corresponding effort of power to sustain so high an estimate, and Plunket fully justified the confident reliance of his country. The judgment of the Irish was confirmed by the unqualified and unreserved admiration of the British Parliament. He at once took up a position in the first rank of English orators. His supremacy was admitted by all even before he delivered those imperishable monuments of practical vigour combined with essential wisdom—of irresistible reasoning conveyed in stately, solemn, and classical language—his speeches on the Catholic question. These orations carried his reputation to the loftiest point, and identified him with the first masters of an art which counts fewer proficients than any other department of the human intellect. If Plunket had no other claims on the national gratitude than his inflexible and untiring devotion to that great cause, no monument could be too costly to commemorate the value, the vitality, and extent of his services. O'Connell often de-

¹ Vide Mr. Gladstone's Speech on the University Tests Bill,—*"Irish Times,"* 21st March, 1872.

clared that Plunket's wonderful reasoning had softened or subdued prejudices which stood proof against all antecedent efforts. He furnished a new and higher class of arguments to the advocates of the Catholic claims. They absorbed his whole being. He thought upon them, and thought deeply. His speeches on the question display profound meditation in every sentence ; and though Lord Brougham expressed astonishment how any man could have thrown off such compact masses of the closest reasoning with less effort than others did the ordinary dulness of debate, his lordship's surprise might have abated, had he been made aware of the previous processes which prepared Lord Plun-

ket for the display. Long meditation, profound reflection, a prodigious memory, and one of the finest instruments, in the shape of a severe and classic style, that ever subserved the requirements of a public speaker, were the springs of his power. And yet he spoke rarely ; but when he did, he left his "footprints on the sands of time."

Reporters for the Court of Chancery *tempore* Lord Plunket :—Irish Law Recorder, NS. ; Messrs. Lloyd¹ and Goold, barristers-at-law ; Messrs. Drury² and Walsh,³ barristers-at-law ; Mr. Haig, barrister-at-law, in the 1st and 2nd vols. of the Irish Equity Reports ; Mr. R. Deasy,⁴ in the 3rd vol. of the Irish Equity Reports.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

¹ Afterwards Chairman of the county Waterford.

² The present Registrar of the Court of Chancery.

³ Afterwards Master of the Rolls.

⁴ Now one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.



MYLES O'LOUGHLIN.

CHAPTER V.

THE THREE CLERKS.

"WHAT in the world is up this afternoon, that you can't take a walk with a fellow, Dick?"

"Don't I tell you that I have an engagement."

"Well, but what is the engagement? You usen't to be so very close and mysterious."

"Come, now, it is not for you to be telling me that I'm altered. It's you that's changed, and not up to any sort of fun now of a Sunday afternoon—the only time in the week when we poor fellows can have a moment to ourselves. I believe that fellow, Myles, has got round you and is going to make a Papist of you, you've got so particular."

"Heaven forbid that any one should ever make a Papist of me, or that I should ever dream of becoming one. But although I will honestly admit that Myles's example—Roman Catholic as he is—has caused me to ask myself many a time who is acting as the best Christian of us three, I would just ask you to remember that young fellows of his creed, as a rule, are not the least disposed people in this world to making Sunday into a holiday. If you want to charge me with becoming a saint, you had better ask if I am going to turn Scotch Presbyterian. But the plain truth is, that though I am no saint (goodness knows), I have for a long while past learnt to respect the unaffected piety of that fellow, Myles, and his strict compliance with the ordinances of his Church. When we're lying in bed of a Sunday morning at eight o'clock, he's off to chapel, wet or dry. On his fast days, old Mrs. Cakewell tells us, he only

eats half a meal at dinner. Indeed, I believe you or I would have been skeletons long ago if we had gone through Lent the way he has done. And yet there's no humbug about him. When one goes in on a Sunday afternoon, there he is quietly sitting reading his prayer-book, or whatever they call it, in the chimney-corner in the kitchen; but he'll tuck it into his pocket when one enters, and he'll chat away pleasantly, or come out for his walk, and be as lively as anybody, and not pull a long face, or tell one one's disturbing his devotions. Myles O'Loughlin, according to his lights, is an honestly religious man."

"D—n it, Billy, I'd swear he's making a Papist of you. It's enough to put one clean out of temper to hear you praising a fellow for fasting and reading a Popish prayer-book, with all the rot that's in it, and getting up early to go to chapel in the rain. Why, doesn't any fool know that they believe that their good works will make God their debtor, and oblige Him to give them Heaven?"

"Well, I can't pretend to say what they believe, for I'm not one of themselves; but all I know is, that, be their motives what they may, the results are far better than anything than the most of us can show. I'm not saying that they are right in their religion, for I know as well as you that it's as full as it can be of what is wrong. But I only wish that with our right and true religion, there was a little more of what is right and true among ourselves."

"You had better begin to read

their mass-book, and find out the secret for yourself, and become a good, honest Papist by doing so, instead of being a shilly-shally, bad Protestant!"

"Come, now," said the young man addressed, "have you ever looked into one of those books? I'll admit that they contain a lot of prayers and litanies to the Virgin and all the saints in the calendar, which my mind utterly revolts at. To look at them makes me wonder, sometimes, that those who composed, or those who use them, can call themselves Christians at all; but——"

"Well, I'm glad to see you've some sense in you yet, but what are you '*butting*' about? Sure there can be no *buts* in the matter. It's all bad together."

"Hear me out! I was going to say that in the same books you'll find every single epistle and gospel that we have in our own prayer-book; and I'll be bound that it's them that Myles reads far oftener than he reads the litanies to saints or Virgin. And a better set of Scripture selections than those same epistles and gospels for helping to make a man a good practical Christian, with God's grace, it would be difficult to find."

"There! wasn't I sure of it. You're for garbling the Bible like the rest of them. D—d if I can have the patience to talk to you any more. Be off with you, do, and walk with your dearly-beloved Papisher! He'll do good to your Protestant soul of a Sunday, won't he? As for me, I can't be staying here any longer. I must be after a metal more attractive."

"There! You've let it out at last! I more than suspected the nature of your engagement all along, and now I know what it is. You're after that O'Brien girl again."

"Well, and if I am—what of that? I'm sure it's nothing to you."

"Oh, of course, it's nothing to me; only as one who has been your

friend for so long, and who, for all you've just been saying, hasn't the least desire to quarrel with you now, I would really beg you to let me warn you——"

"Faith it's myself that'll be quarrelling with *you* pretty quick, if you go on canting at me that way much longer."

"Dick! my dear Dick! you know your father has given you more than one rowing already for keeping company with her! and he has solemnly declared to you that, with his consent, marry her you never shall. And to talk to me about being friends with Papishers! You can find it in your heart to court a Papish girl fast enough when it pleases you. And I'm sure there's far more danger in that, whatever way you take it."

"Tut, tut, stuff and nonsense! I'll make a Protestant of her fast enough when I marry her. I know the old boy won't hold out very long when he see's I am determined."

"Don't make too sure! I really——"

"Ah, bother! what an old croaker you are. If you haven't a pleasant word for a fellow going out to spend a right happy afternoon with the girl he loves, your company's little worth. So good-bye, my fine Papish Protestant!"

Poor Willy Lawson was doomed to be left alone that Sunday afternoon; for Myles O'Loughlin was not in the chimney-corner when he went to seek him at Mrs. Cakewelis, after his friend and fellow-clerk, Dick Lighthead, had left him in anger for the more congenial company of Kitty O'Brien, the pretty little niece of an old Roman Catholic farmer and his wife, who cultivated a plot of some eight acres, some two miles or so out of town.

Myles had been asked out for the afternoon to Mr. Vellum's; and it was not the first time he had been asked there, nor the second, nor the third. Mr. Vellum had taken a great

fancy to our hero ; so had Mrs. Vellum ; and so—if we are to believe what the gossips said—had Miss Vellum—a pretty fair-haired doll of seventeen.

Willy Lawson felt a little bit jealous sometimes of this attention showed to his friend Myles, in spite of all his admiration for him. For was not he of far older standing than Myles in the office, and of better extraction out of it? And did he not oftentimes dream of that dolly's face which had ever attracted his wandering eyes in church? And yet he had scarcely ever been asked to the Vellum's ; and never to spend a whole afternoon ; never but to a formal tea.

We have been waiting for a fitting opportunity to inform our readers that the conversation between the two young men which we have just related took place some four years after Myles had come as office boy to Mr. Vellum's, and that our hero was now an articulated clerk. He had given such entire satisfaction to his employer, and proved himself so steady and persevering, and furthermore, so quick and intelligent, that the worthy solicitor had learnt to consider him a real treasure ; and to place more confidence in him than in either of the other two young men whose dialogue we have just been narrating, and who, as the reader will of course have guessed, were the pair whom Myles found occupying the lower office on his first arrival.

From the conversation in question, it will have been seen that one, at least, of the young men—Willy Lawson—was on the high road to improvement (though by no means, as his friend jeeringly insinuated, on the high road to Rome)! And it was by Myles's good example that his improvement had been wrought.

But Willy's companion and chum had long been a source of uneasiness to Mr. Vellum. He was becoming careless in business, in proportion as

he was becoming prone to idle company out of doors.

His evenings were not always spent soberly ; and he was not unconscious of the charms of card-playing—a dangerous amusement for young men in his position.

Although it was upon Dick that Mr. Vellum had particularly kept a quiet eye for some time past, it is not to be wondered at that he associated Willy to a certain degree with him ; and fought a little shy of him too, as though he were a bird of the same feather, while he admitted Myles—the quondam ragged cobbler—to the privacy of his home, and the society of his wife and pretty little daughter.

That self-same pretty little daughter was a thorough pet, whom no one could fail to like and to admire. She had not an ounce of affectation in her composition—was full of warmheartedness and fun, but not boisterous fun. She was no hoyden. And she was exceedingly pretty, with a beautiful pink and white complexion, light hair, of an almost golden hue, falling down her back in natural ringlets, eyebrows and eyelashes darker than her hair, and eyes dark, large, and lustrous. A beautiful doll was she ; aye, and more than a doll, for she was full of love and affection, and no one could fail to be attracted by her warmth of manner and disposition.

Fortunate Myles ! to be admitted to close intimacy of a family which contained such a gem ! Aye, and more fortunate still, when he was suffered to feel that this pearl or great price was one which he might some day aspire to the possession of—he, the poor cobbler's son !

Of course, he was becoming desperately in love with her—he who so constantly spent his Sunday afternoons in her society, and was allowed to walk about with her wheresoever he would, as if they were brother and sister !

Did *you* say "of course," reader ?

Bear in mind that *we* have not said so, we are only putting the supposition into your mouth. It would never do for the narrator of a story to plunge his hero into love all at once, before you had had a chance of becoming well interested in the situation. So we shall go no further at present than to say that Myles was quite fascinated by this little merry doll; that he admired her intensely, that he delighted in her company, that he watched her pretty little winning ways with the tender, half-amused, and half-loving interest with which a child regards a kitten at play. Perhaps, if you had asked Myles himself, he would have told you, without the slightest reserve, that he loved the very ground she walked on. Certainly, if you had asked Betty, the parlour-maid at Mr. Vellum's, who had sharp eyes, and quick ears, for a great deal that went on in that gentleman's establishment, she would have assured you that "the young couple would be married as soon as Misther Miles was twenty-one," and, that "the Masther and and Misthress was every bit as fond of him as he was of Miss Rosy," and that "indeed it was quite a wondher to see the fancy they had taken to him—and him quite a poor man's son, as she had heered for sartint, from a fren' of her own, who came from the same parts as Misther Myles. But then," she would add, wasn't the Masther himself a man that had made himself out of nothink by his own indussthery? And he wasn't one of them upstarts as wouldn't own their own mother, or their own father's kin, or the breed they had come of, the moment they had got their heads up a-bit in the world!"

We may be satisfied to leave Myles for this Sunday afternoon, happy in the society of little Miss Rosey, who had to take out her two younger sisters and their three dogs for a walk, and—"would Mr. O'Loughlin come too?" Papa Vellum and Mam-

ma Vellum went off for a conjugal stroll in another direction. And, as they potted along, after leaving the more youthful party, Papa Vellum said to Mamma Vellum—"Nice lad! Just the young fellow after my own heart. Perfectly cut out for the profession, and for making a figure in it! Ah, if we had only had a son—but *one* son, Fanny, dear! And I could not have wished for a better son than one just his ditto. I would not hesitate a bit to give Rosy to him, if they fancied each other."

"But I sometimes think, dear, that they don't fancy each other more than as mere chums. They are very brotherly and sisterly together, but nothing more, I really do believe."

"Patience, my dear, patience!" rejoined her better half. "Remember, they are but children yet, as one might say. He is not twenty, nor she seventeen. If they love each other like children, it is all the prettier. Depend upon it, the riper love will come with the riper years. A love that commences without passion is all the more likely to be real and lasting. Remember what Shakespere says in comparing the lover to a lunatic. Such a one, he says—

See Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

When a young man or a girl chantes to be blinded by a passionate flame, they fancy all manner of perfections in the loved one. Then when the cool fit comes, their eyes are opened. They see—aye, sometimes are very rudely shown how they have deceived themselves. Then they proceed to visit on the half-dethroned "object" their spleen for her non-possession of qualities with which it was only their own fancy that had painted them. This spleen provokes corresponding bitterness, and thus the cat-and-dog life begins! Believe me, that in love, as in a race, there's nothing like going easy at the start."

"Well, well," said his wife, "I must confess that I am rather a believer in the doctrine of 'affinities;' and much as I should like to have Myles for a son-in-law, I don't believe that, with all his admiration for our girl, he is in love with her a bit. Children, indeed! Ask yourself, Tom, whether you could not, and did not love with passionate ardour when you were nineteen?"

"Yes! but I have you there! I *was* in love at nineteen, most passionately and most devotedly, *as I then thought*. But I was in love with the wrong person, Madame Vellum! If I had married my first love, you would have been Missus somebody else! And although I confess that I wept a little when aforesaid first love threw me over and married a man ten years my senior, still, now that I can regard her with calm eyes and calmer feelings, I sometimes wonder what I could have seen to admire in her so very intensely."

"Pique, my dear, pique! She did not think you the man for her heart, so you, offended, think the less of her in consequence," said his wife, giving his arm a sly shake.

"No, indeed, not a bit of it. I've always been truly thankful that she did make a different choice, so that there could not be a possibility of anything coming between me and you. Why, if she had not given me my congé so speedily, I might have gone on hankering after her till such time as you would have been snapped up by somebody else!"

"Come, come, Mr. Blarney! That's all very fine. That's said by way of putting me in good humour.

But you must confess now—and I'm sure I who came in for Miss Leonora's leavings, Mr. V., ought to feel vastly flattered at it—that even after you had lost your first love, you had ardour enough left in you to bestow very warm glances on me as soon as you had recovered from the shock. I only wish I could see master Myles, with all his friendship and admiration—looking half so ardently at our Rosey."

Mr. Vellum laughed. And if he, though five-and-forty years of age and upwards, bestowed one of his old ardent glances then and there upon his loving spouse, and followed it up with a hug and a kiss—who dares to laugh at him? It is too common to see an excess of "spooning" in very newly-married couples. The pace at the outset is so great that it cannot be expected to last. And onlookers, if they are thrown a good deal into contact with these pairs, are glad enough when the time of subsidence arrives, for they get rather sick of the thing. But nothing is so nice as to see a couple verging on middle-age keeping up the old tenderness—it may be, less demonstratively, or at any rate, much less incessantly exhibited—but still (for all their laudable moderation), none the less warmly, and perchance a little more sincerely. A love that has preserved its freshness throughout the ups and downs of some twenty winters and upwards, unimpaired by all the crosses and changes of the intervening years—manlike in its ardour, yet childlike in its simplicity—is one which angels and men may alike rejoice to look upon!

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Remind them of each wish *pursued* ;
 How rich it glowed with promised good.
 Remind them of each wish *enjoyed* ;
 How soon their hope's possession cloyed !

ROKEBY.

KITTY O'Brien's uncle and aunt with whom she, being an orphan, constantly lived, were poor folk enough on their little farm of eight acres of not very good land ; but still Kitty always contrived to be very smart *of a Sunday*, as what Irish lass endowed with good looks, will not strive to be ? Although we are always told that "love is blind," we can scarcely fancy that the smart young townsman, a clerk in a solicitor's office, would have chosen her for his sweetheart had he seen her in her every-day attire, working in the fields. As we have already remarked, there is such a natural appearance of refinement about the Irish race, that while this refinement is disguised and hid by shabbiness and dirt, good clothes raise many a one several degrees (in appearance) in the social scale. And this makes it all the more a matter of regret that so many of them, both lads and lasses—who are so particular about their appearance of a Sunday, and who in their holiday attire look really a cut above the corresponding class in England—do not think a little more about their personal appearance on the week-days also. If the English rustic is not quite so smart when off work, he or she is many degrees neater than the Irish one when at work. Sentimental apologists—people who have sprung from the same class (and amongst these we are sorry to have to reckon some very worthy priests, who, in place of making excuses for them, should use their powerful influence in striving to amend them in this

matter)—will tell one that the Irish countryman or woman is too poor to be neat and clean.

Why, the very girl whom one will see on a Saturday in a ragged petticoat, and with an untidy head of hair, which looks as if it had not been brushed all the week, will come out on the Sunday in kid gloves and a parasol. And the young man who sits in his cart with a ragged coat barely sticking together on his back, what will he not spend in two or three markets, whither he often goes on the merest excuse, and with very little real business there ? "Irish poverty" is made to bear many a burden on its back. It is made an excuse for many a piece of *uncivilisation*, and the result is, that many remain poor whom a well-sustained series of efforts would enrich ; while others of them, whose innate shrewdness and perseverance enable them to grow richer than their neighbours, derive no benefit from their better means ; for they go on living like pigs while their money is accumulating in the bank. And we have seen in a manufacturing community, where the money is not saved, but spent, and where it comes into a house so plentifully that many an artisan's family amongst them have better means than many a clergyman's—we have here seen just as much week-day dirt and untidiness in the house and in the person, coupled with the same Sunday smartness, as in our poorest agricultural districts. The whole thing is, in short, a matter of *habit* ; but until the eyes of the people have been well

opened to the scandalous defect, and a determined effort made by those who have influence over them, to replace the bad habit with the contrary good one, we need not hope for much amendment.

Having thus far indulged in a disquisition respecting the "manners and customs of the Irish," we must proceed to our tale. The text to all this discourse was little Kitty O'Brien, so pretty and so smart in her Sunday attire. And although we have been delivering a homily against untidiness, we must in honesty say that happy would it have been for poor Kitty had her Sunday "get-up" been a far less attractive one. Behold her now, the little dandy, coming away from chapel, and loitering as she goes along, to shake off the crowd of her fellow-worshippers; for she knows that Dick Lighthed is hovering somewhere near, waiting to join her where he can do so without being observed.

Dick was one of those unfortunate young men who are the victims of a thorough spoiling in their childhood. Alas! how many such there are, of both sexes, in every rank of life. He had a foolish, fond mother, who thought that part of her bounden duty to her children was to deny them nothing. Sweets without end, whenever he teased her for them—a process which, as we may well conceive, increased in proportion to its success. For when the little wretch found teasing *pay*, he never left off teasing. And so, every little whim was gratified the moment it appeared that the dear child would begin to whimper and cry if he was not humoured. And as he grew bigger, did he chance to take a lazy fit, and wish to shirk school—"He *should* stay at home, if he wished, *that* he should. Mammy's pet should not be teased, then, by that tiresome master!" He had a headache, had he? or a pain in his little toe? Bread and jam, plenty of the latter on the former, and a whole holiday,

was the certain cure. "Telling a fib, was he? Oh, dear, no! Mammy's darling soon would never tell her fibs—not he."

And so Master Dick Lighthed grew up to man's estate perfectly unconscious of the signification of the term "self-denial," and without an idea of the meaning of the word "discipline." Whatever he wanted, that he must have. He wanted Kitty O'Brien for his wife, some day, whenever his father should withdraw his opposition; but opposition or no opposition, *his* she must be nevertheless. He was really in love with her—desperately so, in one sense of the word. His love, that is to say, was the love of a young man who has been nourished in his boyhood on cakes and sweeties, and everything else he liked to ask for, and who had never been accustomed to have "no" said to him. Self-will and self-gratification were the prevailing traits in his character.

Such was the youth who with ardent glances met the no less ardent though bashful and drooping eyes of the dainty little damsel who had separated herself from the chapel congregation that spring afternoon. The girl loved her lover, and he loved her. To meet was bliss to both of them. To walk side-by-side was bliss, and on that sunny day, as they wandered by that brawling river through the woods, both of them felt extremely happy.

There is no use in denying the fact that people may feel exceedingly happy when they are even on the brink of some great evil. It would be mere affectation and hypocrisy to say that such were not the case. Some people will tell us that we can only feel truly happy when we are doing what is perfectly right. Now this is dangerous doctrine to preach to ardent young hearts. For when such as these, having had but an imperfect early training, begin to look at, and handle, and taste the forbidden fruit, and find that it is

pleasant to the eyes, and good for food (as *they then* think), they will turn round upon their mentors, and tell them that they are "humbugs," they will exclaim, "Why, we were never happier in our lives!" Ah, foolish mentors! can you not see that the only way to impress such minds is by lifting the veil, and showing what is *beyond* the sunny present. And if, as yet, and whilst the temptation is upon them, with all its engrossing allurements, you find their hearts so callous that they cannot, nor will not, take in the project of an eternity of suffering for sin, strive—while praying that the spirit of grace may at length enlighten them, whether it be sooner or later—to lead them at least to realise the results which retributive justice will be sure to visit upon them, even in this world—to show them that the happiness of any given situation—of any given worldly enjoyment—is but a delusive and fragmentary thing; that it is something which cannot fairly be discounted and put at its true valuation till we have seen all the circumstances which appertain to that enjoyment, and all the events which follow as direct consequences in its train. If the Greek philosopher said, "Call no man happy till the end of life," so may we also say, "Call no earthly pleasure productive of happiness till we have the whole "balance-sheet" placed before us—the *cons* as well as the *pros*—the dark side as well as the light side—the miserable endings as well as the so termed 'happy beginnings.' The moth is probably happy while it wildly whirls about the light; but ah! how soon it falls down, writhing in agony.

Woman is said to be the weaker vessel. We feel disposed to question the truth of this; for we cannot conceive a weaker being than a selfish *man*.—But be this as it may, there is a terror which can be held up before the eyes of women, when they are in danger of succumbing to

one of the worst of temptations known to human nature—a terror which should fortify them with acquired strength. Spare them not, then! For their own sakes remind them that if they yield to the more selfish ones, it is *they* who will be the victims, while their mean tempters escape scot free. Force them to remember and to realise this; and thus arm them the more securely against yielding themselves up as accomplices in wrong-doing.

There is nothing so deceitful as the feeling of happiness engendered by that which is, in itself, innocent enough to throw us off our guard—that guard against temptation on which we ought ever to stand. "When the thing is in itself so innocent, and gives us such facility, why should we not heartily enjoy it?"—we ask ourselves, never thinking of adding the inquiry—"What might come of it?" And then, when we have had our moral muscles softened and enervated by the relaxing luxury of this *innocent* enjoyment, the tempter begins to open one parallel after another, silently and stealthily, taking good care not to alarm us into a consciousness of the advances which he has been making upon our sense of right and wrong, till at last, when all is ready, and the fitting opportunity presents itself—when we are not only demoralised and weakened, but also entirely off our guard, he makes his grand assault, and the citadel falls!

If our spiritual teachers would take more pains than they do to train the younger members of their flock in the habits of self-denial, self-control, and self-examination, and lead them to dwell, more than our rising generation are usually prone to, upon that wide field for reflection—the study of *tendencies* and *consequences*; in other words, instil into their minds the importance of acting, as they pass through the world, with thoughtful prudence and foresight, we should hear of far

fewer instances of those moral downfalls which ever and anon startle us as taking place amongst those who have had a professedly religious education.

Let no one mistake our meaning. Let it not be for a moment supposed that we advocate a mere moral training in opposition to the training of the Bible. Far from it. We advocate it as that which we shall find the Bible, if viewed in the right light, and studied in the right spirit, really laying down as the course to be pursued. Because we are told there not only that we must "pray," lest we enter into temptation; but also that we must "*watch*."

Perhaps some of our younger and more romantic readers will skip all that we have just written, and hurry on to see what Dick said to Kitty, and what Kitty said to him—to read how hand met hand with thrilling pressure, as though an electric current were thereby established between the two hearts; and how eye, meeting eye, continued the electric chain—the love that came coursing through the veins and throbbed in the beating of the pulses, going from one to the other through the warm clinging finger-tips, and thence to the full heart, and then away again from heart to eye, which to the eye of the loved one flashed back the spark of love again with an intensity which had not lost, but gained in the transit.

But it would be impossible to write whole pages about glances and squeezes! A pair of lovers will be glad enough, you may be sure, to go on tenderly glancing and squeezing hands for half a day, and though in every glance and every squeeze there may be the strongest family likeness, and consequently the utmost sameness, still the palpitating pair never feel any sense of monotony. But as "spooning" is rather a wearisome affair in the eyes of lookers-on, so must an account of it become very wearisome and monotonous at last to those who read about it.

The contradictions of human life are somewhat curious in this respect. One could make something interesting, for instance, out of a lover's quarrel, which, though pain and grief and downright agony, for the time being, to the lovers, would be "nuts" to the reader. On the other hand, as we have already said, that which to the actors is very enjoyable indeed, may appear to the spectators excessively dull.

We have recently read a lover's dialogue which was very interesting. But then it was so, just because it had a dash of disagreement about it. It was the dialogue between Edwin Drood and his little *affiancée*—the "Boarding-school Miss." And the interest of the dialogue culminated at the moment of separation. She had been sucking lollipops all the time, and answering idly and impishly, and with full mouth, all his earnest and somewhat heartsore conjurations. She would not be serious when he was desperately so. At last, when he begged for a parting embrace—that legitimate fee of every true lover—she repelled him, exclaiming—"Oh, don't kiss me! I'm so *sticky*."

Poor, earnest young man!—yearning for his kiss—and more than that, yearning for a woman's heart that would love him with a real, earnest love!—In place of which he found a baby's—very fascinating, but yet a baby's! Still to you, or to us that fascinating baby's heart is much better fun, when we wish to be amused, reader, than a Juliet would have been, sighing and dying in her lover's arms.

And better for lovers, too, even though at times it may annoy them with its childishness, are the baby ways of an innocent nature, than the passionate love which knows no bounds and no control, and is so blinded with its impetuosity as to be unable to define the limits between right and wrong.

Dick Lighthed saw Kitty O'Brien

to her home that evening ; it was the first time, although they had been many weeks acquainted, that he had walked so far with her. For generally he had left her at a turning about half a mile from the cottage. On this occasion, however, Kitty had begged him not to leave her till the last moment. She clung to him with an indefinable dread of separation, and seemed as though she feared to part from him—and with him from her dream of love. Was it the thunderstorm, which was even then gathering in the air, which made her so timorous and nervous?—which made her ever and anon cling to him, and choke down a sob as she did so?

"Oh Dick you will get so dreadfully wet! Come in and stay in the house till the storm is over. Uncle and aunt will be pleased to see you ; and to think that they have never laid eyes on you yet! and now—now, Dick! you surely should know them *now*!"

And then came another gulp, and tears fell down her cheeks—Why should she demean herself so strangely in her "happiness."

Dick would not go in. He had promised to be home at a certain hour, he said, and if he was not back in time, he would be asked where he had been—"and you know the old man will be wild if he hears that I have seen you again."

"Oh Dick! I grow so fearful.—When do you think he will come round?"

"Never fear, Kitty, dear ; I know my mother will soon be able to influence him, and then, darling, you shall be mine indeed. And now goodbye little pet. I must really go, or I shall, as you say, be caught in the thunder storm."

A long, long embrace—she clinging to him passionately, and sobbing still ; and murmuring, as he left her—"Remember, Dick, you've promised, and you're all I have in the world to love!"

And often through that night she started in her sleep—crying out ; and then subsiding quietly into a soft little tender wail—"But he promised me!—he promised that I should soon be his wife!"

As Dick hurried homewards, a tumult filled his brain, and the vision of the tender, loving, imploring look with which Kitty bid him farewell, was not oftener there than that of the humble way-side cottage in which she lived—then for the first time beheld by him—a cottage with the smallest of windows, not too well glazed, the most dilapidated chimneys, and rather bad thatch, from some of the weakest spots in which a channel of rain-water had run down the outer wall—discolouring the whitewash which, at the best was not too recent.

The prospect of gaining his father's consent to his marriage with a girl who lived in such a shanty, seemed more remote than ever. And, somehow, he too felt himself shuddering not a little at the idea. Was he becoming disillusionised at the mere sight of a habitation which, after all, was not her own, or at the idea of its occupants, to whom he would hereafter be bound by the ties of relationship? Love is blind they say. Why should he, in the state of ardour in which we have so lately seen him, think of anything so material? Why not be ready to consider even the worst hovel ever reared, quite a fairy palace, if only it enshrined the form of her he loved?

Strange, perplexing, incomprehensible human nature. If you could have seen, reader, into that young man's heart that evening, you might have predicted that if his father's consent to his marriage with Kitty were even obtained, it would not be in consequence of *his* earnest solicitations. And yet poor Kitty was buoying up a fainting heart upon his *promise*.

The next morning a policeman

came into Mr. Vellum's lower office, and, in an under tone, although no one save Willy Lawson was there, told that young man that something unfortunate had occurred; viz: that his friend and companion, Dick Lighthed, had been found late on the previous night reeling drunk in the street, on his way home from a public-house in which he had taken refuge from the thunder-storm. He had been put into the lock-up, and was then about to be taken before the resident magistrate; and he (the policeman) had come in to let Mr. Vellum know, that he might go up and say a word in his favour.

That day week Dick was on

board a mail steamer on his way to America. He went of his own inclination, Mr. Vellum having told him that he could not possibly overlook the disgrace which he had brought upon himself, and that he must leave the office as soon as it was possible to find an occupation for him elsewhere.

He never bid Kitty good bye! and yet how blissful happy he and she had been together as they wandered along by the river's bank eight short days before!

Well may we ask, in the words of the heading of this chapter—"WHAT IS HAPPINESS?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE "CROWNER'S QUEST."

TOWARDS the close of the winter following the events narrated in our last chapter, an inquest was held in the town of Y—, upon the body of a newly-born male child, which had been found by a countryman in a turnhole of the river. Myles was deputed by Mr. Vellum to attend and take a note of the proceedings, in case anything might arise therefrom which would lead to that gentleman's professional advantage. The coroner opened the court with an address which exhibited a very full and undisguised sense of that dignity which, in his opinion, shed itself like a halo around the person of one who had been selected by an important constituency to serve his queen and his country, after a due proposing and seconding in public court, in accordance with the most approved fashion followed in the election of parliamentary and other representatives of the people.

A jury having been duly sworn, and the poor little body inspected, the witnesses were examined. These were but four in number, being first,

the countryman who had discovered the body; next, the two policemen, who, upon his instantly reporting the fact, had come with him to the river and taken it out (for he himself would not touch it); and, lastly, a "medical witness."

It appeared that some of those small broken stones with which the roads are usually mended, had been found pinned up in the tiny frock (for the poor little one was fully dressed). Evidently more had been placed there in order to sink the body by the individual who had thrown it into the river; but the action of the water causing some to fall out of their slight place of confinement, the object had been defeated, and the body had floated. But who could tell from whence it had come?—There had been a flood not many days before. There were, however, no marks of contusion about the little face and limbs, such as would have been effected by the whirling along of the body in a flooded stream. And the doctor gave it as his opinion that it had not lain in the water for more than a

couple of days—indeed, it was palpable that it had not long been there. There was no painful distension. What lay before them was a cold and colourless, but sweet waxen image of tiny humanity.

We have already said that it was dressed. It was dressed even with care. For over its little clothes, and pinned across it in such a way that it must originally have totally enveloped it—only the water had caused it to flap and gather itself away from the extremities—was a covering of thick flannel, which seemed to have been torn away from something else, possibly from a woman's petticoat. When the doctor was asked whether in his opinion the child met its death by drowning, he replied that he could not possibly say, without making a *post-mortem* examination.

"Aye, just that!" whispered one of the jurors to another, in a very loud whisper that every one could hear; "they're always on for getting the extra guinea if they can." Then aloud—"I don't see what's the use, gentlemen, of having any *poce-mortial* examination in this case. We've all seen the stones in the frock, which shows us how the babby was throwed in a purpose to be sunk; and no mother nor any one else as hadn't a motive for killin' a child, would take that cowl and chape way of burying it. An' forbye that, we haven't any one charged with the crime, nor are we likely to; for these dandy pilleace arn't a very detective force. So I'm for a verdict of infanticide again' some parson or parsons unknown."

"Sure you're not going to charge the clergy with the offence, Mr. O'Kelly?" said some wag in the court.

Mr. O'Kelly looked indignant at being thus questioned, and asked the interrupter, "What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, bringing a verdict against the parson!"

"Well, *paieson*, if you like it better, Misther Particular!"

"Gentlemen," said the coroner, very properly, and with real, not mock, dignity this time, "this is not an occasion for jesting. Let us proceed with the business.—Young man, will you be good enough not to whisper to the jurors."

This last was addressed to Myles, who drew back, blushing, to his place. He had taken advantage of the conversation which had just disturbed the proceedings, to urge a couple of the jurors to stand out for a *post-mortem* examination. The care with which the little body was "happed" (to use a country phrase), had struck him so much, that he felt sure that there had been no wilful drowning, in spite of the condemnatory presence of the stones in the frock.

Although the coroner had checked him, his object was accomplished. Five or six jurors put their heads together in the corner into which he had thrown in the hint; and although Mr. O'Kelly still objected when the proposal, with its grounds, was put forth by them, the coroner said he would take it on himself to order the examination.

On the reassembling of the jury after the necessary adjournment, the doctor deposed that the state of the respiratory organ was such as to confirm the opinion which had been mooted in court, that the child had *not* met its death by drowning. Nor were there any marks of violence about the head or neck which would give rise to a supposition that it had been previously choked or suffocated.

"Were there any indications in the stomach which would lead you to suppose that the child had been poisoned?"

"I did not examine the stomach."

"But why did you not, doctor?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I would rather that some one more competent should attempt such a

process. In such cases it is usual to call in the aid of Dr. Rodgers, of Belfast."

Here Mr. O'Kelly again interposed. "Was ever such a to-do made about a drowned infant? Why he'd heered that there was a canal near Liverpool being cleaned out once, and that they'd found scores of bodies and sets of infants' bones in it."

"God be thanked that Ireland isn't Liverpool, Mr. O'Kelly! Our fellow-countrywomen have the credit of being the most virtuous in the British Islands; and if one of them has, as is apparent, been so unfortunate as to have sacrificed her virtue in this instance, it is only meet for us to endeavour, were it only for the reputation's sake of the women of Ireland, to prove that another and a deeper crime has not been committed here!"

All eyes were turned on him who in fervid tones had uttered this speech. It was our hero, who all along had taken the keenest interest in the case, as the reader from his previous knowledge of Myles's energetic and ardent nature, may well imagine. After Mr. O'Kelly's last speech, he was unable further to restrain himself; and, rather in defiance of the rules of order, delivered himself of the sentiments we have heard. All present, save Mr. O'Kelly, the coroner, and the police, applauded loudly. The police must not have feelings—at least, not show them—it would be contrary to regulation. Mr. O'Kelly had feelings in plenty, but not very pleasant ones, nor of a very favourable nature to Myles. The coroner at any other time would have approved of the the sentiments uttered, but their utterance had been a terrible infractio of his dignity; and he rebuked the young man for this unwarrantable interruption and interference with a juror. Myles gracefully begged his pardon, and said "he knew he had no right to speak; but

then the coroner must excuse him—for he was an *Irishman*.

And there was a fervour in the way in which he produced the last word, which caused another sympathetic murmur to run through the court.

Yet all Myles's enthusiasm was not sufficient to dissuade the jury from bringing in a verdict of "Infanticide" against "some person or persons unknown." For was there not the possibility of poison, and were there not the stones in the frock? And who, in behalf of an unknown culprit, who might perhaps never be made amenable, would have insisted on sending the little body to the analytical chemist in Belfast?

One of the two policeman who had brought it from the river, felt very keenly the taunt of Mr. O'Kelly that "the force was not a detective one;" and being, moreover, a shrewd, sagacious man, resolved that he *would* find out the culprit, if such a discovery were within the bounds of possibility.

Having obtained the permission of his sub-inspector to investigate the matter as fully as he could, he at last arrived at the following facts: That a young girl, whom her neighbours had suspected of being in a certain condition, had suddenly disappeared from the cottage where she had been living. At any rate, she had not been seen about for several days. Also that a young girl answering to the same description, and very pale and delicate-looking, had at about the same time been seen for the first time in and about another cottage, quite at the opposite side of the town, and about two or three miles distant from it. All this he had picked up from some of the gossiping people who seem to know everything that goes on amongst their neighbours, and sometimes a little more than really does go on.

The policeman took two or three walks with a comrade in the direc-

tion of the cottage last indicated; and during one of these saunters, who should emerge from the cottage-door, just as they were coming up, but the very damsel of whom they were in quest? She did not at first see them approaching; and proceeded to stoop down to scour out a kitchen pot. The two men leaned idly over the hedge; and the one who had been prosecuting the inquiry, after giving her "good day," said, "That's a dirty piece of work you're at. Sure, and you'll destroy all your gown with that slop. Why don't you tie it up in a knot behind you?"

"Well, and indeed I might have thought of that," said the girl, suiting the action to the word. Chancing to look down as she did, she turned very red—affected to engage herself very busily about the pot for a moment or two, and then hurried into the cottage.

"A dirty piece of work, indeed?"—said the self-constituted detective, half to his companion, half to himself, as they walked away. His companion, looking at him, saw tears standing in his eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean, Jack, that I have run her to earth, and now I'm more than half sorry for it, the poor wee dear! It seems almost a sin to have laid such a trap for her, and yet duty's duty; and it's the duty of the force to discover crime, and to report upon it. Else, how could the world get on at all?"

"But, do you mean to say that you have recognised that girl in any way as having to do with the drowning of the child? Did you ever know her before?"

"I know who she is right well; and the more's the pity! A prettier wee lass, nor a neater dressed one, never stepped inside a chapel door. Though you would not think that of her, to see her now all pale and ill-looking, and dressed so shabby.

"True for you! And her petti-

coat even worse than her gown. She got quite confused when you betrayed her into shewing how bad it was."

"Don't say *betrayed*!" exclaimed his companion, turning round sharply upon him with a look of pain. "But, did you not observe," he continued excitedly—"did you see nothing about that petticoat?"

"Nothing, except that it didn't seem to be *half* a petticoat."

"Why, man alive, that's just it! Where are your wits, I'd like to know?"

"But what in the name of wonder——?"

"You were in the barrack, weren't you, when the body of the child was brought in?"

"Yes; well?"

"And saw the flannel which was wrapped round it?"

"Well?"

"And heard us talking over the evidence at the inquest afterwards?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that flannel does not match what remains of that girl's petticoat, I'll be ready to quit the force in disgrace; that's all!"

His companion breathed out a long "Ha!" and he continued—

"But, as I was saying, it seems a dirty piece of work, laying traps this way for a poor young lassie who has trouble enough on her mind already, I'll be bound! They ought to pick hard old men for this kind of work, if it's to be done at all, not young ones with feelings. Still, in spite of all the feelings, I could not help it. My heart was in the work, for the honour of the force, that we mightn't have chaps like that there O'Kelly calling us 'nothing but dandies,' and 'no detectives.' It was to see whether she had on that petticoat that I played her the trick of flattering her to turn up her gown. And now I've done it, and found her out by it, I'm just clean ashamed of what I've done! I feel as though I'd been the betraying of her!"

"Well, Michael, all I can tell you is, that it's far from being ashamed I'd be to have half your smartness. After all, duty's duty, as you yourself have said; and when a man's on duty he's a man no longer, he's merely a machine, and must be guided by the rules of the service, and think only of what'll bring credit on the force."

"I'll tell you what," said Michael, after they had proceeded for a few minutes in silence. "You know that smart young man at Attorney Vellum's. Him as drew attention, as I was telling you, to that very piece of flannel which he looked on as an evidence of a mother's solicitude, and, therefore of her innocence; and which, nevertheless, I have made use of to prove her identity, if not her guilt. He's a sharp lad that; and Attorney Vellum's a very clear-headed man. That man and that lad together, ought to be able to get her off if any one could. I'll put her up, when she's arrested, to asking Mr. Vellum to defend her case. In discovering her, and afterwards, when I've got the warrant, in arresting her, I'm the *machine* as you call it. But when that's done, I may be the *man* again. I always think there's a consolation in being able to say to some unfortunate looking prisoner—'Now, mind, you're not bound to say anything to criminate yourself.' Although I'll admit that there are some devils of vicious-looking ones, in thieving and assault cases, that I'd be glad to hear saying a deal to criminate themselves. Now, I think that having done my duty, and, as I flatter myself, rather well—in finding out this girl, I may go a step further than telling her not to criminate herself; and may fairly tell her how to take the best line she can to

get herself off—and that's by taking Attorney Vellum for her defence."

The warrant was duly procured, the girl arrested, and brought in trembling before the magistrates in their private room. Sub-Constable Michael MacShane had, according to his resolve, advised her to request Mr. Vellum to defend her; and he had acceded readily. Myles's narrative had already caused him to take a more than professional interest in the case. Myles had been absent from the office when the girl had had a preliminary interview with his chief; and had not seen the accused until the moment when she was brought into the magistrate's room, where he was already seated at the table, preparing to take notes of the examination. The moment he saw her, he covered his face with his hands, and with difficulty suppressed a cry of horror! He had not heard her name; and now he suddenly beheld, in the cowering girl before him, the deserted sweetheart of his late fellow-clerk—poor little Kitty O'Brien!

He had seen nothing of Kitty since Dick Lighthed had gone to America. For he went to early, she to late prayers. And as Dick had ever had an aversion to him, it was not to him that she would now come to ask about her departed lover. Right well, however, did he know her by sight, for often had he seen her when Dick used to take afternoon walks with her. And now a horrible conviction rushed into his mind! He felt that she whom he saw before him—she of whose innocence, before he knew who she was, he had been so confident—was, now that he knew what he did know—too certain to be unhappily guilty!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRIAL.

KITTY had been duly committed by the magistrates to stand her trial at the next assizes. The *prima facie* evidence against her seemed very strong; but Sub-constable Michael MacShane continued to use his best endeavour to glean still more. He had become the *man* till the moment in which he committed Kitty to the protecting care of Mr. Vellum and his young clerk, and then, as soon as he felt that she would be well defended, he resolved himself into the *machine* again. And furthermore, he felt that clever young Myles was pitted against him. For it was Myles's business to collect such evidence as would acquit the prisoner, while it was for him to heap on fresh evidence of her guilt. He must not be beaten in shrewdness. And he had a notion that Myles was very shrewd indeed.

We think that it is only fair to poor erring Kitty to put the reader at once in possession of the facts of her case. It will be remembered that Dick had promised to marry her; and it will also be remembered that Dick was a spoilt and selfish young man, and that he was filled with an ardent passion for her. The rest may be guessed. She sinned, as many another girl has sinned before, from being over-confiding, and too ready to be deceived by man's plausibilities.

We often wonder whether it was really Eve who offered the apple to Adam. We feel disposed now and then to think that it must have been the other way. For in our time man is too often the tempter.

Myles was right in his first surmise. Poor Kitty had not added one crime to another. On whoever's shoulders the guilt of the poor little innocent's blood might be constructively laid, she was entirely free from

it. And this Myles was able, with great happiness to himself, thoroughly to believe, as soon as he heard from her the following story:—

At the time of her confinement, her uncle was away in England, helping a neighbouring drover with a large lot of cattle, which he was taking over to sell. He returned about a week after it, and found her sitting, weakly enough, with her baby at the fire. Although her previous condition had not betrayed itself very much, still he had had his suspicions. Now that he found them verified, he flew into a fearful passion, denounced her with volleys of curses for having brought shame and disgrace upon her name and friends. He vowed vengeance against her betrayer, whoever he might be; and when she refused to name him, he turned her out of doors then and there, though it was well nigh dark, without giving her time to put a shoe to her foot, or a wrap upon herself or the infant. Fortunately she had a shawl across her shoulders at the time. With this she covered up herself and the child as well as she could, and went forth weeping, she knew not whither. Her aunt, who, though broken-hearted at the disgrace, had yet been kind to her, strove to follow her; but her uncle, with an oath, put his back to the door (he had been boozing for the last day or two, and was in every sense more brute than man at the moment), and threatened to "brain her if she offered to stir a step after the hussey."

Kitty proceeded, with tottering steps, in the direction of the town. When she began to be able to think a little, the thought came into her head that she would go to Dick's father and mother and throw herself on their generosity. If they closed

their door on her, she felt that she must go to the poorhouse. She had some relations at the other end of the town, very kind, good folks, but she dreaded going near them with the poor little token of her shame. And that poor little token! How fared it with it? It had been ailing with a cough for the last two days, and now naturally enough, in the cold, raw evening air, it coughed worse and worse. She stopped at last, laid it down tenderly by the road-side, and tearing a breadth from her flannel petticoat, wrapped it round it to give it more warmth. The heart of the unhappy young mother clung to her offspring, for all that it was the offspring of so much shame and so much sorrow! Again "happing" it in her shawl, she proceeded once more upon her walk; but she felt very weak indeed. She had a mile and a half yet to go, and she was already well nigh exhausted. Suddenly she heard in the distance behind her angry tones, which she conceived to be those of her uncle. She was right. Her aunt had made her escape, and was seeking for her; but her uncle had at that moment found the old woman, and was lugging her home again with many threats and curses. But before Kitty, who was too far distant to know more than that it *was* his angry voice, could distinguish by the gradual dying away of the sounds that he was retreating, not advancing, she, fearing in her panic unutterable things—fearing that in his drunken passion he was coming after her to murder her—clambered over the ditch into the next field, and having reached a place of concealment, swooned away. When she came to herself, her first agonised thought was for her babe, but alas! the poor thing was beyond earthly trouble, or cold, or hunger! In vain she strove to restore it to animation. It was dead! quite dead!

Bitterly crying over its little body, she lay crouched there for an hour

or more, till nearly dead with the cold herself. Then she began to think of what she must do. She feared to be seen with the body of the child, lest she should be accused of having killed it. To go now to the Lightheds was out of the question. She shuddered at the idea of going to the workhouse to be recognised, perhaps, by inmates there who had begged at her uncle's door. This consideration came up before her now that her baby, for whose safety her first thought had hitherto been, was no more. Suddenly she remembered the river! It was dreadful to think of parting from her little treasure; but part with it she must, even if it was to be a hallowed grave. Why, then, should she not consign it with her own hands to the water instead of to the earth; and then she would be free to go to her other relations forthwith, and they would be sure to give her a welcome. She would tell as much of the truth as she dare—that her uncle had come home drunk, had quarrelled with her, and turned her out of doors. They knew her uncle's ways pretty well, and would quite understand the situation.

Thus she planned in her poor weary head. The reader knows the rest! Very late that night she arrived exhausted at the door of her relation's cottage, where, in another hour, the poor unhappy girl found herself laid in a snug bed by kind and soothing hands, to seek that repose which she so much needed. But her repose was not destined to extend over many nights. Ere very long came that visit of the policemen, followed so soon by her arrest; and then, oh what agonising and anxious days and nights she passed for many weary weeks! And all because *she* had been too weak, Dick Lighthed too spoiled and selfish, and her uncle an unrelenting, passionate man. Everything had conspired against this poor little frail girl; and she, the feeblest one

of three sinners, was bearing the brunt of the misery which the sin of all three had wrought. Surely there will be a recompence hereafter for those who, though they have sinned in this life, have paid so grievously for their sins! And those who have here escaped, what will be *their* lot in that great day?

The assizes at length arrived, and with them the day of Kitty's trial. The first bill handed down by the foreman of the grand jury was a true bill in the case of "The Queen against Catherine O'Brien," for infanticide; and the prisoner was put forward by order of the judge. In answer to several official queries addressed to her, she pleaded "not guilty" to the charge; and declared, in faltering tones, that she was prepared to take her trial. A jury was impanelled; and one of the ablest young barristers on the circuit seated himself in front of Mr. Vellum, who had engaged this gentleman for the defence. This barrister, like Myles, and, for that matter, like Mr. Vellum also, was one of those people who derive their greatest happiness from advancing themselves in such a way, and in such a way alone, as should also confer the greatest benefit on their fellow-creatures. To each of these three men, dependent on their own exertions for success in life, there was a real luxury in those successes which gave them reason to feel that they were materially benefiting, not themselves alone, but also those in whose cause they were exerting themselves. Mr. O'Malley delighted in taking a case such as the one in which he was now engaged, not solely because if it did not bring him much money, it would at any rate increase his professional fame, and act for him as a species of advertisement, but because it was a chivalric undertaking. And being a young, warm-blooded man, and not a calculating one, the chivalric feeling—however some cynical readers may doubt it—was really the

uppermost one for the time being in his breast, although, of course, the feeling of personal advantage (future, if not present) held a "common-sense position" there also.

Great writers may say that the age of chivalry is gone. Perhaps it has nearly disappeared from amongst the exclusive "upper ten" who have of late years given themselves over far too much to enervating luxury and selfishness. But it has cropped up again, so to speak, amongst those whom they, in their *hauteur*, deem to have no claims to chivalric ideas.

In addition to the witnesses who had been already examined at the inquest, Kitty's uncle and aunt were brought forward on this occasion. The evidence of the latter was most important for the defence. She testified to the birth having taken place without the least attempt at concealment on the part of her niece, who indeed had informed her with many bitter tears, a good while before, of what she was expecting. She told of the affection shown by the poor girl for her offspring, and of her solicitude when the poor little thing was, shortly after its birth, seized with a cough. She tried not to say much about her husband's passionate wrath on the fatal night; but it was all wormed out of her, even to his threat to her if she should follow her niece, and his violent forcing her to return home again when she had succeeded in slipping out. So telling, indeed, was the evidence against the man to whom she had the misfortune to be united, that it drew down upon him a scathing rebuke from the judge, who, when the man was subsequently in the box himself, and began to wail there about the disgrace it brought upon his family to be placed in such a position, addressed him as follows:

"Pray, sir, do you profess to belong to any Christian persuasion?"

"Yes, my lord, I'm a Catholic."

"I presume, that if you have not read it for yourself, you have at any rate heard how the Master of us all treated an unfortunate woman—a perfect stranger to Himself—who was taken in adultery. He did not say that it was not a *sin* which she had committed. He did not make light of it; yet, stipulating that she should sin no more, He forgave her! You, sir, who, I understand, are of no better a character than were probably the accusers of that woman, have not profited by your Master's lesson. It is you who have most disgraced your family. You have behaved like an inhuman brute to the poor girl, who was of your own flesh and blood; and I tell you unhesitatingly, that from your hard, unnatural conduct, which is not to be palliated even by the keenest sense of personal or family disgrace, whether she be guilty or not guilty of the crime laid to her charge, *you*, at any rate, ought, in justice, to be now standing in that dock beside her!" Then, looking around the court, the judge continued—"Unchastity in a woman is a heinous sin, but what shall we say of those parents and guardians who, having neglected to fortify their maidens against temptation by careful training in their youth, turn round upon them afterwards with unmitigated and unforgiving indignation when they go astray?"

Mr. O'Malley, in his address to the jury for the defence, did not neglect to improve upon the impression in the prisoner's favour, which these remarks from the judge had evidently created in the minds of the jurors.

He dwelt strongly upon the point which Myles had been the first to raise, namely, the fact of the care and solicitude shown by the young mother, in keeping her frail little offspring warm.

"My client's mouth, gentleman, is, unhappily for herself, closed. Yet, you have heard the evidence of her aunt—an evidence which cannot

have in any way been coined for the occasion, for her evident inclination was, rather to say too little than to say too much, lest she should incur the displeasure—I may almost say, the vindictive displeasure—of that savage, her husband, to whose inhuman cruelty his lordship has himself almost directly attributed the unhappy death of the poor child. You have heard, then, from this unwilling witness what care and love the young mother showed for her offspring until the moment of her forcible expulsion from her uncle's roof; and, although her own words cannot speak thenceforward in her behalf, I thank goodness that her acts can, for you have seen how she denuded herself of a part of her own scanty covering to give fresh warmth to her darling. Gentlemen, you may, or may not believe in the legend that the pelican plucks blood from her own breast to feed her young. But, you have all of you seen our little hedgerow birds stripping themselves of their natural covering that they may keep their fledglings warm in their nests. This is the great and wondrous maternal instinct which the Almighty has planted in the mothers of creation. It is true that instances are found—too frequently found where this instinct is unfortunately wanting; but I will venture to affirm, that never has the case yet arisen, nor ever will rise, in which the maternal instinct having so forcibly developed itself one moment, could so completely die away the next as to admit of the consignment to a chill and watery grave of the little mortal whose preservation and warmth had been the leading object the moment before! As I have said, my unhappy client's mouth is closed. I can produce no evidence to prove to you that deadly faint, during which I firmly believe her numbed infant to have expired; but we have evidence to prove the fact of the renewed and inhuman yells of the inebriated uncle which caused that

faint. His lordship has very properly rebuked that uncle. May I be suffered to call down the animadversion of every right-minded man who hears me, upon one more criminal still—the originator and author of all these ills, whoever he be—the cowardly seducer of this interesting girl! He has gone his ways, recking not of the harm he has done—of the misery he has brought upon another, upon one whom—oh, mockery of a word which should be held sacred—he doubtless professed to *love*. Although I speak in presence of the representative of the majesty of the law, I fearlessly say that I do not believe there is a man amongst you twelve—no, nor in this court, who, if he found one of these mean sneaks mischievously philandering after any female in his own establishment, would not take the law into his own hands, without waiting for judge or jury; and either himself, or if he were not big enough, by pressing into his service the biggest and most able-bodied of his friends, would not administer, or cause to be administered, to the villain the soundest thrashing that whip, or stick, or fists, could impart——”

“I think, Mr. O'Malley,” interposed the judge, “it might be as well not to incite to lynch law the minds of an already indignant jury.”

“My lord,” rejoined the advocate (addressing the judge, who was a very small man, and presented a striking contrast to “the Baron” in the other court), “I don't think that under the circumstance I could honestly expect to see even your lordship an exception to the rule! If your lordship did not deem yourself big enough, I feel assured that you would not hesitate to apply to your *big brother*, the Baron, and I do not envy the philanderer who would have the ill luck to feel the weight of his brawny arm!”

This sally gave rise to a universal titter throughout the court—a titter which acted as a positive relief to

every breast, strung as all had been for some time before to the highest point of painful interest. The judge himself could not refrain from smiling as he said, “Come, come, Mr. O'Malley, we must not indulge in these personal remarks!”

The crier having called “silence!” in a most authoritative tone, Mr. O'Malley proceeded to bring his address to a close. “Gentlemen,” said he, “I ask you to analyse your own feelings at this moment. Have you not for these hours past been agonised with the hearing of this sad story? Wasn't that little laugh—that slight unburdening of your minds—a positive luxury of relief to you. Think of the tortures of mind which my poor unhappy client has been suffering during this trial; nay, for the days and nights which have intervened from the moment of the death of her child; nay, I will undertake to say, from the moment of its conception until this. I will not say, ‘if you have any doubt on your minds, give her the benefit of the doubt,’ for I believe there can be no doubt. To me the evidence of her innocence of this charge is so clear, that I cannot imagine any one here present supposing for an instant that she is guilty. But I beseech you, in the name of our common humanity, to put an end as speedily as you can to the mental torture and suspense which that poor, much-punished girl is suffering, by recording a speedy, as well as an unanimous verdict in her favour!”

A burst of applause greeted the conclusion of this speech. When silence was restored, the judge proceeded to sum up. From his castigation of the uncle, many of those in court expected that the charge would be strongly in favour of the prisoner; but he balanced with such nicety his “*fors*” and “*against*,” that, when the jury retired, a very uneasy feeling of apprehension pervaded the minds of her friends.

FRENCH CRIMINAL JUSTICE.

WHAT is called the *Palais*, in Paris, was formerly the seat of royalty, and is now the seat of justice. Built and inhabited by the Capetian Kings, in 1431, it was definitely given up to parliament by Charles VII. The great hall of the palace was for many years a favourite popular lounge, and dealers in lace, silk stuffs, and perfumery, tempted, from their stalls, the fine gentlemen and the elegant ladies of the 17th and 18th centuries. It was only in 1840 that these itinerant vendors were dismissed from the precincts, and that the immense Salle des Pas-Perdus ceased to be a place of assignations and a bazaar.

During the last few years of the Empire the building was greatly enlarged and modernised, and little remains at present of the ancient habitation of the Capets. A new frontage opens on the Rue de Harlay, forming a vast and imposing mass of a more severe style than most of M. Haussmann's constructions, and the Prefecture of Police and the Conceirgeise are now to be found under the same roof.

The alterations in the temple of Justice itself are not greater than the changed manner in which the blind goddess administers the law in our days. Formerly the first step taken when a person was accused of any offence was to put him to the *question*. Now, this question was not addressed to him in words, but by the application of red-hot bars, spikes, thumbkins, iron screws, and other equally persuasive appliances to his limbs, which were torn, maimed, and crushed, in the service of truth. A man was consigned to torture even by the most kind-hearted of judges in an off-hand, matter-of-

fact way, just as a prisoner is now committed for trial by a magistrate. There were two kinds of torture, the one, which was merely preparatory, was inflicted on every person accused, to obtain all the details of the crime; the other was intended only for those who were condemned to death, so that they might confess the names of their accomplices. The mode of trial then was exceedingly primitive. The prisoner was produced before his judges, who had already mastered the indictment against him; he was not allowed to bring witnesses, or to employ any advocate in his defence; and he was "questioned" until he acknowledged every crime laid to his charge.

As for the punishments, they were as simple in their way as the trial. Calumniators were burnt; a man who debauched a girl had his ears cut off, and was banished; another who enticed away a married woman was dragged in public, and then beheaded; libellers were condemned to be whipped for the first offence, and hanged for the second. Criminals who died in prison were stuffed to be duly executed, drawn, and quartered, and every unhappy wretch who was on the eve of death was constrained to make what was designated *amende honorable*, that is, he knelt, with a rope round his neck, with bare feet, and with a wax taper in his hand before a church, to entreat of God pardon for his crimes. The last time this barbarous ceremony was practised was in 1790.

At the time of the revolution, criminal cases were decided before parliament, and before the *Tournelle*, a court so named because the councillors in parliament took their seats on the bench according to rote.

The minor police matters were heard at the Chatelet, under the presidency of the provost of Paris, and there cases of petty larceny, vagrancy, assault, and drunkenness, were disposed of. It was then that the administration of justice was thoroughly reformed, and that the prisoner had a chance given him for his life. He was tried publicly; he was allowed to produce witnesses, and to defend himself through an advocate, and finally, he was permitted to leave his fate in the hands of a jury of his countrymen; for that institution of which we are so proud was introduced in Paris by a Royal Decree of the 9th February, 1792, after having been first proposed in the National Assembly in March, 1790, by Dupont, a late councillor in parliament.

The present legal system existing in France is the creation of the First Empire. France is actually divided into twenty-two *cours imperiales*, which furnish an assize court to each department, whilst every *arrondissement* is supplied with a tribunal of first instance, and every canton with a justice of the peace. The imperial courts have taken the place of the parliaments and of the Tournelle, and the tribunals of first instance have been substituted for the Chatelet. The former adjudicate in all important criminal matters, whilst the latter fulfil functions similar to those of our police magistrates, and decide civil actions in the first instance. Above all rules the *Cour de Cassation*, whose duty is to decide, on appeal, on mere questions of law, and as to whether the necessary technicalities and formalities have been duly complied with.

What is called in France the *magistrature*—that is, the whole corporation of men bearing judicial functions—is divided into two distinct categories. The one is designated the “*standing magistrature*,” and can be removed at once. They were formerly known as the “*gens du roi*”

—the “people of the king,” and they were only allowed to speak standing in the open court, whence their name is derived. They form what is called the public ministry, or the *parquet*, which is another surname, derived from the fact that the individuals composing it anciently had to wait inside a wooden enclosure set apart for them, which enclosure was alluded to as “*le petit parc, or parquet*.” The *parquet* is conducted by the *procureur-general*, who is a very important personage; and when he rises to address the court, all the members of the *parquet* follow his example. Under him are the *avocats-generaux* (who speak in the different tribunals) and their *substitutes*, who are principally engaged in the internal administration of justice. The standing magistrature of the *Cour Imperiale* of Paris, which extends its jurisdiction over seven departments, is led by a *procureur-general*, followed by a first *avocat-general*, by six other *avocats-generaux*, and by eleven substitutes. The *parquet* of the tribunal of first instance consists of a *procureur-imperial*, aided by twenty-two substitutes.

The application of the law forms the duty of the remaining class of the magistrature, which is denominated *magistrature assise*, or sitting. It is composed of individuals who, leaving the *parquet*, take their seats on the bench as judges or councillors, and their position is analogous to that of our own judges. They are irremovable, and the chief of the state himself cannot dismiss them. They are incorruptible, and no sum of money would induce them to give an unjust sentence. They live in honourable obscurity, and they are seldom rich. When a member of the magistrature has risen, from step to step, through all the ranks in his profession—when, after a long career, he attains a seat in the *Cour de Cassation*—when, after fifty year's service in the highest capacity a man may be called upon to occupy, in dis-

posing of the life and property of others,—he retires, at the advanced age of seventy-five, on the very modest pension of 6000 francs (£240) per annum. This sum, which must be barely sufficient to preserve him from want, contrasts singularly with the thousands enjoyed by our judges and chancellors. The only reproach that has been made to the dispensers of the law in France has been, that of a too great subserviency, in political matters, to the ruling powers in the days of the last Empire, which is scarcely surprising when the smallness of the emoluments are considered, and the natural desire of mankind for advancement.

Every individual taken into custody by the police is confined in the *dépôt* of the chief office, and then within twenty-four hours he is removed to the *petit parquet*, to be examined by one or two substitutes of the *procureur-imperial* on duty, or if the matter is very knotty, by a judge of instruction. The *petit parquet* is situated close to the chapel. The narrow and ill-lighted dens occupied by the magistrates are damp, dark holes, only suitable for the habitation of rats. The paper is mouldy and worm-eaten, and falls in long green streaks from the dark, cold walls. The gas is kept always burning, and in the height of summer the inmates of that dismal abode shiver as in mid-winter. To a post of twenty *gendarmes* is assigned the duty of guarding the prisoners, each one of whom is led singly to the presence of the substitute. This official, who is sitting with a clerk of the court, before a table covered with papers containing a full account of the case, and of the previous history of the person before him—which he has already mastered—begins his interrogations. Now, with us, the examination of the prisoner is apparently so called from the fact of his not only not being asked any questions, but from his being especially warned not to in-

criminate himself. Across the channel, on the contrary, the object of the magistrate is simply to extract the truth from the lips of the accused and he sets about it with a right good will. The individuals he sees are seldom very interesting, and they very much resemble those that figure in the dock of our police offices. Rogues and vagrants, petty pilferers, drunken ruffians, beggars, and brazen-faced trulls, such are the types usually found in those precincts. They are of all ages, but the youngest in years are not seldom the oldest in crime, and some youthful offenders seem to be so well acquainted with the usages of the place that they take their seats therein and glance around with the looks of old *habitués*, replying glibly to the inquiries, and signing in an off-hand manner the *proces-verbal*.

When the misdemeanour is trifling, the culprit is at once released with a piece of good advice, which, no doubt, meets with the usual fate of this commodity. When the matter, on the contrary, is grave, and if it is confessed, the criminal is sent before the *police-correctionnelle*. According to the law of 20 Mai, 1863, magistrates are bound to dispose at once of those who are arrested in *flagrante delicto*, and whether the transgression be proved by independent witnesses, or admitted by the transgressor himself, it does not signify. So that a rogue apprehended on the 31st Mai, at eight o'clock in the evening, would be examined on the 1st June, and sentenced on the second. A theft was committed on the 27th March; it was communicated to the police on the 28th, on the 29th the guilty party was secured, on the 31st he was delivered to the *petit parquet*, and he was handed over to the *police correctionnelle* on the 2nd April. With us, judicial proceedings are certainly slower; the prisoner is remanded before the magistrates, perhaps for two or three weeks, and

then, if committed, he may wait in prison for two or three months, before taking his trial. This great speed, though intended for the benefit of the accused, sometimes causes a miscarriage of justice, for the police have not time to hunt up the antecedents of every rascal, and so occasionally an alias remains undetected, and an old offender is let loose again upon society, for the want of a few threads that would have established his identity and proved his guilt.

When the prisoner denies the commission of the crime described in the *proces verbal*, he is sent back, before the *juge d'instruction*, sitting at the *petit parquet*, or if necessary before the *procureur-imperial*. The activity displayed in those wretched little rooms, always tenanted by the scourgings of Paris, by ragged, filthy persons, covered with vermin, is extraordinary. In 1869, the *petit parquet* ordered further investigation in 1573 cases, and sent 10,590 to the *police correctionnelle*, whilst 13,414 were acquitted. 30,956 individuals of all ages and both sexes have sat down in those dark cellars to be examined between the gendarmes who guarded them; and of this number 14,253 were released by the substitutes, 942 by the *juge d'instruction*, and 15,861 were committed for trial.

In serious crimes matters proceed with much less rapidity in France. Then, repeated examinations, inquiries, and confrontations, are instituted, so as to extract the truth and complete the evidence against the persons inculpated. In important robberies and murders, the police having verified the commission of the misdeed, interrogate summarily the prisoner, make perquisitions at his residence, and accumulate proofs against him. The *petit parquet* file information with the *procureur-imperial*, who instructs one of the twenty judges of the tribunal of first instance, to commence the prosecution. The prisoner is

transferred from the *depôt* to the prison of Mazas, where he is confined alone in a dungeon. When he is a dangerous character, or he is suspected of having accomplices, or he refuses to confess, one or two companions, prisoners like himself, are placed with him. These men, who are designated *moutons*, are there to draw him out, and any little confidences they may dexterously obtain from the too-talkative thief or murderer, find their way to the police. An imprudent babbler once said, "I don't care for the beak; he can't get anything from me any more than from my old shoes." The expression was repeated to the *juge d'instruction*, and the dilapidated boots worn by the individual in question being carefully inspected, the sum of fifteen hundred francs in bank notes was therein discovered, which was precisely the amount the culprit had been accused of stealing.

Whenever a magistrate thinks it desirable to interrogate a prisoner he makes an order in writing for his production. The offender is brought in a cellular van from Mazas to the Palais de Justice, where he is confined in one of a number of small dungeons, forming together a vast hall, and divided from one another by partitions made of strong timber lined with iron. In due course he is brought before the *juge d'instruction*, who occupies a modestly furnished little apartment. There the culprit sits down, whilst the *gendarme*, who accompanies him, lounges on his chair, which is placed against the door to prevent any attempt at escape. Here we perceive the difference between our method of conducting criminal prosecutions and that of our French neighbours. With them the object is to convict the guilty, never mind how and by what means. With us, on the contrary, the aim appears to be to allow rogues every possible opportunity of escape. So then the

judge d'instruction, in his frock coat, his hands in his pockets, paces up and down the limited space at his command, thinking how best to run down his game. Every variety of ruffianism is brought before him, and his intellect must be keen to cope with some of the beings that crouch in his presence. He is like a doctor; he must suit his remedies to his patients. He must possess tact and temper, neither the stupid idiotcy that cannot understand, nor the low cunning that will not, must be allowed to baffle him. Many a fencing bout takes place in those little rooms, between the wit trained by study and experience, and the wit sharpened by vice and poverty. The prisoners know how much depends upon the *judge*, and they are careful in their admissions. Whatever they say is taken down and used against them at their trial. The magistrate pursues his plan of cross-examination without even losing his temper, and by dint of questions incessantly repeated, of adjurations to confess the truth, and of traps laid to catch it, he generally obtains all the information he requires, for his superior intellect and his profound knowledge of human nature succeed in unraveling piecemeal the most tangled threads of hidden dark stories. The criminal is so worried that he frequently confesses merely to obtain a little rest.

When one sitting is insufficient to complete the case against him, the accused is brought day after day, face to face with his tormentor. At the end of each interview, a minute of the proceedings is drawn up by the clerk, and is read to the criminal, who affixes to it his signature, whenever he is able to write. This only happens in a minority of instances, for out of 4607 individuals tried before a jury, 1681 (36 per cent.) could neither read nor write, 2068 (45 per cent.) read and wrote imperfectly, 638 (14 per cent.) could

read and write sufficiently well to be of service to themselves, and 200 (fewer than 5 per cent.) had received superior instruction. So that 81 per cent. of the criminals may be considered as illiterate. It is worthy of remark that the number of attempts against property has been found to vary with the price of bread. In France poverty and ignorance appear to be the preponderating causes of crime; causes that no doubt lead to the same effect on this side of the channel.

As the proceedings advance every possible proof is accumulated against the accused. He is shown a blood-stained knife, a forgotten cap, a false key, a crowbar; he is confronted with witnesses, and, in the midst of scenes in which sometimes savage violence bursts forth, in the midst of oaths, denials, and abuse, the *judge d'instruction* endeavours to discover some rays of truth. The confrontation does not always take place only with the living. Sometimes the murderer is conducted to the *Morgue*, where, in the presence of the magistrate, he is constrained to inspect the remains of the man, who, though with staring open eyes, will never see again in this world. The aspect of the dead body has invariably the effect of an electric shock on the prisoner. In vain he turns aside his head, he steps back, or he endeavours to flee, when he is asked "Do you know him?" He rarely says "No." Some affect indifference, and, by a great mental effort remain unmoved and expressionless. Others exclaim, "Poor man!" and feign surprise and regret; but many, unable to bear this torture any longer, break out into a complete avowal of the crime.

When the magistrate, during the examination, thinks it desirable to inspect the prisoner's correspondence, he draws up a requisition, which is entrusted to a commissary of police, who seizes at the post-office all the letters addressed to the

prisoner. These letters are handed to the magistrate, who delivers them sealed to the accused, and only impounds and annexes them to the other documents when evidence bearing on the case is discovered. A commissary of police, it must be understood, is attached to the Palais de Justice to assist especially the *procureur-imperial*.

At this stage of the proceedings the law presses hardly against the prisoner, for whilst the magistrate is empowered to summon all the necessary witnesses for the prosecution, there is not a word in the statutes as to the witnesses for the defence. Doubtless, the magistrate might by a stretch of kindness and courtesy call them, but he is not bound to do so, and as a matter of fact he seldom does it. There is no provision made for the protection of the accused, who is not even permitted to record in the *proces-verbal* that he has applied for the production of a particular witness who could give evidence in his favour. This omission on the part of the law is probably not intended to injure the prisoner's case, but rather to shorten the proceedings by leaving his witnesses to the day of the trial. If the accused is ignorant, which happens nearly always, or if his advocate is deficient in knowledge, which happens sometimes, it may occur that, under the impression that because certain evidence was deemed inadmissible by the *juge d'instruction*, it would still be refused by the tribunal, important witnesses for the defence are not called forward, to the detriment of the defence. On the other hand, a sharp lawyer will gain something by his bringing unexpected testimony on behalf of his client on the trial, when there is no time to verify the previous character of the witnesses, or to shake their evidence. Indeed, the advantages of reserving the defence are well known even in our courts of law; and in France a surprise of this kind

not unfrequently secures an acquittal even in not very promising cases.

When the inquiry conducted by the *juge d'instruction* is completed, the documents relating thereto are handed over to the *procureur-imperial*, who, after having examined the proceedings, orders the committal of the prisoner. The magistrate transmits all the papers to the *procureur-general* at the *cour imperiale*, where the next action is to be taken. For we leave now the *tribunal de premiere instance*, to follow the working of the *cour imperiale*.

When the *procureur-general* assumes the prosecution, he draws up a report to one of the chambers of of the *cour imperiale*, designated *Chambre des Mises en Accusation*. Not only are the sittings of this mysterious court never published, but the *procureur* himself, or his substitute, when he attends, lays down his report and withdraws, the *conseillers*, or judges, deliberating in private. They either ask for more information, or order the trial of the prisoner by the Assize Court, which is held in Paris twice monthly. The prisoner is permitted to appeal to the *Court of Cassation*, but this right is very seldom used unless he wishes to obtain a delay. A French jury is elected for one session, and, therefore, it officiates for only a fortnight. About 2000 names, composing the jury-lists prepared by the Prefect of the Seine, are placed in two sealed urns, and forty schedules are drawn therefrom; these represent thirty-six acting jurymen, and four to be placed in reserve in case of an emergency. The names are called aloud, and then the president of the court fixes a day for the opening of the assizes.

The prisoner, meanwhile, who has been conveyed from *Mazas* to the *conciergerie*, is visited by the President of the Court, to inquire whether he has been informed of the nature of the proceedings against him, whether he knows the offence

of which he is accused, and whether he has chosen a counsel. If the last question be answered in the negative, the court appoints a member of the bar to defend him.

The sittings of the *cour imperiale* of the Seine are held in the Palais de Justice, in a vast hall handsomely decorated with a richly carved and gilt ceiling, which absorbs too much the human voice, and renders it very indistinct below. There is sufficient and convenient accommodation for judges, jury, counsel, witnesses and public, but a number of steps interrupt the free passage between one part of the hall and the other, and between the hall itself and the rest of the building. Indeed, the jury in order to reach the apartment where they deliberate, are constrained to ascend thirty-two steps.

The court assembles at half-past ten, and, generally speaking, the portion set aside for the public is scantily attended; but when an important trial is at hand, every nook and corner is crowded by women, who struggle and squeeze and push to get in, just as they would to assist at a theatrical representation. They will not accept a hint as to the propriety of entering in questionable cases, and the story is well known when, on a certain occasion, one of the judges called out, "The cause we are about to begin contains some indelicate details, and I advise virtuous women to quit the court." No one stirring, he added, "Usher now that the virtuous women have withdrawn, turn out the others."

While the ladies are talking and whispering, the prisoner is brought from his dungeon. After ascending the winding staircase leading direct from the prison to the court, he is led to a chamber wherein are assembled the *President*, or Chief Justice, the *conseillers*, or puisne judges, the *Avocat General*, and the members of the jury. Of these last twelve are chosen by lot to try the culprit;

they enter the hall, and they are not allowed from that moment, not only not to hold any communications with anybody, but even not to permit their feelings or impressions to become apparent by word or deed. In one instance in a case of murder, when a juror on observing two napkins, the one belonging to the victim, the other found in possession of the murderer, happened to exclaim, "They are alike"—he was immediately expelled, and replaced by another; and the counsel for the defence might, had he thought proper, have procured the adjournment of the trial to another session. The jury are placed in a favourable position for watching closely the delinquent, and are furnished with pens, ink, and paper, and with small bottles of vinegar, which is not always superfluous considering the objects at times exhibited before them.

When the criminal appears, he engrosses the attention of the spectators, until the "court" makes its entrance. Every one rises, as the president, the two councillors, and the *Avocat General*, all draped in scarlet robes, trimmed with ermine, slowly advance and occupy their seats. The president opens the proceedings. He identifies the prisoner by asking him a few questions; he reminds the counsel of the necessity of not forgetting the dictates of his conscience, or the respect due to the law; and he reads the form of oath, which each juror comes forward singly to swear. The *acte d'accusation*, or indictment, is read by the clerk loudly, and the witnesses are called away and locked up in a room by themselves. Then the prisoner is told to stand, and to answer the interrogatories made to him. However prepared he may be for the ordeal, the twitching of the muscles round the mouth, and the convulsive working of the hyoid bone along the throat, reveal the intensity of his emotion. But heavy

as the charge against him may be, hope does not altogether fail him; the least kindness of expression on the part of the authorities revives his drooping spirits, and imparts to him confidence. Frequently he contradicts the statements he made before the *juge*; and when asked to explain the inconsistency, he shrugs his shoulders, and says he does not know how to account for it. Old stagers who have been convicted three or four times before, deny systematically everything against them, even to the clearest evidence, or the most palpable proofs. The prisoner is entrusted to the care of a *gendarme*, who tells him when to get up and when to sit down. The two frequently fraternise, exchange pinches of snuff, and laugh boisterously when the president cracks a joke.

The witnesses are summoned separately, and during the examination of each one the others remain locked up. They swear "to speak without hatred and without fear, to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." This oath is generally repeated in a dull, unmeaning, or confused manner, for often the witnesses are so bewildered as scarcely to know what they are repeating. After each deposition, the prisoner is examined, so as to permit him to clear up or refute the evidence just given. French witnesses are not more trustworthy than English witnesses; and an old judge was wont to say that, according to his experience, he could recognise a coming falsehood by certain signs; a well-bred man would cough, and an ordinary fellow would spit before uttering a word. As they are required the sensational proofs of the prisoner's guilt are produced and placed before his eyes. The terrible witnesses who, though mute, can tell so eloquent a story with reference to the drama in the course of being unfolded, now tend to convict him more than any spoken words. Stained knives, blood-bespattered

garments, phials containing poison, instruments of violence—these are laid on the table before the jury. There is a kind of testimony in France which is impatiently expected, which is religiously listened to, and which in cases of poisoning or murder determines the verdict of the jury. With us medical evidence exercises comparatively but little weight, for if six of the most eminent professional men in London depose to anything, half-a-dozen others, as well known, will be brought forward to affirm to exactly the contrary. Across the channel, however, the man of science fulfils a heavily responsible mission, for he holds the life and death of the prisoner in his hands. A judge must have a stock of varied knowledge, but he cannot be a chemical analyst, or a practised dissector of dead bodies. Therefore, in France, a qualified practitioner is engaged to seek the truth, and to furnish scientific tests sufficiently accurate to serve as a basis for the conviction of the prisoner.

In Paris, when the physicians for the defence and those for the prosecution are divided in opinion, as must generally happen, recourse is had to one of those high authorities whose words are listened to with reverence, and whose dicta are law. Such men as Orfila, the toxicologist, or Claude Bernard, the physiologist, have often satisfied the qualms of conscience of a tender-hearted jury, and caused it to reject the "extenuating circumstances," so frequently appealed to on behalf of the criminal. Whenever a murder is committed, a doctor is instructed by government to make a *post-mortem* examination of the body of the victim, and some *savans* have acquired, through their powers of observation, so keen an insight into these matters that they frequently reconstruct facts they can never have beheld, with such unerring accuracy as to confound the delinquent, and induce him to confess all.

There is one point, at least, in common between English and French juries, and that is, the desire to adjourn for refreshments at mid-day. The prisoner is removed to the lock-up adjoining the court, the judges re-enter the council chamber, and the jury ascend a lofty staircase, and return to their apartment, where a luncheon is ready for them. For the time being, the court is converted into the pit of a theatre; loud chattering is going on, jokes are cracked, and so are nuts, and, in some instances, beer and cakes have been sold. A bell is rung, the judges and jury reappear, and the sitting is resumed.

The witnesses have all spoken, all the confrontations have been made, and it is now the turn of the "public ministry" to address the court. The *avocat-general* relates the history of the crime, showing it under the most odious colours, and dwelling on the proof which he sets forth in the most distinct manner. Even in France now, passion, violence, theatrical gestures, are quite discarded in matters of life and death. An advocate, to please the public and satisfy the jury, must be calm, clear, earnest, and humane, and must avoid dogmatism. In this he acts, indeed, like our own members of the Bar, whose opening speech, even with reference to the most serious crimes, is mostly temperate and impartial. It is found that the jury does not like being pressed over much, and when the *avocat-general* shows too much desire for a conviction, the jury, like a restive horse, will not be driven, and they give an acquittal. The *avocat-general* has great weight in court, for he represents the majesty of the law, and if he abandons the prosecution the prisoner is immediately released. Some *avocat-generaux* have shown considerable kindness to the accused, and examples are far from rare when these officials have pointed out circumstances tending to exonerate him,

and which had been neglected, owing to the inexperience of his advocate. Whenever the "public ministry" speaks, the criminal seems to be a prey to a restless uneasiness; he leans his forehead in his hands, and watches anxiously the words that fall from the lips of the *avocat-general*, to see whether certain occurrences are mentioned, and whether certain other facts are passed by unnoticed.

It is seldom that eminent members of the Bar take part in ordinary criminal trials, which generally are left to juniors with small practice. It is, indeed, a somewhat difficult task to be thoroughly convinced of the guilt of the ruffian sitting in the dock, to have become acquainted through conversation with him with all the savagery of that lost soul, and then to affect a profound belief in his innocence, and to speak enthusiastically in his behalf, merely seeking in an improbable acquittal, an oratorical triumph. And thus it happens that men of established reputation rarely accept briefs of this nature, preferring as they do to reserve their abilities for civil causes.

The hero of the day follows eagerly the address for the defence, his face alternating between the flush of hope and the paleness of despair; and should there be allusion to the early years of the criminal, when he lived in childish gentleness in the bosom of his family, he is sure to burst into tears, were he thrice a murderer. During the whole trial the countenances of the jurors have remained as impassible and close as so many sphynxes, when the president, having asked the criminal whether he has anything more to say, delivers his summing-up, exhorting the jury to act according to justice, and without regard to any human considerations. Whilst the verdict is being considered by them in their apartment, it is probably becoming dark, and the gas is lighted in court, when all seem tired and enervated by the hot, close air, and by the long trial. Every

one seems fatigued, but curiosity keeps the crowd together. The prisoner is in the lock-up, and very often, his mind being released from the state of tension in which it had been all day, gives vent to unrestrained mirth. "I had no idea so much could be said in my favour," exclaimed once a well-known criminal. Occasionally the tingling of a bell is heard. It is the jury, who summon the president in their room, to consult him on some point of law. Nothing that takes place within those four walls is allowed to transpire without. Those men who hold the life of one of their fellow-creatures in their hands are only responsible to their conscience. Their individual opinions must not be known; it is only the collective voice that must be heard. When they have agreed on all points, and prepared written replies to the questions indicated by the president, the jury re-enter, and the foreman, amidst the profound silence of the court, placing his hand on his heart, loudly calls out, "On my honour and my conscience, before God and before men, the declaration of the jury is This is very impressive, though somewhat stagey, and sometimes the jurors are much affected. A popular actor, who had been appointed foreman on one occasion, was so moved that he broke down, and could never read the finding of the jury.

The prisoner is then brought in, and the verdict repeated to him by the clerk of the court; finally, the president, after inquiring of the counsel for the defence whether he has anything else to add, reads the article of the penal code respecting the crime in question, and sentences the prisoner in conformity. If the accused be found "not guilty," he is acquitted, and returns to everyday life, like a man who awakes from

a nightmare, without any loss of character. There is no appeal from an assize court, but three days are allowed to the prisoner, if convicted, to apply to the *cour de cassation*, when only points of law are considered and not questions of fact. If the proceedings in the lower courts are found to be quite regular by the upper court, nothing can save the criminal from the penalty inflicted by the law.

In this brief sketch we have endeavoured to relate the principal features of French criminal justice, observing wherein they differ most from our own forms. Each kind of procedure has its advantages and disadvantages; each, perhaps, is best suited to the temper of the nation for whom it is intended, though each might be amended and improved by the adoption of some of the institutions of the other. In England every man is considered innocent until he is proved to be guilty. In France every prisoner committed for trial is considered guilty until he proves himself innocent. The conviction of rogues is the aim and object of French law; the desire of avoiding to convict wrongfully innocent persons, is the principal care of the English law. With us every possible protection is bestowed on the safety of single individuals, at the expense of society. With our neighbours, on the contrary, society is protected at the expense of single individuals; and at all events across the channel, the spectacle is seldom contemplated of a known scoundrel escaping from condign punishment owing to the impotency of the law, or through some loophole in the proceedings, or through some technical quibble raised in his favour by a sharp Old-Bailey lawyer.

J. P.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR CHRISTIANS.

It is not often that we have the advantage of learning the views of outsiders upon our morals and manners. How Christianity strikes the mind of a heathen we can seldom learn. Occasionally, the publication of some work like the "Modern Buddhist," enables us to see in what aspect the creed of Christianity strikes a philosophic and inquiring mind brought up under very different influences. We send out costly missions to all parts of the globe; we translate the Bible into every variety of gibberish; we write books upon the manners, history, and religion of the speakers of the said gibberishes; but we rarely get to know what they think of us. The heathen is reticent, or reserves his criticisms for his own countrymen; and so we lose that pleasure coveted by Burns, "of seeing oursels as ithers see us." It is, perhaps, as well; for our self-love would not be flattered could we see the caricatures which pass for images of our veritable form and body. Notwithstanding the long period which has elapsed since the first European was seen in China, the ideas of western manners and religion do not appear to be so minutely correct as could be wished. A work has been widely circulated in the Celestial Empire, filled with the most absurd and disgusting fables concerning the foreigners and native Christians, and probably had its share in rousing John Chinaman to that pitch of ferocity which led to the massacre at Tien-Tsin. A copy of this work, notwithstanding the precautions employed to prevent it falling into Christian hands, came into the possession of the mis-

sionaries in Teng-Chow, and was by them translated into English.¹

The work is chiefly a compilation, portions of it having been written against the Jesuits in the 17th century. In its present form it is an attack on Christianity and Christian nations at large. As such it is a literary curiosity, and we purpose giving an account of it, only premising that the work is in parts so inconceivably obscene as to defy quotation.

First, as to the manners and morals of Christendom generally, but especially England and France. *Place aux Dames*.—"Women are regarded as superior; men as inferior. From the king down to the people all are subject to the authority of their wives. It is a common thing for a wife to drive away her husband, and seek another. They say that men are born of women; therefore many of their kingdoms are governed by queens."

But although the western nations are gallant, their conjugal morality is not very severe:—"When a son dies, a father may marry his daughter-in-law. A man may also marry his own daughter. They marry the widows of deceased brothers, uncles, or nephews. They also marry their own sisters."

They are great polygamists:—"It is considered honourable to have many wives. The principal man is allowed three thousand; and every year they collect the women together and a selection is made."

The western method of showing respect is somewhat peculiar:—"They do not kneel, never bending a knee even before their king. They take hold of and kiss his hand, or

¹ "Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrines. A Plain Statement of Facts. Published by the Gentry and People." Translated from the Chinese. Shanghai. 1870.

pluck out hair from the forehead and throw it on the ground ; this being the highest degree of honour shown either to a king or a father."

As to their morals the less we say about them the better :—"When friends meet they inquire about each other's wives, but never about parents. They regard parents as belonging to a past period. Brothers and friends seldom see each other, but when they meet they give themselves up to licentious intercourse."

Mr. Cardwell will probably be surprised to hear :—"That in England they have the art of cutting out paper men and horses, and by burning charms and repeating incantations, transforming them into real men and horses. These they use to terrify their enemies."

Necromancy, however, is rarely a blessing, and so these magic battalions can be dissolved by beating gongs, discharging large guns, and spouting water over them. So much for the Christians in their native lands. The chief or head of the religion prevailing in France is called Kwo-ni. The name of their god (Shen), is Parti-hing, from his apotheosis to the present time, is one thousand and forty years. He has hair and whiskers, and one image represents him standing up looking with clasped hands to heaven. Another represents him kneeling and looking with clasped hands to heaven. These are the images the people worship. When the priests worship him, they have also an image of Buddha which they call Parti-li. On the third of the ninth month they worship their ancestors but use no tablet."

In the kingdom of A-kwo-er they constantly practice killing men to sacrifice to Jesus in praying for happiness. They also offer sacrifices at their graves. When a principal man dies they offer one thousand men as a sacrifice. To procure victims they catch foreigners and traders coming into their borders, and if these are

not sufficient, they seize travellers, so that no one dares go to market alone for fear of being carried off.

In the Celestial Empire—"They depend on their skill in constructing curious and ingenious machinery, and on their knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, making use, also, of occult and devilish arts, and practising alchemy."

Amongst these occult arts is photography :—"There is, however, a method of taking likenesses by spreading some chemicals over the surface of a mirror. The practice of this art is very lucrative, and some native Christians have by great assiduity possessed themselves of it. They also by obtaining the hair and nail parings of women and placing them under the bed-mat, acquire the power to compel their presence."

About opium we have a truthful testimony :—"Opium is produced in the west. Its smell is fragrant and its taste very delicious, and when first taken it will cure disease. There are none of the foreigners who eat it themselves, but they beguile Chinese to pay enormous prices for it and eat it. After a time it emaciates the body and wastes the springs of life until the whole man becomes a wreck, so that many die from the effects."

The Christian statemen who forced this vile drug into China have a heavy responsibility upon their souls.

Incantations are used to decoy people into Christianity, and when a person enters this religion, the teacher gives him four ounces of silver and a pill. After thus taking the pill his whole mind is confused and darkened, so that "he destroys his ancestral tablets, and only worships an image of a naked child, which points one finger toward heaven and the other toward the earth. They say this is the Prince Jesus. They also sacrifice to a god (Shen) called Ka-ni, and to another

called Parti-hing. Instead of doing this, they sometimes make use of red paper on which they describe an elliptical figure, within which they represent a cross with swords, spears, and other instruments; this they call 'the holy cross,' and place it over their doors or in a shrine."

So far we have only seen John Chinaman's view of the ceremonial parts of Christianity. Now we come to his conceptions of its doctrine:—"Those who commit sin must go to hell and wail and repent in the presence of Jesus, and pray to the mother of Jesus that she may present their prayer to God (T'ien-Chu), who will thus forgive their sin, and permit their souls to ascend to heaven. All Buddhas, however, are devils, to be confined in hell for ever, without release." If you ask who Jesus is, the reply is, "he is God" (T'ien-Chu). If you ask who God (T'ien-Chu) is, the reply is, "he is the ruler of heaven and earth and all things." If you ask why he descended and was born a man, the reply is, that "God (T'ien-Chu) had compassion on Adam, and on his descendants, to whom the calamity of his sin was transmitted through all time, and so he engaged to come to the world within five thousand years, and redeem them." How can these things be? cries the celestial critic. "How is it possible for the Son of God (Shang-ti) to take the form of a man and be born? Before Jesus was born, in whose hands was the government of the universe? When his body had ascended to heaven how could he have a grave for men to worship?" Further he finds that Christians are not agreed as to their own sacred history, for some say that Jesus died without any descendants, others, that he had a son born after his death, called Prince Jesus. Some say that Jesus was born in the first year of the Emperor Tuen Sze, of the Han dynasty; others say he was born in the second year of the Em-

peror Tuen Sheo, and still others say in the fourteenth year of the same Emperor. The accounts are of various kinds, and disagree among themselves. "In the first year of the Emperor Kung Cheng, the T'ien-Chu sect made great progress at the capital. There was a literary graduate, called Chang Keo-i, who was in straits for a livelihood. He and his family joined the sect of T'ien-Chu, and making liberal gains were soon in comfortable circumstances. A beggar was in the habit of knocking at the door in his rags, begging something to eat. The man Chang, upon giving him some food, exhorted him to go and enter the T'ien-Chu sect, and escape from his poverty. The beggar replied, 'Though I should starve to death, I would not throw away my humanity, and become a mere beast.' Chang said to him 'Why do you use such violent language?' The beggar replied, 'I do not speak violently; if you will listen I will tell you.' Chang said to him, 'Say on.' The beggar said 'The T'ien-Chu sect are the sect of Jesus. This Jesus broke the laws of his country, and was put to death on the cross; and thus they discard the relation of king and subject. The mother of Jesus, called Mary, had a husband called Joseph, yet it is reputed that Jesus was not the son of his father; and thus they discard the relation of husband and wife. Those who follow him are not allowed to worship their ancestors or their tablets, and so they discard the relation of father and son. When a man discards the relations of king and subject, husband and wife, and father and son, if he is not a beast what is he?' Chang was enraged, and drove him out, and the beggar carelessly went his way. In a few years Chang's money was squandered, and he died of a grievous disease."

Another anecdote refers to a popular belief seemingly deeply rooted in the Chinese mind that

certain indignities are perpetrated upon their dead by the Christian priests :—"In the reign of the Emperor Wan - Lie, a foreigner named Parta-li came into Chekiang, and began to persuade men to join the T'ien-Chu sect ; and great numbers were ensnared by him. There was a certain military undergraduate called Wang Wen-mu, an athlete, who, hearing when any one who had joined this sect died, they secretly took out his eyes, had a desire to test the matter, and so by false pretences entered the sect. For some days he ate nothing, and word was sent to the priest, who came, and sure enough he had a little knife in his hand, and coming forward, was about to cut out Wang's eyes, when he, springing up suddenly, beat him and drove him out of his house, and cut off his head and destroyed his image of Jesus. When this affair came to be known in the capital, the Emperor rewarded him liberally."

What earthly or heavenly use could a dead man's eyes be applied to? Why should the priests desire them?

The reason is this. "From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead

can be extracted eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds of lead can be sold at the original cost. But the only way to obtain this silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose."

The charges of licentiousness, which our author very freely urges against the Christians, are put forth in a style which forbids us to allude further to them. One would think that a work so full of falsehood and absurdity would be its own refutation. Yet there seems to be no reason to doubt that the work is readily received by the Chinese as a faithful portrait of Christianity and its professors. To attempt to criticise such a production would be a sheer waste of time, since in a literary country like China, national and religious prejudices (things not unknown amongst Western peoples) have succeeded in producing such a hideous caricature, we may well ask whether our own pictures of foreign lands and strange religions are to be relied upon.

W. E. A. A.



DR. JOHN MOORE, THE AUTHOR OF "ZELUCO."

ARE there any novel-readers, in this age of novel-writers, who read "Zeluco?" We suppose there may be here and there somebody venturesome enough to explore the upper shelves of the circulating library, where the three volumes repose with their dead contemporaries, and, struck by the sounding romantic title, or moved by the literary traditions of the past, wipe the dust from the book, and perchance make acquaintance with the gentle patience of Laura, and the malignity of her corrupt and contemptible lord. If the reader brings to the perusal knowledge of the world and thoughtful consideration of its virtues and vices, he will, spite of the unpleasant company of despicable, ruthless crime to which he is introduced in portions of the work, be not unfavourably impressed alike with the genius and amiable philosophical temperament of the author—a man of taste and reflection, of a complete, well-rounded career of human experience, who had seen life as it has happened to few so capable observers to see it, in private and in public, in its more familiar and in its most extraordinary aspects.

His native country, Scotland, not accustomed to neglect her worthies, may take an honest pride in John Moore. He came of a good stock. His father was a clergyman of the Kirk, at Stirling, eminent for his intellectual and moral qualities, who, at his death, in the son's boyhood, left the youth to the care of a mother distinguished for her good sense and amiable disposition. Under these auspices, young Moore was diligently educated at the University of Glasgow; and, medicine being chosen for his profession, was apprenticed to Gordon, the philanthropic surgeon, of whom the novel-

ist, Smollett, not long before, had been a pupil. Duly instructed in the science, at the early age of nineteen he secured the patronage of the Duke of Argyle, then a commoner, and in an official surgical capacity accompanied him and his regiment to Flanders, where he served under General Braddock. He subsequently renewed his medical studies at Paris and London, and, having married happily, pursued the practice of his profession at Glasgow, to the age of forty-three, when, being engaged as the travelling companion, on the Continent, of the young Duke of Hamilton, he entered upon that course of observation of foreign countries which was to furnish the material and incentive to his future literary career. Five years were passed with this nobleman, of course with every social advantage, in the study of the chief capitals of Europe. On returning home he published his first work, "A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany," followed by a similar work on Italy. "Zeluco," his first novel, appeared in 1786, when the author had reached the mature age of fifty-seven. In 1792, he accompanied the Earl of Lauderdale to Paris, on a tour of observation, and was an eye-witness of the culminating horrors of the French Revolution. He shortly after published a narrative of his residence in France, and subsequently a "View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution." A second novel, "Edward," appeared from his pen in 1796; and a third, "Mordaunt," in 1800. These, with the exception of a volume of "Medical Sketches," and a memoir of Smollett, complete the series of the author's publications. He died in England, in 1802,

at the age of seventy-three, leaving a family of several sons, all honourably employed in the professions, the eldest of whom, General Sir John Moore, has his place in history.

The filling up of this skeleton outline is to be supplied from the books of the author; and they afford, as we have intimated, a rare opportunity of becoming acquainted with a man whom it is a pleasure to know. There is probably no profession which affords better opportunities for the study of character than that of the physician; and when it is exercised by a man of natural good sense, of thorough education, of a kind, sympathetic heart, of powers of reflection, we would rank it foremost in this particular. The lawyer sees much of his fellow-men, but generally in a hard, selfish aspect, in the preservation of the rights of property, or the defence of wounded character. The clergyman is witness to much of suffering and much of heroism; but there are fewer disguises with the physician. *Ego te intus et in cute novi* may he fairly say, with the Roman satirist, of the race of man, whose existence he watches at every stage, from the cradle to the grave. There is, to be sure, the danger to the physician, common to him with the members of the other professions—that of blinding his judgment by a species of studied conventionalism, with the opposite risk of entertaining a habit of contempt, generated naturally enough by the constant sight of the weakness and corruptions of poor humanity. From these tendencies the physician can be saved only by the possession of an intellect of unusual soundness, and a heart of uncommon benevolence. Where these exist, as in the case of Moore, there are boundless charity and unfathomable sympathy. There are living patterns of such men; and they may be looked for at the very summit of the profession. You may know them by the qualities which mark the true

man of science and the true man of feeling. Calm, patient, sedate; looking tranquilly out upon the world with "an eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;" tolerant judges, in their wide experience, of human frailty; ever seeking to relieve suffering; cultivating cheerfulness as a prime minister of their art; daily observers of the severest trials of endurance, and of the most touching examples of devotion;—the tired actor, wearied with his part on the stage of the world, his mask thrown aside in the presence of his friend, who counts the pulsations of his heart—who, with more penetrating sagacity, with deeper insight of sympathy, with greater scorn where scorn should be given, with more willing tolerance where charity appeals, who sooner than the good physician, is to be entrusted with the pen of the novelist, to go forth into society and write the character of the race, its blended good and evil, the mingled result of its physical, moral, and intellectual elements?

The reason, perhaps, why there are so few authors, depicitors of life and manners, from the medical profession, is the engrossing nature of the pursuit, and its tendency to formalism. One must be of the profession, and above it, to enjoy the advantages we have suggested. This was the lot of Moore, which qualified him for his literary work. He was early thrown upon the world in that army-life which has bred so many good authors. Then his occupation as a surgeon relieved him from the pottering, dwindling tendencies which too often entangle the physician—reverencing the sovereign healing ministries of nature, he freely ridiculed the excessive "prescriptions" of his day—and, what was essential to his career, he was, at the prime of life, exempted from the routine of the calling, and summoned to play his part, with a freedom which could not exist for him in Great Britain, in unreserved inter-

course with the highest and most cultivated social circles of France, Germany, and Italy, and this too at a period when the whole continent was in a ferment of new ideas, when Europe was labouring with the great birth of the Revolution.

We confess we like to know something of the man as an introduction to his writings, being of Addison's opinion, in the "*Spectator*," "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a choleric disposition, married or a bachelor; with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." The worthy biographer of Dr. Moore, Dr. Robert Anderson, has taken pains, in his somewhat generalising way, to enable us to form a notion of the appearance of the author of "*Zeluco*." "His person and manners," we are told, "announced vigour of body and intrinsic worth. His form was manly and graceful. His features were regular and prepossessing. His eye expressed, at once, penetration and benignity. His air and manner commanded respect, while it inspired affection. His behaviour and address bore the genuine stamp of true politeness; dignified, with ease and grace, and affable, without vanity or affectation." This is complimentary enough, but vague, according to the fashion of biography in the last century. A writer in the present would give the colour of the eyes and hair of his subject, an enumeration of his phrenological organs, his height in feet and inches, his weight in avoirdupois. For ourselves, we prefer to either a glance at the good Doctor's portraits, taken at different periods by Cochrane, by Gavin Hamilton, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and by an amateur, W. Lock. The first, taken at his prime, shows a countenance of much beauty, in the general, well-rounded contour, and the graceful separate features. The

second, taken later in life, has another beauty, that of thoughtful meditation, proportioned to the period. Lawrence's portrait we have not seen; that of Lock is a profile-sketch, with the features somewhat worn. All exhibit traces of manly force and sensibility.

Such were the opportunities and capacity of the man. Let us test them by his writings. The "*View of Society and Manners in France*," his first book, opens with a scene characteristic of the habits of men of family and fashion of the day. Moore's young charge, the Duke of Hamilton, has just lost an unconscionable sum in a fit of gambling—a propensity which he may have inherited from his father, the proud and profligate Duke, who carelessly threw away a thousand pounds in an entertainment one night at Lord Chesterfield's, neglecting his cards at one end of the room while he was making love to the beautiful Miss Gunning at the other. Every reader of the gossip of those times will recall Horace Walpole's account of his marriage to the lady, which came off a day or two after; how the hot-livered Duke hurried her away at midnight to Mayfair Chapel, where the couple were united by an obsequious parson, "with a ring of the bed-curtain." Seven hundred people, he also tells us "sat up all night in and about an inn, in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise one morning." This lady, it will be remembered, after the death of her first husband, became Duchess of Argyle, and by her two illustrious marriages was the mother of four Dukes. Of these the second was Moore's pupil, or companion, to whom we are introduced in the gambling scene. The Mentor resolutely expostulates, exhibiting the folly and immorality of his course, when, in the midst of the lecture, enters one of the young gentleman's acquaintances, who pooh-poohs all the arguments in the cause of virtue. "There,"

says he, "is Charles Fox, a man completely ruined, yet beloved by his friends and admired by his country as much as ever." The reply of Moore was creditable to his wit and candour. "If," said he, "nobody had been influenced by that gentleman's example, except those who possessed his genius, his turn for play would never have hurt one man in the kingdom." He then clinches somewhat this disparaging reflection on the understanding of his opponent by a most beautiful and apposite illustration, condensing a sermon into a refined witticism. It will not do, he argued, to seek protection under the example of Fox, whose loss of character he, at the same time, poetically insinuates—for the fire which burns a piece of wood to ashes, can only melt a guinea, which still retains its intrinsic value, *though his Majesty's countenance no longer shines on it.*"

Moore's observation of French society in this first visit to Paris, exhibits the elements of the yet-unsuspected coming Revolution. He notices at the outset the social position and the influence of men of letters upon the sentiments of the upper classes, and even upon "the measures of government." The hard, inevitable poverty of the peasantry, as a permanent condition, impresses itself upon him "as the surest proof of a careless, and consequently an oppressive government." Incidents of the arrogant social tyranny of the noblesse peep out in his pages. The very streets of Paris, in the absence of sidewalks, indicate that the French world was made for the nobility, as their carriages driven violently along crowd the long-suffering canaille to the wall, "dispersing the people at their approach like chaff before the wind." He sees nowhere any political right for any body of men; princes, nobles, and clergy, having only "certain privileges which distinguish them in different degrees from their fellow-subjects."

The monarchy is "raised so high that it quite loses sight of the bulk of the nation." Yet the people are eminently loyal, taking more pride in their sovereign, with more interest in his ways, with more consideration, like that of a mother for a spoilt child, for his very weaknesses, than any other subjects in Europe. If a prophet had then arisen to declare that in a few years, in a great popular movement, the head of Louis the "well-beloved," would be seen rolling at the foot of the scaffold, he would have been derided as a maniac, or stoned as a malignant.

From France we pass to Switzerland. While at Geneva, our author, of course, visited Ferney, then, in the lifetime of its distinguished occupant, as now, a "Mecca of the mind," a shrine for literary pilgrims, vocal with the oracles of its Apollo. Voltaire, upon the whole, seems to have made a happy impression upon Dr. Moore. He was then eighty, a skeleton in appearance to the eye of every one, but a skeleton, we are bid to remember, "with a look of more spirit and vivacity than is generally produced by flesh and blood, however blooming and youthful. The most piercing eyes I ever beheld are those of Voltaire. His whole countenance is expressive of genius, observation, and extreme sensibility." As a proof of this sensibility, Dr. Moore relates his observation of him, when at the performance of one of his own plays at the little French theatre, in the vicinity at Chatelaine, he saw him "shed tears with the profusion of a girl present for the first time at a tragedy." This was very characteristic of a man who had through so many years cultivated his susceptibilities to the degree and extent witnessed in the many works of Voltaire. It goes far to disprove the usual charge of heartlessness brought against men of wit—who, if we look a very little into the matter, must be of very delicate perceptions, and of an

exquisite sense of feeling, to be wits at all. A man must have lived beneath the surface, and felt deeply, to perceive the subtle relations of things involved in being witty; though it must be admitted he may not always—Voltaire, certainly very often did not—put his acquaintance with life to the best use. Voltaire, we are inclined to think, came honestly by his tears. It was Pope, another satirist, and capable of some severe acrimony in that direction, who said of these exhibitions of feeling, "The finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest."

Dr. Moore found Voltaire at Ferney in the enjoyment of a reality of prosperity among the villagers which he had, in the careful promotion of manufactures and industry, created. He notes his services to mankind in his opposition to their tyrants and oppressors; and deeply regrets that he had allowed the shafts of his ridicule to glance from an unworthy priesthood to the Christian religion itself. Some specimens of his wit are given, for he kept up the art and habit of saying "good things" to the end. One of these was, for him, a milder attack than usual on the clergy. "If you subtract pride from priests," some one said, "nothing will remain." "*Vous comptez, donc, monsieur, la gourmandise pour rien,*" was the reply of Voltaire.

Passing over descriptions of Swiss scenery, since made so familiar to the public, we may incidentally notice a trait of manners or of character, here and there, as the journey is extended through the German principalities. Everywhere we notice a certain breadth of mind, philosophical perception, and humanitarian feeling in the estimate of social phenomena. A sight of the chain-gang at work in the streets of Bern elicits a warning on the "bad effects of habituating people to behold the misery of their fellow-creatures,"—a principle now generally recognised in the penal discipline of the civilised

world. Contrary to an impression or prejudice not unfrequently entertained, he notices the unexpected circumstance that the Roman Catholic Swiss cantons were "in the strongest degree democratical," while "the most perfect aristocracy of them all" was established in the Protestant canton of Bern. At Strasburg, in admiration of its grand cathedral, and noticing the great number of such edifices, he is stimulated to remark that the clergy of the middle ages could not have been so wholly given up to selfish indulgence as the satirists have represented, else they would have built more episcopal palaces for themselves than churches for the people and their religion. In Germany he notices other phenomena of the mixed religious influences left after the Reformation. At Heidelberg he finds "the great church divided into two apartments, in one of which the Protestants, and in the other the Papists, perform public worship." At Frankfort-on-the-Main, where Lutheranism was in the ascendant, the Calvinists were allowed no place of worship within the territory. The travellers, pleased with its society, alike of the *noblesse* and the *bourgeois*, lingered long at this free city, till they were driven from it by the long and learned lectures of the *savans* over the scientific and other curiosities which graced the museums of the "collectors" in their private houses. As the Duke of Hamilton floundered through the snow on his way to Cassel, with six horses to each chaise, moving in some places no faster than a couple of hearses, we are told he bore the infliction "with wonderful serenity, contemplating the happy evasion he had made from the cabinets at Frankfort."

Arrived at Potsdam, they are presented to the great Frederick, of whom much is said, of his personal appearance, habits of dress and living, inveterate military discipline, ways of thinking and conversation.

The resistance of the Colonists in America to England, fast ripening into the Revolution, was now the growing topic of talk in Europe. Frederick tackled his visitors on this point at once, asking Moore if he "had received letters by the last post, and if they mentioned any thing of the affairs in America. He said there were accounts from Holland, that the English troops had been driven from Boston, and that the Americans were in possession of that place. I told him, our letters informed us, that our army had left Boston to make an attack with more effect elsewhere. He smiled and said : 'If you will not allow the retreat to be an affair of necessity, you will at least admit that it was *tout-à-fait à propos*.' He said he heard that some British officers had gone into the American service, and mentioned Colonel Lee, whom he had seen at his court. He observed, that it was a difficult thing to govern men by force at such a distance ; that if the Americans should be beat (which appeared a little problematical), still it would be next to impossible to continue to draw from them a revenue by taxation ; that if we intended conciliation with America, some of our measures were too rough ; and if we intended its subjection, they were too gentle. He concluded by saying : '*Enfin, messieurs, je ne comprends pas ces choses là ; je n'ai point de colonie ;—j'espère que vous tirerez bien d'affaire, mais elle me paraît un peu épineuse.*'"

The opinion of the Emperor Joseph, at Vienna, was hardly more sympathetic or implicit. When asked which side, America or England, he favoured, he adroitly replied, "*Je suis par métier royaliste.*"

The discussion of this topic in various circles must have been not a little annoying to the travellers ; for they found everywhere on the Continent the sympathy of the people in favour of the Revolutionists, "not," as Moore, somewhat in the spirit of

Macaulay's *mot* on the bear and the Puritans, says, "from love to them, but evidently from dislike to us." He devotes, indeed, a separate chapter or letter to an attempt to account for the preference. Writing from Vienna, he says : "Our disputes with the Colonies have been a prevailing topic of conversation wherever we have been since we left England. The warmth with which this subject is handled increases every day. At present the inhabitants of the Continent seem as impatient as those of Great Britain for news from the other side of the Atlantic ; but with this difference, that here they are all of one mind—all praying for success to the Americans, and rejoicing in every piece of bad fortune which happens to our army." Moore is candid enough to find the cause for much of this feeling in the insufferable arrogance of John Bull himself, in his praise of himself, his contempt of other nations, and the indifference with which he was always wounding their vanity. "We are apt," says he, "to build our panegyric of Old England on the ruin and wretchedness of all other countries. Italy is too hot, the inns miserable, and the whole country swarms with monks and other vermin. In France, the people are slaves and coxcombs, the music execrable ; they boil their meat to rags, and there is no porter, and very little strong ale, in the country. In Germany, some of their princes have little more to spend than an English gentleman ; they use stoves instead of grates ; they eat sourcrot, and speak high Dutch. The Danes and Swedes are reminded that they are rather at too great a distance from the equator ; and many sly hints are given concerning the inconveniences of a cold climate. Of all things, I should think it most prudent to be silent on this last topic, as so many paltry states will take precedence of Old England, whenever it is the established eti-

quette that rank shall be determined by climate."

From Germany the travellers passed to Italy, traversing the land from Venice to Naples. It was in many respects a different Italy from the Italy of to-day; yet in others much the same, for then, as now, the chief interest of the traveller lay in the contemplation of its grand historical memorials, its remains of imperial art, its later church architecture, the wealth of its palaces and museums in painting and sculpture. These things, perhaps, have been better described since by the new critical, æsthetic, and philosophical school of Italian travellers, of whom Goethe was the pioneer, and of whom the acute, lively, analytic Taine is the latest representative; but Moore's narrative, bearing the impress of his liberal culture and candid disposition, and conveyed, moreover, in a style of remarkable ease, may still be read with pleasure. His book has one merit which is rather rare with those of greater philosophical pretensions; it is clear and directly intelligible. We may not here linger over its pleasant pages, its old but ever-to-be-remembered chronicle of the past, its anecdotes of modern life and manners, its studies of society on the eve of the great Napoleonic invasion, when Venice was still a republic, when the tiara was worn by Pius VI., the more precise successor of the liberal or indifferent Ganganelli, and the Court of Naples was ornamented at the British embassy by the unfaded attractions of a lady now better remembered than any princess of the entire peninsula—the charming Lady Hamilton.

When Moore revisited France in company with the Earl of Lauderdale, in 1792, he found it a different country from that "gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease" which he had visited fifteen years before with the young Duke of Hamilton.

The gaiety, indeed, was not altogether gone—men, for the time, laughed louder; but the mirth was fast growing to be a hollow-hearted echo ripening into the maniacal revelry of despair—for this was the era of the Revolution, and the nation was already whirling in the outer circles of the maelstrom which was to devour its life and liberties. Perhaps we have no better testimony to the progress and motives of the Revolution than is afforded in the Diary kept by Moore. He was a calm, dispassionate observer, a friend to human rights, and a well-wisher to those liberties of the people which he had noted as almost extinguished under the old order of things. He sympathised with the efforts at reform, and the establishment of a constitutional system, and was ready to overlook much in the conduct of the inexperienced people in their new position. So much more terrible, therefore, is his exhibition of the corrupting influences exaggerating all the baser passions, in a state of society freed from the wholesome restraints of legitimate law and order. At first there was a fanaticism of liberty and virtue; the enthusiasm of the people was aroused in the cause of patriotism; there was a great "uprising of the nation;" life and property were freely offered to drive back the tide of invasion from the frontier. The churches in the provinces were thronged with voluntary recruits for the war. The whole land breathed an atmosphere of virtue and self-sacrifice. The day after the Swiss guard was murdered at the Tuileries, on the memorable 10th of August, Dr. Moore, passing by heaps of the slain, entered the palace, which was freely open to the public, and as he ascended the stairway heard a cry from above: it was that of a dying man struck down for an attempt at stealing some of the royal furniture. The Queen's jewels, articles of plate,

quantities of gold and silver coin, which might easily have been concealed, were brought by those who first entered the building,—soldiers and ragged citizens,—and deposited with the National Assembly. For some time after, while murders were ruthlessly committed on alleged royalist and aristocratic victims, travellers, we are told, were quite safe on the public roads, and burglaries and street robberies were unknown in Paris. The thieves, however, soon started up, with the polite, patriotic plea, as they relieved gentlemen of silver shoe-buckles and watches, and ladies of rings and bracelets, that all these things were to be devoted to the welfare of the state. We need not pursue these scenes of the Revolution as they are vividly depicted by Dr. Moore, in his visits to the Assembly, the Convention, the Jacobin Club; his personal observations of King and Queen; his notices of the great revolutionary actors, Danton, Marat, with his "hollow, croaking voice and affected solemnity," Robespierre, in whose face he saw "a striking resemblance to a cat-tiger"—we once heard Carlyle describe it as that of "a cat lapping vinegar"—in the massacres of September, and his narration of the execution of the King,—these memoirs have passed into history, and the details are familiar to all. What gives especial value to Moore's record is the insight which we gain from his book into the gradual process by which these things were brought about. It is a record, we may add, peculiarly valuable to ourselves, if, in our efforts for the maintenance of liberty, we are willing to profit by the errors of a nation which threw away that inestimable birthright.

With this experience in writing, success in authorship, and acquaintance with mankind, Moore now devoted himself to the preparation of a work of fiction, which, while it should be mainly occupied with the

illustration of the growth of a master-vice, would not lose the advantage of the peculiar traits which had rendered his previous works so acceptable to the public. The title of his novel exhibits this double aspect of the book—"Zeluco. Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic." First, the hero. Zeluco is a character, like many in the books of Maria Edgeworth—who, by the way, in one of her stories, has a complimentary word for the work—drawn expressly to illustrate a particular moral,—the effect of unbridled license upon a passionate temperament in the corruption of the heart and development of vice. An unrestrained boyhood and youth of dissipation lead this Sicilian nobleman through various manifestations of selfishness to a manhood of contemptuous pride, lust, and cruelty, ending in the commission of the foulest of crimes, and receiving an accidental retribution from the fatal stroke of a murderer, while the victim was himself seeking to consummate a fearful tragedy. "Childhood," says Milton, "shows the man, as morning shows the day." The boy who in a fit of ill-temper kills in his grasp a pet sparrow, ripens into the man who, in causeless jealousy of his wife, strangles his infant-child with the same remorseless hand. Power attained without pity has its avenger in unceasing dread and suspicion. Lust "hard by hate" is the generator of cruelty. The man, entangled in the thousand meshes of vice, perishes by his insolence and impiety. Zeluco is the monster of the poet's satire, "unredeemed by a single virtue"—save courage, which is indeed necessary, in the society in which he is placed, to perfect his vice. His capital, the stock in trade of his career, is composed of a few important worldly elements, noble family, wealth, and personal beauty, with enough of the lower instincts

of self-love to turn them to account, and without enough of intellect to compensate for an utter absence of heart, in preserving the man from total ruin. This is Zeluco—a very disagreeable sort of man to meet with in the world, and not particularly enticing in a novel. If he were all the book, we should not spend this ink upon its pages; but happily for the reader, he is but a vehicle for the introduction of the noblest sentiments of morality and virtue, and a foil for the most cheering exhibitions of tenderness and humanity. In his work of unmasking false prosperity, and stripping the gold plating from the corruptions of luxury, the author brings us acquainted with the patient, suffering victims of this license and disorder. Zeluco occupies two relations which afford an opportunity, not neglected, to aid in a reformation which, begun in Moore's day, has happily gone on ripening in virtue to the present. Zeluco enters the army, and, for some slight mistake in duty, inflicts a cruel imprisonment upon a soldier. For this he is rebuked in a lecture by his commanding officer, on the true nature and real humanity of military discipline—a commentary on the articles of war which every gentleman in authority in the service must read with admiration. The second opportunity is when Zeluco, becoming a West-India proprietor, —the book, it will be remembered, was published a hundred years ago, —comes into contact with negro-slavery in that region, in the height of its ascendancy. Need we say, that our humane physician unerringly and resolutely exhibits the inevitable evils of the system, and strongly pleads for humanity to the slave? Unlimited power and the thirst for gain in this hotbed of the vices, bring forth their speedy fruits in the life of Zeluco. The natural history of cruelty on a plantation is sketched by a master-hand. There is a touching picture of the death of

a poor slave, the victim of oppression, which is relieved by an Irishman's humorous circumvention of a priest at the death-bed. It is curious to note the defence of slavery on the ground of the *interest* of the master being a sufficient protection, combated so long ago, even as moralists pointed out the old fallacy—it is only three or four years ago, but happily that space of time is now the interval of an age—in our own country.

It must not be supposed that this representation of Zeluco by the novelist is simply an exhibition of evil. The story is constructed with much art, with sudden unexpected turns, with ingenious contrivances of incident, making at once the evil deeds of the hero minister to the cause of virtue and to his own punishment. The discovery of the crime of Zeluco by his resemblance to a figure in a painting of the "Murder of the Innocents," is an instance; and there are entire sequences of actions which would be drawn out by Wilkie Collins with great effect in his mathematical and demonstrative way. Then there are the varied *dramatis personæ*, the scheming women of Neapolitan society, the pure, gentle, lovelworthy Laura, a Griselda in patience, whose reluctant marriage with Zeluco has doubtless sent a thrilling pang through the hearts of thousands of novel readers; the well-drawn gentleman, and, not least, the humours of the two Scottish serving-men, one a Whig, the other a Tory, whose sympathetic discovery of one another's nationality is so suddenly disturbed by a duel growing out of an unhappy discussion of the character of Mary Queen of Scots—an altercation reminding us of the alienation which grew up between Aytoun and Thackeray on the same subject, when the latter, at Edinburgh, after his censorious lectures on "the Georges," received the intimation that "he had better stick to the Jeamses"—a *mot* which

the English novelist, biding his time, rather awkwardly repaid in a savage criticism of an ode his Scottish brother unfortunately published.

Moore's scenes between Duncan Targe and George Buchanan are, we believe, favourites with Scotchmen. They are as good as anything in Macklin's comedies, or any others in which the character has been introduced on the stage. The clan-nishness of the race has never been more happily portrayed.

When Buchanan is wounded in the duel, he is quite willing to run the risk of dying while waiting for the professional services of one of his countrymen at a distance, rather than employ a French surgeon at hand. "It was always a maxim with me," says he, "and shall be to my dying-day, that we should give our own fish-guts to our own sea-mews."

It was about the time of the publication of *Zeluco* that Dr. Moore became engaged in an interesting correspondence with Robert Burns, by which, perhaps, he is known to a greater number than by the many volumes of his "works." Moore's acquaintance with the poet's writings seems to have followed upon the publication of the first collection, the Kilmarnock edition of 1786, admiration of which he expressed in a letter to a friend of the author, Mrs. Dunlop, who communicated the complimentary expressions to Burns. Moore also interested himself in procuring subscribers for the forthcoming second edition, to be issued at Edinburgh. This led Burns to address a letter to Dr. Moore, for whose literary reputation and position he seems to have had a regard approaching to reverence—a word which he himself uses in the epistle, in speaking of his reception of Moore's criticisms. With his accustomed candour and manliness, Burns "admits" his possession of "some poetical abilities," states his desire in his poems to please his

"compeers, the rustic inmates of the hamlet," an intimate acquaintance with whose manners may have "assisted originality of thought," and attributes the greater share of "the learned and polite notice" he had received to the novelty of his character. "In a language," he concludes, "where Pope and Churchill have raised the laugh, and Shennstone and Gray drawn the tear; where Thomson and Beattie have painted the landscape, and Lyttleton and Collins described the heart, I am not vain enough to hope for distinguished poetic fame." Moore, who was then residing in London, answered immediately with great cordiality, paying the poet one of the highest compliments at his command, in attributing to him the "ease and curious felicity of expression" of Horace. He also handsomely recognised the patriotic glow, the "feeling sensibility to all the objects of humanity, and the independent spirit which breathes through the whole." In his reply to this, Burns, deprecating any embarrassment from "mere greatness," willingly acknowledges his use of "genius polished by learning, and at its proper point of elevation in the eye of the world," and again asserts, with his former qualification, his consciousness of some poetic merit. The latter trait pleased Moore, who writes in return, "I am glad to perceive that you disdain the nauseous affectation of decrying your own merit as a poet, an affectation which is displayed with most ostentation by those who have the greatest share of self-conceit, and which only adds undeceiving falsehood to disgusting vanity!" With this Moore sent a copy of his "*Travels*." Burns thanks the author warmly, while professing himself "ill-skilled in beating the coverts of imagination for metaphors of gratitude." A copy of "*Zeluco*" in due time is forwarded, with a desire to receive the poet's opinion of the

work. The book is after Burns' own heart. He reads it many times, and plans a "comparative view" of the author, Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett, in their "different qualities and merits as novel writers. I never take it up (he continues), without at the same time taking my pencil and marking with asterisms, parentheses, &c., wherever I meet with an original thought, a nervous remark on life and manners, a remarkable, well-turned period, or a character sketched with uncommon precision." Returning to the book in another letter, *à propos* to his own "Lament" of Queen Mary, he says, in reference to the championship of that lady, by her earlier Highland defender, "how much is every honest heart, which has a tincture of Caledonian prejudice, obliged to you for your glorious story of Buchanan and Targe? 'Twas an unequivocal proof of your royal gallantry of soul giving Targe the victory. I should have been mortified to the ground if you had not."

Moore, Scotchman though he was, thought Burns was losing an advantage he might possess, by his too exclusive devotion to "the provincial dialect." He probably did not fully estimate the genius of the poet, for Burns was in advance of the taste of his times; it is greatly to his credit that he admired him as he did. The genius of Burns had much to overcome in the high places of London society, where the more superficial muse of Thomas Moore afterwards entered with greater facility. The best claim Dr. Moore has upon our regard in connection with Burns is, that the sympathy which grew up between them induced the poet voluntarily to send to his friend the autobiographical sketch which forms the basis of all narratives of his life.

"Edward" and "Mordaunt," the closing labours of Dr. Moore's literary career, without the vigour of "Zeluco," have much that is cha-

racteristic of their author, and may be read with pleasure by that leisurely class, if such exist now-a-days, who, without the stimulus of an exciting plot in a story, are content with just and ingenious sentiments, and a truthful and pleasing exhibition of manners. Edward, a poor-house foundling, adopted by a benevolent lady, whose husband is an impersonation of the humours of gluttony, is carried on through various scenes of English life, till his virtue in all relations is crowned by the discovery of his high birth. This simple and well-worn device gives opportunity for the introduction of various characters, such as figure in the plays of the period. Indeed, a talent for genteel comedy is Moore's forte, and it is a marvel how, in those days of dramatic production, he escaped writing for the stage. "Mordaunt," in a series of letters—for the story is altogether cast in this form—carries us over the author's familiar ground of Continental travel, in sketches of humorous scenes and national characteristics, with an episode of romance in the "Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality," the turn of events carrying us into the thick of English fashionable life in the last century.

Novel writing appears with Moore rather an accident than an essential element of his literary life. It is hardly more than a vehicle for his tourist observations, and his philosophical studies of society. He is to be regarded as an essayist, enlivening his reflections by constant anecdote, and a humorous exhibition of character. This, which may at first sight appear to detract from his excellence as a novelist, who requires, before all things, plot and intrigue of consummate interest, is at the present day a prevailing source of attraction to his writings. Many better stories of his time have been eagerly devoured, and then thrown aside for ever; but to Moore's pages we may continually

recur, drawn by his independence, his genial good-heartedness, his knowledge of the world, and a certain humour in consonance with the spirit of that cherished companion of age and experience, his favourite author, Horace. Like the Venusian, Moore blends the Stoic and Epicurean temperament. A man of honour, and a conservative of all sound religious and social influences, he cultivates humour and enjoyment with the temper of a physician who knows its value to health, and of a moralist who appreciates its benefits to society.

R E S P I T E.

AN ODE.

"O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ."

O FOR some mighty shade,
Far from the city's cry,
With music of the twinkling sister leaves,
Where light with shade a generous beauty weaves
Between me and the sky :
To hear some murmuring and friendly stream,
Turning to loved ones' voices, in a dream
That gentle sleep hath made :
To wake, as petals open to the sun,
At morn's renewal when the night is gone,
And find things lovely near ;
While on the charmèd ear
The cuckoo's note is falling, or the cry
Of happy curlews wheeling in the sky,
As seabirds meet the foam
Above their tossing home :
How sweet, in musing mood, to feel entwine
A trusting hand confidingly in mine ;
After its reverie,
Aiding, to watch the glee
Of one known face whereon do mostly shine
Smiles that surpass the sunshine on the sea :
Nay more, and better still, to feel the glow
Of this vast globe ; (as giants' pulses flow,
Steady and full and deep,
Though soundly laid to sleep ;)
Sure, though remote ; straight from the life of God :
Beyond all words to feel
God's purposes all weal,
His love, like sunlight pure, surrounding all,

ART, SCIENCE, AND INDUSTRY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

How did our forefathers manage to exist so long without International Exhibitions?—those pleasant meeting-places for the world's best work and workers—those refined entertainments in which people of all ranks and of all countries share equally the highest intellectual pleasures the age affords. The records of Old England present no signs of anything of the sort. No want appears to have been felt in this direction. Even Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* anticipated it not. Chaucer alone, with the poetic gift of prophesy, had imagined in verse something akin to it in his wondrous "Temple of Glass." No other country of Christendom understood the essential ideas involved; the nearest approach to them in the Past was by ancient Egypt and Greece. In the glorious Museum of Alexandria, under the Ptolemies, there was a vast library of books, a botanical garden, a zoological menagerie, an anatomical school, astronomical apparatus, an observatory, and a vast variety of objects, and there was a great brotherhood of studious men from all known countries. Such a comprehensive organisation for the development of human knowledge never existed in the world before, and, considering the circumstances, never has since until the present time. That brilliant institution within the space of 150 years produced an illustrious phalanx of world-renowned mathematicians and discoverers, including Euclid, Archimedes, and Ptolemy. And why may not the more enlightened centres of progressive knowledge at South Kensington produce before long great originators. They must do so, if the treasures dis-

played from year to year are properly studied, their lessons learned, their suggestions followed up in earnest, thoughtful work. The French first commenced national exhibitions under the old Republic, in 1798. That experiment was several times repeated in France. But it was not until 1847 that Great Britain followed the example. The Society of Arts then organised an exhibition of British industry. Up to that time and beyond, shortsighted selfishness prevailed in most national affairs everywhere. "Each for himself, and all against our neighbours," was the rule practically instilled into people's minds from their cradles. But in 1849 the Prince Consort and the fine spirits with whom he took counsel, showed the world a better way. International exhibitions form his grandest monument. The flags of all nations were first displayed in glorious concord over the "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations" in 1851, a novelty that in its large liberality of purpose, and in the strange beauty of its appearance, enchanted the best minds of every civilised nation, and delighted all who looked upon it. We can never know how much good it first set in motion. Golden hopes of universal peace and mutual goodwill shed a dazzling glory about it, as if the millennium were at hand. Yet, since then, war has rushed among the nations like an infuriated arch-demon, who is only the more deadly because he sees the coming end of all his infernal triumphs.

Surely the blissful anticipations of 1851 must eventually be realised, though the clouds of men's folly and wickedness may rain blood, and the sweet spring-flowers and vernal grass

be stamped out by the tread of vast armies, and the abodes of domestic love and peace be swallowed up in the fire of enormous artillery, and shrieks, cries, groans, and bitter sighs fill the air, before the golden age arrive. Yet, though we marvel at the mystery of iniquity, and ask over and over, "Why tarry the chariot-wheels of blessed peace," the time must come when this war-stained, crime-tainted globe will receive a new baptism from His hands, and all mankind unite in pursuing those pure, beneficent, beautiful arts which tend to the welfare of all.

So we muse when, just before reaching the present Exhibition on the Hyde Park side, near Albert Gate, we come upon the site of that wondrous fairy palace of industry, which Sir Joseph Paxton evoked "like an exhalation"—like "a fountain springing out of the grass"—that exquisite combination of delicate straight lines and symmetrical curves, which came in wonderful felicity of colour, never realised since, like a lovely vision before us, and so departed, leaving not a trace behind, except two aged and almost leafless elms, which, when they were stately and luxuriant were caught, curiously, charmingly, within the crystal walls, an enduring emblem of Nature subservient to art, and conferring beauty upon it. To those who have not been privileged to behold that first palace of industry, it would be impossible to describe adequately its inimitable gem-like loveliness; but we, who do remember it, look with peculiar feelings of interest on these faded trees, historically memorable, for when the Exhibition was opened 21 years ago, Queen Victoria occupied a raised dais

Sitting beneath the budding elms of English May.

The Crystal Palace of Sydenham was first wrought out of the materials of the fabric that stood here. The Alexandra Palace, on the

northern side of London, is chiefly formed of the buildings of the second International Exhibition of 1862. The Exhibitions of Dublin and other cities of the empire all sprang out of, and have been chiefly modelled upon, the first of 1851.

The philosophic plan was thus lucidly stated by the Prince Consort at a Mansion House dinner in 1849. He had been speaking of raw materials, and natural laws for working them, and proceeded—"Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation; industry applies them to the raw matter, which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge. Art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance with them."

The International Exhibition of the original plan thus consisted of—1 Raw Materials of Nature; 2 The Machinery and Mechanical Inventions of Science; 3 The Manufactures of Industry; 4 Sculpture and Plastic Art. Many persons think that these limits should have been strictly maintained, that is, the whole should be confined to industrial art. But the very successful Art Exhibition of Manchester brought out strongly the fact that pictures and other fine arts attract the public, and it was deemed advisable to enlarge the scheme of the International Exhibition so as to include the entire range of art productions, and we congratulate the public on this determination, and believe that the present arrangement which gives to the fine arts, as well as to scientific inventions, a permanent place, and restricts the industrial display to selected branches of industry, is the very best for popular purposes.

Last year were exhibited woollen and worsted manufactures, pottery, and educational apparatus. This year we have cotton and cotton manufactures, jewellery as far as

personal ornament is concerned, musical instruments, paper, stationery and printing, and acoustic apparatus and invention. It is to be hoped these divisions will receive all the attention they merit; but it is our impression that the picture galleries—especially the foreign—receive more than an equal share of notice. This, however, may be merely temporary. The classified objects provided here for the instruction of the multitude in the industrial and scientific departments, should not be merely glanced at in passing. Our nation needs scientific knowledge and training. "Science," observes a contemporary, "is transforming the world and revolutionising opinion. The leaders of thought are trained in the laboratories, rather than educated in the schools. As a means of mental discipline, scientific study is fast establishing itself on a level with the humanities of olden time. As a teacher of patience, of the humility that sits at Nature's feet and learns her ways—of the intellectual thoroughness which gathers all the facts before it generalises—science has no equal. Its instrument is reason emancipated from passion; and the tendency of its study is to lift men out of the region of instinct and impulse into that of reason." The International Exhibition speaks of progress to the whole human race, calling it to

Come forth into the light of things,
and promising that the human mind
by and bye

Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
The memory be a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.

John Ruskin has laid it down as an axiom that whatever is great in human art is the expression of man's delight in God's work. The International Exhibition is surely such an expression. The Persian poet Jami's true idea of God's

image in everything good and beautiful tends to a similar view.

He framed mirrors of the atoms of the world,
And He cast a reflection from His own face on every atom.
To thy clear-seeing eye whatsoever is fair,
When thou regardest it aright, is a reflection from His face.

The buildings now occupied by the present International Exhibition entirely enclose the beautiful gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, which were opened by the Prince on the 5th of June, 1861, the last year of his life. They are laid out in the Italian style, with consummate taste and skill, and form a most delightful centre-piece, as seen from the gardens of the Exhibition. There are not a few visitors who must remember a time when they came here to Gore House and grounds, the residence of the Countess of Blessington, and the resort of literary and artistic celebrities, with other favourites of fashion, including Prince Louis Napoleon, now ex-Emperor of the French, and Mr. Disraeli.

On the north side of the gardens is the splendid conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society. Behind it rises the vast Albert Hall, with its Parthenaic frieze, illustrating the history of the arts and the sciences. And we see in its rear the gorgeous gilded pinnacles and spire of the Albert Memorial Cross, erected on the model of the famous Eleanor Crosses of Charing, Waltham, and various other places in the kingdom. There are five entrances to the Exhibition, two on the east, two on the west, and the Royal or principal entrance, on the north, by the Albert Hall. If you enter by the latter you are close to the Indian Court, and you cannot do better than commence your survey of the Exhibition treasures in this superb department. The shawls and carpets chiefly from Cashmere and Oudh, are displayed with

artistic effect on all the walls, and in two side recesses, where the light is subdued to a soft gloom, and on one especially, there is quite a poetic suggestiveness. The gorgeous magnificence of the gold inwoven shawls gleaming in the sombre twilight, the harmoniously-toned splendour of the coloured embroideries, the wealth of costly tissues flung about in careless graceful folds, held up in the centre by a black Indian casket, bring vividly before the fancy the luxurious interiors of Asiatic palaces. One almost expects to see at our elbow white-robed black-visaged servants, bearing sherbet, coffee, and the hookah. The Indian Court is transformed before us into a saloon of the far East. As the word "Cashmere" repeats itself over the costly draperies, we remember Lalla Rookh.

Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth
ever gave ;

Its temples and grottos, and fountains as
clear,

As the love-lighted eyes that hung over
their wave ?

In the centre of the saloon is a large raised stand, reached by steps. In this is shown a beautiful silver table and toilet vessels, such as might have graced the bower of the Sultana of the Indies of the *Arabian Nights*. They are described as silversmith's work of Oudh. Here also are sabres, daggers, &c., such as we read of in the *Thousand and One Nights*. Take, for instance, the following, not at all exaggerated, as we see by these specimens, "His white horse had a golden bridle, and was shod with gold. The saddle and housings were of blue satin, thickly embroidered with pearls. He wore at his side a sabre, the hilt of which was formed of a single diamond, and the scabbard was of sandal wood, ornamented with emeralds and rubies." The lavish incrustations of precious stones on the weapons and other personal adornments exhibited here might have been wrought out of that marvellous dish of jewels which

Aladdin's mother presented to the Sultan.

But if we want an example of the utmost profusion of Indian wealth in precious stones, we must turn to the large shield-like ornament on the wall—part of a sheet for Mahomet's tomb, which, on the whole, cost a million of money. The groundwork is entirely formed of pearls, on which are embroidered handsome patterns in diamonds and coloured gems.

The cases of personal jewels should be attentively observed. The excessive love of ornament in the women of India is clearly seen in the valuable and extremely curious models of costume worn by females of different castes, tribes, and races, in India. Those who could not afford the precious gems in which they delight, we see wear a sort of lead-like metal. And they are distributed over the whole person. The head and face are often quite disfigured by the heaps that fall over the forehead, and project from the nose and ears. The neck, the bosom, the arms, the wrists, the fingers, the ankles, even the toes are thus encumbered, under the idea of ornament.

The more attentively we consider this Indian Saloon, the more our every-day prosaic life fades away, and we are surrounded by an atmosphere of Oriental romance, and, through the roseate haze rise around us pillars of gold and silver, and canopies gleaming with jewels, reflecting the lustre of a thousand torches of white wax, and lattices like the twenty-four of Aladdin's palace, covered in glittering diamonds, rubies, and emeralds ; while the most exquisite perfumes are diffused from the gemmed vases of fretted and perforated gold and silver, and sultans and sultanas appear in robes of matchless brocades bound with broad girdles of gold and jewels, and shining all over from the crown of the head to the tips of their toes,

or the points of their sandals, with those wonderful elaborations of Indian jewels that while we dream are fascinating admiring visitors who crowd about the cases where they are displayed.

There is an oriental saying very applicable to those who come to the Exhibition—"If thou bringest something, thou shalt return with something. If thou bringest nothing, thou shalt return with nothing."

There is deep wisdom in that saying, and it accords with that sentence of Holy Writ, "To him that hath shall be given," &c. In every part of the Exhibition you must bring an informed understanding and some imagination in order thoroughly to enjoy, and also obtain sustenance from, the whole banquet here provided for the mind and heart.

Many who come to this Indian Court, see in it only ordinary merchandise and glittering baubles. But there is much more here. The Hindoo and Mussulman men and women, who wrought these things, possess admirable ingenuity, and patient genius for ornament, such as we shall find nowhere else.

The last thing we pause to notice before quitting this Court, is a case near the entrance, containing specimens of every kind of Indian turban, cleverly contrived to protect the head from the burning sun of that climate, by thick folds of cotton or linen, in which persons of the middle or humbler classes sometimes conceal their money.

Quitting the Indian Court, we turn our steps to the Conservatory and to the Quadrants. A glance at the map of the Exhibition shows us two curves branching off from the Conservatory, one on each side. These are the east and west Quadrants, forming the approaches to the British Art Galleries on one side, and to the Foreign Art Galleries on the other. The Quadrants are two-storied. On the upper story is the Cotton Exhi-

bition. The lower forms a cool, airy, very pleasant arcade, prettily screened off from the gardens, near the Conservatory, by a wire fence, interwoven with scarlet geraniums, fuchsias, and creeping plants. Seats are freely distributed through the whole length of the arcade, and while comfortably resting here, one has the opportunity of observing the elegant company, attired in the gayest and richest costumes of the day, promenading on the broad and handsome garden terrace walks, or on the smooth-cut, bright emerald turf, or winding in groups about the great Majolica Fountain, or the Albert Memorial Statue.

The Quadrants are devoted chiefly to what are styled Reproductive Arts: engravings, lithographs, illuminations, designs—architectural and decorative, and photographs. Besides these, there are numerous busts and other pieces of statuary, porcelain pictures, bas-reliefs, and a variety of interesting objects. The Arcades appear to us as a well-lighted gallery of statuary, which is ranged all along the curved inner wall, and in other leading positions, and is relieved and contrasted by well-designed divisions, in which the other reproductive specimens are hung very advantageously, sometimes with the light curtained off. Indeed, every object in this part of the buildings appears to us well-placed, and is seen at its best.

The large sitting figure of Her Majesty, near the Conservatory, is very striking. It is like a piece of frost-work in its pure whiteness. "*Lovely*," we pronounce it at first sight; but gradually we look at it with less admiring eyes, and ere we quit it, cynically exclaim, "that it is, after all, only the Tussaud ideal of our Queen"—a verdict that much displeases some who hear it.

Proceeding along the East Quadrant, we see many works of interest. Begas', of Germany, life-size statue of a Nymph listening to Cupid, is

admirable. Nothing could be more delicately imagined than her conscious attitude, and the eloquent expression of her face.

Westmacott's "Constance" Medallion looks out of its cloud of spreading hair, all life and spirit. Susan Durant has two good children's heads; the little girl's face is especially true and pleasing. Mr. Weekes' life-size statue of a young mother fondly clasping her babe, is most tender and sweet. Another of his holding a star-fish—sea-weeds at her feet—attracts us. The poetry of motion is there, as she bends before a strong sea-breeze.

And what is this grand and gloomy large bronze figure sitting

on a raised chair, as on a throne. The face is aged, and stern, and cruel, working in every vein and nerve with dark remorseful passions; and the whole attitude, and the contractions of the bony hands betray the throes of conscience, and the perturbation of a guilty soul. This is John the Terrible, of Russia. An impressive work is this statue, by Antokolsky—a silent sermon. Oh, that our British sculptors would deal more with this sort of dramatic work, supposing that they possess the requisite power! There are fine subjects in our national history and in Scripture which have never yet been translated into Art.



THE PHILOSOPHER.

A NOVEL.

BOOK V.

THE ULTIMA THULE.

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

A SKY OVERCAST.

ON once again seeing Littlemore a pang of bitter grief sped through Martin's heart, and for a moment an emotion of anger rose surging, and so overspread his whole soul, that he felt all power of control over his actions fast departing. This, however, endured but for one brief instant, and disappeared beneath an overwhelming desire to learn some tidings of his lost child; so, trembling in every limb, and with an eager, agitated step, that might have been taken as an evidence of fear, he quickly hastened after the barrister, and overtaking him just at the entrance to Pump Court, he touched his shoulder.

Mr. Littlemore turned round, and he, too, became sick at heart. There was a pathos in the father's face, and a sad craving in his glance, that lent a strange charm to his appearance, while at the same time there lurked, as it were, beneath the surface a weird expression, that filled Littlemore's soul with undefinable awe. So much so did this feeling oppress him, that he involuntarily held up his hands, as though to shut out the sight of Martin, and, becoming extremely pale, he staggered back against an adjoining wall. Never had he before found himself in so mean and miserable a plight.

"Oh, sir! my daughter!—my poor, lost child!" said Martin, in a tone

of the most piteous entreaty, as a terrible foreboding stole over his mind, on seeing Littlemore so strangely affected.

The sound of Martin's voice dispelled the portentous atmosphere that had begun to envelope Littlemore's mind, and chasing away from his soul's sight the image of Elsie's pale, suffering face, and of awful phantoms surrounding her bed, and threatening him from afar, he looked full into the barber's eyes, and said in a low and somewhat unsteady voice,—

"I have not seen—your daughter—Mr. Dawes—ever since—" Here he paused, in some confusion.

"Since when?" asked Martin, still sadly, and without anger.

"Since the night she left your house. She was taken suddenly ill. I left her in the hands of kind nurses. Charles Viking saw her yesterday." This Littlemore said very rapidly, and looking the while uneasily away.

"Ill!—ill!" repeated Mr. Dawes, as his air of sadness gave place to one of rapidly-increasing trouble and excitement. "My Elsie ill, and with strangers! Where, sir—where must I go to find her? For God's sake, tell me where! Quick! This instant!"

In his agitation he had advanced close to Littlemore, and had grasped the latter by the arm. The bar-

rist, still unnerved, felt more confused than ever by this action, and again experiencing the strange emotion of awe that had overcome him on first seeing Martin, he remained silent, as though he had not distinctly understood the question put to him.

"Speak !" cried Martin, now in an angry tone, and shaking Littlemore's arm ; and then he suddenly added, with the bewildered air of one who is appalled by some terrible discovery,—

"But — but — do I understand rightly? You have abandoned my poor Elsie? You have deserted her, then?"

There was that in Martin's eye as he pronounced the word "deserted," that Littlemore's blood rushed back upon his heart with an icy thrill, and an overmastering sensation of remorse sprang from some unknown depth of his base soul, scattering to the winds all his habitual hardihood, and paralysing his faculty of self-reliance. As it were, fascinated and terror-stricken, he shuddered at the father's question, and in a husky voice replied,—

"Yes—I have abandoned her."

The passers-by, and several office-attendants, who had regarded with some surprise the interview of Littlemore with the strange little gentleman, who had attracted their notice for some time past, were now still further startled by a wild cry of fury that issued from Martin, and by seeing him suddenly seize Littlemore by the throat. All immediately rushed to the latter's assistance, and though but a few seconds elapsed ere Martin was secured, yet this brief interval had nearly proved the death of Littlemore ; for the barber, in his frenzy, had grasped his foe's neckcloth so tightly, and had buried his knuckles so vigorously in the latter's throat, that when the barrister was freed from his assailant he had almost become insensible, and would have fallen to the ground, had it not

been for the friendly support of a bystander.

"Water—water !" he gasped in a faint voice.

A glass of water was instantly brought, and having drunk a little, and bathed his face, he revived so far that the porter, who had been summoned from his post in Fleet Street, and who had gleefully welcomed an opportunity of wreaking his still incandescent vengeance upon Mr. Dawes, said,—

"May I trouble you, sir, to accompany us to make the necessary charge against this murdering scoundrel, who comes to London, and thinks he can insult the very authorities themselves?"

Littlemore, still pale and trembling, looked for a moment at Martin Dawes, who stood with his arms folded, and his head haughtily thrown back as he scowled on everyone around him. Then, bethinking him of the inconvenience and danger attaching to anything like a public exposure of the circumstances which had led to Martin's assault upon him, he replied,—

"There is no occasion for any such proceeding. The man is a little mad ; that is all," and walked quietly to his chambers in an adjoining court.

Then began an edifying scene. Martin, silent as the grave, vouchsafed not a word in reply to the multitudinous questions that poured in from all sides ; whereupon the crowd, being extremely puzzled, divided into two parties, the one, led by the porter, insisting that he must at least be some roystering highwayman, and the other urging with equal vehemence the certainty of his having recently escaped from Bedlam.

Suddenly a number of the disputants received very unceremonious notice to terminate their discussion in the shape of much vigorous elbowing and pushing, and having, in obedience to this, fallen back right and left, a little man sprang forward, and

was immediately welcomed by the prisoner.

"Why, Martin," said Ned Harner—for it was he—shaking both his friend's hands with all his might—"what the deuce is the matter now? Whose horse is down that these fellows are jabbering about?" and so saying he turned round, scanning the crowd with an angry look.

The porter, who had at first become speechless with rage at Harner's irruption, now recovered his tongue, and maintaining a prudent distance from Ned, he cried out,—

"Now, then, are you satisfied? Here's the other robber come to help his pal. I know 'em both. Didn't I have 'em both locked-up a few weeks ago?"

Mr. Harner no sooner heard the porter's voice than his indignation redoubled; but ere he could say anything Martin touched his elbow, and said in a low tone,—

"I nearly throttled the villain, Ned. If these people hadn't come up, he'd never have breathed again."

"Oho!" exclaimed Harner, imagining that the porter was the villain referred to; "you nearly throttled the lubberly idiot, did you? Well, my friends," added he, addressing the crowd, "don't you agree with me that the world would get on much better if it were rid of that pudding-headed scarecrow, who ought to be nailed to his own gate in Fleet Street, like any stoat on a barn-door?"

The porter was by no means a personage of unbounded popularity, and there were many in the crowd irreverent enough to laugh heartily at Ned Harner's sally; whereupon, instinctively fearing lest what he had determined should prove a direful tragedy might eventuate in a comedy of which he would probably be the butt, he, like a skilful general, prudently shifted his ground, and affecting a lofty equanimity of demeanour, he cried out,—

"Mr. Littlemore was right, and so are you, gentlemen. The man is undoubtedly mad, like his friend who has come to encourage him. Don't let us get ourselves into trouble by letting 'em escape. We'll take 'em straight to Bedlam."

His tactics were successful; those who had all along maintained the madness of Martin, being flattered by the conversion of their chief opponent, and being, therefore, disposed to support him. Accordingly shouts of "Bedlam" were raised, and those nearest the two friends being pushed forward by the crowd behind, began to lay hands upon Ned and Martin. The first to do so was an attorney's clerk, a tall thin man, with his coat buttoned up close, with spectacles, long hair, and an expression of countenance very meek and very solemn. He timidly stretched out his hand to grasp the collar of Mr. Harner's coat, but was vastly surprised to see that gentleman with prodigious activity throw himself into the most approved boxing attitude, and his astonishment was still greater, and somewhat painful to boot, when he received a vigorous blow full on the apex of his nose, causing that organ to bleed copiously, his spectacles to fly off, and himself to fall in a very limp condition amongst the legs of his advancing friends. The next was a butcher, very stout and puny, and short of breath, who, while the attorney's clerk was engaging the attention of Harner, had thought to try conclusions with Martin Dawes. Him the little barber, animated by the spectacle of Ned's prowess, received with a most desperate punch, very unscientific, but remarkably effective, landing as it did full on the third button of the butcher's waistcoat, a circumstance which produced an immediate retreat on the part of the waistcoat's owner, who, indeed, was found half-an-hour afterwards sitting on a neighbouring bench, with both hands clasped

upon his epigastric regions, and groaning in considerable anguish.

The defeat of the two foremost champions took the crowd a little aback, and, for a moment, no disposition was evinced to renew the attack. Ned and Martin, however, were by this time thoroughly on their mettle, and profiting by the confusion of their opponents, they boldly took the initiative by rushing forward to carry the war into the enemy's own quarters. Harner especially, signalled out his quondam adversary, the porter, and hitting right and left with such praiseworthy accuracy and rapidity, that an undignified scuffle took place to get out of his way, he, in a moment, reached that official, who was being urged by his friends to go in and win. There being no further time for deliberation, the porter yielded to his fate, and considerably shutting his eyes that he might not see the damage he should produce, he ran forward full tilt at Ned, keeping his head down, and belabouring the air before him with his fists. Harner, however, nimbly dodged the approach of his burly foe, and skipping on one side, he bestowed such a hearty thwack upon the official's ribs, that they resounded like a drum. Martin Dawes, too, followed Harner closely, and being vastly irate at a random blow that he received from the porter, he dealt the latter a mighty kick full on the shin. Thereupon the porter dropped incontinently on the ground, and finding the two blows he had received much more than sufficient to quench his warlike ardour, he began to cry out lustily for mercy, to the great discouragement of his followers, who fell back hurriedly on every side before the menacing gestures of our two heroes.

Just at this moment, a third little gentleman appeared on the scene, having been attracted by the confusion. It was no other than Mr. Morton, habited as usual in full court costume, and, on seeing him

approach, the crowd respectfully made way, feeling sure that his authority would soon put an end to the improper triumphs of the madmen. Their astonishment, however, was very great when they saw him run up hastily to Ned and Martin, and shake their hands in the most enthusiastic and hearty manner. A few words explained matters to Mr. Morton, who thereupon turned to the bystanders, and informed them that he would be answerable for the two friends, and that it must be admitted that what they had done had only been in self-defence. The singular charm of Mr. Morton's manner and voice was not without effect, and when he had finished, general exclamations of approval were heard. The porter, indeed, at first limped forward, rubbing his side and protesting in the name of the law against the release of his conquerors; but a hint from Harner that perhaps the crowd might finish matters by ducking him under the adjoining pump speedily silenced him; so that in a minute more Mr. Morton and his *protégés* were safely rolling away in a hackney coach.

From the explanations that then ensued, it appeared that Ned Harner had watched the doings of Charles Viking at Merringham, without being able to discover the slightest clue as to what had become of me. He had fully made up his mind that Charles had murdered me, and he said that he had heard Charles confess almost as much, though he would not explain how this had been so. What had called him up to London had been his overhearing a conversation between Charles and Littlemore (though here, again, he would not afford any clue to his *modus operandi*), from which it had appeared that the latter had proposed to Clara Viking, and that Elsie was to be found at Morton Manor—information which he felt it was of the last importance to communicate to Martin Dawes; and ac-

cordingly he had at once come to the spot where it had been arranged for the latter to be always on the watch. Hence his opportune appearance.

Mr. Dawes, on his side, recounted how he had drearily waited for so long without results, until that very morning Littlemore had come upon the scene. He detailed the particulars of his interview with Littlemore, and how the latter had confessed to a knowledge of Elsie's whereabouts, and to having forsaken her in her illness; and he further narrated the incidents of his attack upon the bar-rister and his seizure by the crowd.

Finally Mr. Morton informed the friends how he had discovered both Lilly and Elsie, and how they were

both at his own house. He also explained how the Rev. Charles Viking had visited Morton Manor the preceding day to inform Elsie of Littlemore's faithlessness, how the sweet girl had relapsed into an alarming condition, how he himself, had thereupon determined at once to seek Littlemore, and to insist upon his taking steps to repair the wrong he had done, and how he had been on his way to Littlemore's chambers for that purpose when he had fallen in with the two friends. As, however, he had now met with Elsie's father he said he thought it best to let father and daughter meet first, before communicating with her wicked lover.



THE EXTENT OF INSANITY.

IN this paper I propose to show that mental and moral diseases are much more frequent in communities than is commonly supposed; that persons afflicted with the incipient and milder phases of what we call insanity are all about us, on every hand, and mingle with success in the various relations of life; and that only in the severer and exceptional cases is it found necessary to confine them in public institutions, or place them under any form of special treatment or surveillance.

That all forms of mental and moral disease are symptoms of morbid conditions of the brain, is now as well established as any fact of science. The elaborate researches of Professor Schraeder van der Kolk, and other European observers, have shown most clearly that the brains of patients who die insane, idiotic, or imbecile, give evidence, on microscopic examination, of diseased conditions sufficient to account for all the symptoms they may have exhibited. Insanity, being then a symptom of disease of the brain, is not found among the inferior species, who have little or no nervous system, and only exceptionally among the higher orders of animals. It is comparatively rare among wild and barbarous tribes. As would logically be expected, its manifestations are most frequent and most severe in civilised communities, and among the intellectual or ruling classes. Insanity increases in frequency and in violence with the progress of civilisation, and is, indeed, a part of the price that we pay for intellectuality and refinement. It was never before so common as at the present day, and it appears to be rapidly increasing and multiplying its phases, in direct proportion to

our progress in art, in science, in literature, in trade, in finance, and in all the departments of modern activity through which the brain is so constantly harassed and overworked. While we escape or recover from many of the inflammations and fevers that decimate the savage tribes, and are, on the whole, healthier and longer-lived, we are yet afflicted with a thousand phases of insanity to which they are comparatively strangers.

In order to understand the nature and the range of diseases of the brain, we should compare them with those of the other bodily organs. Take for illustration the very familiar symptom of disorder of the stomach and digestive apparatus—dyspepsia. In nearly all of the essential particulars it will be found to be analogous to insanity. Dyspepsia is not a disease as such, but is merely a symptom of some organic or functional disease of the digestive apparatus; so also insanity is merely a name given to the severer symptoms of disease of the brain. The diseases of the digestive organs are indicated by a wide range of symptoms, such as pain in the region of the stomach, headache, constipation, nervousness, and general debility; the disorders of the brain are also manifested by a complication of symptoms of which insanity is only the most marked and most commonly observed. Disturbance of the digestive tract sympathetically affects all other portions of the system; the same is true of diseases of the brain. Dyspepsia is very often, and perhaps usually, the consequence of general debility; it is now well understood that attacks of insanity are preceded by constitutional feebleness. Dyspepsia is

most frequent among civilised lands, and among those classes who are inclined to abuse their stomachs and overtask their nervous systems; insanity is pre-eminently the disease of civilisation, and is very rarely met with except among those classes who overwork and over-worry their brains. Dyspepsia, in its early stages, is amenable to treatment, but when long continued is very obstinate, and often incurable; insanity and all other manifestations of cerebral disease are relievabale, and even curable in the early stages, especially in the young, but after they have become firmly seated in the aged, are exceedingly intractable. Dyspepsia is best treated by remedies directed to the stomach, combined with constitutional tonics; insanity likewise yields most rapidly to remedies that have both a specific action on the brain and a strengthening influence on the entire system.

It will be seen, then, that in their causation, their frequency, the circle of their influence, their duration, their influence on the general system, in the variety of the symptoms by which they are manifested, and the indications for and results of treatment, the diseases of the brain and digestive apparatus are closely parallel. *Insanity is, in short, a dyspepsia of the brain.* Any injurious cause acting in the brain—such as poisons in the blood, congestion, or the opposite condition, anæmia, wounds of the skull that affect the cranial contents, thickening, softening, atrophy, or sympathetic irritation from other organs, may render the processes of the mental and moral nature difficult and painful, just as analogous causes acting on the digestive system may similarly disturb the processes of digestion. The abnormal symptoms in the one case are commonly known as insanity, melancholy, hypochondriasis, imbecility, mania, and nervousness; in the other as dyspepsia,

indigestion, constipation, liver complaint, heartburn, and debility.

But the parallel between the diseases of the brain and digestive system may be extended still further, for it is evident, in view of what has been said, that the range of insanity and dyspepsia must be as wide as the morbid conditions of which they are the symptoms. We all know that there are almost innumerable degrees and varieties of dyspepsia, from the acute spasm that annoys us but for an instant to the protracted agony and emaciation of a lifetime. Between these two extremes there is an almost interminable variety of phases and degrees that dyspepsia may assume, corresponding to the different morbid conditions of the digestive organs. Just so there are innumerable varieties and degrees of insanity, from the momentary attacks of ungovernable rage to the perpetual frenzy of the madman. Between these two extremes there are as many phases and degrees as there are different morbid conditions that may be supposed to exist in the brain. But, as has been already remarked, the susceptibility of the brain to disease is as much greater than that of the digestive apparatus as its structure is more complicated, and its functions more important and more various. We should expect, then, that the symptoms of cerebral disease would be more numerous, more subtle, and more complicated than those of the diseases of digestion. We should expect that the incipient, transitory, and completely harmless cases of insanity (that term being used to cover all symptoms of disease of the brain) would be very common among us, and would complicate, to a greater or less extent, the every-day life of civilisation. If, now, we look closely enough into this matter, if we study minutely the eccentricities, the vagaries, the manias, the passions, and the crimes of society, we shall find

that, in many instances, they are explainable only on the theory I have here advanced. We shall find that among the higher orders of society, among our leaders in business, in literature, in art, in science, as well as among the ignorant, the simple, and the abandoned, there are thousands of sufferers from the incipient and fleeting or milder disease of the brain, who are thereby rendered more or less eccentric and whimsical, or ill-balanced and positively dangerous.

That eccentricity often becomes absolute mania, is now conceded by all students of mental disease, and is pretty well understood by the people at large. The only question is, how great a degree of eccentricity may be allowed to co-exist with a perfectly healthy brain. The true and philosophical answer to this query is, in general, that *any* desire, passion, emotion, or special aptitude may become a disease when indulged in too long, or too exclusively, or under unfavorable conditions. It is, of course, oftentimes very difficult to decide, in any given case, whether any marked peculiarity is the result of a very active and one-sided development of the brain, or of actual disease. The general principle on which our decisions must be based is, that when any feeling, passion, emotion, or even a special aptitude becomes absolutely ungovernable, so as to make its subject regardless of his own interests, or of the well-being of his friends, when, as it were, it absorbs the whole being, so as to destroy what we call common sense, blunts the reason and conscience, and urges on to a manner of life and to special deeds that are repugnant to the average intuition of mankind, then we have reason to suspect the existence of disease of the brain.

It will be objected, and with good reason, that the average sentiment and experience of mankind is a very

indefinite standard by which to test the sanity of an individual. But, after all, it is by this same standard that we judge that any internal organ of the body is diseased. Recurring to our illustration of the diseases of the digestive apparatus, how is it that the physician can ascertain whether his patient is suffering from dyspepsia or not? Obviously, only by comparing the symptoms that the patient exhibits, and the feelings of which he complains, with the symptoms and feelings experienced by the average of persons who are free from dyspepsia. In precisely the same way we become informed of the existence of disease in all organs of the body that are hidden from actual inspection or physical examination. In our examination of the lungs we are, it is true, assisted by auscultation and percussion, but even the principle on which the diagnosis is made is simply the comparison of the of the sounds heard in the chest of the patient with those that obtain in the average of healthy lungs. The brain is enclosed by a bony covering, and cannot be inspected during life, except in cases of injury. Its diseases can therefore only be studied through the general symptoms.

It will also be objected to this test, that it has, over and over again, been proved to be very fallible; that the grossest mistakes have been and are continually being made through its use; that it has caused some of the most original and gifted minds of the world to suffer persecution as criminals or lunatics. This practical objection is a very serious one, but it will apply just as truly, though not to the same degree, to the ordinary methods of diagnosing the maladies of any of the internal organs. Physicians have been making terrible blunders in regard to diseases for thousands of years, but in the main we rely upon them, and, in the main, they are pretty

nearly correct. One important distinction, however, should not be forgotten. The dyspeptic patient can, in a measure, study his own symptoms, and decide for himself in regard to the existence of disease; the lunatic, on the other hand, by the very nature of his affection, is usually rendered incapable of making a proper comparison between his own condition and that of the general average of mankind. It is usually one of the symptoms of cerebral disease, that the patient does not suspect and will not believe the nature of his malady. To this general rule there are exceptions, and there are those who have watched and appreciated the slow progress of disease of their brains, during the earlier stages, just as calmly and just as unerringly as they would have traced the symptoms of disease of any other organ of the body.

The illustrations of these incipient and milder stages of cerebral disease, or of what is called partial insanity or monomania, are so numerous, that when we begin to adduce them, we find it difficult to make the selection. As I have already stated, any passion, emotion, and thought of which the brain is capable, when perverted from the recognised average common sense and intuition of mankind, may give rise to the suspicion of disease of that portion of the brain of which it is the function.

All the noblest qualities of human character may become perverted by disease.

The domestic affections are exceedingly liable to be perverted, and thus may lead to the most hideous crime. Not a week passes in which the journals do not contain accounts of suicide or murder—the results of disappointed or frenzied love. A short time since a young man, who had long and desperately paid court to a lady, at last invited her to ride with him in a lonely wood, and there deliberately shot her through

the head. The tenderest of all earthly passions had been so long over-exercised and thwarted, that disease of some kind had been engendered in that portion of the brain of which it is the special function. Love disappointed had turned to hate, and hate impelled to crime.

Even the love of a mother may become perverted. The cruel and most unnatural treatment that the English poet Savage received from his mother—his early expulsion from home, and her attempts to take his life—can only be accounted for on the supposition that she was the victim of cerebral disease. The common expression, “love is mad,” is very often a literal, scientific truth, and applies to every form of affection, from the lowest to the highest, from the fondness toward the animal creation to the love of God himself. When love turns to hate it should be regarded always and invariably as a symptom of disease. This was well illustrated by the conduct of King Frederick of Prussia towards his son and sister. Without any reason whatever he treated them, for a long time, with the most unnatural and brutal severity. He kicked them about the room, pommelled their heads with chairs, compelled them to eat the most repulsive food, and in every way made their lives wretched. His insanity, in this respect, was absolute, and should have sent him to the madhouse. The illustrations of this type of cerebral disease are almost innumerable. History abounds with them, and they are increasingly familiar to every-day life.

Unnatural and absurd fondness for any one kind of domestic pet is apt to be the result of disease. I knew of an old woman who kept in her house fifteen or twenty cats, to all of whom she had given names, and whom she fed and watched over with almost as great assiduity as though they had been her children. Instances even more marked than

this are recorded, where people have conceived a fondness for animals that are not usually introduced into the household, and whose entire life has been concentrated on the exercise of their strange affection. These peculiar fondnesses are more frequently observed among old maids or widows, or bereaved mothers, who have so long and so deeply grieved over the want or the loss of proper objects of affection, that their brains have gradually become diseased.

The appetite for food and drink may also become perverted by disease, and sometimes to the most astounding degree. Bulimia, or excessive appetite for food, and methomania or dipsomania, or inordinate desire for intoxicating dinks, are now fully recognised as diseases. The late Dr. Francis, in giving a brief sketch of the character of one of the prominent citizens of old New York, said that charity compelled him to believe that his enormous appetite was the result of disease. Excessive appetite is one of the characteristic symptoms of epilepsy, and it is oftentimes as uncontrollable as are the paroxysms themselves. Epileptics will rise from the floor, after a severe attack, during which they have frothed at the mouth and exhibited the most violent contortions, go to the table and eat with a rapidity and ferocity that can only be explained by the supposition that the nerves which connect the central nervous system with the digestive apparatus are in a morbid condition.

Ungovernable attacks of passion, violent temper, and unnatural cruelty, are the results of insanity far more frequently than will probably be admitted by those who have not given this subject close and special attention. This class of patients are all about us, and are oftentimes the more disagreeable and dangerous from the fact that in their calm moments they may be perfectly sane, upright, and kindly. Their disease

has its exacerbations, its paroxysms of attack, and during the intervals their bearing may be entirely courteous, and their whole disposition sweet and tender. Some of the greatest and noblest men of history have been the victims of these paroxysmal attacks of insanity, and for that reason have been oftentimes terribly misjudged. They have been accused of inconsistency, of hypocrisy, and their strange conduct has caused many to lose all their faith in truth, purity, or virtue.

It may be remarked by the way, that this paroxysmal character is not peculiar to insanity. Diseases of the lungs, stomach, and other organs, are liable to exacerbations, or paroxysms of attack, just as much as diseases of the brain, and, during the intervals, the patient may appear to be entirely well.

Howard, the philanthropist, who crossed seas and mountains to relieve the distressed, was a brute and a tyrant in his own family. Dr. Winslow says of him: "His cruel treatment caused the death of his wife. He was in the habit, for many years, of doing penance before her picture. He had an only son, whom for the slightest offence he punished with terrible severity, making him stand for hours in a grotto in the garden. The son became a lunatic as the result of this brutal treatment." I am strongly inclined to the opinion that even the extraordinary benevolence of Howard was one of the symptoms of the disease in his brain, for insanity may have good as well as evil manifestations, and such exceptional self-sacrifice as his, so blind, so persistent, so life-enduring, is just as liable to proceed from a morbid state as the directly opposite qualities of ungovernable rage, intense hate, or cruelty. There is a point beyond which not only forbearance, but also the manifestations of benevolence, charity, self-sacrifice, devotion, spirituality—of all the higher and

nobler qualities of humanity—may cease to be virtues.

Very much of the cruelty that we meet with in every-day life is the work of the partially insane. I know some really good men who sometimes, under peculiar circumstances, act more like lunatics than like reasonable beings. I knew a farmer, a conscientious and worthy man, who was at times attacked with paroxysms of rage so violent and irresistible, that he would beat his oxen most unmercifully, and without provocation. An acquaintance of mine told me that his father, who was one of the kindest of men in his family, very often whipped his children almost to death, and that, too, despite the tearful appeals of his wife, to whom he was most devotedly attached.

Much of the tyranny and despotism of the world have been the result of cerebral disease, and, if justice had been done, not a few of the rulers of history would have been confined in asylums for the insane. Caligula, the beastly Roman Emperor, was certainly a lunatic. His accession to the throne was greeted with joy by the Roman people, and he afterwards became so popular, by the generous and conciliatory acts of his reign, that when he was attacked with sickness, sacrifices were offered in the temples for his recovery. His brain undoubtedly became diseased during his sickness, for from that time he became a changed man. The remaining four years of his reign were disgraced by some of the most unnatural and capricious tyranny recorded in history. He put to death a large number of his senators. Every ten days he delivered human victims to be devoured by wild beasts, and jocosely termed this horrid act "clearing his account." He caused divine honours to be paid to himself, in a temple erected expressly for that purpose, and under the superintendence of priests of his own appoint-

ment. He invited his favourite horse, Incitatus, to dine at the royal table, where he was fed on gilded oats and drank wine from jewelled goblets, and but for his premature death this animal would have been raised to the consulship. In a more enlightened and liberal age Caligula would have been deposed and sent to an insane retreat. The Romans endured his cruelty for four years, and then put him to death by a well-planned and successful conspiracy. The career of Nero was somewhat like that of Caligula. In youth he was notably clever, kindly, and amiable, and for the first five years of his reign he ruled with clemency and justice. He was at this time so harassed by the attempts of his mother to wrest the sceptre from his hands, that his brain probably became disordered, and he was metamorphosed into a tyrant. He poisoned his own brother at a feast to which he had invited him. His mother, Agrippina, he murdered in her own bed. He relentlessly persecuted the Christians, on the plea that they had set fire to Rome. He caused to be executed Lucan, the poet, and Seneca, the philosopher, and kicked his own wife to death. Nor was his insanity manifested by acts of cruelty alone. He had a silly rage for music, and in his morbid ambition to be thought the greatest singer of the world, he appeared on the stage in the character of an operatic performer.

Domitian, Heliogabalus, and possibly also some of the tyrants of Rome, must have been of unsound mind. Domitian, like Caligula and Nero, began to reign with generosity, and under the pressures and worryings of government he developed into a monster. Heliogabalus made his horse consul, appointed a senate of women, *forced* the Romans to worship a black stone, and prepared golden swords and daggers, and cords of silk and gold, in order to put an end to his own life whenever

he saw fit. All these were the freaks of a madman. Alexander the Great behaved like a lunatic in the latter days of his reign, and the supposition is plausible, that if he had survived a few years longer he might have become a most implacable and capricious tyrant. From being very abstemious he gave himself up to debauchery. His lust for power became a disease, and he strove for gigantic impossibilities. Robespierre and some of the other leaders in the French Revolution were probably made more or less insane by the exciting events in which they took part. It is certain that Robespierre was natively kind-hearted and considerate, for he began life by endeavouring to procure the abolition of capital punishment.

Louis XI. of France was insane both in his despotic cruelty and in his caprices. He shut up his nobles in cages or hung them on the trees of the forest. He lived in constant fear of death, kept in seclusion in his castle, was on intimate terms with his hangman, amused himself by watching battles between rats and cats, drank the blood of young children, and tried various and abominable compounds in order to lengthen his life.

Jeffreys, the notorious English judge, was a raving maniac; and that he was allowed to preside at the circuits is a severer comment on the scientific ignorance than on the political cruelty of the age.

We are compelled to believe, also, that Queen Christina of Sweden, who murdered her paramour, was in a morbid mental condition when she committed the deed; and on the same theory I account for the hideous and unfeminine cruelty of Catherine de Medici.

Of the insanity of Frederick William of Prussia I have already spoken; but his unnatural and whimsical treatment of his son and family was only one of its symptoms. He was inconsistently avaricious,

scrutinising every household expense with absurd attention, and lavishing fortunes on his army of giants. He would run through the streets caning the loungers and workmen who fell in his way until they roared for mercy.

Theodore, the late king of Abyssinia, was probably a madman. All accounts agree in representing him as being at first a just, considerate, as well as enterprising ruler; but under the excitement and anxiety of domestic afflictions and the rebellions that took place in his realm, he became changed to a monster, like the Roman emperors Nero, Caligula, and Domitian. The latter acts of his reign gave every evidence of a disordered brain.

Fortunately, our own country has thus far been mostly free from the rule of partial lunatics. Whether the inconsistencies of some of our political rulers are due to cerebral disease or to native obstinacy, prejudice, and ignorance, cannot, at present, be well determined.

Extreme avarice may often be regarded as a symptom of disease of the brain. All very great misers are more or less insane. The desire of money is so absorbing and so constant, and the affliction of poverty is so perpetually dreaded, and the financial trials, successes, and surprises of life are so frequent and so exciting, that the love of acquisition, which is in itself a virtue, becomes so far perverted as to be an actual symptom of disease.

There are people who are perfectly sane on every subject except those in which money is concerned. Such persons deny themselves and those nearest to them the plainest necessities of life, toil early and late, beyond their strength, in extreme old age, even when they and their heirs are beyond the possibility of want; or constantly worry about the future, living in continual fear of the poor-house; or incessantly

count and re-count their possessions, under the apprehension that they are slipping from their grasp ; or commit the greatest extravagancies in useless directions while depriving themselves of daily comforts. A common symptom of this form of insanity is to imagine oneself to be poor even in the midst of wealth. Most of the eccentric wills that now often attract the public attention are the creation of brains that have become diseased by long dwelling on matters of finance ; and it is just to assume that our institutions of charity are considerably indebted to the insanity of the rich for some of their most important legacies. I knew a man, of education and rare ability, who, for a long number of years, hoarded a fortune that he possessed in order that he might leave it to a number of benevolent societies. That the amount at his disposal might be as large as possible, he scrimped his wife, his children, and his servants, even in the minutest acts of expenditure ; imposed on the hospitality of friends and the forbearance of his kinsmen ; and, in short, by his lifelong acts of meanness, made his name a by-word and a reproach wherever he was known. Yet during most of these years he was actively engaged in responsible duties, and was justly regarded as a man of unusual ability and attainments ; and not until his later and declining years did his friends ever suspect that he was a monomaniac. My own view is, that, from the first, his avarice was with him a symptom of cerebral disease, and the acts of imbecility and weakness that he committed, and the abandonment into which he fell, finally convinced those who knew him best that in matters of finance he was not a morally responsible being.

Great and unexpected success as well as failure may give rise to financial insanity. Sudden wealth as well as sudden poverty may so

excite the brain as to induce monomania or complete madness.

A striking case of this form of insanity is thus related by Dr. Winslow :

"A young gentleman having £10,000, undisposed of and unemployed, placed it for business purposes in the hands of his confidential broker. This sum he invested in a stock that had an unexpected, sudden, and enormous rise in value. In a fortunate moment he sold out, and the £10,000 realised £60,000. An account of the successful monetary speculation was transmitted to the fortunate owner of this large sum. The startling intelligence produced a severe shock to the nervous system, and the mind lost its equilibrium. The poor fellow continued in a state of mental alienation for the remainder of his life. His constant occupation until the day of his death was playing with his fingers, and continually repeating without intermission, and with great animation and rapidity, the words, "*Sixty thousand! sixty thousand! sixty thousand!*"

Insanity may manifest itself by great extravagance as well as by meanness. A medical acquaintance relates that, during the height of an unusual excitement, he was consulted by a gentleman, who, by fortunate speculation, had suddenly become a millionaire. The first time he came he handed the doctor a fifty-dollar bill saying as he did so, "Your fee, doctor, I prefer to pay as I go." Nothing was thought of this, for it was precisely what any grateful and free-hearted patient might do ; but on the next visit, which was but two or three days afterward, he again handed the doctor a fifty-dollar bill, with the same remark as before. His disease was of a chronic nature, and demanded a protracted course of treatment. He visited the doctor at his office several times a-week for a number of months, and each time

invariably offered a fifty-dollar bill. The doctor was afterwards informed that he became so reckless in his expenditure that it was necessary for his wife or some friend to travel with him, in order to keep him from throwing his money away. He would throw a ten-dollar bill to the porter who carried his trunk upstairs, or to the boy who blacked his boots. A year's travel in Europe ultimately restored him to a measure of health, and, at last accounts, he was fully capable of managing his affairs.

Conscientiousness itself may become morbid, and when associated, as it so often is, with religious melancholy, is a very obstinate form of insanity. Much of the petty tyranny of school-teachers, guardians, and others in authority, is the result of disease of this faculty, and it is quite unfortunate for society that this fact is not better understood. I have known of two instructors for the young, whose administration of the government of the schools over which they presided was characterised by most unreasonable and inconsistent severity, and by that absurd regard for the tithe of mint and anise and cummin, which is so peculiarly distressing to children, and to all who are in position of dependence. They enacted and enforced useless regulations, restricted their pupils in the exercise of the commonest privileges, and, under the mistaken plea of duty, made life a burden and a sorrow to themselves and to all who were in any way subject to them. Both of these teachers held important positions, one as teacher in a large academy, the other as principal of a ladies' seminary. Both were regarded, by those who did not know them too intimately, as faithful though somewhat injudicious teachers, and both were hated and despised by their pupils. Both have since given such unmistakable proofs of mental alienation, as to compel them to

abandon their calling, and one, at least, has gone to an asylum.

These cases presented no remarkable features, but were simply typical of their class.

Religious mania is a very frequent and harassing manifestation of cerebral disease, and one which requires the largest tact and patience in its management. Not a little of the extraordinary self-sacrifice and voluntary renunciation of the common enjoyments and aspirations of existence, so often exemplified under both true and false religions, is due to disease of the brain, which is brought on by over-exercise, and over-excitement of the religious nature. This form of insanity is so familiar that it is hardly necessary for me to cite instances that illustrate it. It is met with in India, amid the darkness of paganism, among the Mohammedans, as well as in all Christian countries both Catholic and Protestant. It appears among all nations who have any distinct idea of a God and a future state, but is especially liable to visit those who are possessed of a deep and earnest and absorbing religious nature that is wrought upon by trials and the influence of a partial or one-sided mental training.

Among the symptoms of religious monomania are the constant fear of the wrath of an offended God, and a disposition to perform extraordinary acts of self-mortification, extravagant dread of approaching death, and a painful consciousness of sin and unworthiness that can find no consolation in the Divine promise of mercy, persistent and wasting melancholy, and constant temptations to commit suicide. Some have a directly opposite experience, and are subject to agreeable and inspiring hallucinations. They imagine themselves in heaven, in direct communion with God. They declare that they are divinely commissioned to proclaim His will to men, and go forth to found sects and reform the universe.

They experience the most extravagant and ecstatic joy, break forth into rapturous songs or ejaculations in the midst of public assemblies, and by gestures, dances, physical contortions, recklessly violate the customs of society and public decorum. Sometimes religious lunatics are possessed with the idea that they should not only mortify their own flesh, but, so far as possible, should persecute to the bitter end all who differ from them in matters of faith. There is no doubt that the cruelty of the religious wars and persecutions of the world has oftentimes been greatly intensified by the insanity of those who were engaged in them. Dr. Winslow thus narrates a typical instance of this manifestation of insanity :

"A person who had been very active in leading and encouraging the bloody deeds of St. Bartholomew's day at Paris, when confessing on his death-bed his sins to a worthy ecclesiastic, was asked, 'Have you nothing to say about St. Bartholomew's day?' He replied, '*On that occasion God Almighty was obliged to me!*'"

Some of the most successful founders of religious sects were more or less insane. Francis d'Assisi, Loyola, and Mahomet, and some of the founders of our modern religious orders and denominations exhibited very suspicious symptoms of cerebral disease. Religious excitements, such as attend the starting of new sects and the advance of proselytism, and even our most useful revivals, give rise, especially among the lower classes, to temporary or permanent attacks of insanity. The rise and spread of Spiritualism and Mormonism have been attended with a very painful increase of religious insanity among all those classes who were influenced by these creeds, or who were drawn into the discussions which they called forth. There are about us, in every walk of life, persons who,

in matters of religion, are unable to think a rational thought or speak a rational word, and yet, on all other subjects, uniformly show themselves to be perfectly sane and true. It would be hard to conceive of a severer form of earthly misery than is experienced by some of the religiously insane. A gentleman who was at one time under my observation used to depict the horrors of his spiritual condition in language that was at once graphic and appalling. He was harassed, as the religiously insane often are, with fearful doubts and scepticism in regard to the truths of inspiration, the destiny of man, and other dark problems of existence, and neither the advice and sympathy of his friends, nor his own honest efforts, seemed to afford him any ray of hope or joy. He would represent himself as "hanging by one arm over the verge of a precipice, that his strength was gradually failing, and that he must soon fall and be dashed to pieces;" as "surrounded on every side by a cordon of raging fires that were rapidly closing in upon him, and from which there could be no escape." But all this time he was pursuing his regular duties, and not even his intimate friends suspected him of insanity. By my advice he took an interval of rest; but before a year had elapsed it was found necessary to send him to an asylum.

Self-brooding, and deep-seated, persistent melancholy that is not traceable to any special exciting cause, is always evidence of a *tendency* to disease of the brain, that may or may not develop into positive insanity. Disease of the moral faculties may assume an entirely different form; and instead of oversensitiveness, and morbid apprehensions, there may be an utter callosity of the moral perceptions. This type of disease is most frequently observed among merchants, speculators, and public men, because these classes are subjected to great

pressures that severely task the strength of the moral nature. It is a very suggestive fact that statesmen and politicians who, during their early manhood and maturity have been pure, courageous, and upright, become in their old age extremely corrupt, cowardly, and unprincipled. It is clear to me that in some instances, at least, this shocking demoralisation of our aged politicians is due to actual disease of the brain. The continuous strain and draft to which the moral faculties are subjected by the temptations and crises of political life are sometimes sufficient to overpower the brain and render it, to all appearance, insensible to moral impressions. In this way we may account for some of the instances that have been so often and so recently observed, of deflection from moral rectitude and desertion of life-long principles on the part of the most trusted and most beloved of our public men.

This leads us to the consideration of insanity in its relation to crime. This subject is too wide for discussion in an essay like this ; but I may say in general, that the insanity which leads to the commission of crime is to be judged by precisely the same standard as any other manifestation of cerebral disorder. There are certain limits of criminality that no one can overstep without rendering himself liable to the just suspicion of insanity. When men who have sustained even a tolerable reputation in a community suddenly commit some hideous outrage at which a professed scoundrel would revolt, or execute some great fraud that is certain to be detected, or attempt any sort of crime that is repugnant to the general average of criminals, or from which they cannot reap any advantage, it is pertinent to inquire whether they may not be the victim of some type or degree of disease of the brain. Each individual case must, however, be studied

by itself, and both judges and juries should be enlightened by the testimony of competent and reliable experts. The time is certainly not far distant when some of the judicial decisions of the past and the present will be regarded as barbarous. There are sometimes arraigned before our courts unfortunate prisoners whose execution by the arm of law would be a greater crime than that for which they were convicted. We have no more right to take the life of a lunatic whose disease has allowed him to violate the laws of society, than we have to enter an asylum and drag its inmates to execution. The fault in such cases, if there be any, is with society itself, so far as it allows unrestricted and unwatched liberty to citizens of dangerous tendencies. It must be confessed, however, that many of the dangerous classes give no evidences of mental disease until they shock the community by some terrible fraud or outrage, and therefore cannot in all cases be successfully guarded against. This fact is, perhaps, the weightiest of all arguments in favour of the substitution of imprisonment for hanging in all capital offences. In cases, where, in spite of unprejudiced care and the skill of experts, a lunatic may have been condemned to suffer punishment, a course of imprisonment might give opportunity for a full understanding of the culprit's mental condition, and the subsequent exercise of executive clemency.

The record of judicial murder is at best a dark and gloomy page in the world's annals. Insanity was not as common in the earlier eras and among barbarous nations as at present ; but during the past few centuries the number of unfortunates who have been hanged and guillotined for the crime of having a diseased brain, must be very great indeed.

Although the advanced minds in both the medical and the legal pro-

fessions are now agreed that insanity is not only a possible, but a very frequent, cause of crime, yet the great mass of people are opposed to the acquittal of criminals on any such ground.

No disease is more markedly hereditary than insanity, and no single act is more decidedly symptomatic of this disease than the commission of crime from which it is not possible to obtain any temporary or permanent advantage. Illustrations of this almost without number might be adduced from the records of crime of all countries. If it be objected, as it may be by some, that the views here advocated would, if logically followed out, lead to the acquittal of many of our criminals, I can only give the familiar reply, that the worst use a man can be put to is to hang him. Confinement is a sure punishment for the really guilty, and a safe probation for the insane. It should be considered, however, that those who are affected with cerebral disease are oftentimes, and to a certain extent, responsible for their condition. When a man commits crime under the influence of ardent spirits, we hold him responsible for getting thus intoxicated. Insanity is likewise preventible in many instances, and those who from carelessness or wickedness allow themselves to fall into it, are to that degree responsible for the crime they subsequently commit. But the same can be said of all the diseases from which we suffer, and yet it is the recognised custom of our civilisation to treat all cases of sickness—even those which directly result from vice and crime—with as much care and attention as though they were produced by causes entirely beyond the patient's control. The intuitions of humanity teach us that any other course would be unchristian and brutal.

In conclusion, I have to speak of the relation of insanity to genius. It was long ago observed that men

of original and creative mind were apt to be eccentric, melancholy, and to commit acts that in ordinary individuals would hardly be tolerated.

Dr. Moreau (de Tours) has written a work in which he contends that genius arises from the same organic conditions as insanity, and is, in fact, synonymous with it. His theory substantially amounts to this, that genius, like insanity, is a symptom of disease of the brain. Without conceding all that is claimed by Dr. Moreau, it cannot be denied that a very large number of the geniuses of the world have been either melancholic or very eccentric, and, in some instances, have been the victims of violent and repeated attacks of insanity.

Dr. Johnson was hypochondriacal, and in various ways gave evidence of a morbid condition of the brain. At the early age of twenty he became the victim of melancholic delusions, and from that time forward was never happy. On one occasion he exclaimed, despairingly, "I would consent to have an arm amputated, to recover my spirits." Wretchedness like this, when it is temporary or spasmodic, may signify but little; but when it is persistent and life-long, it must be regarded as the symptom of cerebral disease that may and often does advance to absolute madness. The violent impetuosity of Dr. Johnson, his unreasonable prejudices, may be accounted for on the same theory.

Some of the brightest geniuses in literature have been at intervals subject to attacks of madness. Southey lived for years in perpetual dread of insanity, and when at last he kneeled in the furrow, worn out through mental excitement and fatigue, he composed that most instructive and useful of his works, "The Life of Cowper." That Rousseau was a lunatic will be admitted without question by those who have studied his life and writings, however ardently they may admire his genius.

Pascal was one of the most original thinkers of France, but no inmate of any asylum ever presented more indisputable proofs of mental disease than those which characterised his whole career. All his life he walked in darkness, knowing not at what he stumbled, in constant fear both of the present and the future. He was the victim of absurd delusions, was harassed by excessive nervousness, and was the slave of uncontrollable eccentricities. On examination after death, his brain was found to be very seriously diseased.

The American poet, James Gates Percival, was troubled, it is said, with a slow and chronic type of cerebral disease. It would be hard, indeed, to find any other theory on which to account for the thousand and one eccentricities and inconsistencies of his enigmatical career. His absurd fear of women was certainly full evidence of monomania; but when we take this fact in connection with his life-long melancholy, his early and repeated attempts at self-destruction, his unnatural ingratitude to those who befriended him in distress, and his anomalous love of solitude, we find it impossible to accept any other interpretation of his life than that he was never an absolutely sane and responsible being.

The poet Cowper declared expressly that he translated Homer in order to relieve his wretchedness, and we are led to believe from the facts of his biography, that if he had been a happy man he would not have been a poet. Some of his finest poems were written whilst he was suffering the bitterest form of melancholy. Burton wrote his "Anatomy of Melancholy" out of his own experience, and as a means of intellectual diversion. The great positive philosopher, Auguste Comte, was attacked with insanity in 1826, and for one year was compelled to withdraw from his usual duties. Two years afterwards he published the

work on "Positive Philosophy" that has immortalised his name. Haller, the distinguished physiologist, was a religious monomaniac, and, in the latter part of his life, he sought relief in opium-eating. Swedenborg was a brilliant writer and thinker, but he was subject to hallucinations that are never experienced by those of sound mind. His fantastic visions of heaven and hell, and his imagined interviews with the Almighty, find their counterparts in the experience of many in our asylums. Cardinal de Richelieu was subject to maniacal attacks, during which he lost all his self-control, and behaved like a silly child. When the attack was over he had no recollection of what had passed. It is said of Fourier, the chimerical social reformer, that he passed almost his entire life in a state of hallucination. Zimmerman, the author of the essay on solitude, was a wretched hypochondriac, and, in the latter portion of his days, was practically insane. Lavater was always characterised by an overplus of enthusiasm, that of itself was symptomatic of an unnatural condition of the brain; and, as is so often the case with such geniuses, became more and more absurd and inconsistent as he grew older. According to Dr. Moreau, he came to believe that by the power of prayer he could identify himself with Christ. I think it may be said in general that all those who imagine themselves to be angels or gods, or that they visit heaven or hell and have direct revelations from the Almighty, are to an extent insane, however brilliant and rational they may be in all other particulars. Therefore, Francis d'Assisi, who passed days and nights in communication with God, Francis Xavier, to whom Saint Jerome appeared in a vision, Savonarola, who fought with imaginary demons, and professed to have revelations from Heaven, are to be classed among the religiously insane. The inspiration of Joan of Arc was the inspira

tion of cerebral disease, and was only a remarkable symptom of organic conditions that in various degrees of advancement are to be found in every-day life. Tasso was a positive maniac, and, like many other unbalanced geniuses, believed that he was attended by a familiar spirit. "I shall die at the top first," ejaculated Dean Swift, as he sadly gazed on a tree whose branches were decaying; and he realised his terrible prediction. He was more or less insane during all his active life.

Beethoven was one of the most despairing of hypochondriacs; and the gifted poet Collins was at times a sad and moaning lunatic. The eccentricities and melancholy of Lord Byron were probably the uncontrollable manifestations of disease, and during his short and brilliant career he gave sufficient evidence of insanity to more than justify the suspicions of his wife at the time of their separation. Voltaire was precocious, brilliant, and original; but the general conduct of his life can hardly be made consistent with perfect soundness of mind.

The phrase "mad poet" has passed into a proverb, and has from time to time been applied to a number of eccentric geniuses. It was applied to Nathaniel Lee, who was for a time confined in Bethlehem Hospital, and to McDonald Clarke, in America.

Lucretius wrote his celebrated "*De Rerum Natura*" while suffering from an attack of insanity, and Crudden compiled his "*Concordance*" while in the same mental condition. Madame de Stael had a masculine and powerful intellect, but she was a slave to idle fears and silly eccentricities, that in ordinary persons would certainly have been regarded as symptoms of disease of the brain. Nothing seems clearer than that the irritability, hypochondria, and meanness of Alexander Pope were the results of organic cerebral conditions

which he could no more control than he could remedy his physical deformity. Lady Stanhope and Balzac, Hood and Chatterton, all displayed eccentricities that are hard to be reconciled with perfect sanity, and the latter, as is well known, died by his own hand.

The public would be astonished if it were known how much that is interesting and valuable both in our ephemeral and permanent literature is the works of minds partially insane. A few years since considerable excitement was occasioned in New York by the report that many of the editorials of one of the daily journals were written by the inmate of an asylum. The story itself may not have been literally true, in the instance there adduced, but it was based on probability, nay, on actual fact. Some time since one of the most prominent magazines published an essay of great interest and value that was prepared by one of the inmates of an insane retreat. Says Dr. Winslow, "Some of the ablest articles in '*Aiken's Biography*' were written by a patient in a lunatic asylum."

Instances are recorded where attacks of insanity have been accompanied by extraordinary and marvellous manifestations of intellectual power. I quote a few typical cases from the valuable work of Dr. Winslow on the Mind and Brain.

"A young gentleman had an attack of insanity, caused by rough usage whilst at school. This youth had never exhibited any particular talent for arithmetic or mathematical science; in fact, it was alleged that he was incapable of doing a simple sum in addition or multiplication. After recovering from his maniacal attack, and when able to occupy his mind in reading and conversation, it was discovered that an extraordinary arithmetical power had been evolved. He was able, with wonderful facility, to solve rather complex problems. This talent con-

tinued for several months, but after his complete restoration to health, he relapsed into his former natural state of arithmetical dulness, ignorance, and general mental incapacity."

Dr. Rush, quoted by the same authority, declares that "talents for eloquence, poetry, music, painting, and uncommon ingenuity in several of the mechanic arts, are often evolved in this state of madness.

. A female patient who became insane, sang hymns and songs of her own composition during the latter stage of her illness, with a tone and voice so pleasant that I hung upon it with delight every time I visited her. She had never discovered a talent for poetry or music in any previous part of her life. Two instances of talent for drawing evolved by madness have occurred within my knowledge."

Similar, though perhaps less striking, instances have been observed by all who are conversant with insanity. In view of all these facts it seems to be clear that the familiar verse, "great wit to madness is allied," is the literal expression of a scientific truth, and that certain types and conditions of cerebral disease give rise to unnatural activity and brilliancy of the intellect. Recurring to our original illustration, we know that some morbid conditions of the digestive apparatus and of the general system—such, for instance, as appear in epilepsy—are attended by a most unnatural appetite and power of digestion. This theory—which is amply sustained by analogy—also

accounts for the extraordinary mental phenomena that are experienced by those who are nearly drowned, and for the supernatural visions and ecstasies of those who are on the point of death. This same theory also helps to explain many of the wonderful manifestations exhibited by patients in a magnetic sleep, or in the so-called clairvoyant state.

Admitting all that has been claimed in this essay, it is evident that our asylums contain but a very small minority of those who are affected with disease of the brain. The insane are all about us, on every hand, and fulfil with success the various relations of life. We find them at the bar, in the pulpit, in legislative halls, and on the throne; among our labourers, our artisans, our husbandmen, our merchants, and especially among our poets, scholars, and men of letters. To isolate these unfortunates from society, in the confinement of an asylum, would, in the great majority of cases, be unjustifiable, and especially so since recent experiments have clearly shown that lunatics of all kinds may be successfully treated in the quiet of country homes. But if it were thoroughly understood and appreciated by the profession and the laity, that the milder and subtle phases of insanity are thus frequent among us, there would be far greater charity for the meanness and crimes to which they give origin, and much might be done to modify or prevent their evil consequences to individuals and to society.

GEO. M. BEARD, M.D.

TONSON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

It is the second week of September, the year 1666. At his shop-door in Holborn, beneath the time-honoured emblem of his profession, the parti-coloured pole, stands Mr. Jacob Tonson, barber-surgeon. He looks earnestly and sorrowfully at the dense canopy of smoke that hangs over the east. The fire that had destroyed more than half of London is still smouldering. Fragments of burning paper still fall upon the causeway, as the remains of the books that were stowed in St. Faith's, under Paul's, are stirred by the wind. Mr. Tonson is troubled. He has friends amongst the booksellers in the ruined City; and occasional customers who have come thence to be trimmed, with beards of a se'nnight's growth, tell him that these traders are most of them undone.

A month has passed since the fire broke out. The wealthy are finding house room in Westminster and Southwark, and in streets of the City which the flames have not reached. The poor are still, many of them, abiding in huts and tents in Moorfields and St. George's Fields, and on the hills leading to Highgate. Some of the great thoroughfares may now be traversed. Mr. Tonson will venture forth to see the condition of his Company's Hall. With his second son, Jacob, holding his hand, he makes his way to Monkwell Street. Barber Surgeon's Hall has sustained some injury; but the Theatre, built by Inigo Jones, which is the pride of the Company, has not been damaged. He shows his son Holbein's great picture of the Company receiving their charter from Henry VIII., and expatiates upon the honour of belonging to such a profession. Young Jacob does not seem much

impressed by the parental enthusiasm. The blood-letting and tooth-drawing are not more attractive to him than the shaving, which latter operation his father deposes to his apprentices. They make their way through narrow lanes across Aldersgate Street, and so into Little Britain. Mr. Tonson enters a large book-shop, and salutes the bookseller with great respect. By common repute, Mr. Scot is the largest librarian in Europe. Young Jacob listens attentively to all that passes. His father brings out William Loudon's "Catalogue of the most vendible Books in England," and inquires for "The Anatomical Exercises of Dr. W. Harvey, Physician to the King's most excellent Majesty, concerning the motion of the Heart and Blood." Mr. Scot is somewhat at leisure, and says that he has heard more disputes about Dr. Harvey's opinions of the circulation of the blood, than upon any subject not theological. Mr. Tonson buys for his son, who has a taste for verse, a little volume of "Mr. Milton's Poems, with a Mask before the Earl of Bridgewater." Mr. Scot informs him that Mr. Milton, who had gone to Buckinghamshire upon the breaking out of the plague, has returned to his house in Bunhill Fields, and, as he hears, is engaged upon a heroic poem. The sum which Mr. Tonson has to pay for the two books rather exceeds his expectation; but Mr. Scot gives it not only as his own opinion, but that of a very shrewd customer of his, Mr. Pepys, that, in consequence of so many books being burned, there will be a great want of books. Mr. Scot is firmly impressed with the truth of an old adage, that what is one man's loss is another man's gain, and has no scruple about rais-

ing the prices of his large stock. "A good time is coming, sir, for printers and booksellers," says Mr. Scot. "Ah, Jacob," exclaims Mr. Tonson, "if I hadn't a noble profession for you to follow, I should like to see you a bookseller."

Two years have elapsed. The good chururgeon has fallen sick; and not even his conversion to Dr. Harvey's opinions "concerning the motion of the heart and blood" can save him. Young Jacob has employed most of his holiday hours in reading plays and poems, and he had a decided aversion to the business carried on "under the pole." His father had left his brother Richard, himself, and his three sisters, one hundred pounds each, to be paid them upon their coming of age. The two brothers resolved for printing and bookselling. Jacob was apprenticed, on the 5th of June, 1670, to Thomas Bassett, bookseller; he was then of the age of fourteen. I scarcely need trace the shadow of the boy growing up into a young man, and learning, what a practical experience only can give, to form a due estimate of the trade value of books, and the commercial reputation of authors. After seven years he was admitted to his freedom in the Stationers' Company, and immediately afterwards commenced business with his capital of a hundred pounds. The elder brother had embarked in the same calling a year before. Thus, at the beginning of 1678, he entered "the realms of print"—a region not then divided into so many provinces as now. Under "The Judge's Head," which he set up as his sign in Chancery Lane, close to the corner of Fleet Street, he might have an open window, and exhibit, upon a capacious board, old law books and new plays, equally vendible in that vicinity of the inns of court. But he had a higher ambition than to be a mere vender of books. He would purchase and print original writings,

and he would aim at securing "the most eminent hands." He published before 1679 some of the plays of Otway and Tate. But he aimed at more illustrious game. I see him as he sits in his back shop, pondering over such reputations. Mr. Otway's "Friendship in Fashion," is somewhat too gross, and his "Caius Marius," has been stolen, in great part, from Shakspeare. As for Mr. Tate, he may be fit to mangle "King Lear," but he has no genius. Could he get hold of Mr. Dryden! He, indeed, were worth having. Mr. Herringman has been Mr. Dryden's publisher, but the young aspirant hears of some disagreement. He will step over to the great writer's house near St. Bride's Church, and make a bidding for his next play. "Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth found too late," was published by Tonson and Swalle, in 1679. The venture of twenty pounds for the copy is held to have been too large for our Jacob to have encountered singly.

Let me endeavour to realise the shadow of the figure and deportment of the young bookseller. He is in his twenty-third year, short and stout. Twenty years later, Pope calls him "little Jacob." It was not till after his death that he became immortalised in the "Dunciad" as "left-legg'd Jacob." In one previous edition, Lintot, "with steps unequal;" in another, "with legs expanded," "seemed to emulate great Jacob's pace." The "two left legs," as well as "leering looks," "bull face," and "Judas-coloured hair," are attributed to Dryden in a satirical description of "Bibliopolo," a fragment of which is inserted in a virulent Tory poem, published at the time when Tonson was secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, composed of the Whigs most distinguished as statesmen and writers. In a dialogue between Tonson and Congreve, published in 1714, in a small volume of poems by Rowe, there is a pleasant

description of Tonson before he had grand associates—

While, in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion,
While yet you did not live, as now your
trade is,
To drink with noble lords, and toast their
ladies,
Theu, Jacob Tonson, were, to my con-
ceiving,
The cheerfullest, best, honest fellow living.

After this, the eulogy of John Dunton is somewhat flat:—"He was bookseller to the famous Dryden, and is himself a very good judge of persons and authors; and, as there is nobody more competently qualified to give their opinion upon another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality: for, to do Mr. Tonson justice, he speaks his mind upon all occasions, and will flatter nobody."

The young bookseller is gradually attaining a position. In 1681 there was an indefatigable collector of the fugitive poetry, especially political, which formed the chief staple of many booksellers' shops, and the most vendible commodity of noisy hawkers. Mr. Narcissus Luttrell recorded—according to his custom of marking on each sheet and half-sheet of the "Sibylline Leaves" the day he acquired it—that on the 17th of November he received a copy of the first part of "Absalom and Achitophel," "from his friend Jacob Tonson." Dryden and his publisher appear to be on a very friendly footing in 1684. He sends the poet a present of two melons; and the poet, in his letter of thanks, advises him to reprint "Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse," and to print a thousand copies. Dryden was now at work upon the "Miscellany Poems" that collection which is sometimes called "Tonson's," and sometimes "Dryden's." According to the fashion of title-pages at that time, it was to be written "by the most eminent hands." The poet

writes, "Since we are to have nothing but new, I am resolved we will have nothing but good, whomever we disoblige." The first volume was published in 1684; a second volume appeared in 1685. Malone says, "this was the first collection of that kind which had appeared for many years in England." The third "Miscellany" was published in 1693. Tonson has now become a sharp tradesman. A letter from him to Dryden exhibits him haggling about the number of lines he ought to receive of the translation of parts of Ovid. He had only 1446 for fifty guineas, whereas he expected 1518 lines for forty guineas. He is, nevertheless, humbly submissive. "I own, if you don't think fit to add something more, I must submit; 'tis wholly at your choice." Still holding to his maxim to have a pennyworth for his penny, he adds, "you were pleased to use me much kindlier in Juvenal, which is not reckoned so easy to translate as Ovid." Although the bookseller seems mercenary enough to justify Malone's remark that "by him who is to live by the sale of books, a book is considered merely as an article of trade," Dryden soon after writes to Tonson, "I am much ashamed of myself that I am so much behindhand with you in kindness. Above all things, I am sensible of your good nature in bearing me company to this place" (somewhere in Northamptonshire).

Dryden could now ill afford to be curtailed in the bookseller's payment for his verses. The Revolution had deprived him of his office of Poet-Laureate; but he might do better than writing "Miscellany Poems" at the rate of ninepence a line. He will publish a specimen of his translation of Virgil in the "Miscellany," but he will produce the complete work by subscription. Tonson shall be his agent for printing the volumes, with engravings. The plan succeeds. There are large-paper copies for the

rich and great ; there are small-paper copies for a second class of subscribers. "Be ready with the price of paper and of the books," writes Dryden. They were to meet at a tavern. "No matter for any dinner ; for that is a charge to you, and I care not for it. Mr. Congreve may be with us, as a common friend." Few were the literary bargains that were settled without a dinner. Fewer, indeed, were the coffee-house meetings between author and bookseller that were not accompanied with that solace which was called "a whet." Their business is completed. Mr. Dryden goes again into the country for his poetical labours and his fishing. Mr. Tonson is "My good friend," and "I assure you I lay up your last kindness to me in my heart." But a terrible subject of dispute is coming up which much perplexes the bookseller. In October, 1695, the poet writes, "I expect fifty pounds in good silver : not such as I had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I, nor stay for it beyond four-and-twenty hours after it is due." The sellers and the buyers in all trades are sorely disturbed in their calculations, whilst Charles Montague, and Locke, and Newton are thinking over the best means for a reform of the coinage. Mr. Tonson's customers give him bad silver for his books, and Mr. Dryden's subscribers for his five-guinea edition would take care not to pay the bookseller at the rate of twenty-one shillings for each golden piece whose exchangeable value is increased forty per cent. When the author writes, "I expect fifty pounds in good silver," he demands an impossibility. All the "good silver" was hoarded. When he says, "I am not obliged to take gold," he means that he was not obliged to take guineas at their market value as compared with the clipped and debased silver. Cunningham, a historian of the period, says, "Guineas on a sudden rose to thirty shillings

a-piece—all currency of other money was stopped." Dryden was, in the end, compelled to submit to the common fate of all who had to receive money in exchange for labour or goods. So the poet squabbles with his publisher into the next year, and the publisher—of whose arguments in his self-defence we hear nothing—gets hard measure from the historian one hundred and fifty years afterwards. "The ignorant and helpless peasant," says Macaulay, "was cruelly ground between one class which would give money only by tale and another which would take it only by weight ; yet his sufferings hardly exceeded those of the unfortunate race of authors. Of the way in which obscure writers were treated we may easily form a judgment from the letters, still extant, of Dryden to his bookseller, Tonson." The poet's complaints, presented without any attendant circumstances, and with some suppression, would seem to imply that Tonson attempted to cheat Dryden as he would have attempted to cheat obscure writers. But Macaulay justly says, "These complaints and demands, which have been preserved from destruction only by the eminence of the writer, are doubtless merely a fair example of the correspondence which filled all the mail-bags of England for several months."

Reconciliation soon comes. The business intercourse of Dryden and Tonson continues uninterrupted. Jacob, we may believe, sometimes meditates upon the loss of his great friend. Will any poetical genius arise worthy to take his place ? He thinks not. He must look around him and see which of the old writers can be successfully reproduced, like the Milton, which he has now made his own, as the world may observe in the portrait which Sir Godfrey Kneller has painted for him, with "Paradise Lost" in his hand.

I see the shadow of a younger

Jacob Tonson than he who is thus represented in the engraving. I see him bargaining, in 1683, with Brabazon Aylmer, for one half of his interest in Milton's poem. Aylmer produces the document which transfers to him the entire copyright, signed by Samuel Simmons; and he exhibits also the original covenant of indenture, by which Milton sold to Simmons his copy for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation for other payments, according to the future sales, —twenty pounds in the whole. Mr. Tonson thinks that the value of other literary wares than "prologues and plays" has risen in the market. He could scarcely have dreamt, however, that the time would come when a hundred guineas would be given for this very indenture, and that it would be preserved in a national museum as a sacred treasure. He buys a half of Aylmer's interest, and has many cogitations about the best mode of making profit out of his bargain. The temper of the times, and the fashionable taste, are not propitious to blank verse upon a sacred subject; and the name of Milton, the Secretary of the late Usurper, is held in hatred. It is true that Mr. Dryden had said that this was one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either the age or nation had produced; but the prudent Jacob would pause a little. The time might come when he who sang of "man's first disobedience" would not be hated by the clergy, and when Rochester would not be the fashion at court. He waited four years, and then issued proposals for publishing "Paradise Lost" by subscription. He was encouraged in this undertaking by two persons of some influence—John Somers, who had written verses and other things for him, a barrister; and Francis Atterbury, a student of Christ Church. There is sufficient encouragement to proceed; and so, in 1688, Milton

comes forth in folio, with a portrait, under which are engraven certain lines which Dryden had furnished to his publisher. Times were changed since Samuel Simmons paid his five pounds down for the copy, and agreed to pay five pounds more when thirteen hundred were sold. And so Mr. Dryden was not altogether opposed to the critical opinions of the existing generation when he wrote that "the force of Nature could no farther go" when she united Homer and Virgil in Milton. Dryden not only gave his famous six lines to Tonson, but paid his crowns as a subscriber.

It is Saint Cecilia's Day, the 22nd of November, 1697. Mr. Tonson has seen the manuscript of Mr. Dryden's Ode or Song, to be performed at the Music Feast kept in Stationers' Hall—"the Anniversary Feast of the Society of Gentlemen, lovers of musick." Mr. Tonson has attended many of these performances in his own Hall, and was particularly interested in one a few years before, for which his distinguished friend wrote the Ode. But on this latter occasion, as earnest Jacob tells to every one who will listen to him, Mr. Dryden has surpassed himself. Never, he thinks, and thinks truly, has there been so glorious an Ode as Alexander's Feast. His notions differed somewhat from the majority of the audience assembled on that occasion, who were accustomed to attach more importance to the music than to the words of the annual song of praise. Purcell died two years before, and Dryden wrote his elegy. One of less renown, Jeremiah Clarke, of the Chapel Royal, is now the composer. A great musician was to arise, in another generation, whose music should be married to this immortal verse. But the noble Ode can well stand alone.

The Ode to Saint Cecilia formed a part of the volume of "Fables" which Tonson published just before

the poet's death. In December, 1699, Dryden had finished the work, with a preface written in his usual pure and vigorous prose. He was paid by Tonson two hundred and fifty guineas, with an engagement to make up that amount to three hundred pounds when a second impression should be demanded. It was thirteen years before such second edition was published.

In May, 1700, the bookseller's first great *patron* died. The time, I think, has arrived when a different interpretation of "patronage," as between author and publisher, must be adopted, in preference to the conventional use of the term which long prevailed. "During the better half of the past century," writes the worthy John Nicholls, "Jacob Tonson and Andrew Millar were the best *patrons* of literature," a fact rendered unquestionable by the valuable works produced under their fostering and genial hands. Again: "That eminent bookseller, Andrew Millar, the steady *patron* of Thomson and Fielding, and many other eminent authors." In 1773, Johnson said, "Now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can. We have done with patronage." It was a pleasant delusion of Paternoster Row that patronage of authors had only changed from the Mæcenas of the Cabinet to the Mæcenas of the Counting-house.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Tonson purchased a small house and grounds at Barn Elms, a village between Putney and Mortlake. Its majestic elms are said to have been the subject of many a pastoral poet. There was a mansion here in which Count Heidegger, the founder of Italian operas, resided. George II. was here entertained with displays of fireworks and illuminated lamps; but the "boets and bainters," who were not in good odour with the Hanoverian dynasty, conferred a lustre upon Barn Elms

which did not go out quite so quickly as Heidegger's fireworks. Jacob's villa, originally little more than a cottage, was a pleasanter summer place of meeting for the Kit-Cat Club than Shire Lane or the Fountain. Like other clubable men, its members were fond of country excursions. They had occasional meetings at the Upper Flask on Hampstead Heath, but to Barn Elms they could come in the painted vessel or the swift wherry, not quite so free from care, perhaps, as the swan-hopping citizens, who, in their August voyages, were accustomed to land at Barn Elms, and, with collations and dances on the green, while away a summer afternoon.

The origin and early history of the Kit-Cat Club are shrouded in the "darkness visible" of the past. Fable and tradition assert their claims to be interpreters, as in the greater subject of the beginning of nations. Elkanah Settle, whose name has been preserved, like a fly in amber, by Dryden's bitter description of him under the name of Doeg, addressed, in 1699, a manuscript poem "To the most renowned the President and the rest of the Knights of the most noble Order of the Toast." In these verses the City poet asserted the dignity of this illustrious society. Malone supposes the president to have been Lord Dorset or Mr. Montague, and the Order of the Toast to have been identical with the Kit-Cat Club. The toasting glasses of this association had verses engraven upon them which might have perished with their fragile vehicle had they not been preserved in Tonson's fifth Miscellany, as verses by Halifax, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Garth, and others of the rhyming and witty companionship, whose toasts, as was irreverently written, were in honour of old cats and young kits. This ingenious derivation is ascribed to Arbuthnot. There was a writer of a far lower

grade—the scurrilous Ned Ward—who, in his “Secret History of Clubs,” gives a circumstantial account of the origin of the Kit-Cat in connection with Jacob Tonson. It was founded, he said, “by an amphibious mortal, chief merchant to the Muses.” According to Ward’s narrative, we see the shadow of Jacob Tonson, as drawn by a party caricaturest, waiting hopefully in his shop for the arrival of some one or more of “his new profitable chaps, who, having more wit than experience, put but a slender value as yet upon their maiden performances.” The exact locality, made illustrious by Christopher Katt and his mutton-pies, is held by Ned Ward to have been Gray’s Inn Lane; by other and better authorities Shire Lane, and subsequently the Fountain Tavern in the Strand. Mr. Tonson, then, in accordance with the custom of the times, was always ready to propose “a whet” to his authors, but he now added a pastry entertainment. At length, according to the satirist, Jacob proposed a weekly meeting, where he would continue the like feast, provided his friends would give him the refusal of all their juvenile productions. This “generous proposal” was very readily agreed to by the whole poetic class, and the cook’s name being Christopher, for brevity called Kit, and his sign being the Cat and Fiddle, they very merrily derived a quaint denomination from puss and her master, and from thence called themselves the Kit-Cat Club.” Ward goes on to say that the club, having usurped the bays from all the town, “many of the quality grew fond of showing the everlasting honour that was likely to crown the poetical society.”

There probably never existed a club whose members have had such a happy chance of their memories being preserved for the admiration or indifference of posterity as those

of the Kit-Cat. Many of them are important figures in the state history of their country and in the history of its literature. Others have passed on to the obscurity of mere Lord Chamberlains and Grooms of the Stole; whilst some of the versifiers and wits of their day have written their names upon the sands of the ebbing tide which the next flood obliterates. But they each of them were painted by Kneller. The pictures are still in the possession of the representative of the Tonson family, in Hertfordshire, having been, some of them, from time to time publicly exhibited, as was the case in the last International Exhibition. All the portraits, engraved by Faber, were published the year before the death of Jacob Tonson. They were re-engraved in 1821, accompanied by “Memoirs of the celebrated persons composing the Kit-Cat Club.” These memoirs are, with some justice, described by the *Quarterly Review* of 1822 as “one of the most blundering pieces of patchwork that the scissors of a hackney editor ever produced.” It certainly is one of the duller books, manufactured out of the commonest materials. The portraits, it is also said by this unsparing critic, are “deficient in characteristic resemblance.” That sort of family likeness here prevails which is to be found in all Kneller’s faces—a quality described also as “a monotony in the countenances, and a want of spirit in the figures.” This volume, by which I may trace my course as by a catalogue in calling up some of the Shadows associated in this club with Jacob Tonson, brings them before me, nearly all in the full-bottomed peruke of the Court; the men of letters, however, affected their not ungraceful head decoration. Farquhar in 1698 makes “the full wig as infallible a token of wit as the laurel.” Some of the grandees show with ribbons and stars and white staffs; many of

them are in the *négligé* costume which the painter often adopted—more artistic, perhaps, than the lace cravat and the embroidered coat. Only a very few are in the cap in which Tonson himself is depicted, but some of these are lords.

First, let me call up the great Sir Godfrey himself, state painter to five sovereigns. He was equally favoured by Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, and George I. The German artist must have been exceedingly discreet in his politics and his religion to have begun life with Toryism and Popery; to have gone on happily with those who accomplished the Revolution; and to have ended his days amongst some of the staunchest adherents of the Protestant cause, the boon companions of his Kit-Cat family at Barn Elms. He must have been an amusing associate when his inordinate vanity was unlocked by good cheer. He would there scarcely venture to relate that famous vision of his which he described to Pope. He dreamt that he was dead, when encountering St. Peter, the apostle very civilly asked his name. "I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so, than St. Luke, who was standing close by, turned towards me, and said, with a great deal of sweetness, 'What the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller from England?' 'The very same, sir,' said I; 'at your service.'"¹ It is related upon the authority of Pope that Tonson got a good many fine portraits, and two of himself, by flattering Kneller's vanity. I may picture the bookseller whispering into his ear at the Kit-Cat dinners that he was the greatest master that ever was. That might be sufficient when the flattery was accompanied by the feast; but there were sometimes dull intervals when the Kit-Cat room no longer echoed the

toasts of lords and the jokes of wits. The bookseller must then propitiate the painter in some other way. "Oh!" said Kneller, with his usual oath, to Vander Gucht, "this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man; you see he loves me, he sends me good things; the venison was fat."¹

I pass on to another personage who is characterised by an essentially different ruling passion from that of Sir Godfrey. The "proud" Duke of Somerset was the first of the members of the Kit-Cat who sat for his portrait, for the purpose of presenting it to Mr. Tonson, the secretary of the club. I hesitate in giving implicit credence to the stories that are related of this Whig partisan by the Tory writers, such as, that he would never suffer his children to sit in his presence, and that, not deigning to speak to servants, he gave his orders by signs. It seems scarcely consistent that this inordinately haughty peer should write to a tradesman who kept an open book-shop in a public thoroughfare, "our club is dissolved till you revive it again, which we are impatient of." This was in June, 1703, when Tonson had made a trip to Holland to purchase paper for his noble edition of *Cæsar*. At that exact period Vanbrugh, who seems to have been his constant friend and correspondent, writes to him at Amsterdam, "In short, the Kit-Cat wants you much more than you ever can do them. Those who remain in town are in great desire of waiting on you at Barn Elms; not that they have finished their pictures neither; though to excuse them as well as myself, Sir Godfrey has been most in fault. The fool has got a country house near Hampton Court, and is so busy in fitting it up (to receive nobody) that there is no getting him to work." Vanbrugh had

¹ "Spence's Anecdotes," section 4.

² "Richardsoniana," quoted in Singer's edition of Spence.

recollections of Tonson's villa which were not associated with its ceremonial banquets. Writing to Tonson in 1725, he says, "From Woodstock we went to Lord Cobham's, seeing Middleton-Stony by the way, and eating a cheerful cold loaf at a very humble ale-house: I think the best meal I ever ate, except the first supper in the kitchen at Barnes."

Richard Tonson, the descendant of the old bookseller, who resided at Water-Oakley on the banks of the Thames, added a room to the villa which he inherited, on whose spacious walls the portraits were hung, not so completely in the style of a master of the ceremonies as in the memoir-writer series of engravings. This latter Tonson, one of the representatives for Windsor, was a partner with his brother, the third Jacob, in the old bookselling business in the Strand, and may therefore be excused for having, with his trade notion of great names, placed together in close companionship Dryden, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Addison, Garth, and Steele. In my discursive fashion, I shall venture to depart from both the arrangements. Peers, without any intermixture of plebeian blood, are not considered to be the liveliest of companions. I think I may also take the liberty of saying that a knot of six authors of our own time—though not exactly possessing the qualities attributed to the tribe—

So very clever, anxious, fine, and jealous, would not come up to the ordinary expectation that nothing but pearls would drop from their mouths.

In the Water-Oakley arrangement, the door of the room cuts off Tonson from Dryden, who is not given in the engraved series. It may be doubted whether Dryden takes his place here as a member of the Kit-Cat Club, or was introduced by

Jacob's descendant out of respect to the great name by whom the son of the barber-surgeon of Fleet Street was first brought into notice. If so, it was a very just tribute.¹ As I have intimated, there was no cause of discord between the poet and the bookseller, when the translator of Virgil might expect, like Dante, to be conducted through the unknown regions by his great original. Dryden had no doubt forgiven the offence which Jacob had committed a few years before. Although the poet had refused his request to dedicate his translation to King William, the publisher nevertheless "prepared the book for it; for, in every figure of Æneas, he has caused him to be drawn, like King William, with a hooked nose."² The device of the bookseller is recorded in an epigram of the period:—

Old Jacob, by deep judgment swayed,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On young Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little hacking:—
One took his father pick-a-back,
And t'other sent him packing."

The history of the Kit-Cat Club would be far more intelligible could I trace the dates of the admission of members. Club records are perishable commodities, and there are none remaining of the Kit-Cat Club. Ned Ward tells us that the banter upon Dryden's "Hind and Panther," called "The City Mouse and Country Mouse," stole into the world out of the witty society of the Kit-Cat. This joint production of Prior and Charles Montague was published in 1687, much to the annoyance of Dryden, who thought it hard that two young fellows, to whom he had been civil, should set the town laughing at him. Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, was painted by Kneller amongst the Kit-Cat por-

¹ The arrangement of the portraits at Water-Oakley is given in "Nichols's Literary Anecdotes," vol. i. 1812.

² Dryden's letter to his son Charles.

traits. Prior does not appear in this collection. Between 1687 and 1703, when the club had a settled locality at Barn Elms, Montague had well pushed his fortunes—to adopt Johnson's words—as “an artful and active statesman, employed in balancing parties, contriving expedients, and combating opposition.” His qualities as a writer have ceased to interest; but, as a patron of letters, at the period before reliance was placed upon that greater patron the public, who is not to be flattered into complacency by dedications and odes, his memory has survived. “From the moment,” says Macaulay, “at which he began to distinguish himself in public life, he ceased to be a versifier. . . . He wisely determined to derive from the poetry of others a glory which he never could have derived from his own. As a patron of genius and learning he ranks with his two illustrious friends, Dorset and Somers.” Both the eminent men thus referred to were members of the Kit-Cat, and are amongst the foremost of those who justify the eulogy of Horace Walpole: “The Kit-Cat Club, though generally mentioned as a set of wits, were, in fact, the patriots that saved Britain.”

Amongst the nobles and statesmen of the period that have been made so familiar to us by the eloquent narrative of Macaulay, and who are represented in Kneller's Kit-Cat portraits, we find that of one who has been “damned to everlasting fame,” not only by the great historian, but by the great novelist. If we would study the character of one of the most wicked nobles of that day, we may turn to Macaulay's *History*, and Thackeray's “*Esmond*.” How Charles Lord Mohun could have become a member of any decent society after his participation in the murder of Mountford, the actor, in 1692, it would be difficult to conjecture. There were few peers, I may believe, of the Kit-Cat Club

who, whatever might have been their motive for the verdict of “Not Guilty” upon Mohun's trial before the Lord High Steward, would have applauded the saying of one great nobleman—“After all the fellow was but a player; and players are rogues.” Spence has preserved a satisfactory anecdote of our friend the bookseller, as told him by Pope, which evidently refers to the early days of the club. “The master of the house where the club met was Christopher Katt, Tonson was secretary. The day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkley were entered of it, Jacob said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of *his* chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said ‘that a man who would do that, would cut a man's throat.’ So that he had the good and the forms of the society much at heart.”

Thirty years after the Kit-Cat Club had taken its station at Barn Elms, Pope, in his first satire, published in 1733, celebrated a distinguished epicure of that period:—

Each mortal has his pleasure; none deny;
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie.

Darty was Charles Dartiquenave, or Dartineuf. The famous lover of “ham-pie” might have been one of the early members of the Kit-Cat who rejoiced in Christopher Katt's “mutton-pies.” Swift describes him to Stella as “the man who knows everything and that everybody knows, and where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and where they were last.” He wrote a paper in the *Tatler* on the use of wine, in which Addison is supposed to be pointed at. “I have the good fortune to be intimate with a gentleman who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet, in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of

affairs, appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern, but, when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about, and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth."¹

It is scarcely necessary that I should notice Addison or Steele as members of the Kit-Cat Club except as they hover round the shadow of Jacob Tonson. The bookseller, it would appear from Pope's representations, had no affection for the famous essayist:—"Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison. He had a quarrel with him, and after his quitting the secretaryship, used frequently to say of him—"One day or other you'll see that man a bishop! I'm sure he looks that way; and indeed I ever thought him a priest in his heart." In Spence's *Anecdotes* Tonson is made to say—"Addison was so eager to be the first name, that he and his friend Sir Richard Steele used to run down even Dryden's character as far as they could. Pope and Congreve used to support it." Tonson, indeed, appears to have been chivalrously faithful to his first great friend. There is a curious letter addressed to him by Dennis the critic, in 1715, which thus begin:—"When I had the good fortune to meet you in the City, it was with concern that I heard from you of the attempt to lessen the reputation of Mr. Dryden; and 'tis with indignation that I have since learnt that that attempt has chiefly been carried on by small poets." Pope is here the jealous rival who is pointed at. One more anecdote which Spence gives, on the authority of Dr. Leigh:—"Mr. Addison was not a good-natured man, and very jealous of rivals. Being one eve-

ning in company with Philips, and the poems of Blenheim and the Campaign being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank verse. Philips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then could he do it in his own defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's: and a gentleman in company ended the dispute, by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by? Jacob immediately named Milton's *Paradise Lost*."

The statesmen of the Kit-Cat Club—"the patriots that saved Britain"—thus lived in social union with the Whig writers who were devoted to the charge of the poetry that opened their road to preferment. This band of orators and wits were naturally hateful to the Tory authors that Harley and Bolingbroke were nursing into the bitter satirists of the weekly sheets. Jacob Tonson naturally came in for a due share of invective. In a poem entitled "*Factions Displayed*" he is ironically introduced as "the touchstone of all modern wit," and he is made to vilify the great ones of Barn Elms:—

I am the founder of your loved Kit-Cat,
A club that gave direction to the State;
'Twas there we first instructed all our youth
To talk profane and laugh at sacred truth;
We taught them how to boast, and rhyme,
and bite,
To sleep away the day, and drink away
the night.

Tonson may be deemed the prince of booksellers in his association with some of the most eminent men of his own time. These were essentially "his friends," but the mighty ones of the past had not less to do than the living in the establishment of his fortune and his fame. He identified himself with Milton by first making "*Paradise Lost*" popular. A few years after, when he moved from his old shop in Chancery Lane, he no longer traded under

¹ Quoted in Mr. Carruthers' *Pope*, vol. ii. p. 445.

the sign of "The Judge's Head," but set up "Shakspeare's Head." He was truly the first bookseller who threw open Shakspeare to a reading public. The four folio editions had become scarce even in his time. The third folio was held to have been destroyed in the fire of London. In 1709 Tonson produced Rowe's edition in octavo. Bernard Lintot the elder, who about the same time republished Shakspeare's poems, expresses himself in his advertisement as if Tonson's speculation were an experiment not

absolutely certain of success:—"The writings of Mr. Shakespeare are in so great esteem, that several gentlemen have subscribed to a late edition of his Dramatic Works in six volumes, which makes me hope that this little book will not be unacceptable to the public." Tonson and his family were long associated with editions of Shakspeare. Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, and Capell, were liberally paid by the Tonsons for their editorial services.

THE LOST KISS.

KISSING her oft-times, as the wind doth bear
 Ever new sweetness from the summer rose,
 Must I yet carry in my heart a care,
 And hunger for the joy another knows?
 Must I remember how her lips were woo'd
 Once by another's ere they wed with mine?
 Can I forget how once another stood
 Profaning the sweet precincts of my shrine?
 For I am poor as any dreaming child,
 To whom the singing of the woods should be
 Spoiled by a longing for the stray bird wild,—
 That one wild bird that flew towards the sea.
 Oh, Grief!—oh Joy! If time will not restore
 My lost estate, he cannot rob me more!

E.

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